

I was pushed onto the moving table by another doll. It made a wheeling sound then rose up so that I could see out of the window. I could see a little girl across the road who looked like me, but the snow was fogging up the window a bit so I couldn't see very well. She saw me and walked over to look. I wanted to tell her to run the other way.

Alma tried to open the door but it had been locked from inside. She threw a snowball, angrily, then walked away. She had been saved. But then the door creaked open and she came back, so the doll hid at the back of the shop hoping she wouldn't see her and that she might leave again. But it was too late. She was already inside and the doll knew she would never leave...

Using DADWAVERS to vary sentence openers.

- Description
- Action
- Dialogue
- Where things are
- Adverb
- Verb
- Estimation of time
- Rhetorical Questions
- Simile or Metaphors

DADWAVERS- Do you know what they stand for/what they mean?

Using DADWAVERS to improve sentence openers

In front of me, in the near darkness, was a small wooden plinth which seemed to rise up and down, and before I knew it, I was shoved forwards, onto it. It made a loud wheeling sound then rose up so that I could see out into the street through a large window. No...not another one, I screamed in my head. Across the road, staring at the graffiti wall, I could see a little girl who looked exactly like me, and I knew only too well that her fate was now sealed. Warily, she spun on her heels to turn and face the shop: she saw me and her mouth dropped open. Attempting to communicate the danger she was in, I stared at her through empty glass eyes. Momentarily, we looked at each other, though she could not hear me urging her to step no closer. Did she not see the danger she was in?

Alma tried to open the door to the shop but it was stuck fast- like something was holding it from the inside. She threw a snowball in frustration, then walked away. However, the creak of the door alerted her to the fact that, somehow, the shop was no longer closed and she turned back quickly to peer into where the door stood ajar. *Oh my!* she thought. On every wall, and on every surface, were hundreds of dolls of all shapes and sizes. Eagerly, Alma made her way to the table upon which her doll sat but was immediately distracted by a sound at her feet. Pedaling a miniature toy tricycle, rather furiously, she found a small pale-faced doll, in a black suit, which had fallen on its side. Within seconds, she had picked him up and propped him back upon three wheels and turned back to face her doll...but there was no doll. Where had she gone?