

Story

A confession

I want to be a human. You know, Indian philosophers claim that if you live your life flawlessly and are active, after your death you are sure to be reborn a better and nicer creature. Of course, this point of view is not proved and may sound silly, but I am keen to reach my goal. Believing in this stuff gives me hope and lets me feel less disgusted with myself. Why, you would ask me? Because I'm a centipede.

Being a human obviously has many advantages that you, my dear reader, have never even noticed and have always taken for granted. Firstly, you aren't as scary as I am, for instance. You neither have revolting pincers to bite someone's flesh (well, at least you don't do it physically), nor have you got a long fat wriggly body. Secondly, you definitely aren't as hated as I am, as you are not a predator. You're not considered to make people feel as sick as a dog when they see you passing by and the people that fancy you aren't regarded insane. And finally, you've only got two legs, whereas I have to deal with numerous limbs. Can you just imagine for a second that every day of mine starts with the same boring and revolting activity - checking, whether all your legs are there and in the right place?!

There's another thing I've recently understood about myself. Alas, not only am I scary and outcast, but I'm also ugly, very ugly indeed. Once I made an attempt to see a real human town with my own eyes. I got into a basket that was to be taken there. After quite a long dizzy journey among delicious (and, I would say rather nutritious) berries and fruit the basket I was in was placed somewhere in a room of a real human flat. I couldn't believe my luck! But the genuine miracle was yet to happen. A hand (I hope I'm not mistaken to call your upper limb so) reached out to pick a berry I was hiding under and I saw...oh my goodness! I have never seen a creature of more fragile and exquisite beauty before. It was a

female human, young and soft. I must say, I was dumbstruck. Love at first sight does exist, my dear reader, it certainly does... Coping with stiffness, I decided to take action. Trying to be as polite as I could, I greeted her...Oh, what a shriek it was! Terrible, ear piercing, deafening. "Nice try to make an acquaintance," -I said to myself. - I'm surely hopeless at being a gentleman." The next moment (I don't remember how) I was on the ground away from the basket and away from *her*. Oh well, although it is believed that personality must never be judged by appearance, nobody follows this rule in real life.

She is actually my one and only reason to become a human being. Do you think I will ever succeed?

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