

What the World Eats

By: Zoe Dunford

As I ran my hands through my blond hair, questions jumbled through my mind. Why were we getting different colored slips? Why couldn't we just sit where we normally sat? This is only my second year, so I don't know any of the fifth-graders from last year. "I've heard about this!" said Avery, concern in her eyes.

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I put my hand inside the bag, searching for any unwanted slips. I went in the classroom, gripping my yellow slip tightly in my hand. As I walked into the classroom, I noticed something. Then as if on cue, I froze. The blue table had pizza, soda, cookies, and all the treats anyone could imagine. The yellow table only had rice and beans. And the people who got red had nothing except... PINK WATER?! As I sat down, I glanced at other people's faces. Most of them were filled with concern and melancholy. I felt confusion bubbling up inside me. Why did everyone look so depressed? This is a question I asked myself many times.

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Then, Mrs. Carpenter glanced at the blue table and said, "Eat up!" I sat astonished as everyone at the blue table started gobbling down everything. Why would anyone do this? I looked down at my miserable rice and beans and sighed. I felt like I was in a parallel universe. One filled with despair and unhappiness.

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I glanced at all the people in the red team. They looked like they had seen a ghost. I felt like I should've stood up and given them my rice and beans, but for some reason, I was paralyzed. Paralyzed with depression. It was like all of my body parts were numb. I didn't like it. "Thanks a lot feelings!" I said to myself sarcastically. I felt bitter, like I was being force fed ginger. The red team didn't deserve to feel awful. I was finally about to hoist myself up when Mrs. Carpenter started handing out papers.

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I glanced at my paper, noticing an Indian boy, who had ragged clothes and was holding an empty jug. After I had read the paper, I realized how lucky I was. There were thousands and thousands of kids who would do anything to eat three meals a day, and here I was, bickering because I had missed one meal. I felt mad at myself. As time went by, Mrs. Carpenter explained. Then she talked about different living environments kids lived in, and what they had to go through every day, from school (or no school) to family. All I hope is that everyone gets their happily ever after.

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I really want to help the people in need of food and water. I've been thinking about it and I think the solution to that is aquaponics. By using the aquaponics system, we can grow fresh food by only using one system. I wonder what happens next.