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The Boysenberry Tree

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The Boysenberry Tree

I can feel the sun shining down on the solar deflector shields of my top branches.

I can feel the Captain of the ship and his first mate climb my trunk to their seats.

I can feel the engines in my roots flare as the Captain yells, "Lift-off!"

As we soar through the cosmos, the crew gets hungry.

It's a good thing I'm fully stocked with ripe Boysenberries.

The juice trickles down their chins as they aim my blasters.

KAPOW!

KAPOW!

KAPOW!

The evil space aliens didn't even know what hit them!

Suddenly, a message from the high commander Mom blares over the air waves!

"Time for lunch!"

The crew abandons ship and I sadly use my auto pilot to land back on the earth,

and wait for a new mission tomorrow.

Nic Gauthier