

Oranges

Caleb Novakowski

There once was an orange who was all alone. It had nobody; no friends, no family, no other oranges to keep it company. It was the only fruit on the kitchen counter. There were vegetables but they made fun of the orange's fruity taste. But the orange didn't care. It knew that it was the only one with sweet, tangy taste. However, even knowing that did not fill the darkness inside its orange coloured peel. The only thing that could fill that darkness would be another orange but none have come from the place that lies beyond the great front door. However if one did come, it would not last long. The other orange would be taken away and it would be left alone once again. It would just be the old orange left on the counter to rot away, never to be eaten by anyone. Its tangy smell would turn into the smell of mold. It will never be wanted again. The sound of its peel tearing would never be heard. No one would ever tear off its skin and taste the fruit that lies behind the peel. It will just rot away, forgotten and alone, never to be moved again.

Orange Paragraph

Travis Paille

As I dipped my toes into the warm aqua blue water. I wondered to myself what a beautiful sunny day it is? While wondering, I slowly drifted off into a magical dream full of bright round and plump looking oranges. The oh so succulent looking oranges that smelled like a fresh wave of tropical air, had been dancing like the bright stars in the night sky. The oranges looked very tempting, so I reached for one and felt how soft, cold and dimpled they were. Deciding to peel open one of the masterpieces sounded almost like the muffled ripping of thin paper. I continued to slowly take the orange apart and put the slices on my lap. As I bit into the juice filled slice, a burst of sweet and sour flavours poured into my mouth making me crave more and more. A splashing sound had woken me from my fantastic dream and the sun started to set over the ocean. Only

if I could make it to my wooden cabin before falling asleep, an orange would be waiting for me.

Orange

Eve E.

I walk into my house after a long day. I looked for something juicy to eat. My eyes wander down to the fruits bin in the fridge. I open it, as my hand gets sticky from the handle I notice. I see one that is vibrant red and yellow fruit with small brown spots on it. It is an orange! I pick it up and feel every small bump on the skin. I stab my thumb nail into the skin. It starts to spray juice, the sound of it tearing is kind of like paper when you slowly rip when you're trying to be quiet. It is hard to rip off the thick layer of skin. I peel a piece of skin to reveal bright flesh of the orange. Then I take a piece of the orange and toss it into my mouth, and my teeth sink into my mouth. It kind of tastes like sweet and sour candy I thought to myself as I walk into the living room.