



Many people believe that the world will end in a fiery ball of chaos; many people believe that the world is out to get them and that every inconvenience is meant for them alone. However, inconveniences can easily turn into beautiful decisions. I created a painting that depicted my 7th-grade year: don't give up, every hardship comes with a side of happiness.

Deep blue, rough, jagged, the color of sadness - the color one first greets when one steps through the classroom door on the first day of school. The desensitized, desultory, feeling swirled with bittersweet longing for the brighter days of before results in a compressing feeling. The wave of sadness hits me as I cross the threshold and move deeper into the classroom robotically. A rush of monotone numbness washes over me as I settle into the mundane actions of the morning mechanically. A harsh feeling rises up inside of me but is quickly repelled by my classmate's bright smiles that they flash my way, and with them, I too start to blossom like a flower.

However, my high spirits soon faded as the shrill lunch bell rang. Anxiety rushed in, and with it, loneliness. The peachy-tan emotion rolled through my heart, settled in my stomach, and proceeded to throw a boat-rocking bash. Where would I sit at lunch? I had no friends yet - it was my first day at a new school - what if no one wanted to sit with me? My soft-but-strong loneliness triggered; I started to plod my way to the school cafeteria to grab my food and make a quick escape.

When I look at my painting, I puff up with pride, seeing my accomplishments. From a sad and lonely 7th grader to a peppy, blossoming almost-8th grader. The emotions swirled on the canvas mixed together and blended while keeping their shapes. The ensuing result - a beautiful, heartfelt message spelled onto a snowy-white canvas.