

True Identity
By Dirgha Pankhania 10Y

I remember our afternoon school trip to the butterfly farm. The foul smell of manure enclosed and threatened us. It was such a gloomy, grey day which ended in hot tears. I was simply admiring the awesomeness of the clean cute ducks, which seemed to be quacking away their busy lives, and I instinctively wanted to feed them; I stuck my tiny hand out generously towards them to offer them some fresh bread. The knife-edged beak of one of the ducks jerked at my hand so violently and suddenly that I didn't even have time to pull it back.

Of course then my little finger became the victim of my foolish actions, resulting in a flow of tears and high pitched squeals; teachers surrounding me with their pathetic attempts to calm and quiet me down. Their feeble, winded blows and gentle rubbing at my poor little finger did no good at all. And even though there was no blood at all, I felt I had been attacked by a vicious wild monster – how could I have defended myself?

I was innocent and naïve, but now, now I know of their dark deeds – no matter how gentle, loveable or cuddly they try to appear.