

# The Artist

Harper headed towards her favorite school class of all time...art. She loved art. She could draw whatever she wanted. She could draw a cool tropical island or a hot sunny desert. She could draw someone dwelling in their misery or she could draw someone looking past all the bad things and life and focusing on what made them happy. Harper chose to be that person. Harper loved art because she could tell a story through a picture. You could express your creativity just by a simple drawing.

Today Harper drew a cat dancing on a rainbow. Yeah it was a bit funky but that's who Harper was, and she loved to draw those sorts of things. Mrs. Woodshawn, Harper's art teacher clapped her hands indicating the end of class.

"Alright class before you leave, I would like to inform you that there will be a special exhibition next Thursday at the school showing your best work. The winner of the exhibition will have their masterpiece shown in the art museum!" the class erupted in an excited chatter.

"I am going to be famous when my art wins the competition! I will get to walk the red carpet with Selina Gomez!" exclaimed a blond girl named Sasha.

"Um I don't think you get to walk *the* red carpet for *one* piece of art," said Simon Simson. He was the smart kid in school or as other people called "nerdy." Harper didn't think being smart was a bad thing. She didn't think he was "nerdy" she felt he was just very intelligent.

A kid called Ben said, "Yeah what makes you think you're going to win the competition." Sasha and Ben began to bicker. Simon tried to break them up.

After school Harper ran home. She looked at the picture she drew in art class. Seriously? A cat dancing on a rainbow? What had she been thinking? She started drawing something a little more...sophisticated like a starry night sky or the sun setting on beautiful beach, but none of the drawings felt right. She tried all week to make the perfect piece of art, but she couldn't. It was Wednesday, the night before the exhibition, and she still didn't have a piece of art.

"I give up!" she cried. "I can't make the perfect piece of art!" she threw herself on her bed and started sketching. When she was frustrated or angry, she would just sketch. Just a plain old sketch. She wouldn't even think about what she was drawing. She just would. She looked at her piece. It was a pigeon wearing a top hat. Her eyes widened. There it was. The perfect piece of art. Harper had drawn what she felt. Who she was, and it was perfect. The next day she couldn't wait for the exhibition. She was so excited she barely paid attention in any of her classes. At the end of her art class Mrs. Woodshawn had them all submit their art. After school Harper ran home and began to prepare her outfit. She dressed in a paint splattered T-shirt believe it or not, it was her favorite. She also dressed in jeans with iron-on patches.

Finally, it was 6:00. It was time for the exhibition. Harper arrived and stood by her piece of art until the judges came by. Sasha came and examined Harpers drawing as well.

"What is that?" she asked, rather rudely.

"A pigeon wearing a top hat." Harper replied.

"Seriously I drew a starry night sky. At least I don't have much competition now." Sasha laughed. Harper just ignore her and turned away. She tried to act like it hadn't hurt...but it had.

After standing there for some time the judges had finally seen every piece of art and had decided the winner.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” Mrs. Woodshawn said. “Our judges have decided who this year’s school art exhibition champion is. Our winner is...Harper Goldly!” Harper couldn’t believe her ears. Had they made a mistake? No. The judges were waiting patiently at their panel waiting to give her a ribbon. Harper looked smugly over at Sasha, who’s mouth was hanging open. She had won! This had been the best day of Harper’s life so far.

A little over a month later her and her family went to their art museum and saw Harper’s masterpiece. People had been goggling at it, wondering how a 12-year-old girl could have drawn something so impressive. Maybe this could start a new career option for Harper. A career she certainly wanted.

The End