1. **Your story’s setting is a BED.***(More details below.)*
2. **Your story’s first sentence must have no more than three words.**
3. **Your story must include the words SHAPE, ENTER and QUESTION.***(Longer variations are acceptable as long as original spelling is retained, e.g. “shapely” or “questioning”.)*

‘Yes! A shoot!’

Pia jumped with excitement. She’d planted the zucchini seeds in this garden bed exactly as her granddad had taught her. Turn the soil, add the chook poo, water everything in, then plant the seeds into the holes she’d made with the end of a pencil.

Waiting patiently, sitting by the bed each morning, showering the water on the soil. Yes, definitely, a green shoot coming up.

Mum had downloaded the form to **enter** for the Royal Show, Funny Shaped Vegetable category. Granddad said that category was a shoein for zucchini’s because they grew so quickly you could **shape** them easily.

Pia wanted to surprise him and do this all by herself, maybe even win a ribbon to add to his collection.

Going to the garden shed, Pia paused, it was dusty now since Granddad had gone to hospital. But he’d taken her gardening ever since she could walk, even getting Granny to sew her some gardening gloves for her little hands. So, she knew her way around the shed, she took a deep breath and went to the cupboard.

Reverently she pulled out the glass tubes they had stored here last year. Granddad said the straight ones were originally for cucumbers. But he’d persuaded a glass blower to shape some twists and turns, and these were the ones she pulled out.

Very carefully she put the glass tubes on the soil and cajoled the tip of the shoot into the mouth of the tube. Talking gently to it, just like she’d seen Granddad do.

‘One, two, three, four, five, that one looks a bit funny. I’d better ask Mum about that, doesn’t look right to me.’ Pia thought to herself.

Each day Pia came and watered and talked to the zucchini’s – it looked like they grew in front of her eyes! In no time at all they were ready for harvesting and taking to the show.

Mum had been visiting her Granddad in hospital so much, Pia had forgotten to **question** her about the odd shaped tube. She’d just undone the clasps on the side of each tube and then packed them into the box with tissue paper for the car ride.

Pia’s mum dropped her with the box at the entrance to the show saying she would collect Granddad from the hospital and bring him to the exhibition hall.

Her fingers all sweaty, she laid her misshapen zucchinis on the straw behind her name.

Pia met Granddad and Mum, and they walked together to the display. Granddad started laughing and her mum went a funny colour.

‘Pia, where did you get those shapes?’

‘In Granddad’s cupboard.’

‘This one was meant for the Sexually Explicit display.’ Granddad said nudging Pia’s mum. She couldn’t help but start laughing too.

The judges made their way around, looking at their clipboards and putting ribbons next to the displays.

Pia held her breath, she didn’t know what she’d done wrong, but she wanted this ribbon for Granddad.

First Prize!