

Then with a click the filter flew open. I tripped over my feet, and through my gloved fingers, I saw something. It was a planet. With water. And air. We had been searching for a new planet, a place to call home, we had been searching for ages, dismissed a lot of planets already, but this was it, I could tell- a planet in a downward sky.

We were flying high- George told me we were about 700 miles up- but we could still make out details. Beneath the wisps of clouds we could see land. It was twilight and vague, but there was a distant source of light, turning the seas to molten silver. The land was covered in jagged peaks, but to the north was a sapphire ocean. Then, the clouds parted, and we could spot ice caps, huge deserts of white.

Like a shining beacon in the darkness, this planet sat there, like it was waiting for us. I was relieved that we had found a planet. Achieved our goal: our mission. It looked like a shining jewel in the middle of an empty wasteland- a black and unforgiving one. I was so happy, I started to relax, and drifted away from the window, nearly hitting a wall, before regaining my composure.

The sunlight started creeping towards us, like long fingers holding a ball, and I knew it was too bright to resist. I would have to close the filter, otherwise I would be blinded. I glanced one more time at the planet- our new planet- and closed the filter with one last click.

How can I describe the thing I saw?

It had strange curling, almost spiral stems, and they were shades I never knew existed. Some were like purple, and a bit of green, with a tint of red to it, whilst some were nearly white, but kind of blue, and orange. Atop those, were small little flowers, a few were delicate looking, with lots of petals, but others more like dandelions. Beneath the surface of this rocky planet, it had lots of roots that were like little arms, holding the plant down. Along the edge of these were miniscule root hairs, the hands for the arms. That was when I noticed that this plant had a spectacular smell, reeking out of it. I was stunned. It was so strange, and incredible, it felt like I was in a dreamland.

Life! and immediately it came to us that our vast journey had not been made in vain, that we had come to no arid waste of minerals, but we had found a planet teeming with life and movement, and capable of many inhabitants.

Through the curvature of the glass, I could see, despite the distortion, vegetation and herbage. I felt incredulous! They were alien! All down the sunlit slope these little miraculous brown bodies cracked and gaped apart like seed pods; they opened and drank all the light and heat from the golden orb above them.

With a steady assurance, the miniscule balls of life thrust down into the earth a little rootlet, and up a bundle of buds. The slope was dotted with the seeds, all of them upright against the force of the wind, standing to attention.

They did not stand for long. These bundle-like buds fought and pushed and opened with a jerk, thrusting

Harry Wilson, age 11