**Story text**

Woosh, went the poisoned water across the cold door handle that Dirk was sleeping on. Thankfully, the poisoned water couldn't get at Dirk, whose tough protective shell kept him safe while he slept. But what a start to the day.

Maybe it was time for a bit of food and warmth thought Dirk, who had been away from home for a while now. Just then, a hand landed on the door handle and he hopped on. Luckily the hand did what it was meant to, and it picked up some food, an apple. Dirk hopped over again.

A few mouthfuls of apple later, and Dirk was on his way. After a tickly acid bath, Dirk was nearly home. He was looking forward to seeing all his orange friends.

As Dirk arrived home he was about to uncurl from his protective shell, and start feasting on the food. But, just before he opened up, a storm of poison rain passed through. As he peeked out he could see swathes of his orange relatives had been killed by the poison.

Dirk was gutted, and started feeling increasingly mad about what had just happened. As the madness exploded Dirk opened up and sent his spikes flying out in all directions-impaling themselves into the walls around.

Beeeep, went the lifeguards alarm. Dirk was never going to get away with causing that much damage without the lifeguards coming out. “Turn on the taps” shouted the lifeguards. “Oh no” said Dirk-it was too late to hold on before a flood arrived and washed Dirk out of his home.

Urgh thought Dirk…who was quickly picked up, and put back on the door handle where he started the day! “I’m going back to sleep” said Dirk. “And keeping my head down for a while till the coast is clear!”