

Monday 21st September 2020

LO: To infer meaning from a text

To do or think about WHILST READING

- 1) Think about the different sentence types in the story. Can you name them?
- 2) Highlight any words or phrases you are unsure of and use a dictionary or Google to find the meaning.
- 3) Why do you think that the author has used *italics* in some places?



Read the following story alone or with a grown up if you get stuck.

ABC

Trapped



Peacefully, the crisp, white snowflakes tumbled towards the earth, above the sleepy Barcelona suburb, blown by a blustery wind, which whistled through the labyrinth of dark alleys and huddled houses. Alma tried her best to dart and dodge in between each flake, causing her to bounce all over the cobbled path. Her pale pink gilet was the colour of her rosy cheeks and her small button nose, which had been exposed to the chilly weather for just a few minutes too long. Rested on her head, sat a grey bobble hat – warm and snug. This young girl had not a care in the world as her arms waved about playfully and she continued to skip through the cascading snow.

As Alma continued down the tight alleyway, she suddenly skidded to a halt; her eyes were drawn towards a wall. The wall was decorated with the names of boys and girls; each carefully written in white chalk. Some names were large and crooked; others were straight and small. Staring at each and every signature, Alma's face curved into a smile. Carefully, she picked up the little stump of chalk that rested on the stone floor below the wall. "How did this get here?" she muttered under her breath, with delight. Before she knew it, she had etched her own name, 'Alma', on the grey canvas. Alma took a deep breath and gazed up at her name adoringly, dropping the chalk back on to the floor.

Just at that moment, an eerie metallic creak pierced the silence of the winter's day. Alma no longer felt alone and was suddenly compelled to turn around...

There it stood. A doll. However, it was not only a doll, but also it looked strangely familiar. Alma loved dolls. But this doll...this doll was something very different. It was an identical image of herself: the pale pink gilet, the rosy cheeks, the small button nose, and the grey bobble hat sat upon its head. It stood proudly behind a dusty window in an old run-down shop, of which Alma was sure had been empty just a few minutes earlier. A frosty chill shot down Alma's spine, yet this chill had nothing to do with the cold weather. Her feet were pulled towards the window, where the doll had just appeared. Looking down at her were two glassy, blue eyes.

Alma took in every inch of the doll's body and face: her identical eyes wide and her mouth forced open. She looked down at her own clothes once more, in disbelief, taking her eyes off the doll for just a split second, but when she looked back up towards the window once again, the doll had vanished...

Frantically, Alma pressed her face up against the grubby window, desperately searching for another glance of the doll. *Where did it go?* she wondered, her heart pounding violently inside her chest. After just seconds of searching, Alma spotted the doll, stood on a table in the middle of the room. *But how did it move?*

Anxious and confused, frightened and worried, Alma tugged at the bronze door handle, desperate to unlock it so she could investigate this strange doll more closely. After many failed attempts, the door remained locked and with a large exhale, she

let go. Seconds later, the door creaked open with ease as though it had not been locked at all! *I am sure it had been locked!* thought Alma, bemused. Despite her bewilderment, Alma pushed the door fully open and began to amble cautiously into the shop.

All around her, in each and every corner of the tight room, high and low, were shelves lined with dolls – some large, some small, some smiling, some frowning, dolls of little boys, and dolls of little girls. And right there in the centre of the room, stood Alma's doll. Alma stretched her hand out to take the doll, but as she did, she suddenly tripped and knocked over a tiny figure, dressed all in black and sat on some sort of tricycle. As she turned it over, the little mechanism burst into action and the figure cycled around the shop with a silent smile on the figure's face. It cycled in circles until it hit the closed door, repeatedly hitting the door gently as it tried to continue forward.

Remembering why she had entered, Alma sprung back up from the floor to examine the doll. The table was empty. Alma gasped.

Where could it be now? Frantically, her eyes scanned the shelves around her. *How is this doll moving?* she wondered. Alma searched the floor. She searched the walls. She spun and she spun, searching all around. Until suddenly, she saw it – right at the top of the highest shelf.

Alma felt a wave of relief surge through her body. She could not explain what was happening, but knew that she just *had* to have that doll. Climbing on the nearest piece of furniture in front of her (an old, withered sofa), Alma began to reach up towards the doll, tearing her mitten off with her teeth as she did so to give herself more grip. She stretched and she stretched, standing tall on her tiptoes, gripping on to the shelf below with her other hand, causing other dolls to tumble down on to the floor.

Nearly...oh...not quite...

Finally, her finger touched the tip of the identical doll's small button nose, when...

WHOOOOOSH!

A

Alma felt her entire body melt away, as though devoured by an unknown black abyss. Each one of her limbs bent and curled and snapped and shrank. It was a feeling like no other – indescribably painful and completely out of her control.

Then, silence. Still.

Alma knew that she was still alive. However, as she wrestled with her eyes to drag them open, she found herself gazing down from the top shelf of the dolls' shop through a pair of still, shiny eyes. All she could hear was her muffled, desperate breaths. She could not move. She could not speak. She could not even scream.

She was trapped.

The young girl, with not a care in the world, was no longer a girl. She was a doll...

Now answer the following questions.

Trapped!

1. What was the weather like at the start of the story?
2. What evidence is there to suggest Alma is happy in the first paragraph?
3. Find an eerie metallic creak pierced the silence of the winter's day- what do you think that sound was?
3. Look at the paragraph beginning....**There it stood**. In what ways does the author build excitement? Explain your answers as fully as you can.
4. Match these words to the correct definition:

gazed
bemused
ambled
wondered
compelled

puzzled
obliged
questioned
stared
sauntered

5. Predict what might happen next in the story. Write the resolution.