I wake up in my bed as normal and wipe the sleep from my eyes with a weirdly large and hairy hand. I blink three times and ponder if I am seeing straight. I think to myself, ‘This is strange.’ My bedroom walls are wooden and when I look up I see the world’s most beautiful canopy of trees. I hear a chorus of happy toucans, and the bold croaking from slimy bright coloured frogs. Then I hear the mightiest roar in the universe from a sun bear, and my moon-shaped head jolts upright. I quiver, pulling the blanket up with my thick fingers and wait for the noise to disappear. Peering up I see a light green-leaved tree, with leaves as big as an elephant when bunched together, and looking like a halo over an angel; it has birds nesting inside, from an ancient Eagle to a toucan.

I lumber out of bed, excited for this new adventure. Then, I grab a banana from the nearest tree and tuck it into my furry coat. As I look up, planning a route, I grip the sturdiest branch I can reach with my strangely furry arms. I am off the ground before I know it. But something isn’t right. My feet feel leathery and I can feel the bark of the tree on the soles of my wrinkly feet. I grumble, ‘I am sure I put shoes and socks on, didn’t I?...’

I look for a place to perch my feet, and it happens that I see extraordinarily long, fluffy and ginger legs! And so are my hands and arms! I touch my hair, it is furry (unlike my own wiry hair). My face is leathery, like my feet and fingers. I can swing between branches, unusually. I am craving for the banana in my furry coat, but I don’t peel the banana like I normally do, I split it down the middle and stick my unusually long tongue in and scoop out the insides, like you would with a spoon. It feels creamy and smooth on my palate. A banana has never tasted so good in my whole life.

I stop and wait for a bird to stay still and I can’t stop myself from plucking a feather right out of it’s wing. It’s red, green and blue – a parrot feather to be exact. I place it in my furry coat where the scrumptious banana used to rest and carry on clambering up the tree.

I find a nice place to perch, use my long black nails to cut a hole in the tree. Then I strip a long, thick sliver of bark and dip the hard pointy end of my feather into the hole and start writing a passage that goes like this: my fur is as shaggy as a coat, my nails are as long as twigs, my back is completely orange and my feet and hands are really wrinkly…. Why are my legs super long? Or why are my fingers twice the size as yesterday? Why is my face so wide? Maybe I bumped my head…