

Just another annoying, screeching seagull.

My name is Richard and I am one of 8 sailors that went missing in 1889. The boat was big enough for 10 people and was in good condition, but the weather was bad.

I needed to get fish for my family's tea. We were hoping the weather would get better but it didn't in the end. It got darker until we needed to put a lantern in front of the boat. The wind got bad and we were getting cold.

The boat started tipping.

Of course I felt terrified but a little hopeful, too. We could hear other people screaming, but that quickly faded. That's when I lost all hope. A massive wave came towards us and blocked our path, there was nowhere to go.

The water wrapped around me, slowly suffocating me. I felt cold but peaceful at the same time. The smell of the salty water stung my nostrils, my body went down deep into the water.

So this is how death felt.

The next day my body lay on the bottom of the ocean.

Something strange started to happen. I could feel my soul lifting out of my chest and rising slowly to the top of the sea.

As I reached the highest wave I felt myself begin to fly. I noticed white wings flapping by the side of my body, What was happening?

I opened my mouth to scream - it was the screech of a bird.

My soul had been transformed into a seagull.

I flapped my wings with a new found sense of freedom.

I felt overjoyed that I would be able to fly home to my family in Totnes after all. When I got to Totnes my goal was to find my family's house, but when I found the house it was empty – the furniture was gone, the garden was empty, the only thing that was there was a sign saying 'For Sale'. I think my family had left and moved away and I had no way of finding them.

I was devastated and I tried calling for them for all of my life, but all people could hear was just another annoying, screeching seagull!

