

Jack Glover – Junior winner

My Digestive Journey

My name is Gary the Grape! I am going to be taking you with me through my journey of the digestive system.

It was a normal day, nothing out of the ordinary when a human picked me from my bunch. I knew it wasn't very grapeful.

The next minute I was put into its mouth and chewed,

Its salivary glands, which are located under the tongue, started to lubricate me. I was soaking. All the nutrients, fats, carbohydrates and proteins I may have had, were drained out of me and broken down ready to be absorbed through its intestinal wall, into its blood stream to transport around its body. I was so scared at this point. My seeds were all a quiver.

I felt a sudden rush as what was left of me slid down its throat in to its oesophagus.

"Go on have a drink, flush me down," as water propelled after me like a waterfall. I knew I should have taken swimming lessons.

At this point I realised I was going to be absorbed by cells into the small intestine. There was nothing I could do. My life was in its hands, I mean its digestive system. The cells were going to transport the molecules in its blood stream. My brain had gone to mush at this stage, as I held on for dear life.

"EEK!!" It's digestion time. I wasn't ready for this at all. I sat in its stomach for what seemed like an eternity. All I could think of was the Cherry Bakewell I had passed along the way. Don't humans know it is unhealthy. At least it had eaten some vegetables, as part of a carrot hit me on the way down. The water it drank earlier that very nearly drowned me, has left it wet through in here. I should have worn my swim shorts.

Terrified, I was now waiting to pass through its small intestine.

"OOOH!" That's going to be a tight squeeze. I ran out of juice. Glands which are in its stomach along with acid broke me down into smaller particles.

"This is going to hurt," I thought, as I braced myself.

"What a journey! It is dark in here, anyone got a torch? Just how much can a grape take?"

I passed the liver, the main function of which is to process the nutrients from the small intestine.

That was an emotional ride. I thought I was going to be strangled by those dreaded intestines. "I'm getting a headache, is there any Anadin around here?" I asked.

I was nearly at the end of my journey now and felt quite exhausted. This end of the intestine gets rid of the waste which continues moving through your digestive tract into the colon.

"I have also heard on the grapevine that you humans do need regular exercise, as this helps me to move through your digestive system to help prevent constipation. "OUCH!! You don't want that!"

So, after the most terrifying journey of my life, the human just wanted to get rid of me. I feel totally crushed!

Rebecca Sharkey – Intermediate winner

Two different sides

I have short hair,
And a different mind,
But people don't care about what's inside.
They colour me pink,
But I want to be blue.
I guess they don't want my perspective to be true.
As you can see there are two different sides,
The one that they all see,
And the one that is deep inside.
On the outside it's pink but
On the inside it's the brightest shade of blue.
If only they knew,
That I think my perspective is true.
They put me in a dress and I threw a fit,
They asked me 'why' and I said 'I'm sick of this'.
I wen up to my room and slammed the door,
And said 'I don't want to see their perspective anymore.
I paced around
Every little thing on my mind,
Begging to be free,
From this cage I am trapped inside.
But I have to remember,
That one day the blue will be free.
And all the pink,
Will go away from me.

Sienna Lakin – Senior winner

A Different Perspective

Perspectives. They encompass us. Human nature. Each and every one of us has our own perspective on an element of our world. Opinions, whether oppressed or expressed, they are our perspectives.

One thing we all differ in is perspective on is what is perfect. What we view as being most desired. Yet what is perfection? When did an individual ever grasp their own clear vision of what perfection was to them? Was it that seemingly perfect girl, that gorgeous, flawless model on that front page of the magazine that provided a view on what was perfect? Or the way the sun splinters into thousands of delicate shards of light, a stain of orange, gold and scarlet red when it sets? Or when someone whom you adore with all your heart laughs, and the little lines crease beside their smile and their eyes sparkle, twinkling stars in midnight, fluttering fireflies. There could be thousands of perspectives on what is considered perfect, a perfect feeling, a perfect moment. Moments where simply, quite simply, everything just fits. Comfort, is that a perfect feeling? What all humans seem to crave is security and comfort. We all seem to know what a perfect life would be, we see a glimpse into another's life and gain some invalid, unreliable & foolish understanding that their life is so much more 'perfect' than our own.

We need to stop defining perfect. We don't need to feel 'perfect' to feel worth, self-value, self appreciation. We need to love ourselves, our peers, our neighbours. Whether typically perfect or not. A rose, a scarlet hue of furled petal, soft and delicate, has thorns- sharp and cruel. A fire, trails of coloured flame, beautiful flickers, powerful ripples of warmth- has the potential to burn, to scar and to kill. The ocean, turquoise waves, laced with wondrous creatures- has the ability to engulf a ship, to sink a body of thousands. Not everything is as it seems. Perfection is imperfections very own parallel.

My sister was born on the 17th August 2008. The first moment, the seemingly perfect moment was when she first curled her little fingers around my thumb as I held her on the hospital bed, and her eyelids fluttered, and her mouth stirred. Then the doctors told my mother, "We are so sorry, she has Down Syndrome" and went on to describe how it was a "genetic disfunction, an imperfection of her genes, for she has an extra chromosome". She is one of those judged in the world- pitied and apologised for. She needs no apology. She, to me, is perfect. She is a beautiful being. This is my perspective, but I wish, more than anything, that the world saw her perfection, in the way she sings along to the radio, out of tune, but joyous nevertheless, the way she wakes up, her hair a strewn corn field, yet a messy sort of perfect. Or the way she doesn't always get things right, but she always tries.

All people, all the flaws we have, mental or physical, they mark our journey; our battles, our successes. We need to acknowledge the power of acceptance, and accept all, whether deemed 'perfect' or not. Society ought to grow. Grow in mind, in understanding, eradicating bitter judgements.

Let's stop ourselves from making comments that leave anyone feeling imperfect.

Let's learn to find a new and different perspective.

Let's redefine 'perfect'.