**Name:**\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_Number:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**ish**

**Written by Peter H. Reynolds**

Ramon loved to draw.

Anytime.

Anything.

Anywhere.

One day, Ramon was drawing a vase of flowers.

His brother, Leon, leaned over his shoulder.

Leon burst out laughing.

“WHAT IS THAT?” he asked.

Ramon could not even answer.

He just crumpled up the drawing and threw it across the room.

Leon’s laughter haunted Ramon.

He kept trying to make his drawings look “right,” but they never did.

After many months and many crumpled sheets of paper, Ramon put his pencil down.

“I’m done.”

Marisol, his sister, was watching him.

“What do you want?” he snapped.

“I was watching you draw,” she said.

Ramon sneered.

“I’m NOT drawing! Go away!”

Marisol ran away, but not before picking up a crumpled sheet of paper.

“Hey! Come back here with that!”

Ramon raced after Marisol, up the hall and into her room.

He was about to yell but fell silent, when he saw his sister’s walls….

He stared at the crumpled gallery.

“This is one of my favorites,” Marisol said, pointing.

“That was supposed to be a vase of flowers,” Ramon said, “but it doesn’t look like one.”

“Well, it looks vase-ISH!” she exclaimed.

“Vase-ISH?”

Ramon looked closer.

Then he studied all the drawings on Marisol’s walls and began to see them in a whole new way.

“They do look…ish,” he said.

Ramon felt light and energized.

Thinking ishly allowed his ideas to flow freely.

He began to draw what he felt—loose lines.

Quickly springing out.

Without worry.

Ramon once again drew and drew the world around him.

Making ish drawing felt wonderful.

He filled his journals…

tree-ish, house-ish, boat-ish, afternoon-ish, fish-ish, sun-ish.

Ramon realized he could draw ish feelings too.

peace-ish

silly-ish

excited-ish.

His art inspired ish writing.

He wasn’t sure if he was writing poems, but he knew they were poem-ish.

One spring morning, Ramon had a wonderful feeling. It was a feeling that even ish words and ish drawings could not capture.

He decided NOT to capture it.

Instead, he simply savored it….

And Ramon lived ishfully ever after.