

You wake up one morning as the family pet. describe your day.

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You wake up one morning as the family pet. Describe your day. I can still vividly remember that day. It was about six o'clock in the morning. I woke up from a very agitating sleep. I was shivering with cold. I heard the wind roaring and the rain pouring on the corrugated iron sheets. " I'm chilled to the bone" I thought. I tried to find the bed sheets but it was only then that I realised I could not move my hands. I opened my eyes and to my horror I realised that I was not in my room but in a small cage. How terrified I was! I tried to cry for help but my voice was struck in my throat. I could feel my heart pounding so loudly! What was happening to me? I asked. I was no longer a human being. I was a strange kind of creature. An animal? A bird? A parrot. I was turned into my grandfather's favourite pet animal: Pico. Suddenly, I saw a strongly built man, with grey hair coming in my direction. It was my grandfather. I started tweeting noisily. I was so hungry that I longed for a piece of bread but what I got were peanuts and seeds. I tried to reach out to him and to tell him my true identity but in vain. All I could do was making some mimics and say a few imitated syllables like " hi" but I had no proper language. My grandfather petted me for some minutes and then set off for work. Suddenly, I started feeling extremely lonely. " What a dull lonely life animals had! " I thought. I was tired of that loneliness and craved for some fresh air. I started preening and grooming, one of Pico's greatest hobby. My instinct was constantly telling me to pick or even chew my bright red feathers. I was trying to think of a way to get out of that situation when I realised that birds did not have intelligence like human beings. I started perching on the branch in my cage, waiting for someone to come and help me. But in a way I felt free... nothing tied down. An hour passed... another

hour and it started turning dark. Soon, my little brother came back from school. I let out a gasp of relief and tried to call for him. I, Pico was an expert in entertaining children. I started mimicking my rather mischievous brother. He came to feed me with fresh fruits and vegetables. All of a sudden I flew at him in a rage, nipping at his ears, drawing blood out. I could not understand what was happening to me. Pico was one of the warmest, funniest and kindest animal I know. And usually he is very kind to my brother, who considered him as a member of the family and a valued companion. Then, I remembered that my grandfather only allowed my brother to interact with him under certain circumstances. A parrot can sometimes be a dangerous animal. Soon, my grandfather returned home. Some hours later, the lights were turned off and everyone went to sleep. Next morning, when I woke up I was myself again, a sixteen-year-old girl. I had a hard time understanding what happened to me but of all I saw and learnt that day, one thing stood out. Many people often work out in their minds what the life of a pet is like. Many think they know how they feel and think. I see now that what people think is almost wholly false. No. of words: 598