

Confused, Alma stood up from the place she was crouching at, scratching her head out of anger. The vibrant stool had nothing on it, she thought it was a joke and tried touching but nothing happened. Now, messing up her hair, she walked around the room searching for her second version. She frantically scanned the room, her pupils darting around the shop like a malfunctioning toy. She became frustrated, checking each shelf without missing a corner until she turned around and saw what she was looking for. The doll was perched on the shelf, the top shelf, Alma was delighted, her frown quickly changed into a smile. Alma's boots cancelled the silence, squeaking loudly as she rushes to the shelf. She saw the doll on. She ran to wooden structure, jumping on to the light blue couch, ignoring the dolls glancing at her. Alma reached out for the doll, her fingertips millimetres away from touching it.