

She blinked and glanced down at the chalk in her hand. Then, dropping it into the snow, she pulled down the scarf which was wound tightly around her face. Her mouth was pulled upwards into a smile and her eyes were wide and proud as she looked at her name on the wall. Something distracted her. Something had changed. She blinked. Her forehead furrowed and her eyes narrowed, slightly. The smile dropped from her lips and her mouth opened as she breathed. She froze, listening. Nothing. She stared, eyes like a frightened cat, daring herself to look over her shoulder.

Your turn...

Can you underline where the author has described micro-expressions/micro-movements?

Can you highlight short, snappy sentences?

She pressed her nose against the window. Her warm breath steamed it up. A doll stared back. Alma's jaw dropped slightly open and her eyes widened. She looked down at her outfit, noticing that the doll was dressed in an identical miniature version of her own clothing; the hat, the gilet, the mittens- everything was the same. It was her! She looked back up. A small, excited smile played momentarily on her lips, but the doll was gone. It had completely disappeared. Peering through several of the panes of glass, she craned her neck to see whether the doll had fallen off its stand, but it was nowhere to be seen. She raced to the door and tugged it. Nothing. It was stuck. Disappointment weighed heavily upon her shoulders, and she threw a snowball at the wood 'THUD' and then began to wander away until she heard the door creak slowly open behind her...