



A story is hidden within every painting. My seventh grade year taught me to gaze through the framework at the shrouded truth of a painting: Education is a gift meant to be cherished. One of the reminiscent emotions that I felt was enjoyment, a bright-orange colored circle drawn with ever-moving warm-wavy lines. Each pulse radiates excitement, a smooth vibration that emits the enthusiasm of my seventh grade experience. Each pulse splatters my snow-white canvas with a bright hue. Each pulse defines the delights of my seventh grade year. Yet hidden behind the vivid colors, razor-sharp shapes painted with dark colors remain. These shapes pierce into me like knives, evoking the times when my seventh grade school-year caused me stress and anxiety. These moments hindered the progress of my swirly joyful paint until it was nothing but a trickle of orange. Though my painting was stained by these colors and shapes, I interpret my painting in the way I want. I choose which color to triumph and overlap the other and which color to ever remember. I learned from this seventh grade experience that education is a priceless treasure that holds immense value.