**Goodness Grapes** by William Brantley, Deep author ‘14

Farmer Jones thinks he is my creator, but he just planted a vine. I sprouted. I grew on this vine. Yes. The vine. That is what I like to call my creator. But now my childhood is gone, stripped away from me. I stare at Farmer Jones, who is free and happy, in agony, like a man falling off a cliff, knowing what is going to happen and not being able to do a thing about it.

I’m all grown up, purple and juicy, just the way he wanted me. New grapes sprout and old ones get thrown away, but grapes like me, in their prime, are taken away for slaughter. Just the other day, Farmer Jones picked me and took me away from everything and everyone. The farm, my family, the only place and people I knew. Now it is all gone. The experiences of seeing new ones sprout, just to be shipped away. Gone.

I am not alone on the vine. My brothers and sisters, mothers and fathers are here too! All of my friends are next to me, saying nothing because we can’t escape, and even if we could, we would only fall to the dirty ground and sit. Stationary. Nothing can move us except for a human hand. If I had legs, I would run over the mountain in the distance and explore the unknown. If I could escape, I would explore all those places I have never been because I would owe it to all the others who never had the chance. But I can’t escape, I can’t grow legs or arms.

We are put into a dryer as hot as the sun. We are fried alive, like those funnel cakes that Farmer Jones eats. As I come out, my fellow grapes and I are packaged, made ready for the sale. The sale that Farmer Jones will profit from. Not me, never me. Instead, I am burned alive, only to be put into a hungry, bacteria-filled human mouth.

Nothing more. Nothing less.