**Atarangi (Draft 4)**

**I’m A Tomato Seed**

/d I’m a tomato seed. **My world is a round juicy ball of sweet redness.** /a The strange beings cut **my world** in half, throw me in between two squishy brown, grainy things where I lay, waiting to see what other odd things would happen to change my life.

/a I feel myself levitate and approach a **dark cave**. /a Sharp white things start crunching down around me, **destroying everything in their path**. They are *breaking down* all the *starches* that have ended up in the *mouth* with me. The land underneath me moving **like an earthquake**. /d This is the beginning of my *regeneration, mechanical digestion*. /a I feel the mushed up food around me getting squishier and wetter, *salvia* is starting to fill the *mouth* to help *flush* the food and I go down the *oesophagus*, **the track** to the *stomach*. /d *Saliva* is *99.5% water* and the rest is made up of *electrolytes, mucus, glycoproteins,* *enzymes* and *antibacterial compounds* such as *IgA* and *lysozyme.* The *enzymes* in *saliva* are important for the beginning of the *digestion* of *starches* and f*ats*.

/a I feel **the walls around me** of the *oesophagus* move in **a wave motion**, /d tis is *peristalsis. Peristalsis* in the *oesophagus* is helping the food **travel down the track** to the *stomach*. It is *muscular contractions* and *relaxation* which make *peristalsis*.

/a I pass the *lungs* which are *organs* that *conver*t *oxygen*, /d a *gas* the *human body* needs to use, into *carbon dioxide*, a *gas* the *body* needs to get rid of, otherwise known as breathing.

/a I have **landed** in the *stomach*. I am getting churned and mixed, turning the material around me into l*iquid* with the help of *gastric juices*, *stomach acids* and the strong *muscles* in the *cell walls*, and *breaking down* the *proteins.* /a I get moved through the *small intestine*, **a long bumpy path** where the food gets *chemically digested*. I feel that **weird wave movement** again, *peristalsis.* /d The *small intestine digestive juices* help *break down* the food even more around me, and *absorbs* the *vitamins, minerals, proteins,* *carbohydrates* and *fats.* /a First I pass through the *duodenum,* then the *ileum,* and finally the *jejunum.* /d The *pancreas, liver* and *gallbladder* send out *juices* to the *duodenum* of the *small intestine* to *digest* the food and *absorb* the *nutrients.* /d The *pancreas juices* makes the body *digest fats* and *proteins.* The *juice* from the *liver* called *bile* helps *absorb* *fats* into the *blood stream* and the *gallbladder stores* the *bile* until the body needs it.

/d The *pancreas produces insulin, glucagon, somatostatin* and *pancreatic polypeptide*.

/d The *liver* is where the harmful *substances* get *filtered,* turning some of it into more *bile.*

/d The *gall bladder* is **a small bag** that *stores* the *bile produce* until the *small intestine* needs the *bile*.

/d The *kidneys* make *urine,* removes extra *liquid waste* and extra f*luid* from your *blood*. They also keep your *bones healthy*, and help you make red *blood cells*.

/a The **leftover food** that the body can’t use, including me, gets pushed into the *large intestine,* a bigger but shorter **track** than the *small intestine.* Down this **track** I go.

/a Then I reach the r*ectum*. /d The *solid waste* around me **sit waiting**. Finally I see the light again, but I know that **my journey** has not yet finished.

/a The clear *liquid* around me starts turning **like a tornado** and I go down into a large, concrete tunnel with *sewerage* floating along slowly taking us to a big *filtering station.* /a Once through the *filtering station* we reach the ocean. I lay there bobbing up and down. /a Finally I reach land again, the sandy shores of Pakiri Beach. /d I end up in the grassy land above the sea where I start my regeneration. Pakiri Beach will be my home until I die.