Gregor Samsa woke us sweating from uneasy dreams: he immediately felt that something was wrong. He opened his eyes, expecting to see his bland, peeling ceiling, but to his surprise, he saw his curtains and his wardrobe, which were on either side of his bed. ‘Huh,’ he thought, ‘What has happened?’. He lifted his head, and to his horror, a white, feather-covered body was spread out beneath him. Gregor Samsa was now a chicken! He tried to scream, but all that came was a distressed squawk. He leapt up, and two scaly, ugly legs spread out beneath his plump, rounded belly. At the end of his, red, bobbly head was a razor-sharp beak, which had two holes, for breathing. As Gregor looked around, his head jerked, and his feet started uncontrollably scratting on the mattress.

‘What has happened to me?’ he thought.

Gregor glanced around the room; everything was the same. His jungle curtains were slightly ajar, a stream of sunlight engulfing the dark room. He had a very simple bedroom, square walls bordered him from his little sister’s room on one side, and his mum and dads on the other. Posters of his favourite football team hid the off-white walls, which were peeling from age. Even his Charles Darwin homework was exactly where he left it, on his claustrophobic desk next to his worn-out navy school bag, which had the school’s badge emblazoned across the front of it, bearing ‘Harper Valley School’. A blue phosphorescent glow leaked under the door, “Must be my sister on the iPad…” he muttered but all that came from his beak were a couple of deranged squawks.

He wanted to get up and go downstairs, and most of all, eat something. He got up onto his skinny legs and peered down the side of the bed. As he was a chicken it seemed a lot of a bigger drop than it was last night when he climbed into bed! Gregor had a solution though. Suddenly, he flapped his droopy wings, and in the blink of an eye, he was flat on the floor. Next challenge, the steps…

Gregor crept up the corridor, where he heard the thunk, thunk, thunk, of his sister placing blocks on Mine Art, a brand new version of the previous game, Minecraft. Minutes later, the steps loomed closer. A week or so before, Gregor had laughed at a chicken for being unable to climb stairs, now he highly regretted it. He approached the first step wearily. First he tried to lower one of his feet down to touch the bottom of the step, that didn’t work, so he tried the other one, that went even worse, he tripped and fell.

Bump

 Bump

 Bump

Finally, after losing a lot of feathers, he reached the bottom. This was going to be a long day….