

The diary of Barry Banana.

Day 1

Hello, my name is Barry and yes I am a banana but does that really matter? No, no it doesn't and I am fed up being discriminated. If you think bananas are incapable then put this diary down right now!

Today, I just chilled out in the Sainsbury's fruit and veg section with my best friend of all time; Billy. Days with Billy make the arrogant tomatoes, in the next door section next door, bareable (but only just!).

Sadly, no-one has bought me or Billy and I was hoping that I would only be there a couple of days but so far that doesn't look possible.

Day 2.

~~Again no-one bought me or Billy~~ This day was probably the worst day imaginable for a humble banana like myself as no-one bought me and the busybody shelf stacker just packed the tomato shelf jammed full of tomatoes! It's OUTRAGOUS! How dare she; doesn't she know who I am. Doesn't she know that all my friends respect me in away no-one else could! Doesn't she know I run the very far left corner of the fruit and veg section! Doesn't she know, doesn't she know, doesn't she know!

Day 3.

Today, my heart and happiness could reach neptune and back but my pain & sadness could go further. I was bought!

Yes, I was bought but I shall never forget how it happened..

... It all started when me and Billy were playing a joyful game of who will reach the checkers first! When someone's grubby had grabbed me round the middle. Then I was so happy but when they didn't pick Billy pure unhappiness welled up inside me. ~~was~~ The trolley rolled back slowly, and all went black.

When I woke up I heard the deafening sound of the till beeping and the same grubby hand grabbed me and stuffed me into a bag, right next to his microwave tika-masala! Boy did it smell!

Day 4.

Waking up today was like waking up in a ~~4~~ nightmare: my eyes opened to see a colony of burgundag blobs surrounding me. Uh Oh is the exact thought that circled through my mind. Well, that and the grubby-hand man just said he fancied a fruit salad...

By Nell McLaughlin

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