

The snow fell clumsily through the air and something behind her gave her an uneasy feeling. She turned back to look at the shop face. Her blue bobble hat was heavy from the falling snow and sat, uncomfortably, clinging to her head. The dusty, snow-laden window grimaced at her: its menacing eyes stared and its mouth lay wide open, baring its shutter teeth. Uncertainty clawed at her stomach like a cat in a bag, and yet she could feel the shop tempting her, beckoning her to move closer and get a better look at what lay inside its curious façade. She took one glove and rubbed at the glass. Then she saw it- standing on a pedestal beyond the glass and matching her own bemused, wide-eyed expression: a doll. Only this doll appeared to be a tiny replica of herself. It was clothed in exactly the same way down to her worn brown mittens and old pink gilet. The doll was a miniature Alma. She stared back at the girl, enticing her into the shop, enticing her towards the watching eyes.