

The Orange by Troy Jones, grade 8

It's so peaceful, juicy, and lonely when no one touches its sweet juiciness. It stays in one position, as it is so small. When you look at it from your evil, fiery human eye, just wanting to eat it, it looks at you like a baby who doesn't know the difference between a stranger and a friend.

But all the orange wants is to be left alone by itself, with no one bothering or disturbing its peace. It is so cold but looks so sweet, its color attracts my own eyes. As soon as I pick up the orange, its shell protects it like a mother trying to protect her young from danger. I have to crack her open to get at what all I have been thriving for this whole time. I was like a tiger going for its prey. Once I peel the mother away from her young, she strikes with her last defense by shoving a very disturbing scent right up my nose that makes me want to change my mind about the whole thing. But no: I keep attacking. As the predator I have killed the mother. Now she hands me her young with one last defense, which is the skin, but I pay it no mind. Then I shove the orange into my mouth. All of the sweet juices run into my mouth like a track star that nourishes my body.

Even though the orange was sweet and juicy, I remember that I was still the predator who killed the mother and took her child into my digestive system as a reward. Why does such beauty and goodness come with a horrible ordeal?

I will never know the answer to that question, but what I do know is that the orange was so beautiful and peaceful, and I ruined it all.