**Alma / Trapped**

**(Week beginning 18.01.21)**

Peacefully, the crisp, white snowflakes tumbled towards the earth, atop of the sleepy Barcelona suburb, blown by a blustery wind, which whistled through the labyrinth of dark alleys and huddled houses. Alma tried her best to dart and dodge in between each flake, causing her to bounce all over the cobbled path. Her pale pink gilet was the colour of her rosy cheeks and her small button nose, which had been exposed to the chilly weather for just a few minutes too long. Rested on her head, sat a grey bobble hat – warm and snug. This young girl had not a care in the world as her arms waved about playfully as she continued to skip through the cascading snow.

As Alma continued down the tight alleyway, she all of a sudden skidded to a halt as her eyes were drawn towards a wall. The wall was illustrated with the names of boys and girls; each carefully scribed in white chalk - some large, some small, some straight, some crooked. As she stood at the wall, staring at each and every signature, 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 etched her sweet name, ‘Alma’, on the grey canvas. Alma took a deep breath and gazed up at her name adoringly, dropping the chalk back on to the floor…

There it stood. The doll. Not just any doll, no. Alma loved dolls. But this doll…this doll was something very different. It was an identical image of herself: the pale pink gilet, the rosy cheeks, the small button nose, and the grey bobble hat sat upon its head. It stood proudly behind a dusty window in an old run-down shop, of which Alma was sure had been empty just a few minutes earlier. Alma felt a frosty chill shoot down her spine, yet this chill had nothing to do with the cold weather. Alma’s feet were pulled towards the window, where the doll had just appeared, by an undeniable urge to find out why this doll was there, staring down at her with its still, shiny eyes.

Alma took in every inch of the identical doll’s body and face; her eyes wide and her mouth forged open. She looked down at her own clothes once more, in disbelief, taking her eyes off the doll for just a split 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. Where did it go? she wondered, her heart pounding violently inside her chest. After just seconds of searching, Alma spotted the doll, stood on the table. But how did it move?