

## The Artist

by:Luis C.

Hello, my name is gary stewart. Now I know what your thinking, why am i reading a book about a thirteen year old boy from a small town up in the corner of louisiana. Well, let me tell you. It all started in the winter of 1956. I lived with my mom in a small district called benton. My dad had died when i was a baby, my mom never really told me how. She works at the front desks of a hospital down in bossier city. We don't own a car so instead she has to ride a bike there, and back. Today she finally decided to ask her boss for a raise, and guess what, he said yes. It was only a 10% raise, but to my mom it was like being given all the money in the world. She started to make enough money to buy restaurant food, so every friday my mom and I would go to the local mcdonalds to get a couple cheeseburgers, and a drink. My thirteenth birthday was coming up, and my mom new i had been eying that new art set, in the art supply store around the corner. It had everything an artist needed, a fine point pen, Ink, and a brush, 25 pencils, and to top it all off a two-hundred page autographed sketchbook, signed by **the** jack kirby. I know right, I'm talking about the one who does the art for spider-man, the art for captain america; and the avengers. It was almost too good to be true at this point. My mom had finally saved the money to get it for me, and she didn't hesitate for a second. I love nothing more than to draw. I would draw any time I was given the chance. I only have one pencil. Any time I run out of paper I... improvise, I use my Wall, the floor, and when I am feeling really creative, I even draw on the roof. My mom doesn't really care, she actually likes it, she thinks it adds a good touch to a house as small as ours.

My birthday had finally come, and I was more excited than I have ever been in my life. I rushed out of my bed put on my shoes and bolted out of my room. I arrived to the kitchen, and saw something on the top of the counter it was a small White envelope. My mom walked in "Good morning" mom said. "mom what is this" I said. "well it's your birthday, I had to get you something". My mother replied. I picked up the envelope, and peeled back the top. I saw a small slip of smooth white paper, it had printed writing on it that said

"one way ticket,  
to new york,

In Seat 5A,  
Lane 15,  
plane docks at 11:00am,  
On november 23, 1956.”

“What’s this mom” I said with a frozen expression.  
She answered “well I was about to get you that art set i knew you wanted, but then i started thinking, where did all the great comic book artists start out. So I went to the airport they were almost sold out but I managed to book the last one.”

“One? But mom What about you aren’t you coming” I said  
She smirked “that was the last flight for the year. Your grandmother is there. She has an apartment in manhattan,  
And get this, there was a flyer down at the hospital wall  
It said, “marvel comics, now hiring talented artists.”

And that is how it all began. My life instantly changed that morning, and I knew I would get that job. It was the next morning my bags were packed and I was on my way to new york! The concrete jungle, the big apple. The plane landed. I think I slept the entire way. I saw my grandmother In the airport. I hadn’t seen my grandmother in years. I almost didn’t recognize her. We both got in a cab. It took about thirty minutes until we finally got there. We exited the cab grabbed our bags and I could not believe the sight. I was standing in front of the marvel comics HQ.

”well this is your stop” grandma said.  
“ my stop what do you mean, I thought we were going home.”  
grandma replied  
“your mother told me this is your home, it is all you ever talk, and dream about.”  
“but what about you”  
“Me, I will be at the coffee shop down the street. not far but don’t come to me until you get that job, got it”  
“Got it”

I made my way inside. There was a receptionist at the front of the building.

“Hello” I said  
“yes” she replied as she was on the phone.

“I came for the job opening”

“Uha and what’s your name”

“Gary, gary stewart.”

“Ok mr. stewart do you have a portfolio or resume with ya”

“Uh... no”

“Well... unless you can make something until my shift is over which would be in the next say three minutes. Your out’a time”

not knowing what to do I grabbed the nearest pen and went to the closest white surface I saw

“Uhh...little boy your not supposed to touch that”

I jumped on a chair and started drawing on the wall.

Everyone in the room was just watching. A door bursts open

A man screaming walks out the man says “we need a new issue by monday that’s three days people and we don’t even have a script... what is this” the man said

“who did this”

“I did sir”

“What’s your name kid”

“Uhh... Gary Stewart”

“You know we have a job opening for talented artists”

“Yes I know, thats why I was here”

We’ll i would say you passed”

“Really”

“Of course, son welcome to marvel comics”

“Yes!”

**The End.**