

I looked down at the vast oceans and at the land spreaded across the globe. A glint of hope filled me and I rushed to get Steve but he was right next to me staring down with a smile. I knew how he was feeling. We looked at each other and grinned. It was finally over no more searching we had finally found a place to call home. I looked down at the molten silver sun beams stretching over a sapphire blue ocean. I looked down and saw another ocean absorbed by the darkness of ash grey clouds.

The planet had all he needs of life: water, food, land, plants and a sun. It had everything that are old world had. I saw birds skimming the waves, fish leaping out of the water and mammals roaming the land. We got ready to head back home and tell everyone of our find. We will be heroes I thought to myself.

How can I describe the thing I saw? I looked down at the flower with the eggs in the middle. I could see why he didn't see them as eggs. The place we were in was dusty and deserted with no signs of life in fact we had been traveling for days and we hadn't found anything. I saw them move I told Cavore but he just said they were stones and it was not possible for even a seed to survive out here so there was no chance for an egg. Suddenly I saw something shine below my feet. I picked it up. "It's a seed" said Cavore and then I heard him whisper very softly "Life."

Life! And immediately I realised that are journey had not been made in vain, that we had not come to a rotten wasteland but in fact to a world that lived and moved. I was overjoy with myself. Suddenly the seed shells crumbled making way for the little green buds that were now shooting skyward all over the sunlit slope. Opened eager mouths were drinking in the heat and light that was pouring in a cascade from the newly risen sun. The flowers rocketed upwards.

Lost for words, startled, I found myself stumbling back, dazed I looked up and saw the plants stretching, reaching, calling for me I was scared I was frightened I was confused. Yet the plant didn't stop, it kept on moving, kept on growing, kept on reaching. Slower than any animal. But swifter than any plant.

Lush, green leaves sprung from the plants stem, thorns sprouted rapidly. In the distance I could just make out rivers and banks of shining rock. A bristling beard of spiky and fleshy vegetation was straining into view, hurrying tumultuously to take advantage of the brief day in which it must flower and fruit and seed again and die.

Gazing out at the flowers slowly wilting, dieing in the orange blaze of the sunset. The sky was now pink and the sun could only just be seen. The flowers crumbled leaving only a seed as the sun disappeared, getting ready, for a new day to come...