

Thursday 27th February 2025

LO: To build up tension and atmosphere through appropriate word choices

Wednesday 26th February

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The pupils are retelling the build-up and problem of the story 'Alma'. They have watched the video and discussed the thoughts and feelings of the character. They have already written the opening to the story.

Alma slowly turned around, uncertainty clawing at her insides as if she were being ripped apart inside out. There it stood. A doll standing on an ancient rusty pedestal, which was sat behind an old window inside a desolate shop. The windows were encased in rotting wood that looked like the jaws of a monster, poised and open, patiently waiting to engulf innocent passers by. The doll stared at her ~~waiting~~ enticing her inside. Surprisingly, the doll wore a pale, pink gilet, sported a grey bubble hat and even had a rosy red nose - just like Alma's. Then realisation flooded her face as it hit her, this doll was an exact replica of her. ✓

An excited smile played momentarily on her lips. She cupped her hands around her eyes and rubbed them. However, when she opened them the doll had vanished without a trace. Alma raced to the door and peered through. The doll was sat on a table in the middle of the room. That's funny Alma <sup>thought</sup> however could it move? As determination flooded her face, she tugged at the bronze door handle frustration bubbling inside her. She slowly walked off of disappointment weighing heavily on her shoulders when an eerie metallic screech caught her attention and the door swung open. ✓

<sup>Tentatively</sup> Tentavily, she stepped inside and instantly a bell went off announcing her arrival to all the shop's residents. The air was <sup>infused</sup> with a <sup>jumble</sup> tapestry of stale odours after years of being abandoned. Without a second thought, Alma started to scan the room for her clone. To Alma's surprise, the walls were lined with ~~with~~ antique dolls: some were dressed in clothes from Japan, others were old and broken while some almost as young as 5. <sup>Their</sup> empty, glass eyes seemed to follow her around the room staring into her soul. Suddenly, she tripped over a tiny doll of a little boy on his bike making <sup>causing</sup> him <sup>to</sup> go cycling into the door. Alma let out a little giggle at this funny sight.

Remembering what she had come in for, Alma started to frantically search for her mini self. Then she saw it. It was sat on a shelf only one of many that lined the walls. Slowly, she walked over. ✓

Each step sent a shiver ~~up~~ up Alma's spine; ignoring the sense of foreboding she kept walking. Finally, she had got to the doll. Alma clambered onto a thread-bare sofa shoving dolls out of her way not caring where each one landed. At last she had got to it; she reached out her fingers and Alma had just touched the porcelain face when...  
WHOOOSH...

Her bones cracked and crumbled and while her body parts shrunk dramatically. It was as if <sup>her</sup> soul was being ripped from her body into an enigmatic new one. Her muscles were frozen. Her limbs were paralyzed. Her voice muted. ✓

LO ✓ Well done Seth, you have worked hard to build tension.



Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> March 2025  
LO: To be able to show a change in mood

Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> March

LO: to be able to show a change in mood and write an alternative ending.

The children have written the resolution and ending to their story based on the short animation 'Alma'.

Spiraling out of control, Alma's mind raced but she was unable to get a grip on what was happening. Images flashed before her eyes of empty dolls and that chalk board. That chalkboard which had made her sign her life away. All she could hear was the piercing wails of children, the background music to the steady beat of Alma's heart. However she didn't notice the thousands of beady eyes suddenly awake, blinking in unison. Her dream doll, had now in fact, become her worst nightmare.

★ Then Alma realised she was the doll.

All of a sudden, a metallic screech echoed around the shop and the next victim started to rise up from an ancient, peeling draw. Would they fall for the trap? Would they walk away? Or were they destined to join the hundreds of poor souls who were trapped within their own prisons?

There they remain prisoners in their own bodies yearning for their past lives and wishing they hadn't been so foolish. Deep within their hearts a flicker of hope remains, a belief that somehow, someday they will break free from the curse that binds them and reclaim their lost humanity. Never will they experience growing up, never will they feel the cool breeze on their cheeks or the Sun on their back; they will never see their parents again. Despite their plight they find solace in each others' company and sometimes in the darkest hours no matter how bad it gets. The streets get emptier and desolate while the shop

gets <sup>fuller</sup> ~~emptier~~ as more children fall victim to it's grasp.

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Inside, stood a doll. It sat there, posed on top of a dark wooden table. Intrigued by its sudden appearance, Alma slowly tiptoed closer. Then she stopped. Hold on. Alma did not notice the doll clothes, being as it was exactly like hers. The same pink gilet, the same bobbed grey hat and the same red, rosy cheeks. ~~Eager to~~ It was, surprisingly, a tiny replica of herself. Excited, Alma dashed <sup>forwards</sup> to the window. But what was there to see, for the doll was gone. Alma was stunned - how did it move?

Confused and bewildered, Alma wandered to the door. Maybe there was some way of opening it? Determined to get inside, Alma lugged at against the door handle, however, it wouldn't open. Annoyed and frustrated, she gathered up a snowball and threw it straight at the door before storming off into the distance. Then, she was ~~so~~ stopped by the the screeching sound of metal. She spun around, revealing a ~~smirk~~ grin on her face. Reluctantly, she pushed the door open and took her first step.

The moment she stepped inside, a whiff of mould and dust hit her straight in the face. The air was thick with anticipation which sent trickles of overwhelmness down her spine. She scanned the room. Rows and Rows of dolls from different decades ~~full~~ engulfed the room; boys dolls, girl dolls, old dolls and new dolls. Ding! Alma must of tripped on something. She peered down. ~~One~~ On the floor, lay a small doll. It was all dressed in black, and it seemed to Alma that it was trying to pedall away. The thought made Alma <sup>giggle</sup> Inside, however, she felt abit uneasy. She carefull picked up the doll before placing it on its wheels. As soon as she let go, it quickly pedalled towards the ~~doll~~ door, banging aggressively, almost trying to get out. Finally, her eyes turned to the doll, her <sup>one</sup> desire.

She clambered onto the thread bare sofa and, standing on her tiptoes, stretched her ~~arm~~ arms, reaching out with her pinky, stubby fingers. At last, the doll was finally in reach. BANG! BANG! The doll was getting louder and louder. Then, after what seemed like an hour, Alma's fingers connected with the porcelain. Suddenly... WHOOSH! Alma fell backwards and somersaulted ~~thru~~ through a dark abyss. Her bones snapped, crunched and crackled, each one more painful than the others.