

Doll-pire

It started like any other day however in the afternoon I was going to my Nan's. She's lovely and all but I'm not sure I can stand two days of cabbage soup. I shut the door to the car and walked up the small windy path which led to the front door. The house was only a small white cottage with wisteria clinging to the thatched roof and a small door that even I had to bend down to get through. As my Nan turned the lock Bobby the ginger cat came running down the stairs to meet us. I made myself a drink before heading upstairs to finish off some homework.

As I opened the door I could sense something was different and there it was sitting on the chest of drawers. A doll! This doll I had heard about before it was my Auntie's doll as a child. The doll was wearing faded red trousers and a flowery shirt. Her hair was a dark brown colour and had not been brushed in decades; her eyes were as bright and blue as the stars in the sky. Realising it was getting dark and I didn't have much time left I got on with my homework.

I woke up early the next morning to find the doll staring at me in the eyes, but it wasn't her eyes I was scared of, it was her teeth. They seemed to be much bigger and sharper than the day before. I walked down the stairs to breakfast feeling a bit dizzy in the head. Not knowing I was being watched by an evil blood sucking creature...

I had just got out the shower when my Nan yelled at me to hurry up (I think I spent a bit too long singing to one of my Nans old Beetle tracks.) I went into my bedroom to hang the clothes up that I had been wearing that day. As I turned around it wasn't just the teeth and eyes that scared me the hair had turned a dark black colour and she was becoming more of a monster but I just had to survive one more night.

I woke up the next morning and I could sense something was wrong; I walked into the kitchen and the first thing I saw were piles of dishes. I thought it was weird my Nan always does the dishes the night before. She's a perfectionist. I searched all the rooms in the small cottage at the time it felt like searching for a ring in Buckingham palace. I didn't know what to do: had she gone shopping, had she run away, had she had an accident, had she been kidnapped if so who had taken her, had she been killed but you can't think of that? I was going to find her however long it took...