

A Plant's Life

BY EVELYN WALTON - AGE 11

This is me. Just a green stem in a terracotta pot which has been coloured and doodled on by countless grandchildren. I'm still wet after this morning's splendid shower, the dirt I'm rooted too is so messy that if you touch it you will have to rinse it off with at least two squirts of soap.....well at least Mildred did. Mildred is my owner, she treats me like her own daughter - even though she is over 80! My name is Rose, every spring my hair grows perfect pink and spreads out, and in Autumn well... it tends to fall out! Every month one of Mildred's grandchildren comes over to play; they love me and I rather love them too. Me and Mildred go shopping on a Thursday and always come back with my favourite food: Highly potent brown substance (similar to Mildred's favourite drink, coffee.) Me and her are best pals, our bond will never break...

Today we were making pressed compost (a meal I'm rather fond of) when I noticed Mildred's grip on her trusty wooden spoon was a bit droopy and it looked like she was barely holding on to it, but I didn't worry because she was probably tired. As I watched her eat her Sunday roast I noticed her fork slipped out her hand and onto the floor but instead of picking it up she slowly pulled herself off her chair and made her way to the sitting room where she sank herself into a squashy armchair leaving her dinner half finished, though the biggest surprise was that she didn't even say "goodnight" to me.

I was woken up by the sound of the birds but if it wasn't for that I probably would have stayed asleep longer. I saw Mildred in the kitchen cooking what appeared to be an egg. "G-good morning Rose," she said in a croaky voice.

Now I was worried. She sounded faint, her legs seemed wobbly and her hands were shaking. As she reached for the watering can her hands slipped and she knocked pots and pans into the sink, they fell down clattering against the metal sides. "Whoops!" She laughed but she sounded unsure, Mildred filled up the watering can though 80% missed because her hand was shaking so much. She took a step towards me but stumbled and collapsed on the floor, in a crumpled heap.

I didn't see her move again that day and she didn't move again that night. She stayed in that same position until one of her daughters came to visit the next morning, she sank to her knees and started crying and then I realised, and only then did I realise, my best friend, my mother, my owner had passed from this world.

Other relatives got there fast, carried her out of the kitchen and left her house abandoned; that was the last I saw of her. Her house was left abandoned for a long time, I was abandoned for a long time. I began to get very hungry and very, very thirsty. With no one there to feed me, I knew that I was gonna die in the next month if no one came to my rescue. My perfect pink petals began to fall out onto the now getting dusty floor, they crumpled up and turned a shade of pukey brown. My leaves shrivelled up and broke off my droopy stem, I knew I was going to die and I had lived a happy life but some part of me wanted to stay alive much longer.

I was barely aware of what happened next. I think I was half dead, but I just about saw a van parked outside unloading furniture. A young girl hauling suitcases out of a green car. She stumbled to the front door, she had the key, and unlocked the bottle green door. As she got in she threw the suitcases into the corner and whistled, "Nice place!" She allowed herself to explore (Testing the taps, playing with the air conditioning) until she saw me and gasped "Poor plant you probably have had no water for months now!" She grabbed the watering can from the floor that Mildred dropped and filled it up to the brim with ice cold water, she dumped the lot on me but I didn't mind I was more shocked that she had just called me a plant. "Don't worry little plant, I own this place now" she smiled "I promise I will take extra good care of you!"

And that was the first time I met Kelly. She is my new owner now. She cares for me well, though different from Mildred but she's fun and I'm happy to have made a new life friend.

Mildred however will always rest in my heart.