**Trapped**

As I skipped down the road through the snowy town, making footprints along the way, I came across a dark shop window. It looked like (in the display window) there was a doll that looked exactly like me, a reflection. I scanned around me to see if anyone was there. As I turned back to face the window, I realised something strange; it had disappeared. Yet it still felt like someone was watching me. Shocked, I tried the door and vigorously shook the handle, trying to open the door. There was no hope, it was stuck. I turned away annoyed, desperately wanting to get in. But as I turned the around the corner, I heard a door creak open. I decided to investigate. Then realised it was the shop door that had opened. Curiously, I stood in the doorway peering in; all these dolls staring at me. Suddenly, the door slammed shut behind me and I was … ‘Trapped.’

Then from the corner of my eye, perched on the top shelf was the doll. I ran over to the doll shelf and began to clamber my way up to the top. I reached out my hand and grabbed the doll. Then, suddenly, I was being pulled around and being stretched then there was a giant flash of light, light a strike of lightning. What was happening? Where was I? I had been transformed into the doll. I was unable to speak, too stiff to move anything except my eyes.

Then my best friend Eve walked past. I tried to wave to her, but I was stuck, I couldn’t move. She skipped over happily to the shop window and took a long look. Then I noticed her doll was in the front window, just like what happened to me, there was a doll that looked exactly like her.

Then an elderly, wrinkled man with a crooked walking stick marched in dragging a cardboard box. Then he rapidly, one by one began chucking all the dolls into the box. His phone started to ring and he walked out of the shop. We all looked at eachother and looked down at the floor down-hearted. Then, he came back in and walked over to me and put me in a different box to everyone else and put me in the back of his car. Then he drove of to his huge house and took me inside. Infront of him stood a tiny little girl swinging her arms back and forth happily. The man told her to close her eyes and put me in her hands. As she opened her eys the smile on her face made me so happy. I had a new owner, but I would never see my parents ever again. Her name was Amy and she was so sweet. We done everything together, had dinner, tea parties, went to bed and even had a bath together. We were the best of friends and never left eachothers sides.

Molly Griffiths