

Oliver's Art

Snowflakes fell slowly, dropping to the slippery, icy glazed ground. It was Autumn in Northern Alaska, and coldness came, resulting in a freezing day. A Sunday evening awaited him. Oliver Simons put his hand on the window, feeling its coldness.

With it, the cold caused a foggy window to doodle on. He leaned on the window, and took his index finger to draw. He thought of his doodle pad he kept within his pocket as well as a gum wrapper, teensy sky blue pencil, a grocery list, and a photograph of his family: his dad, his brother, and him.

Oliver pictured his mom, whom he had never met before. The picture disappeared from his mind, as he shut his eyes to think.

Dad never talked about Mom, and he never asked. Once, though, Dad told him that Mom had left home. He didn't talk about it really, ever again.

Oliver had a mind open to new ideas, and liked listening to what others had to say. He had always liked art and drew out abstract ideas. Not always just realism, or drawing to make it look like something. A thought, an idea turned into something new for the world. It made him wonder more and more.

A voice called through wind, silence, and he heard it again. Oliver took steps down the wooden stairs, careful enough not to slip. It was much clearer this time. Oliver pulled the ends of the sleeves on his jacket over his hands. He was cold, tired and very hungry.

"Oliver, time to eat," Dad said in his usual, gentle kind of way. Oliver slid into a wooden chair with floral pattern carved into it. A meal of green beans, spaghetti, and garlic bread sat on a plate. The plate had drawings on it, Oliver, with the help of his dad, had made the colorful plates when he was young. Colors of red, blue, and green were incorporated in many of them.

Alex, his younger brother, dug his fork into some spaghetti and twirled it. He licked his lips, and devoured most of his meal.

Dad started with his usual conversation starter.

"Now, how was your day?"

Oliver had to think about it before he replied.

Alex was shy, and didn't like talking much. Instead, he shrugged his shoulders, and started picking at his fingernails, a bad habit he had.

Oliver decided he would at least answer Dad's question.

“It was good,” he started. “I went to the nearby park, and spent most of my time there.”

Oliver cleared his plate, and headed up the stairs.

“I think I’m just going to go upstairs and draw,” Oliver decided.

Shivers ran through him. He finally could not stand the coldness. So, he threw on a lilac purple afghan blanket onto himself.

Sometimes, when he was all alone in his room, he could just get away from reality and the conflicts that faced him. Or the thought of his mom.

He gave his blank paper a slight brush. Ideas blossomed, one by one. His mind finally settled on a drawing of the world around him. The sharpest icicles, frost across the icy ground, frozen water for skating.

Hours later, a sudden dimness came, causing him to suddenly realize he was tucked away in his bed. He had fallen asleep a few hours ago, and had forgotten.

His journal lay with his ballpoint pen on a table covered with watercolor paint, acrylic paint, canvases, and water colored pencils.

He stared at the glowing stars and moon that stuck to the light blue ceiling of his bedroom. He remembered when he was little, he didn’t like the darkness. The bright decorations were comforting and reduced the dark.

Oliver looked at everything surrounding him. He peeked at his digital clock. It read, 1:45 in the morning. Time had really passed. He had spent a lot of time on his drawing, and he had school in the morning. He laid his head back on his pillow, pulling the covers over his head. In moments, he fell silent.

Early the next morning, the aroma of freshly baked banana bread filled the air. Oliver took a deep breath and inhaled the delightful scent.

He quickly slipped on jeans, and a cheery red t-shirt.

He stretched his arms and yawned. Thoughts burst into his head. He had forgotten that today was the first day of fifth grade. He had moved just this summer, to Holimdale Elementary. Although it was exciting, it was also partially nerve-racking.

He sprinted down the stairs, in time for Dad to be chopping up banana bread. Oliver dove for a comfy chair with a fluffy, burgundy cushion on top of it. He reached for some bread and set it on a plate.

Smiling, Dad settled down into a seat across from Oliver.

“Good morning, Oliver,” Dad greeted him.

“Morning,” He responded, brightly.

Alex came down moments later, followed by a clomp clomp of his feet on the wood. He was still dressed in pajamas and his curly, brown hair was sticking up.

Oliver gobbled the delicious bread down, worried he would be late. Glancing at his watch, he noticed he was going to be quite late.

“Bye!” A voice called, so quiet the wind almost took over it. Butterflies were in his stomach, most nervous than ever.

He grabbed his backpack, and shuffled into his royal blue converse high tops. Outside, crowds of kids formed a single line. Oliver joined them. One by one, they got into the yellow school bus, three to a seat.

“Quick,” Oliver could hear someone say. He whipped his head around, and Andrea Evans, his best friend, gestured to him to sit next to her. Oliver accepted, and plopped down next to her. Andrea was sporty, and always wore a baseball cap on top of her short, dark blonde hair.

As the bus took off, you could hear loud laughing coming from Andrea and Oliver. The bus took a curve and the ride had finally come to an end. Oliver gazed out the window, nervous, and scared. As he took his things, he thought of what to say, rehearsing bunches of lines in his head. As the crowd cleared the aisle way, Oliver walked slowly passed the driver, and down the steps of the bus. As he made it to the entrance, he stood there, nervous, redfaced, because where would he go? No one had ever told him where his locker was. He had no clue.

“Uh, you looking for something?” A boy said.

“I, I can’t find my locker,” He replied.

“It says where right here.” he told him, using his hand to show that it was pinned to his backpack.

“Uh, thanks,” Oliver was embarrassed because of how stupid he was acting.

“Yeah, no problem.” He said, heading back to his locker, but then stopped. “Oh, and by the way, I’m Cameron. See you later?”

Oliver nodded. “I’m Oliver.”

Cameron smiled, making his back to his locker. Oliver checked the card which said where his locker was located, and headed towards the way. He headed left, and saw lockers against the walls. “320, right here,” he thought, checking. With a little twist and turn, he had put in his combination. He jerked it to open. It stay still. Sighing, he decided he would try it once more. He pulled the handle, and with it, left an open locker.

“Phew,” he said, swiping his forehead, of relief. He quickly shoved his things into it, and grabbed his school supplies as he got to room B239. A tall lady with short brown hair greeted him.

“Hello!” She said, looking at him with her watery blue eyes. “I am Ms. McIntosh,” she emphasized every word.

“I’m Oliver Simons,” he replied, looking around. He looked at the chalkboard that read, “Make your way to the seat that says your name.” He did as said, getting to a window seat. The boy he had met before, Cameron, sat in the back. “Okay, class,” Ms. McIntosh said, raising her horned rimmed eye-glasses. “I would like you all to start working on your worksheet.”

Oliver read the printed words on the paper. He quickly got to work, reading every question carefully.

“All righty,” Ms. McIntosh gathered all the children to the center of the brightly colored room. “We are going to have a fabulous year together! We will study spelling, math, science, social studies, writing, and reading. I am so excited!” She said, enthusiastically.

They played a quick game to get to know each other, then lined up for art class. Oliver could still feel the nervous shivers. Oliver got to where Cameron was in line, and the children headed off to the hall that lead to art class. Everyone came to the art room, which was lined with chairs and tables, and messily stuffed papers in cupboards.

A man stood near the tables, and introduced himself.

“You may know me from last year, but for those who do not, I am Mr. Bailey. I am going to be your art teacher.”

“We are going to be doing a lot of fun projects this year. I would like for you to draw a picture of yourself, otherwise known as a self-portrait. If you need help, be sure to let me know.” He continued. As Oliver started to draw, he incorporated every little precise detail to it. Cameron peeked over his shoulder.

“Dude, how can you do that?” Cameron wanted to know.

“Uh, I have sorta been doing it for a long time. It’s kinda become a hobby,” Oliver answered. Cameron gave a little thumbs up sign, then got to work on his self portrait. Mr. Bailey came around the room, checking on people, and eventually coming to Oliver.

“I don’t think I have met you before. I’m Mr. Bailey, and you are...”

“I’m Oliver. Oliver Simons.”

Mr. Bailey exchanged a friendly grin.

“Oliver, you have a talent. Not a lot of people are like you, you know,” Mr. Bailey whispered into his ear.

Oliver was feeling a lot better about the whole first day situation that had made him nervous. Now that his art teacher had recognized him for his art, he felt happy. Soon, lots of kids crowded around him asking how he could make it look so real. Suddenly, he didn't feel nervous anymore. He was the class artist, and that is how they thought of him. He always thought of the world as art, all of nature's beauty. It was what made him smile. It was his passion, Oliver's art.