

Bookworm

“Here comes the bookworm!” mocked Violet, flicking her silky blonde hair and grinning evilly.

“Boo the brown-bobbed bookworm!” jeered Amber, curling her wavy brown hair around her finger.

Sophie hid her face behind her current book (Little Women) and pushed her Harry Potter-like spectacles further up her nose. Of course, she had read the thrilling Harry Potter series multiple times and almost knew the words off by heart!

In case you hadn't already guessed, Sophie was a bookworm. She read every day in every spare minute she had. But of course, being a teenager in an Ofsted 'Inadequate' school it was quite hard to avoid being laughed at. Since she had started at Birmingham Manor, all the pupils there laughed just because she liked to read avidly. Sophie was used to the taunting by now but deep down (REALLY deep down, almost her bladder) she was scarred from every time she had been laughed at. But the deepest scar was the one created from her once-best-friend: Helen, before she decided to join the PCP's (Pretty, Cool and Popular) gang. She now had no friends, no social interaction-nothing (apart from books of course). Most days, she wished she could just slide away...

The next morning, Sophie woke and sighed-it was only Tuesday, another day of teasing awaited. She got up, dressed and looked in the mirror, only something wasn't right. She could only just see her nose. This wasn't good. This wasn't good at all. The mirror definitely hadn't moved up so that meant Sophie had moved down...

“I've shrunk,” she whispered, feeling herself to make sure it was real.

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“I’ve shrunk!” Sophie repeated looking down at herself in horror.

She tried to walk over to her door but she kept falling over; her feet were so slippery. But it wasn’t just her feet, it was her whole body!

Next, her arms and legs squeezed into her body until they vanished completely. PLOP! Sophie was now on the ground, unable to walk.

“Help me!” Sophie weakly called, but nothing came out.

“I’m a worm, I’ve morphed into a worm!” thought Sophie, hyperventilating madly, which looked slightly strange on a worm.

THUMP! A mini version of ‘Little Women’ landed in front of her.

DING! Her glasses (a smaller version) appeared on her face.

BUBBLE, BUBBLE! Two miniature hands had just popped out of the front of Sophie, gripping the book tightly. Sophie started to read, after all she was a bookworm, and as she read, she slid away contentedly. She wriggled up onto the window ledge and fell out of the open window (she was still reading) and wriggled into a nearby bush. There, she read in peace with no PCP’s to disturb her. Sometimes she would go out for a ‘wiggle’ but people didn’t seem to notice her so there was never any hurtful ridiculing.

So, if you happen to see a worm reading a book, wearing Harry Potter-like spectacles just leave her be. She just wants to read in peace.

500 words (excluding title)