

The fairytale of Ella

This may be an ordinary fairytale with toys and dolls, however you are wrong. In fact, it's even more worse than you think. This is a warning before you read this story.

Have you ever heard of a curious child? Ella, a girl who has a penchant for adventure and journeys, always jolly and merry. She lived in a quaint, small, European town. Skipping along the blankets of snow - which Ella loves doing, she encountered upon a c-halkboard. She stopped in amazement, each breath letting out a puff of vapour in these frosty conditions. Ella was comfortable in her layered dark green jacket but she was still unaware of her surroundings. The little girl spotted a myriad of children's names, making her want to join as well. She wrote in cursive handwriting: "Ella", confident with her actions.

Suddenly, Ella felt something behind her. As she turned back, the little girl's eyes glistened in excitement. She saw a cloppelganger of herself crafted with shiny plastic through a dusty window of forgotten times and lost treasures. Ella ran in delightness to see what seems to be an old-fashioned doll. Curious, she turned the knob of the door, however the door wouldn't open, it was locked. Many attempts later, the door still wouldn't open. Frustrated, Ella walked away, somber, not knowing what to do. Then the girl heard the door open. Surprised, Ella looked and she rapidly ran to the antique doll shop, ready to retrieve her figure back.