

THE TROUBLE WITH BEING AHAMSTER

The trouble with being a hamster is... that you can never do what you want.

Take my home. I spend ages making my bed and making sure I've got a good store of midnight snacks, only for Alex to come and mess it all up. Okay, it's great to have a cleaner but she never puts things back where I want them.

I like my bed under the wheel, not in the wee corner. It doesn't matter how many times I've huffed and panted, tugged and pulled, mouthful by mouthful into the right place; the next week it is right back on the toilet spot.

And as for privacy! Okay, I live alone, but Alex and Charlie think they can do just what they want with me. This morning, I was just dozing off after a hard night in the gym when I heard.

'I want to hold.'

The very sound of Charlie's voice sends my insides to jelly. Seconds later I was plucked from my warm bed and squeezed 'til my eyes nearly popped out.

'Gently, Charlie. He's only little,' I heard Alex say.

Then Alex took me out of Charlie's hand, a little roughly I might add, and plonked me in my ball. Looking through that makes me feel all squiffy; everything is pink. And if blurred vision isn't bad enough, I feel like I'm in a bumper car as I knock my way around the room bumping into furniture.

Whenever I stopped for a rest Charlie jolted me along so much that I did somersaults. Eventually there was a wet trail following me, but I just used it to find my way back to the corner.

I like living here but I want adventure. I want freedom, but I want it when *I* choose.

I just stopped to wipe my whiskers in the hope of going back to bed when I walked Honey.

‘So you’re up and out, are you?’ Honey said putting her paw on top of the ball so that I couldn’t run away. ‘Lovely to see you in daylight. You’ve put on a bit of weight. Nice and plump I see. How delicious.’ And she licked her lips.

Oh the cheek of it! How dare she say that? Put on weight indeed! Doesn’t she know I spend every night sweating on that wheel and racing round the gym to keep in shape? I’d like to see her squeezing through that red tube with the skill I have. Just let me get out of here. I’ll show her. I’ll duck under her legs and give her a well placed nip, before I pull her fur out, piece by piece.

Luckily for her, Alex came rushing back in. ‘No, Honey. Leave Popcorn alone. Go away.’ And she shooed her out, shutting the bedroom door.

‘I can wait,’ I heard Honey say from the other side. ‘Your time will come.’

Thankfully, I only had to put up with Charlie poking me in the cheeks after that. But she soon started crying. Well, if she can’t be bothered to get her own food, trying to steal mine, what does she expect? I don’t think she likes my sharp, yellow teeth.

I got back to sleep pretty soon after that. Once I’m wrapped in my pink, cotton wool bedding it takes a lot to wake me up. I sleep like a baby. I didn’t even hear Alex come to bed later. She usually makes loads of noise with Kate. They giggle a lot. I watch whilst they use their own gym. Why they make it so difficult for themselves with all those other things over the floor though, I don’t know? It only ends when Mum