

Lockdown Life of a Sloth

In a huge villa tree house, there lived a sloth named Albert. He was a very normal sloth, who liked to sleep more than breathing. He enjoys making his friends laugh and he was extremely lazy. He played golf in his spare time and worked as a police officer in Chicago. He had earned a lot of money from arresting criminals and getting promoted. I know what you are thinking, how can he do his job when he sleeps most of the day? Well, he has sharp hearing skills that can come to his aid when he is on the job. At his age he was doing extremely well until a new virus warning was reported.

Unfortunately, he isn't a very healthy sloth as he has lung problems and the virus hangs on to the lungs of its victims, so he decided to follow the social distancing rules and guide lines. Albert was afraid of his future. Since he earned lots of money he was ok at buying food and necessary supplies and medication to keep the virus away. He kept himself busy by playing golf in his colossal garden and went to his private gym. He exercised his body to keep in shape so the virus wouldn't get to him unlike other unfortunate people. When watching the News, it said that the virus was taking multiple lives, the economy was falling to ashes and people were rioting and raiding super markets, being extremely violent. The Riots were unpredictable and they would change each raid, bringing weapons, causing the riot teams to get hit and battered by pipes, wood and much more petrifying and deadly weapons.

Albert hastily boarded his windows and he stayed in a room with a wooden bat in his hand thinking he would be safe, comforting himself. Suddenly, he heard a deafening bang from the room beside him. Rioters were throwing rocks at the windows. Although he was afraid of them he knew he had to think straight to defend himself. He got his bat in a comfortable position to defend himself from the furious threatening mob, who were deeply raged inside and after the virus vaccine had cause horrendous side effects. He took precautionary measures to keep himself alert by rapidly blinking and drinking an energy drink from his yellow mini fridge. He startled as an even LOUDER crash was heard coming from down stairs. A blue falcon with an elongated beak and bulging eyes flew up the stairs towards Albert determined to brutally annihilate him. Albert screamed a battle cry as he swung his wooden bat and knocked the falcon out. Albert called colleagues from the Force because he couldn't deal with them on his own. He wasn't trained enough and his body just wanted to go to sleep. However, screaming was heard from the phone and he knew he was alone, not a single animal could come to his aid.

Albert hit another animal, a large brown beaver this time, in the head with his bat but the furious mob retaliated by charging at him all at once. However, Albert had one last idea. He dropped his bat, took a deep breath and opened his mouth. Out came the beautiful lullaby. He sang with all of his heart each and every word was crystal clear, calming and relaxing. The confused mob began to drop to the floor, one by one, until they were all fast asleep on the broken floor of his treehouse. Lots of annoying snores could be heard from the sleeping bodies. Being the practical joker, Albert drew moustaches on their faces, super glued their feet to the ground and covered them in sticky tree sap. He then walked over to his fluffy bed and fell straight on to it, falling asleep before his head even touched the pillow.

Eight long excruciating months later a new vaccine was released to fight the virus and the old vaccine's side effects and was sent to hospitals around the globe. His house was fixed of all the damages from that incident. He felt extremely happy to have survived and to celebrate he bought himself a new and improved bed. It had an extremely soft comfortable mattress, the duvet was as light as a feather but cosy and warm as an oven.