

LO: I am learning to re-read a text to build up my fluency and confidence in reading

Trapped

Peacefully, the crisp, white snowflakes tumbled towards the earth, as a blustery wind whistled through the dark streets. Alma tried her best to dart and dodge in between each flake, causing her to bounce all over the cobbled path. Her pale pink coat was the colour of her rosy cheeks, which had been exposed to the chilly weather for too long. A grey bobble hat sat on her head, keeping her warm and snug. This young girl had not a care in the world as her arms waved about playfully as she moved through the cascading snow.

All of a sudden, she skidded to a halt as her eyes stared at a wall. The wall was illustrated with the names of boys and girls written in white chalk. Alma's face curved into a smile and she picked up the little stump of chalk that rested on the stone floor below the wall. "How did this get here?" she muttered under her breath, with delight. And before she knew it, she had written her name, 'Alma', on the grey canvas. At that moment, an eerie creak pierced the silence of the winter's day. Alma no longer felt alone...

Turning round and looking at the shop in front of her, she saw a doll. Not just any doll, no. It was an identical image of herself: the pale pink coat, the rosy cheeks, the small button nose, and the grey bobble hat that sat upon its head. Alma took in every inch of the identical doll's body and face. She looked down at her own clothes, taking her eyes off the doll for just a second, but when she looked back up towards the window once again, the doll was gone...

Frantically, Alma pressed her face up against the grubby window, desperately searching for another glance of the doll. After just seconds of searching, Alma spotted the doll, stood on the table. But how did it move?

Alma tugged at the bronze door handle, desperate to unlock it so that she could investigate this strange doll more closely. After many failed attempts, the door remained locked and with a large exhale, she let

go. Just at that moment, the door creaked open with ease as though it had not been locked at all! Alma pushed the door fully open and walked cautiously into the shop. Alma raced to try to take the doll, only to find that it had disappeared...again. Alma gasped and began to search the shelves filled with dolls. *How is this doll moving?* Alma searched the floor. She searched the walls. She spun and spun and searched all around. Suddenly, she saw it - right at the top of the highest shelf.

Alma began to reach up towards the doll, tearing her mitten off with her teeth as she did so to give herself more grip. She stretched and she stretched, standing tall on her tiptoes, gripping on to the shelf below with her other hand, causing other dolls to tragically tumble down on to the floor.

Finally, her finger touched the tip of the identical doll's small button nose, when...

WHOOOOOSH!

Alma felt her entire body melt away. Each one of her limbs bent and curled and snapped and shrank.

Then, silence. Still.

Alma knew that she was still alive. However, as she wrestled with her eyes to drag them open, she found herself gazing down from the top shelf of the dolls' shop through a pair of still, shiny eyes. She could not move. She could not speak. She could not even scream.

She was trapped.