Dear Diary,

Right now I’m not actually holding this pen – it is miraculously hovering in the air and writing down my thoughts for me. Because dolls can’t hold stuff, right? I’ve never really liked writing a diary but my parents always told me it would be fun to look back on when I am older. But I’ll never be ‘older’. I s’pose I can look back on the day I became the doll.

It was all fine at first – brilliant in fact – the snow had fallen oh so beautifully covering the ground and my mum and dad were on a ‘snow day’. I thought, “Just a couple more inches of snow– then we could sledge!” Soon enough we were all lying on the front garden creating the most perfect of snow angels staring up to the shimmering turquoise sky. Everything was fine; it all seemed so calm.

After about twenty minutes, everyone started climbing back up to the house to defrost. I thought that if I just stayed maybe another hour, there’d surely be enough snow for sledging. As I came to a snowball making halt, I realised that almost three hours had passed and not another flake had fallen. I looked up from my work and the sky had suddenly turned an angry grey colour and I could already see the snow clouds appearing. A few inches would take no more than ten minutes, right? I would be sledging before I knew it. Or so I thought…

By now the snowfall had stalled; I continued to skip down the street. Cobbles which once made this journey unbearable on my bike were covered and I continued my snow dance down the street. Something ahead caught my gaze. Wiping the snow from my face, I took a closer look. Why didn’t I just go home as soon as it caught my gaze? The cobbles became slippy but I made my way closer to it. Suddenly there were chalk names filling my gaze. In front of me, above my mauve canvas boots and what seemed to be all around me – they were mesmerising.

Ascending without warning, my hand clutched a piece of chalk as white as the snow which I had earlier been enjoying and beautifully scribed my name before me. Everything went quite quiet and still. And then the silence was broken. A creaking sound (like that of an old opening door) caught my attention and again, without warning my body turned.

Beyond the glass of an unusual shop face stood the most perfect doll – I had to have it. Racing towards the shop forgetting the lack of grip beneath my feet, I bounded into the shop and touched it. I know I shouldn’t have. I can hear mum now, ‘What have I told you about touching things in shops that you should not? Will you ever learn Alma Sanchez?’ Mum always used my full name when she was cross at me- wasn’t very often mind; I’d do anything to hear it again.

My clothes were stiff and my face tight. I wasn’t just physically lost: I had no one – I had nothing. My first thought was the snow but less than an inch remained – only my footprints leading to the shop. As I looked around, I noticed hundreds of porcelain eyes frantically darting around the shop which had captured me. My curiosity had got the better of me.

As the snow melted revealing the familiar cobbles, the door creaked as it had the day I arrived here. A stench drowned the shop as someone entered: the shop owner. He lifted the phone and muttered his achievements to what could only be an accomplice. ‘Got another un. She fell for it jus’ like others did.’ His husky laugh was interrupted by a few deep coughs which made him splutter. The sight of this evil creature made me want to be sick. I yelled but nothing escaped by pursed lips.