One morning, Richard Gowling woke to an ear-piercing bang. His eyes were still blurry and covered in sleep, so the beige, peeling wallpaper on the ceiling appeared as his own. He reached for his glasses on his bedside table, but his hand refused to move off his stone-cold mattress. His head rolled to the side; he realised that his arms were gone. He looked down, and was horrified to see a long, squirming tail rather than legs.

He rolled off of his squeaky, wooden bed onto creaky, wooden floorboards and looked around. Not much had changed. He still lay in the same four walls, sprawling with posters of the cartoons he watched on his retro television at the end of his bed – The Simpsons or maybe South Park. His tall wardrobe stood like a sentry beside his door – or at least – it used to. The towering structure now sat wedged into the carpeted floor next to his bed.

He attempted to lift himself onto his desk, so he could see his new form for himself, and his eyes widened when he saw what his once human body had metamorposised into. His flesh was now lathered in clear, gooey slime, and was pink as a flayed body. Who or what could’ve made me this: one of the millions of thoughts that raced through his mind.

Suddenly, the walls began to shake and large chunks fell from the roof. “Dang it! What now?”

His house tilted to the side and he spun wildly out of control down the staircase. Richard latched himself to the washing rack and the violent shaking ceased. He exhaled heavily and reached the kitchen counter before heaving himself onto it. I’ve got to get back to normal before anyone sees me.