

Purpose
Structure

Sense of unease

Walks over to the shop
-What does she see?
-What does she think?
-Where is the doll?

Skipping through the snow without a care in the world, Alma loved to hear the crunching sound beneath her feet. When, for some reason she just felt compelled to turn around. She walked slowly over to the shop window and wondered, "Are my eyes deceiving me?" The doll - well she was just like Alma. **She wore a blue bobble hat just like the one that had been knitted by her grandma; a cerise gillet faded by millions of washes; a woollen scarf, which if you looked close enough had become quite threadbare but still kept her warm.** Alma looked down and when she looked up the doll was no longer there. She thought to herself, "How peculiar?"

Enters the shop
-Door wont budge
-Slowly opens
-Where is the doll?

The curious young girl decided to enter the shop but despite pushing at the door with all her might, the door just wouldn't budge. In frustration, she threw a snowball at it and stomped away. It was at this moment that the door opened. It opened slowly with a creaking sound. Now most young girls would have thought better of it and continued on their way. But not Alma. Feeling fearless and full of intrigue, she stepped through the door and admired what she saw.

Inside the shop
-Doll on a bike
-Doll on the pedestal

The shop, although covered in a layer of dust, was full of antique ceramic dolls - just like the ones in her grandma's attic. She wrapped her arms around her, "It's colder in here than it is outside," she whispered. There she was. Or, rather there the doll was. Stood on a pedestal in the centre of the shop floor looking right at her. As she reached out to touch it, she almost stumbled upon a gentleman doll whose bike had tipped over. Setting him upright, she watched bewildered as he furiously tried to escape and repeatedly rode into the shop door. Thud, thud...Turning back to the pedestal, the doll was no longer where it had been.

Climbs up the shelf
-Touches the doll
-Transforms to the doll

Alma's eyes darted around the shop desperately searching for the doll. Above her, high up on the shelf nestled amongst the other dolls was the one she was searching for. When will this young girl learn? Despite the peculiarities that had occurred since she first ventured over to the window, Alma still wanted to find out more about this doll. Clambering up the shelf, knocking the other dolls in her way, she pulled her glove of with her teeth and reached up towards the doll...

Being the doll
-Looking around the shop
-Other dolls
-New window doll

She saw the fear etched into her very own eyes, her face contorted and her screams silent. Her vision was now slightly obscured as though looking down a tunnel whilst she could hear the sound of her gasps echoing in her ears. Her eyes darted around the shop. It was only now she could see the eyes of the other dolls were also moving. "How did I get in here? How could I have been so stupid? How had I not noticed that before?" A thousand questions ran through her mind as she realised she was now trapped and lost with only the company of other wandering eyes and the thudding of the bike against the door.