***How can I describe the thing I saw?***

“It-it’s something; a dispersal, an eyeball floating across this land absorbing all fluids its graspers can reach!2 I proclaimed, still confused by what it could be.

I absorb myself, in my stress. What I thought I could not say. I stand there as if my body wanted to take me away-am I dying? No I need that assurance.

“It’s the soaked spear perusing the dehydrated soil filling up on the substances in its phantom path.” I shouted trying to get the picture in his head.

A cascade of thoughts whorled through my mid. A seed?

I could see the regal strings weaving out to oblivion carrying the baskets of life.

 ***“It’s a seed,” said Cavour. And then I heard him whisper, very softly. “Life.”***

**Kian Rigg, Year 6**