**Lizzie’s Kafka Story based on Metamorphosis**

One miserable morning, Bathilder Bloomsman woke with troubled dreams trailing at the back of her mind. Struggling to rise out of bed, she immediately predicted something was wrong. There was a rising urge in her to hang upside down from the towel rail that sat in the corner of her room alongside her mirror. Edging towards it with some trepidation, Bathilder caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror; she had become a sloth.

Tousled strands of hair flopped helplessly onto her plywood floor and snippets of lichen tumbled every now and again to the ground. A wizened brown face with wilting eyes stared back at Bathilder from the mirror. Protruding, dishevelled claws scraped the carpet as she wandered back onto her bed, taking slow gradual steps that seemed like an eternity.

“What has happened to me?” she thought.

No nightmare could have ever felt this real. The same four walls, although feeling quite large, towered above Bathilder, and the dents in her bedframe still carved out the memories of being five. Biography homework sat in her bag from a week ago, still untouched. Lying neglected on the floor was a jumper from last Christmas, presenting the words ‘Grandma’s Little Helper’ on it, but again, untouched.

A few minutes had passed and Bathilder decided to get up and do something, but all she could think about was sleep. The only thing that would make her fully awake was brushing her teeth. Slow and steady, she trudged into the bathroom. Bathilder strugged to grasp the toothbrush in her hands, for her long claws projected outwards. After a long struggle, she finally managed to hold the brush in her mouth for two minutes.

Then a knock came……

Lizzie