

The poor strawberry watched as all its siblings were taken, one by one, by the kids at the party.

Since it had appeared on the bush, it had known it was different.

"Butt berry," the others would call it. That had hurt. It had been overjoyed to be picked by the little girl. Its purpose would be fulfilled, and it would be eaten!

But it had realised with dismay that even the humans thought it was weird.

I am a damaged and worthless thing [italicize last sentence]  
"Why did you pick that

one with the strange shape!

Sari, dear, pick the nice  
looking ones next time, we don't want  
more comments from your grandmother!  
[Move last sentence to before  
the one starting 'I am a damaged']

Now, all that ~~seemed~~ in the  
~~past~~. It's time had come. It ~~had~~.  
But none of the kids took it.

It sat there in the bowl, feeling  
sorry for itself, wishing it was  
normal. Wishing it had a fat  
top and a pointy bottom. The others  
did. They had gloated on the way  
out, when they had been picked,  
calling it a failure, a loser,  
damaged goods.

But then the girl who picked  
it came over. She took it and