

The Art of Drawing

Pencil in hand and pencil on page. In those few moments when you draw a line and begin to create a drawing, you have so much power. You can do anything right then and there. I love this feeling, this power; although sometimes, it is just too much! The decision that you must be made, that question that must be answered... What will I draw???

Drawing is one of my passions, my many passions. It takes you away from bustling day-to-day life much like reading does and you get to decide where you go. Yes, drawing does require some skill but as with everything, practice makes perfect, or at least adequate in my case, maybe.

I'm drawn to drawing. To the fun that it results in and to the final product. I can drown out the world and be productive while still having fun. There is almost no better feeling than when you complete an artwork and find that you love it! Finishing a drawing gives you a sense of accomplishment. You have reached the end of something and it is amazing.

THE HUNT

My heart pounds and my stomach rumbles as I pull my hoodie on to keep out the mid-winter chill that bites and scratches at my skin. I am stuck with nowhere to go. Nowhere, except forward. But that is fine because it is where I want to go. My instincts tell me that what I am looking for is someone inside past all these menacing beasts lined up, each on their own hunt. I need it, I crave it and I will fight to the death to get it. I am going to be crushed. This is not how I want to go down. I push hard against the other beasts and find myself inside the bakery. The dimly lit glass case holds but a skerrick of foods within its confines...but that is not what I am here for. What I crave is the BREAD. I look around desperately. My nails rake the ground as I crawl around and over my competition. I spot it! THE BREAD!! That is what I need. But no sooner than I see it, a giant furry hand takes hold of the last loaf. I lurched forward and attack the brute. Numerous other monsters tackle the brute as well. The fight is to the death. I grab the hairy man by the wrist and hold him tight. I wrench the loaf out of his rough, fur-covered hand and I make my escape. Running quickly, my heart in my throat I make it to the exit. My blood-soaked arm trembles as I lift the loaf of bread to my mouth. I have done it. The hunt is completed, and my hunger can be sated. As I melt into the engulfing darkness of a winter's night as smile forms on my face. I GOT THE BREAD.