

## **The Life of a Bacterium**

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Honorable Mention

Timing, strategizing, and then attack are all important factors that pass through their minds throughout the day. Meet Zoe, a one one-thousandth of a centimeter tall, lean, mean disease machine. She thrives on seeing people suffer from chills, ills, and painful shivers. She has watched her other friendly bacteria plan and then attack to cause the most amazing, yet literally sickening illnesses, such as influenza and sinus infections. However, now that it is time for Zoe to make her move in the world of infections, she wants something that will give her a legacy, something that doctors will remember for a long period of time. This something can be nothing other than the one, the only, strep throat.

The life of a bacterium is nothing more than an evil plan in the form of a microorganism. Now that it is thought through, Zoe has to put her idea in to a concrete plan. However, she knows she needs some help, so she calls her friend Pheobe, the fungus from down the block. Pheobe knows just how to handle this, and she starts to explain what needed to happen for the plan to work successfully. As she was going through, Zoe began to take notes in order to remember the important ideas. Step one was to find a potential suspect, one with a low immune system. Zoe thought to herself of people she knew that were prone to illnesses, and then she finally thought of the perfect person -- little Tommy Taylor, a child that should have his own club membership to Rite-Aide.

Step two was to plan out the attack. Zoe knew it had to be sometime that was least expectant. She knew the exact time and the place. She would carefully have to move herself to the sink of the kitchen where little Timmy washes his hands before dinner. Once Timmy washes his hands and goes to turn off the faucet, she would latch on to his hand with all her might. After

that, she would be almost home free. However, she would then have to scurry down into the food when he was about to take a bite, in hopes that it would be some kind of finger good. Once the food was in the mouth, and after darting around the massive chops from having to chew the food, it would just be a matter of sliding down to the throat where the attack would occur.

Step three, the attack. Zoe would then battle it out in hopes that the white blood cells would not bring the whole army. This would be the toughest part. There is not much a bacterium can bring to use a defense when they have no arms and hands to hold it. Zoe would just have to rely on her sense of will to defeat the savages that help to protect Little Timmy.

Now that Zoe knew all she needed, she thanked Pheobe for all her advice, and got to work. She planned that she would depart on the journey across the living room onto the kitchen sink. Zoe made sure she went to sleep early so that she could venture off into the unknown for a mission that was sure to succeed.

Morning finally came, and Zoe said goodbye to her mother and father and set off for a trip of a lifetime, so it seemed. She went through struggles and hardships, trying to avoid dust particles that looked like Mt. Everest and drafts that seemed like an F-5 tornado. However, she made it. She shimmied up the cabinet and planted herself in the perfect spot. Now, it was time to wait.

Finally, Zoe heard someone coming. She prepared herself as her nerves and excitement filled her miniscule body. She saw the hand coming towards her and prepared for takeoff. However, in her last look up, she noticed it was not Little Timmy coming to wash his hands; it was Mrs. Taylor preparing the vegetables for dinner tonight. There was nowhere to run. Zoe did not think about what would happen if it were not Timmy. Mrs. Taylor put her hand on the faucet and turned the water on. Zoe tried to hold on with all her might, but there was no use. She was

taken up on the hand of Mrs. Taylor and was about to go on a ride down a waterfall into the bottomless pit of the drain. The water hit and was beating down so intensely that there was no use fighting. She hit carrot after carrot until finally she hit the sink. Zoe tried to suction herself to the chrome base with all her might, but the more she fought the more she failed. Finally, she knew it was over and gave up. Down the drain she went and was never seen again.

That was the last anyone has seen Zoe, the protozoa. She is known as the girl who had the big dreams, but never did succeed.