

Suddenly, the shutter clicked open. At last we had found it. Shining brightly between the endless void of darkness: a planet, our last glimmer of hope seeming to be in existence.

A hint of disbelief lay deep on my shoulders it just seemed impossible. Cavor had said it would come soon but I couldn't believe that. But It was getting clearer now, I find myself lost for words; I think of the people will feel when they hear of this great news. The planet before us was outlined with a silver lit horizon like angels carrying a blessing.

The land below us in the downward sky was covered in wisps of magical blue clouds, but northwards the twinkle of diamond-ice covered in white sunbeams that shone brightly like a beacons ray of happiness and joy. Deep inside I could recognise this oxygen filled ball- somehow, familiar, but foreign- and then, with a click, the window closed, leaving me in a simple state of awed; wonder.

How can I describe the thing I saw? Small, floating globes bobbing on the breeze. It was crystal-blue with a small point creating a shape like a raindrop. It had little specs of emerald-green embedded on its body. I could soon smell fragrant flowers? It was so peculiar like nothing I had seen before. But then, it hit me I realised the direction they were coming from. I gasped. I pushed through layers of brambles. I turned and stared, it was almost as if time had frozen. "It is a seed," said Cavor, and then I heard him whisper, very softly, "Life!"

Life! And immediately it showered upon us like I know I will be reborn, we watched in a state off utter joy. This incredible sight; our new home.

Little, speckles of bodies burst apart, releasing flecks of curvature discs drinking the blaze of the morning sun, tumbling into the soil below. One moment, after another, more and more swelling pioneers overflowed their rent distended seed cases showering in a cascade into the second stage of life.

Though they did not last for long. These bundle like seeds burst to the surface (in a jerk) growing, higher, higher. Higher. Soon they twisted in a whorl developing an array of olive-green stems with hazel leaves expanding out of these winding stems.

Moon buds erupt before my eyes into a coronet of red sharp tips; jagged and spikey, swaying to and fro releasing packets of seeds into the breeze.

Soon the flicker dies, shrivelled and absorbed into a brown pile. After a brief day of sunlight when the Creation must: flower and fruit and seed again and die. It was like a miracle that growth. A seed of hope and a flower of joy.

By Georgina Mitchell age 11