



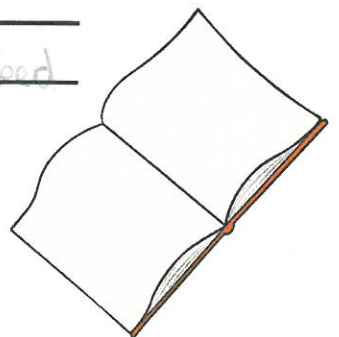
Alma

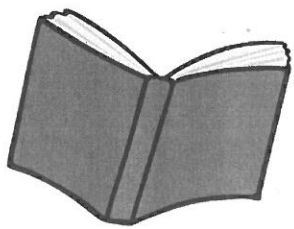
By Elvise

Pure white snow covered the surrounding area like a blanket. Unwelcoming buildings - with a greeting of boarded-off windows - arranged themselves curiously each other (creating an alley-way in between them). Even though this derelict, abandoned, and deserted area could've once been a nice place, it sure wasn't now!

In the distance, you could see a mischievous and bright little girl, going very adventures... Footprints were rapidly planted in the snow as Alma put a foot on the ground. Closer and closer, she did not know what was coming, she may be shocked! Schreech!! As the intrepid girl approached a very snowy alley, she battled her way through the mist, sighting a wall - which appeared quiet. Through her emerald green eyes, spitting, Alma could see something - so of course she approached it. Hundreds and hundreds of names were engraved in it, so Alma thought she'd have a go. But to her surprise when she gazed back into a shop window, Alma gasped as if she couldn't move a muscle. "What is this?" Alma had mixed feelings about the doll. It's as if it's trying to tell her something... Could this possibly be true?

Some clothes - some sure - she frantically rubbed the condensation off the dusty window. This was creepy - almost too creepy! Jaw dropped, she looked





at the door closely - a handle! Spindling and sliding, she made her way to the door as fast she could. "Why won't it open!?" she muttered to herself. Frustrated, she tried to force the old door open. She violently launched a snowball at the door (in anger). In a temper, she stormed off thinking all hope was lost. But was it really? Creak! The door edged open. Automatically, Alma was seen beaming again. One step. Two steps. Cautiously creeping inside, she glanced over at her "doll copy". Her smile remained as it was. "What's this?" she lifted her foot up, and let the key run free. Her attention pulled to the doll, she reached out for it - but it disappeared.

