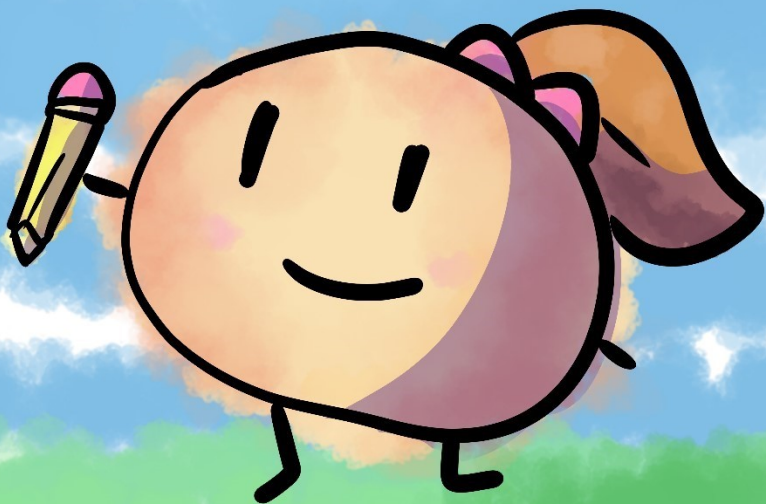


I WANT  
to be an



ARTIST

By: Cierra Strom

Illustrated by: Josie Renken

Josie wanted to be an artist,  
she drew and drew  
and drew some more.

With crayons, colored pencils  
and even chalk outdoors.



Her art was filled with passion and heart, she smiled and looked at it proudly she proclaimed “This is my art!”

"Happy Horse"

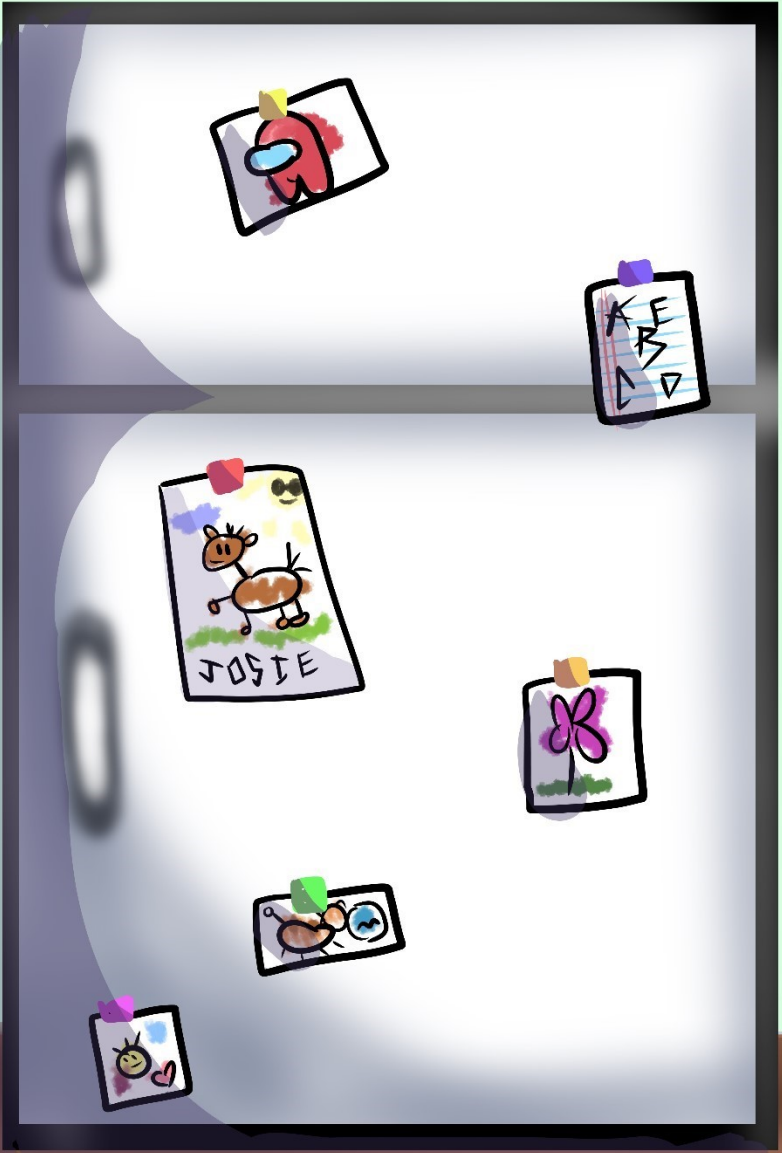


Josie, age 5

She took her work and  
showed her mother,  
“I want to be an artist!”  
She said and showed another.

“My dear,” said mom, “your art is  
perfect and fun, it should be enjoyed by  
everyone!”

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She took her art to school, a shimmer in her eye. She couldn't wait to show her friends her dreams for her art to fly high.

“Here's my piece that I just drew!” She waited for the feedback of her crew.



Some faces were made as they took it all in and she waited for the compliments to begin. “What is that supposed to be?”

Questioned mark.

“I’ve seen better works of art. My sister can draw that in her sleep.” Mary stated and took her leave.

“The colors are a rather weird choice, are you sure art is how you’ll find your voice?”

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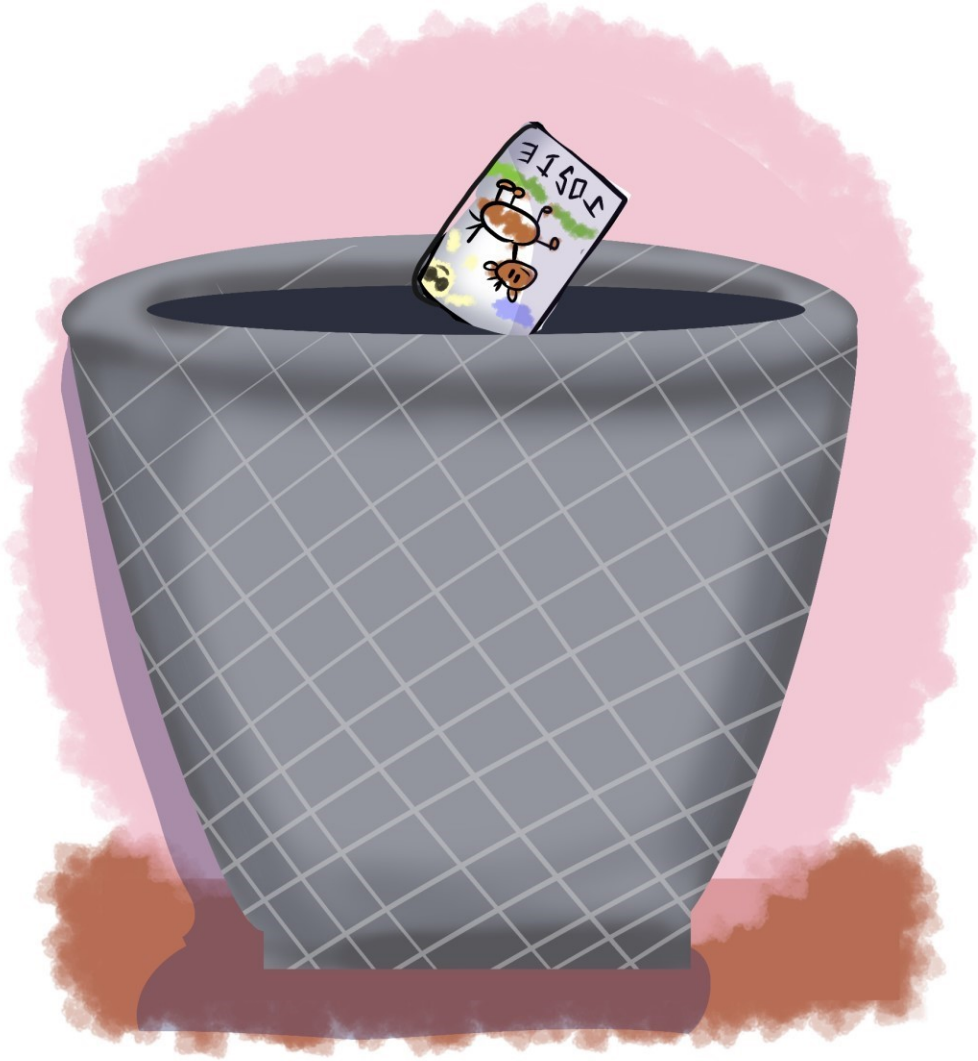


“I kind of like it,” said a boy named red.  
“Just change the color to pink instead.”

Josie’s heart sank

as they talked their critics, Mrs. Candy  
stopped by to disperse the groups thinks.

“It looks rather nice,” she said, “maybe you  
just need to practice more instead?”



So she took that drawing and tossed it aside. “They’re right.” She said to herself and to her bruised pride.

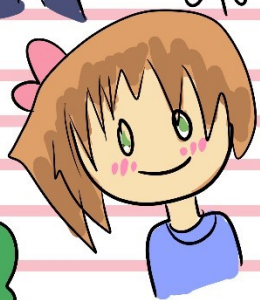
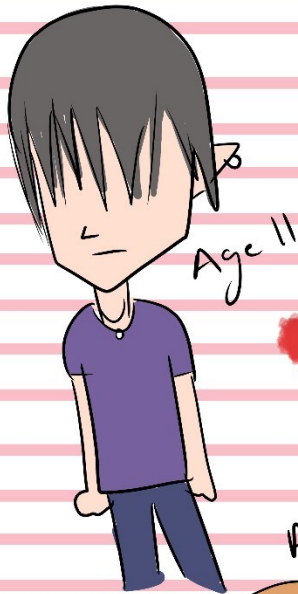
Then she sat and pouted and pondered. She was so sad and distraught; her art was just not what she thought.





But how do you get better at something you love? The answer was so simple but it would take a lot of time. Practice, she was told. Growth takes so much practice, and time! So she got to work and drew then drew some more. Notebooks filled with scribbles galore. Scraps of paper and doodles everywhere, folders were filled with her progress and errors.

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As she got older, she enrolled in classes and watched art videos galore. Some were about painting and anatomy, even color theory and more!

“This time,” Josie said to herself, “they’ll love my art and want it on their own shelf.”

She redid her work of years ago. Josie made it ready to put it on display for her first art show.

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Josie  
Age 13

As strangers and peers all walked by,  
Josie waited for their approving eye.

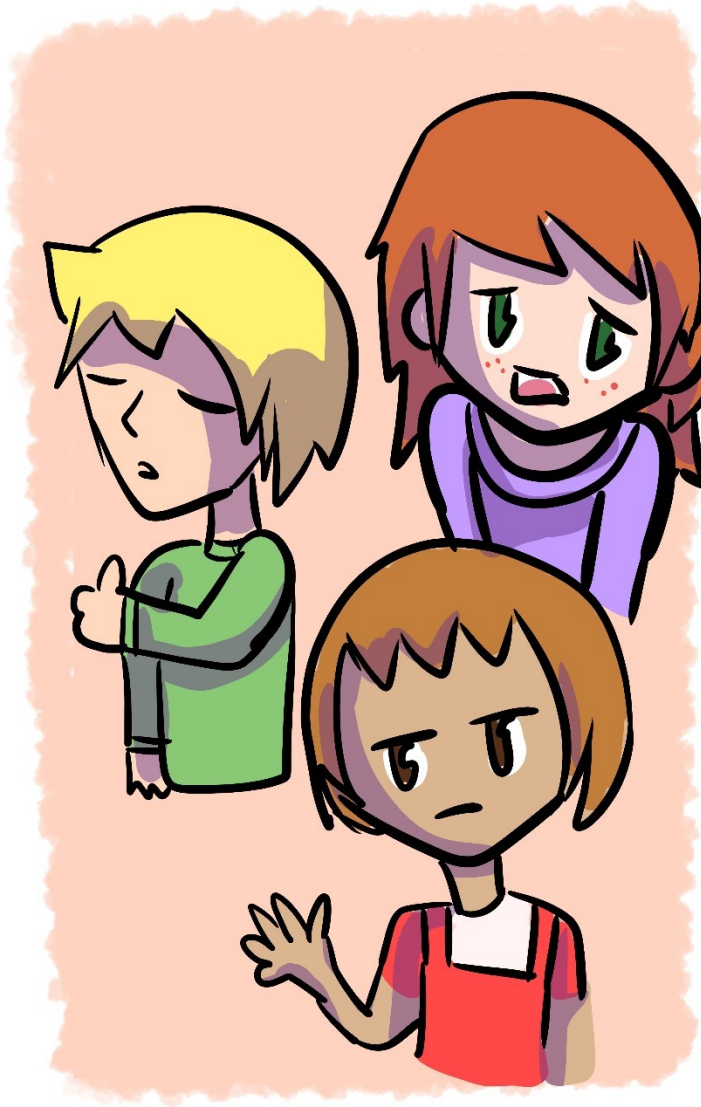




“Is this your style? I like Brittany’s better.”

“The colors and shading don’t really reflect the weather.”

“I like the sky but that horse must go!  
You’ve taken years of art is this really all  
you have to show?”

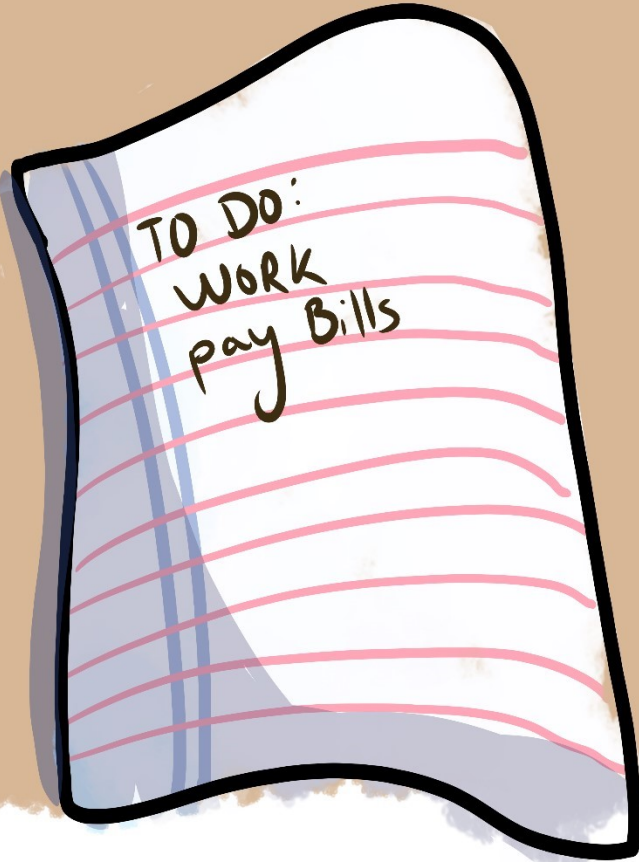


The critics rolled in and she held back her tears.

“I thought I got better after all these years.”  
She went back home, and threw out her art.  
A big hole now sat in her heart.



Maybe art wasn't where she belonged, maybe her career wasn't with having to draw. She took the criticism from others to heart and did a job that did not involve art. For years she worked a 9 -5, too exhausted to keep her dream of making art alive.



TO DO:  
WORK  
pay Bills

Until one day her brothers and sisters did visit and showed her a piece they found and expressed how much they missed it. Remember when you would draw for me? I liked the way you'd draw with me. They sat and went through the whole tub of art, and the love they shared began to patch her broken heart.



For the compliments were always there, but she only listened to the negativity in the air. It had been a while since she had doodled from an inspirational spark. But deep down she always knew she was born to create art.



With a bit more practice and late nights of learning, she was able to put on paper the passion that had been yearning. With her siblings all sat by her side, they drew and laughed and giggled with pride. They held up their papers at the end of the day, hugged and went about their way.



Josie then knew what she was meant to be. An artist who believed in herself, “in me.” She picked that piece she once was so distraught of and made it, remastered. All those negative comments, they no longer mattered.

An Artists ability is to continue to create something new. Something from deep within your heart, art work is a true piece of you.

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