

A PAINTING DISASTER

I had never felt so nervous and tongue tied. My voice started to muffle and break-up while trying to speak the truth to Professor M. My face began to boil up and tears crawled out my eyes, I looked at my painting that I am supposed to show in 30 minutes. It was crippled, soggy and paint had started to drip down. From a creative masterpiece to a mess. My brain stopped working. How was I going to present it??!

As I was thinking my art had suddenly started to magically turn, tree branches into roads, leaves into grass and the bird into a big grey car with one wheel. I stared at it as it slowly changed.

"I thought you said you did a beautiful bird painting, not a random street?" someone asked behind my back, it was Professor M. I held my tears back and forced out a smile.

"Yeah, I wanted to do a more modern look," I replied, but I'm pretty sure that the 'one wheel car' bothered him.

I stopped thinking about how my painting looked like a total mess and started to think of a solution. I now realised my painting looks like a street and all I need to do is improvise it, with my extraordinary paint brushes and my astounding painting skills. I searched through my pockets to find a shiny, silver key which leads to my locker. I ran to open the locker room door, hoping to fix up this mess, but the door wouldn't budge. It was locked.

I ran to the other side of the hall holding my locker key in my sweaty hands, where I bumped into Alya, her eyebrows crunched together, and her eyes were on fire.

"Why were you at the locker room?" Alya questioned.

I shivered, Alya was someone who always looked mad even though she wasn't, so it was hard to tell when she was actually - angry.

"I was...hungry and...my um...snacks! Are in there," I stuttered.

Every word I said was horrible, but I got to admit it, I was amazing at making excuses.

"Then why didn't you go in? The doors open, isn't it? Alya replied.

She looked at me concerned, and all I was doing was questioning my strength and if the door was just heavy.

Alya started walking towards the locker rooms and I had to run to catch up with her. Alya was a tall 8th Grader who has dark silky hair that showed off as she walked, and I was a short 3rd Grader with blonde stubby hair and a blue headband rapped around my head. We came to the door and Alya silently turned the handle, it was surprisingly open. I constantly questioned myself, why didn't it work when I opened it?

"Quickly get your snacks, you're not supposed to be in here right now,' Alya whispered.

I gently walked to my locker over the creaky floor and slid my painting set into my food bag. I didn't know why I was lying to Alya, because it didn't really matter; but I kept my chin down and walked out the room.

I took my painting from the table which was apparently on display where everyone could see it, the painting was terrible, and I was embarrassed presenting this artwork in the contest. I swiftly walked past by the crowd of five and hid behind some boxes and a curtain so no one can see me. I took out my paint brushes and blended the colours together so it will give a smoother look to my art, next I painted the wheels on the 'car' and it looked like an actual car. It didn't look the best, but it could work better than what I had before. I gave it its last finishing touches on the trees and it was good to go.

I silently walked out the hidden area to reveal myself to a bunch of lights, people stared at me including Professor M!

"What were you doing in there? We were looking for you," Professor M asked confusingly.

"Well...I"

"No time to explain, your turn is next."

We both went to the side of the stage and I cautiously blew on the paint as we walked, luckily the paint I used dried pretty quickly. Professor M put my painting on a wooden easel and a small pink curtain on top to cover it.

"Okay now they will ask you what your painting is about, and you are going to have to talk about it. Then you will pull the curtain off," Professor M explained to me.

I stood up confidently and Professor M put the painting in the wide stage.

Lights shimmered at me as I stood in the middle.

"What's your painting about Ms Smith asked, interested."

Ms Smith sat there with a straight posture; she was my art teacher who had to be the judge of this contest. My brain started racing, I wasn't prepared for my painting as it wasn't a bird anymore.

"It's about a ...n... area with...both nature and technology, this is very...common and is in everyday life," I spoke.

Pulling the curtains I revealed a picture that had tall green trees covering the baby blue sky with a car running on the road, the grass was on the side of the street and it looked like nothing bad ever happened to it.

My turn ended quickly, and the winners were being decided, I was sweating and my face got red.

My heart was beating so fast I felt like it was going to fall out! If I won this competition I would have the chance to go to an ACTUAL art contest!

"The winners are now decided," thundered a voice

My heart was beating even faster, and it felt like butterflies in my stomach.

"In first place we have...Riley Clifton!"

Everyone started to cheer, her dance routine really made Ms Smith enjoy it.

"In second place we have ... Celina Fainy!"

The crowd got louder, and the winners started to head on stage. I started to lose hope maybe I couldn't win.

“And in third place we have...Adeline Shennel!”

That was ME! I didn't even think this painting would get 8th place!

I ran up the stairs of the stage and stood right next to Riley, she was proud and happy. She was lucky this time that my painting got ruined cause her dance routine wouldn't have a chance! Either way I was happy to be in the top three. But next year when this contest is held, I will be first place and that is my aim!

By Susmita

Grade 6