

## Work on your emotions

I've always known that I am bad at art and being creative. From learning to write my name, which is a simple three letters, was quite the challenge for me. As I progressed through kindergarten and elementary school, my artistic ability really was not improving by any means. I've always had a passion for art but could never put my interest towards something that was actually good. Year after year, I brought home my art projects. From pinch-pots to painted canvases, I would stride into the house excited to show my family the masterpieces I had created. Of course as a parent, you tell your kid that it looks great and *then* ask what the composition actually is. Middle school art is one thing, but high school art classes mean business. Walking into my drawing and painting class I could already tell I was surrounded by extremely talented artists. Of course I sat myself between the two best in the class. Nervously covering up my work with both arms and hands, I realized art may not be my thing.

Creativity has never been a strong suit, which was always known. My sister has always been very creative and artistic. Everything she touches turns into art. It's so obnoxious. When I'm told to draw, write or talk about anything at all, my brain is mush. A blank page, my brain is incapable of coming up with ideas for anything. Maybe this could contribute to why I am so terrible at art, aside from lacking the skill part. Frustrated and annoyed, I look to others for ideas and nothing is more perplexing to me. Hopefully there's still time for my brain to actually start working.