

SUPRISING SWAP-OVER

By Omaira

Anne Louisa was a clever, book-addicted girl of 11. She had piercing green eyes, freckles and plaited black hair that covered her gargantuan brain. She was gentle and kind to people and animals alike. Apart from one dog. Specifically, HER dog, Daisy. "Daisy, food!" tempted Anne, waving a stingy portion of dog food. A miniature black nose peered from under the lavender-smelling bed, accompanied with a wet slobbering tongue, which licked up the pellets and retreated. Sighing, Anne gazed at the picture of a golden Labrador on her polished wooden drawers. "I miss you, Molly", whispered Anne. The reason Anne didn't let herself love Daisy was, since her dog Molly died, she never wanted to see another dog. They all reminded her of Molly..oh Molly!! Her eyes glassed over with unshed tears, before she shook herself and sternly said "Molly is dead". She flicked the light switch off and her room was swathed with darkness, glimmering silver moonlight coating every nook and cranny.

As the morning alarm blared, Anne fumbled on her side for water, eyes still full of sleep. It wasn't there! She grunted, disgruntled, but it strangely sounded like a bark! Must be Molly, she thought as she looked down. "AAARGHHHHH" she screamed frantically staring at a dog basket with a dog body instead. AND a girl was sleeping on her bed. Her mind went through a potion of terrible emotions. First, she was confused, then angry, then uncertain. Was this a prank? Anne loved playing pranks. Scampering downstairs, she barked "Sandwich, please". This wasn't a prank, it suddenly dawned on her. "Out, Daisy. You know you are not allowed in the kitchen", said her mum dismissively, busily making a ham sandwich. She slunk upstairs, furious at the sensible girl perched on the edge of her bed. Her socks were straight, her plait neat and her blazer was perfection. Panicked all morning, Anne chased her tail, thinking crucial thoughts – Will I ever turn back? What will my friend Diana say? How do I tell everyone what has happened?

Meanwhile at school, the clone wasn't faring very well either. Anne's friend, Diana was puzzled by her prim looks, but chatted away "We are going to put whoopee cushions in the staff room". "That's awful. I'm telling", spluttered the clone, before running into the classroom, looking back in disgust. Diana stared in surprise, thinking that Anne had been abducted by aliens. And she wasn't far wrong!

In the middle of double History, Anne the clone and Diana were beckoned by a stony-faced Headmaster, who had presumably heard about the prank. Meanwhile, dog Anne had skidded around the building hoping to find Diana. With all her doggy strength, she bounded through a window of the Headmaster's study, knocking him off balance. Trying to communicate, Anne leaped up and down slobbering everywhere. The clone swatted her away, making Anne slink away to a corner, desolate and abandoned. Feeling sorry, the clone bent over, looking into the dog's innocent brown eyes; and realised it's ok to be cheeky sometimes and the dog realising she should be kind to everyone. They could feel their souls swapping and just like that, Anne was Anne and Daisy was Daisy. Bundling Daisy in her arms, Anne bounced out of the room, leaving the dumbfounded headmaster.