

## Monday

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### Monday

When I woke this morning and began to go about my normal routine I slowly became aware that I was different. I had, in short, become a rock. Feeling a little unsettled I decided I wasn't hungry and anyway I had never heard of a rock eating breakfast. So instead I set off to work with my simple rock thoughts. The journey to work was uneventful and no one seemed to take any notice of my rockishness. When I arrived I felt it was only fair to discreetly tell a few of the key people around me what had happened.

"Err, Sally, I thought I'd better tell you. I may not be functioning quite to my best potential today. You see I've become a rock. I am a rock."

She laughed and walked off. 'Well', I thought in that laid back way that only rocks can, that was a success, she doesn't seem to mind.

I was filled with confidence. "Rick, Hey, Look I can't really make the meeting today. You can probably tell by now but I'm a rock"

He told me to get stuffed in a playful manner. Telling me he would see me at one-o'clock. "No, you see I won't be any use to you. I'm a Rock". He looked at me strangely and told me to get to work, now.

Well what work do you do in my condition? So I sat still, as you do when your well, you know. I simply sat and felt...well great. About an hour later I was called into the bosses office. He asked me what was going on. I explained of course. He asked me what I was trying to pull. I felt the urge to explain that rocks do little pulling, but that there are many great rocks in

history that have been pulled, and for quite spectacular purposes, the great pyramids for one. He rubbed his temples. He began to explain, in strange tones that suggested disbelief, that rocks do not travel to work on the bus, do not walk around talking to people, and quite definitely would not struggle to survive once they had been fired, if I get the picture.

I laughed. "Well obviously" I said, "obviously I'm not an ordinary rock" I shook my head in dismay. "You could say I'm an exceptional rock, a very special unique piece of stoneishness. There are many things that in my superior state that I can do that no other rock can achieve. Isn't that great. I feel great. I am without doubt the greatest rock you will ever have the honour of employing at this firm. He rubbed his temples some more and told me to leave the building and be back ready to work the following Monday. For some reason he told me to see a Doctor.

So I left, still feeling special and pleased he had acknowledged all those things that I could do that no other of my kind could. Walk, talk, breathe, special things. I spent some time that afternoon rolling down a hill in the park. I felt I needed to do something more traditional to my kind. I didn't want to be totally alien. I could sit and roll, just like every other rock, but also so much more.

Tuesday

I woke up on the sofa. I had spent the evening sat so totally still, appreciating my new self, but this morning things were different again. I suddenly realised that I was less rockish than before, considerably so, and soon managed to work out that I was now a toaster.

It came as a bit of a shock at first because I quickly found out that I had no bread in the house. Fortunately my dismay was short lived as I rejoiced in the fact that no other toaster in history could nip down the shops and buy its own ingredients. I was still special. I ran to town with speed that belied my toasterishness so completely. I stopped in a hardware store and bought some fuses. I felt that fresh fuses would help, if I could work out where to put them. The corner shop was next.

"Hi" I said. "This morning I found out I'm a toaster and I need some bread." The lady was confused, thinking that it was some sort of career move. She was amazed that someone would get paid just to toast bread. She inquired which café or restaurant I worked for. I soon put her straight and she quickly called her husband. I never did get to buy the bread. So I sat on a bench for a while and twisted the browning knob on the side of my head

and smiled at passers by. "Could I toast you some bread" I would call out, "only I don't have any. Do you?" No one was hungry. The knob on the other side of my head must have been an additional new feature. I couldn't work out what it did just then but I must have been a very advanced model.

Later I visited an electrical store and looked lovingly but somewhat pitifully at the other toasters they had there. How sad they must feel now that they knew what the competition was like. I gently caressed a few, and playfully teased the sprung levers on their sides. Of course, we in the toaster population call them 'poppies'. A shop assistant came over after about 10 minutes and asked if I was going to buy one. I stood and used my hands to direct his gaze to my full superior stature and exclaimed. "Do I look like I need any other toaster" I laughed and walked out feeling fantastic.

Wednesday

I crawled off of the kitchen work-top feeling thirsty and filled a bowl with water. Placing my feet in its refreshing depths I sat and basked in the sun shining through the window. I quickly accepted that this was strange behaviour for a toaster, water and electricity and all that. It then dawned on me that I was a tree.

I wriggled my roots in the bowl and felt truly alive. I remembered the 'Triffids' from the telly and how they could move their roots too, and walk. So could I! And, Triffids were fictional, I was pretty sure of that. Ha! I looked at the tree's outside, set rigid and unmoving in the ground. I could breathe too. Then I thought further and realised that all trees breathed in a way. Well, being able to move about was a real advantage. To prove the point, and because there wasn't much sun left in my room I moved outside and found a really bright patch of grass.

I surveyed the scene. Oh those poor tree's who couldn't move. Some were stuck in the shade. I spent the day hunting out the sunniest places, reveling in my peerless skill. I saw dogs peeing up against many of my kind and felt relieved that any dog trying that trick on me would get one hell of a surprise as I swiftly move away and leave it peeing freely into the air for all to see. It was only a shame that I was such a small tree, diminutive in comparison to those around me in the park. The trick would be to get plenty of sun and water and I could find as much of both as I wanted. I would catch up in no time. It would be a doddle. I breathed the air deeply.

Eventually night-time came, of course and I began to feel very weak. I retired to my home and turned on all the lights. It felt better I suppose, out

of the darkness and wind. The lights weren't as good as the sun but it must have been better than it was for those poor sad souls outside. I soon slept.

Thursday

I woke feeling starved. I had no food in the house and I needed to get to the bank and my severely depleted current account. I rubbed my brow to ease the headache behind my eyes. I was defiantly human again. I looked outside. Cars drove past. I didn't own one. I had a job I suppose but I didn't like it and I wasn't even sure that it would still be there. I had no money to speak of and a handful of friends whom I had to chase hard just to get to see. My vague reflection in the window fully confirmed my sad transformation. My feet were just feet that moved all of my kind around in a truly mundane fashion. My ear was just sore, and my second ear was just...well, an ear. I crawled back to bed, my stomach churning and my muscles weak. I would stay there and wait, and maybe tomorrow, with a little luck I might be a rock again.

THE END

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