

The picture
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“Mom, no, I didn’t mean it like that.”

“It’s too late, pack all your stuff and go, I never want to see you ever in my life, you...”

Nick’s mother took a deep breath before coldly saying, “Get out of my house and get out of my life.” Then she quickly turned away, holding back tears of frustration.

Nick was in big shock, he and his mom never had this big of a fight. As the saying deepened into Nick’s stomach, he quietly said, “I didn’t, mean to, Mom, but if this is what you truly want, then I will go.” He holds back the waterfall of tears that will soon come out, and walks through the chipped white door.

It’s official now, Nick thought, I have no friends, no job, no home, no money... and no love. Tears started streaming like a river in Nick’s eyes, the last part was the hardest to understand. *I’m an idiot, I’m an idiot, I am the most dumbest idiot in the world.* Nick thought as he walked frustratingly down the road.

Nick eventually stopped at an abandoned orphanage on West Lane Rd., since he wasn’t going to be going anywhere, he decided this would be a nice enough place to stay for a bit, and soon settled down here. He plopped down next to a crib and opened up his cherry red backpack, as he started rummaging, he noticed a paper and pencil inside roll up to him.

Oh man! He thought *This brings me back to the old days! When I loved art and wanted to be an artist!* Nick frowns. *Too bad mother never liked it. She said it ‘would never get me a real job’.* Well, look where I am now! After that thought, he just stared at the paper and pencil for what seemed like an hour. Finally, he did something he never thought he would do.

He picked the paper and pencil up.

It was an hour and he still was not done with his picture, Nick was taking his time, that’s for sure. He didn’t want to mess this paper up, mostly because he didn’t want to be a failure. Well, more than a failure.

Finally, after what seemed like 12 hours, he finished, and, man, was he beaming with pride, and it stretched across his whole face. Never in his entire life had he been this proud.

For once, in his life, Nick had **hope**.

Nick stared at his picture. For something that took forever, this was **not** a lot. Although, Nick had a story behind it, making it one of the most beautiful pictures he has ever seen.

If you look close, this was an eye, but the eye resembles life and everything inside are the beautiful, deep, and rich moments you find, but life is hard, and sometimes you may never get those memories, no matter how hard you try. So this eye is in Nick's point of view, and it is showing all the memories he wishes he had: wealth, love, and shelter, but then you hit reality, and find out you have none of those, the only thing that comes down is cold, hard tears.

Nick stared at his paper, and then he flipped it over as if it was nothing, but Nick was on to something, he decided: *If I am going to be homeless for the rest of my life, I might as well make the best of it.* So Nick picked up the paper and drew on the other side.

Believe it or not, this picture did not take as long, probably because it didn't have much of a story behind it, but this is how it ended up.

Nick's story, though, was that there were two sides of everything, the easy and the hard. The easy way will give you everything, but it will not make you as happy as you could be, whereas the hard side may give you a bumpy journey, but it will give you something that will reward you with something greater than life. Cheesy, I know, but it wasn't my choice!

Nick was now on a role, but as soon as he picked the pencil up, he heard footsteps. Nick panicked, finally, he hid behind a crib, what else could he do, I mean, he was **panicking!** The footsteps finally came inside, along with a sweeping sound.

"I have to get this place all tidy and neat so Mr. Stu can come here in an hour. Why me, I mean, at least get me a better broomstick!" The man said, holding up a broken broomstick. The man suddenly heard shuffling, and was getting suspicious, but didn't say anything, and kept brooming away.

After an hour, Mr. Stu came alone, and Nick was still behind a crib.

"Nice place, nice place." Mr. Stu says to himself, walking around.

Nick was sweating, and decided to let go of his paper, he didn't want his drawings to be wet with SWEAT! That's gross. So he set it down, but the wind pulled it away. *No!* He thought as he stumbled to get the paper, finally, he caught it. *Victory!*

"Hey! Who the heck are you?" Mr. Stu says, running towards Nick. Nick's face turns red as he stutters, "N-n-n-Nick, sir." Mr. Stu looks up at his eye and says, "What's that paper there, boy?"

"N-n-n-Nothing" Nick musters to say. Mr. Stu glances at him and then snatches it. Mr. Stu looks at it, and his eyes soften. This was true beauty. "Nick, this is beautiful, did you make this?"

Nick nods his head.

“Nick, you are talented, come with me and I can make you a star.” Mr. Stu holds his hand out. Nick looks at it for a moment. At, first, he opens his mouth to say yes, but then he sees the cold eyes on Mr. Stu’s face.

Nick narrows his own eyes and hisses “I’d rather be homeless.”