

A Report in the First Person
Did I Really Deserve an "F"?

Mars was a world of scintillating colours .There were gigantic craters of aquamarine blue, and rivers of bubbling yellow gas stretched in solitude beneath a deep purple sky. When we had been asked to pick a planet for our Geography project, I had never imagined that we would actually have to go there; so here I was now on Mars, starving and dehydrated since I had finished my water and food a few hours back.

I suddenly saw some purple liquid shimmering in front of me. I hurried over to it, cupped my hands and filled them with the liquid and drank it. It was sour, and my tongue burned a little. I pulled out a project notebook from my bag and noted down my discovery; then I took my empty bottle, filled it with the liquid and put it back. Something was better than nothing. I trudged on and on, making notes about the hot weather, the dry sand like plains and the rare gusts of wind. I was concentrating so hard on my task that I almost stepped on a large edible looking plant. I raised it to my face and inhaled. It smelt sweet like a rose. Without hesitation, I put a piece of it in my mouth and started chewing it.

When I opened my eyes, I was tied up and a dilutive green creature was beside me. I opened my mouth to scream, but no sound came out .That was because the creature looked so gruesome. It was hard to look at it. Its skin was baggy with folds in it, and I could see from the look in its eyes that it was hungry. A Martian. It was at that moment, that I realized, that I was now in a cave and that I was surrounded by about three dozen of the same green men. I saw something glisten from the corner of my eye, and stared in horror at the huge fork and knife in the Martian's hands. They were starving and I instinctively knew who their prey was.

I screamed, and this time, sound came out. Unused to a loud shriek like that, the Martians clapped their fat hands to their ears, and the knife and fork were dropped. I stretched my hand out from under the rope , and grabbed the knife , still screaming . After cutting the rope, I swung the knife through the main Martians head, and his head swung off. I ran straight out of the cave, panting. Thankfully, a rocket was standing there, waiting to take me back to school.

I wrote everything down, completed my journal, and gave it up. I was expecting to get a good grade as I had found out a lot more than I had been asked to. But when I got my book back, I was disappointed and amazed to see my teacher's comments. She had written an 'F' there. 'While this is highly imaginative, it does not in any way match your Geography project which was to give a first-hand report about the planet Mars. You were NOT asked to write a fantasy story.'