

Action/Description Sequences

Lucy stroked the dark brown fur. It smelled like the comforting scent of mothballs and old perfume. She reached further inside and absentmindedly ran her hand over the furs. She moved onto the next coat, stepping up and into the doorway of the wardrobe. She breathed deeply. Rubbing her face along the soft collar of the dark brown fur, she tip-toed carefully inside, touching each coat as she moved. Behind the third, she found a long, pale grey coat which felt cool to touch and which had beautiful, silver buttons. Lucy smiled and moved further inside the wardrobe, being careful not to bump into the back panel. With slow, gradual steps, she picked her way deeper into the wardrobe. She could see several more coats and pushed them aside to get to what she thought was the back—only it wasn't. With her arms outstretched, she began to feel her way through the darkness, using the coats as a guide. Without warning, her fingers touched something that wasn't fur. She stopped. Pondering over what it might be, she took another step forward, but this time, the ground was not solid like the hard wood of the wardrobe. This time, the ground made a soft crunching sound and the air, somehow, felt much cooler. It almost felt like snow.