

Rianshi Y5

Varjak Paw

Varjak was staring. He couldn't remember the last time he ate. His mouth watered as he scurried along a long, narrow road. Each step he took, the busier it got. He tried not to get stampeded on his tiny, fragile body. Soon he could see a colossal wall that towered over him. He could hear muffled voices and it screeched in his ear like a scream. Varjak could hear strange beeping noises echoing in the area. Suddenly, he heard a loud, ear-piercing sound which made him trip over. It was louder than a monster and ten times bigger than a monster. He quivered in shock.

He dashed up a spiral staircase and found himself staring up at a clear glass wall towering down at him. Varjak peered down at the tracks. He could smell a familiar scent which made his stomach rumble loudly like an animal growling. He looked up and could see some delicious meat lying on the ground but was on the other side of the platform. He groaned at the thought of trying to cross the tracks but he was too tired. He found a warm, cosy bench where the sun was. Varjak jumped up and curled into a ball like he was in the Contessa's house again. Varjak's heart was beating fast.

Once again, he was in Mesopotamia. Varjak found himself staring up at Jalal, his old ancestor. "Varjak," Jalal replied solemnly, "don't cross the tracks, it will charm you!" His voice echoed around his head. He was being directed by Elder Paw. Varjak woke up as if he'd seen a ghost. Why had Jalal told him not to cross the tracks? Varjak leapt off the bench and followed the scent. He could see the meat still lying on the ground untouched.