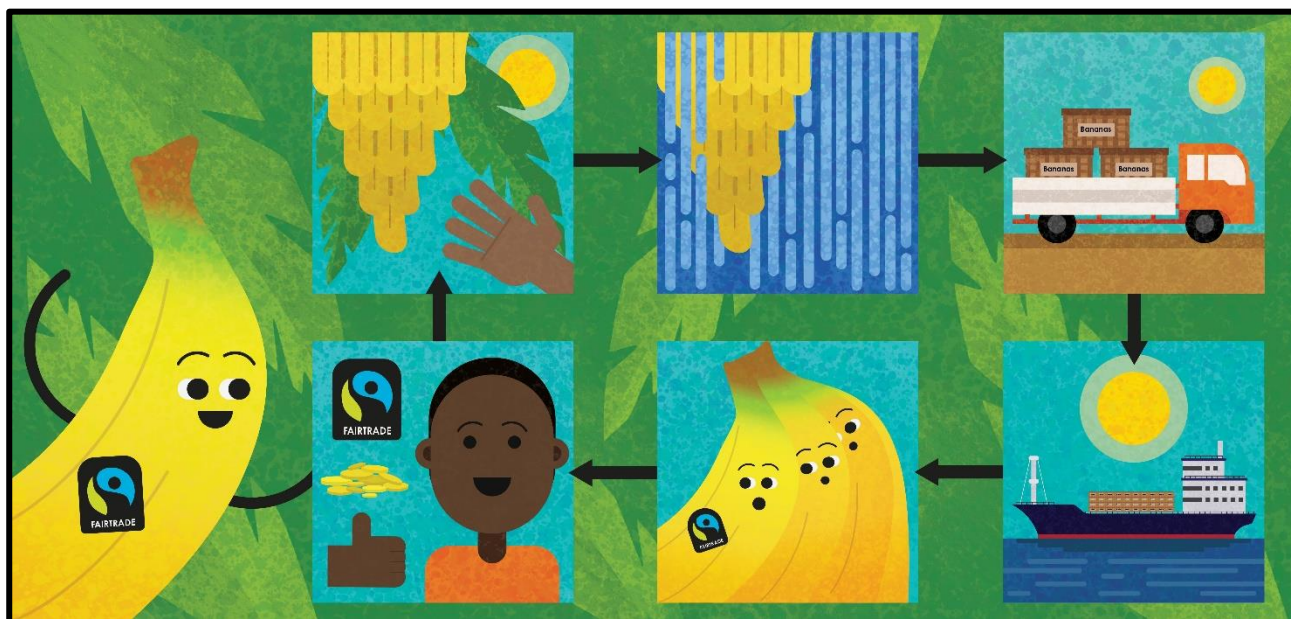


## Deepening Understanding

### YR4 Fiction Text

### Journey of a Banana by Alicia Dickinson



Dear Diary,

The last few days have been rather mind-blowing. My family and I experienced a rather exciting journey. Let me tell you all about it.

It all started when the scorching, dazzling sun was beaming down on me and my family of bananas. We were just hanging there, minding our own business, when a young man came along. Suddenly, we were plucked (luckily still in our family group) and plunged into a box full of other family groups. Confused, we all whimpered as we wondered where we were off to because we had never experienced anything like this before.

The young man took us to this gigantic factory on the farm where we had a cool, refreshing bath. We wondered why. Did we smell? I was in a whirl of bewilderment. Why was this happening to us? In the distance, I could hear a man calling, "Are they ready yet?" Who was he on about? You guessed it, us! We were packed into a different box (this time enveloped in smooth plastic) and piled in the back of a trailer. As the truck trundled along the track, I could hear strange sounds. Unexpectedly, through the gap of the wooden box, I saw the biggest metal vessel I had ever seen. I later discovered it was a ship! At its base, white



waves gently broke as boxes and boxes were loaded into the side of the hull through a door. By now, I was starting to feel worried and my eyes started to fill up with warm tears. My little yellow body started to shake like a belly dancer.

After what seemed like days, the roof of the box was opened and we were let out into the fresh air. However, it was not hot air that struck me. It was freezing cold air! Where were we? Quivering, I could feel something sticky on my stomach. What on earth was it? Gazing down, I could see a sticker which read 'Fairtrade' (this was definitely not fair and I did not want to trade anything). I tried to scream but nothing came out.

I was in shock and I needed to find out what was going on. Shimmying my body upright, I yelled to the man who was unloading the van, "Where am I and what on earth is going on?" Well, you should have seen his face (he looked as if he had just seen a ghost!). With a look of shock and sheer confusion written across his face, I felt at first that finding an answer was going to be hopeless. However, I discovered that these humans were full of surprises...

He really opened my eyes to exactly who I was. He explained that I was a very special banana and that I had travelled all the way from the heat of the Dominican Republic to the cold of a place called England. It turned out we were a rather important family of bananas who made a huge impact on the place where we were grown. He also explained to me that what I thought was a silly sticker was actually a very important 'Fairtrade' sticker. Fairtrade means that the farmers, who had spent their time caring for me to make sure I was fully grown, got all the money made from selling me. This made me feel incredibly proud knowing how important I was to the people of the country. My family and I and all the other families of bananas are the country's main source of income. Because of us, children can go to school and if people are ill, they can get better at the hospital.

Reflecting on this adventure, I lay in wait for my next home, wearing my sticker with pride.

Until next time,

Bertie the banana

