

## The Great Switcharoo

One day our mom came into our room and told my brothers and I to clean the guinea pig cage and give them fresh food and water. Dylan, Alex and I started fighting. No one wanted to do it. We love the pigs but taking care of them is a pain. Of course being the youngest I got stuck doing most of the work. All I was thinking in my head was how much easier it would be if I was a guinea pig. I could just stay in my cage and I wouldn't have to do anything. People would come and clean my cage, bring me food and treats. They would take me out and play with me and I could nap whenever I felt like it. I was mad and not paying too much attention to what I was doing and spilled the dirty litter all over the floor which made me even more MAD. All I could think was I WANT TO BE A GUINEA PIG!! All of a sudden there was a bright flash of light and it seemed like time stood still. I saw black spots before my eyes and I passed out.

I felt something poke me and I started to wake up. I opened my eyes and I was so confused I had to close them again. I must be still dreaming. I felt another poke and mumbled “mom I need another five minutes”. The poking wouldn’t stop so I finally made myself wake up. I was in the guinea pig cage!! I was being poked by a guinea pig!! I looked down at my hands and I didn’t have hands anymore, I had tiny guinea pig feet and claws. I was furry. I WAS A GUINEA PIG! I looked over at my bed and saw myself lying there. How can I be in a guinea pig cage and on my bed at the same time. I looked around the cage and saw 2 other guinea pigs that looked just as confused as I was. I spoke to them and they understood me. “Alex, Dylan is that you? They answered “ Jaden is that you?”. I Holy sugar pie we are all guinea pigs. Dylan and Alex were panicking but I was thinking this is great, it is just what I was wishing for. No school, no homework, no chores. Just eating, relaxing, and playing.



I heard my mom calling me and my brothers to get up and get ready for school. They woke up just as confused as we were. They walked over to the cage and stared down at us then looked at each other. I heard myself say “we are free!”. My mom walked into the room and looked at us in the cage. She said “Oreo, when did you grow a big hairy poof on your head?”. I tried to say something to my mom but all she could hear was squeaks.



We watched as the “guinea pig” people got dressed for school. I wondered how they knew to do that. They must have been watching us closely from the cage for a long time. As they were leaving the room Alex said “hey, they didn’t give us food or water. What are we supposed to eat or drink all day?” He was right and I was hungry already! I turned to my brothers and asked “so now what do we do all day?” We had to make a plan to get food. The bag was in its usual place on top of the cage. If all three of us piled on top of each other we might just be able to bang the top of the cage and tip over the bag. Since Alex was the biggest we made him get on the bottom and Dylan is the strongest so he was on top so he could bang the top of the cage the hardest. That left me squished in the middle like the meat in a huge guinea pig sandwich. Dylan was banging the top of the cage and the bag was wobbling. A few more hits and it would go down. We heard the door open, it was mom. Alex and I ran for the cover of the hidey. That left Dylan dangling from the top of the cage holding on for dear life. He squealed out as loud as he could that he was slipping. My mom heard the noise and came over to the cage and saw Dylan hanging there. “Banjo, what on earth are you doing?”. She took a picture to send to our doubles thinking that the boys would never believe her. She helped Dylan down and noticed there was no food or water in our cage so she fed us and then left.



We all ate and when we were done we walked around the cage. What do we do now? This is getting really boring. Dad came in with a guinea pig hammock and we all stood in the corner while he installed it in the cage. When he left we all took turns swinging in it. Time seemed to go so slow in the cage. The litter was getting wet soggy, smelly, and uncomfortable. There wasn't much to do or to look at. I'm starting to feel like being a guinea pig isn't such a good thing. Finally we heard the door open and the guinea pig boys walked in. They all collapsed onto the floor. They were all saying how exhausted they were and how complicated life as a human kid is. They must have had a really hard day in school. Banjo said "I got into so much trouble". "Oh no" I said "what did you do?". We were playing Simon says and someone said point a finger, so I bit it. That's what I usually do when someone points a finger in the cage. Fingers look like carrots so you got to test them out so see. The kid screamed and I had to go to the principal's office. Oh no who did you bite Banjo? He said Nicolette . This is so embarrassing! She is one of my best friends. How can I ever go back to school.





I yelled “being a guinea pig stinks and I hate it!!”. Banjo yelled back that being a human isn’t exactly fun either. Everyone was mad and yelling at each other. Oreo said to stop fighting and look in the cage. Hey there is a new hammock in the cage. All the pig boys were excited and wanted to try it. Everyone started fighting again and it was getting louder and louder. All of a sudden there was a bright light and we all were lifted off our feet and started to spin in the air. Then the room went dark and I passed out. When we woke up after what felt like a long time everything was back to normal. I was in my bed and the guinea pigs were back in their cage. Dylan, Alex, and I were so happy! We didn’t like being pigs at all. We all walked over to the cage and looked at the pigs. We made them a promise to be better pet owners. We will make sure that your cage is always clean, that you have plenty of food and water, and lots of stuff to play with. Alex said that they are guinea pigs again and can’t understand us anymore. A tiny voice answered from the cage and said “we heard you and thank you very much”. And there my story ends with everyone happy to be who they are and too shocked to speak.

The end thank you for reading my book

