

Tuesday 4<sup>th</sup> December 2018

## Coming Home

One snowy day in December, the streets were filled with an eerie silence. The cobble stone streets were empty besides one beautiful girl. She was wearing a maroon and white pluffy cloak with a baby blue dress and white tights matching the snow. Her dark black clogs stood out as the snow started to come down faster. Like lightning her walk turned into a sprint. She had to get back home. Receiving many stares from people looking through their windows, she finally came to the end of the cobble stone street. Now there was not a path just frosty grass. The trees only had a few leaves but the ones that they had left glistened with snow and frost. The girl travelled for another 10 minutes and finally the sea was visible. It was gorgeous and it looked even more pretty because the sun was setting. In the distance a little cosy cottage was tucked and hidden behind some trees. She opened the door and the warmth from inside hit her like the slap in the face. Taking her cloak off, she yelled, "I'm back!" Her reply was, "Welcome back Belle did anyone see you follow you?" "No no one will find out about you and your inventions" Belle's dad made inventions but they were sadly illegal. He just couldn't stop making them. Because of that he was wanted by the police. If Belle's father went to jail she wouldn't be able to properly care for herself also if he went to jail he would die. That is why they live in a hidden cottage. Belle loved to read and her father felt terrible that because of him she couldn't do that so every week he let Belle go into the village and go to the library. Every single time it was a risk but it was worth it to enjoy every single word in each book. Being housebound was not that great but they were still a happy family. They loved each other dearly and would do anything for each other. This year Belle's father wanted to give her the

best christmas present ever this year. When they finally sat down for dinner he asked her what she wanted. Belle ~~was~~ ~~insanely~~ knew what she wanted. ~~Then~~ Thinking ~~re~~very hard about her decision, she started to regret saying what she wanted. Belle wanted a book that was only available in Australia. The book was called Beauty and the Beast. She had heard about it and felt like she acted and thought like Belle. After many minutes of thinking, she finally said, "I would very much like the book Beauty and the Beast please." Belle's father was stunned but also was not shocked she wanted a book. He knew that it was all the way in Australia, but he was determined to get her that book. So he replied, "Of course you can but if I get it I would return on Christmas Eve. I mean it's not a problem it's just you would be alone for a long time." Belle couldn't think of anything else she wanted but felt terrible that she wouldn't be able to see her dad and spend the lead up to Christmas alone. Then again if her dad was gone she would be able to go to library more and it ~~wasn't~~ wouldn't be as dangerous. A few moments later she said, "I'll be fine dad it's only for a few days it's not like someone will find me and kill me will they?" "No they won't. I'll set off in the morning when everybody will still be asleep then I won't be seen. I'll go pack now good night!"

## Alma

Silently making their way to the floor, snowflakes danced elegantly finally feeling free. The snow was coming down alot in a small town tucked away in the corner of Moscow. All of a sudden, a little girl came running onto a cobbled stone street, breaking the silence. She twirled around and around letting out squeals of delight. As she ran past the dark, miserable shops something about them came to life. Dodging the snowflakes, the little girl hadn't been paying attention to where she was going and had become lost. Not looking where she was going, she tripped up and landed on the white, sluggy snow. In fits of laughter, she found it hard to get up. After some time she was up on her feet and turned to her left. In front of her was a giant green wall with names plastered all over it. As the little girl came closer she noticed some of the names. Francis, Amy, Kate and Cherry were on there. They were all her friends but they resently hadn't been in school. The little

girl realised yesterday that her class felt almost empty.

Throwing these thoughts in the deep cold snow, she picked up some chalk from the snow.



Without regret, she wrote her name, Alma. Suddenly, a long creepy noise from behind ~~and~~ made Alma jump and look behind her. Turning around, she faced an old lifeless shop. It was a faded cream colour looking like it had been there forever.

Maybe it had been? It had a massive shop window and it looked like a monster ready for a meal.

Curiously, Alma started to walk towards the shop. She couldn't see anything because the glass had crystallised with frost. Her warm hands

touched the ice, cold glass sending a chill down her spine. Alma wiped away the frost and saw something that made her confused. A doll in

the window wearing a bearded green woolly hat. Also it had a rainbow jumper with a bright pink coat on. Its black leggings matched

its black leather boots. Then Alma realised it was wearing what she was wearing! Looking down to see if she was correct, the snow started to pelt down. As Alma looked back, the doll had

vanished! Confused, she pressed her face on the glass desperate for that doll. Squinting, she

finally found it in the centre of the shop. She rushed to the door hopeful it would



be open. As she inspected the door closely there was little engravings on the door. They looked liked ancient magic symbols that she had studied in class.

She didn't really think much about it but Oh boy that was a massive mistake. The door was a splintered ~~marro~~ narrow and the wood and the paint were starting to come off. The glass was still in good condition but was extremely & steamy. Taking under condition how cold the glass would be, ~~hesitated~~ ~~her~~ hesitently she pressed her face against the glass. It felt like coldness was eating other face.

