Gregor Samba woke up in bed from uneasy dreams, he was suspecting he would open his eyes to his white, bland ceiling, but today something changed. His walls were now a darker colour then before. Something bothered him on the inside and he felt like something changed within him. He looked at himself and realised he had been metamorphosised into an ant! His six miniature, weak legs hung tight onto his body, as if they were about to fall off. Millions of tiny hairs were spread across his leathery skin. Throughout his body were microscopic holes, which would shoot out poison.

Gregor glanced around the room just to see that everything had changed. All the wrappers from his favourite chocolates were opened and scattered along his bedside table; the cup of coffee he was drinking was knocked over and his door was wide open. Apart from that, his room was adequate as it used to be. He recognised his four walls and the wardrobe in the corner of his room that was still stuffed with clothes.

“What has happened?” he thought.

Gregor Samba rolled off the bed with a thump and tried to crawl through the door, yet through all that effort, he got stuck in between the doorway. After many failed attempts, he finally got through, but the problem was, he already worn out and he still had many other things to do before he could rest. He was now in the lounge and found the stains to get down. All of a sudden, Gregor had a craving for food. A craving that needed to be satisfied. He knew where his next step would be – the kitchen. He quickly scrambled down the stairs, trying to find any food in sight. He scuttled up the kitchen counter and with his twig-like arms busted the splintered, wooden cupboard open and feasted upon the bountiful hoard of fruits and bread. Finally, his craving deceased and he was able to step out of his home until….. he woke up!