Taylor

This is a story of a bean seed. My dad had a packet of seeds and pulled one out and it was me. He planted me in our garden at home. I was a nice relaxing seed in the nice cool soil.

I was watered every day. My neighbor was a seedling, and my other neighbor was a sprout. I'm the only one that is a seed. The next day I have only 1 little curly root. I was a little round seed with 1 root.

I started with 1 root, now
I have 25 roots. My neighbor
on the right got picked and
got eatend. I was sad. My
other neighbor is a seedling.
I'm about to get there. The
neighbor who got eatend was not

eatend! I was sprised! All the seeds got planted! I'm exited to have new neighbors! I'm going to greet my new neighbors. I'm a seedling with 55 roots. My new neighbors have 5 roots. The next day I'm a Adult

Plant. My neighbors are a sprot. I'm happy for my neighbors. The next day I got picked. They did not eat me. He opened me up and planted my seeds, so now I will start all over again!