

Glancing out of the open window, I felt that everything was spinning away from me; the sight I saw was astonishing. It felt impossible to move and my eyes were glued to the magnificent area before me- a planet concealed within a majestic sky.

Although the journey felt as if it had lasted a lifetime, my companion reported we were only 800 miles into the unknown areas of the universe. We approached this new world and I couldn't help but let my hope overcome me; I thought the end of our search was finally nearing.

Inside of my head, the whole universe had frozen as I looked downwards, only to see breath-taking view of glistening seas and stunning meadows continuously nearing. Closer and closer. Even though we were still hundreds of miles away, it was clear to see that this mystery land was a globe. The land below us was showered with sunlight and vivid with colour. But eastward, the vast grey of a strip of tireless ocean twisted and turned like a spider may do when threading its web.

As we came closer still, I could just about make out the coastlines of islands and large continents. No longer could I hide my emotion; we had found it, our new home. Planet Pandora...

In my time of happiness, I did not notice what was happening around me. Before I knew it- considering I had only been distracted for a moment or two- the window clicked shut. I found myself lost in a state of immense confusion as I felt my hands slide softly against smooth glass.

How can I describe the thing that I saw? It was writhing menacingly as it appeared to glare down at me as if I were its arch-nemesis. All of the flowers were in a violently unique form. Even from my distance away it let out a clear aurar; one of hatred and death. All of a sudden the untameable nest of seeds exploded, out came a singular stem, coated in an oily substance. Webbed petals fought out of the zebra-striped cocoon. The flower that emerged had a sense of cruel beauty. Then it all disappeared, as my imagination ceased to continue making things up. All that was there was-

"It is a seed," said Cavor. And then I heard him whisper, very softly: "Life!"

"Life!" and suddenly it dawned upon our tired minds that our vast expedition had, as I previously thought, not been made in vain, that we had come to a planet capable of containing complex lifeforms such as our own, but to a world that breathed and sighed. We stared in silence at the world unfurling before our eyes. Thinking back, my sleeve was close to becoming a rag as I consistently wiped at the window; the faintest idea of mist torturing my mind. We would have been oblivious had we not seen it. The image stood proud and obvious, only in the centre of the arid, barren wasteland. All around, dead herbage and seeds were littered; clear in the morning sun. But then it changed:

They came in the dozens, multiplying again and again and again, dotting themselves all along the sunlit slope. One after the other these breath-taking minute bodies drew in breath then burst apart,

like chicks flying for the first time, like fruit blossoming in early spring; opened impatient jaws that sipped in the warmth and light cascading down from the newly risen sun.

Every second an increasing amount of these astonishing seed-cases erupted and even as they did so, all around each of them flourished into the second stage of growth.

In a small while, the whole slope was showered with miniature life forms whose spindly legs sunk eagerly into the ground, standing to attention. They did not stay in their statue state for long. Cocoon-like buds writhed and strained and ruptured in distain with a jerk thrusting out a display of scarlet, pointy ends spreading a miniature hurricane of tiny, spiky blood-red leaves that shot out madly, shot out in front of my very eyes.

The growth was slower than a cheater sprinting across desert plains, but faster than a baby elephant taking its first memorable steps. How can I describe it to you-the way that it happened? The leaves shrivelled, their weakened stems buckled, and then I came to realise how their life cycle was. It was like a miracle how this majestic growth continued on, how it rose at the creation and died out at the brim of night.

Poppy- 11 years old 😊