



PETER H. REYNOLDS



Ramon Loved
to draw.



Anytime.



Anything.



Anywhere.



One day, Ramon
was drawing a
vase of flowers.



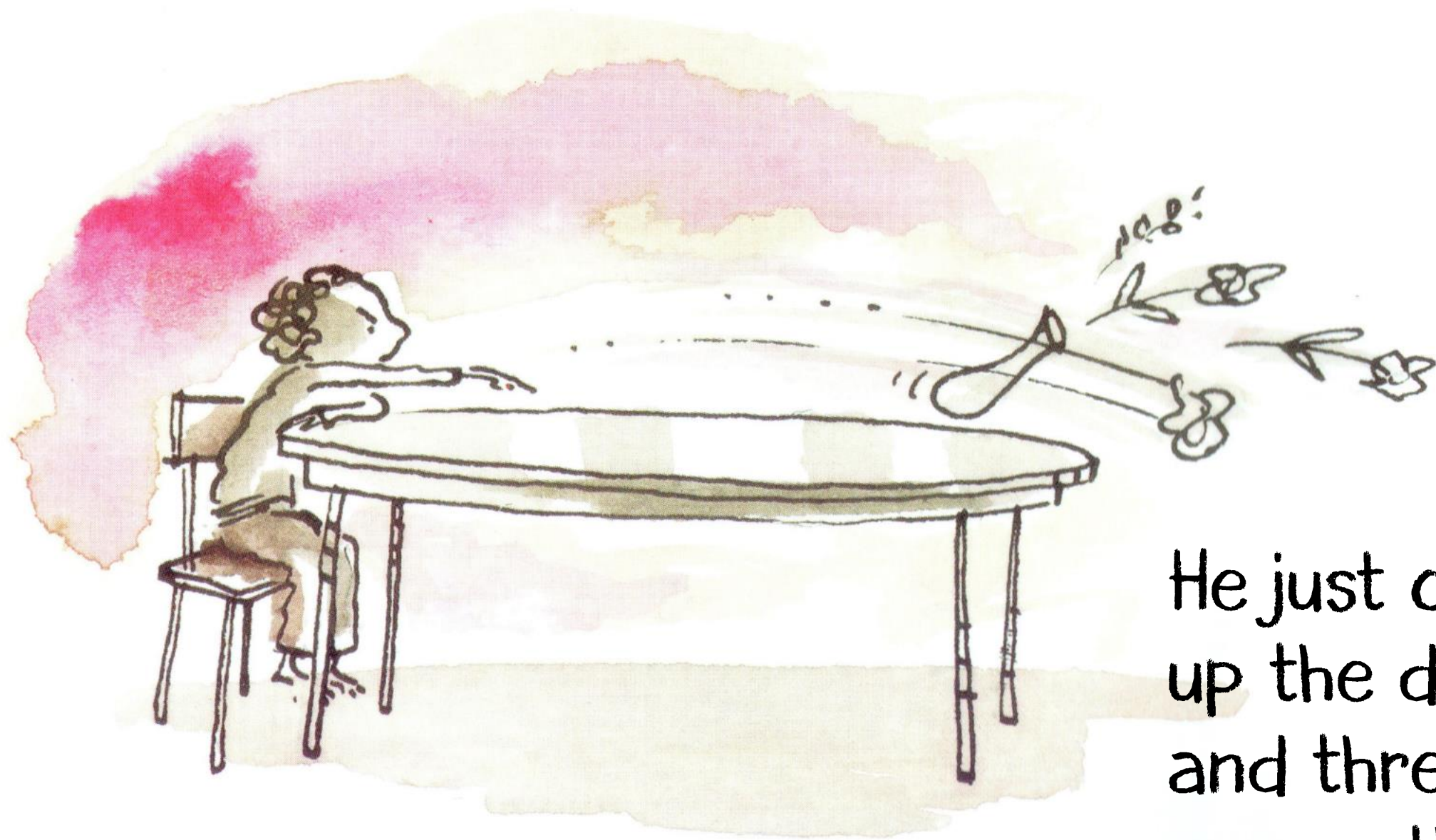
His brother, Leon,
leaned over his
shoulder.



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.

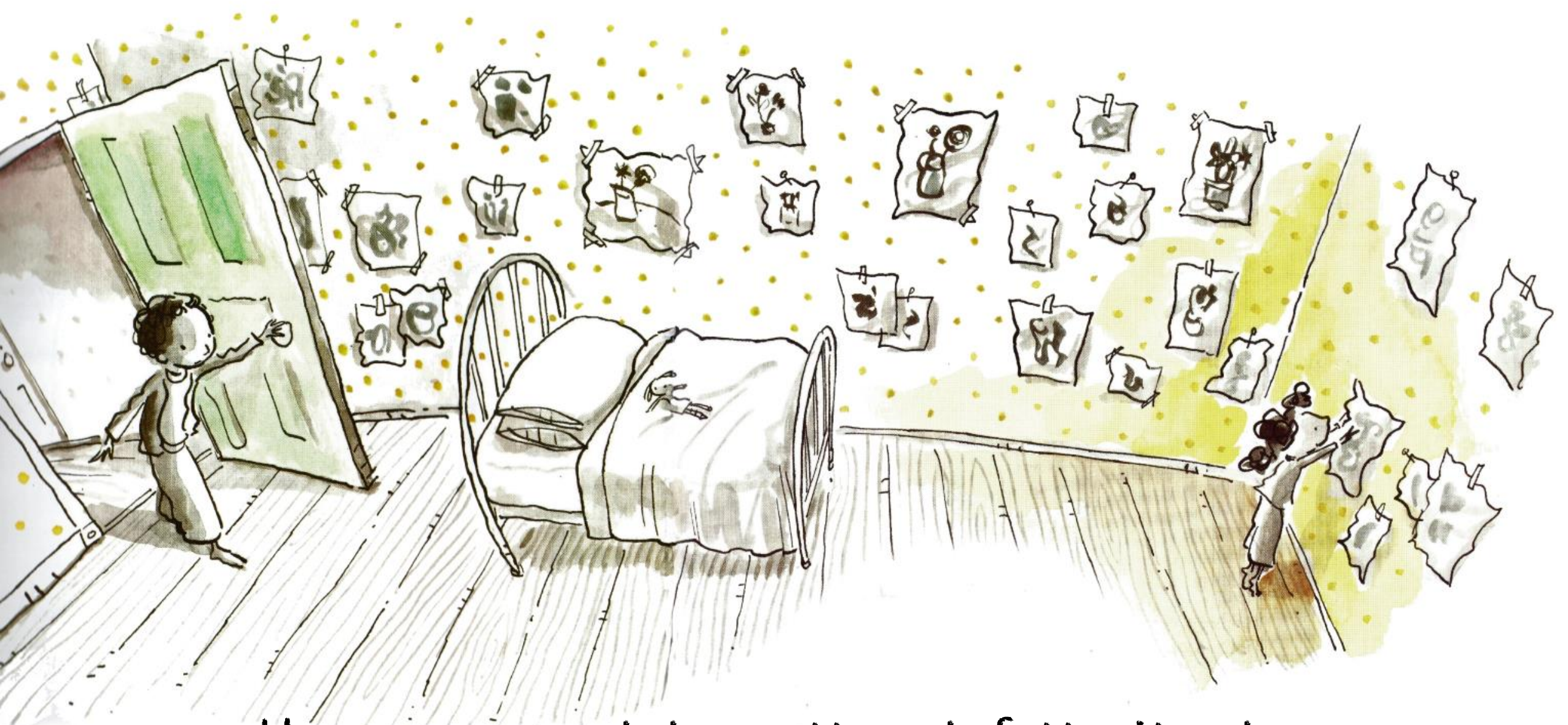
"I'm NOT drawing! Go away!"



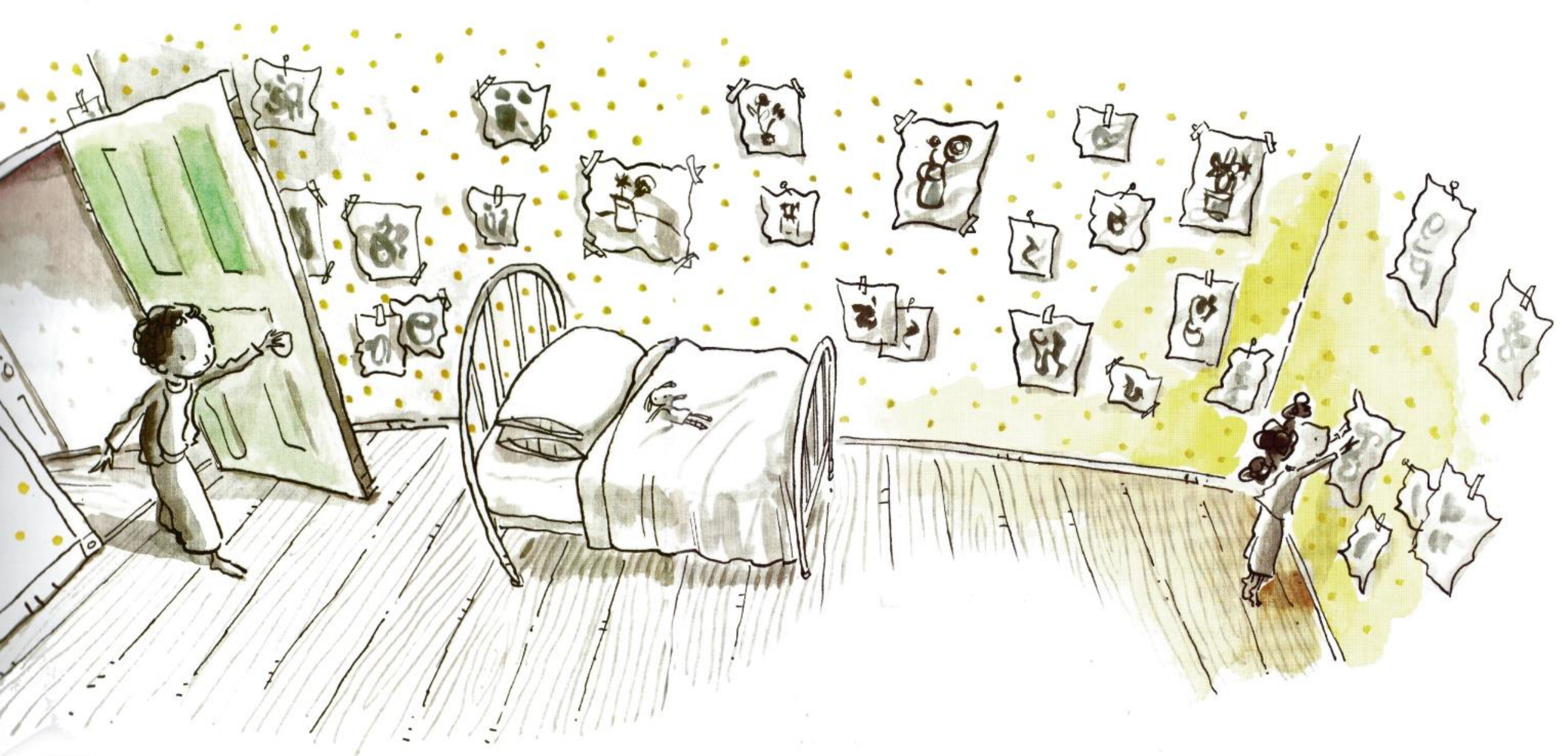
Marison ran away, but not before picking up a crumpled sheet of paper.



"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.



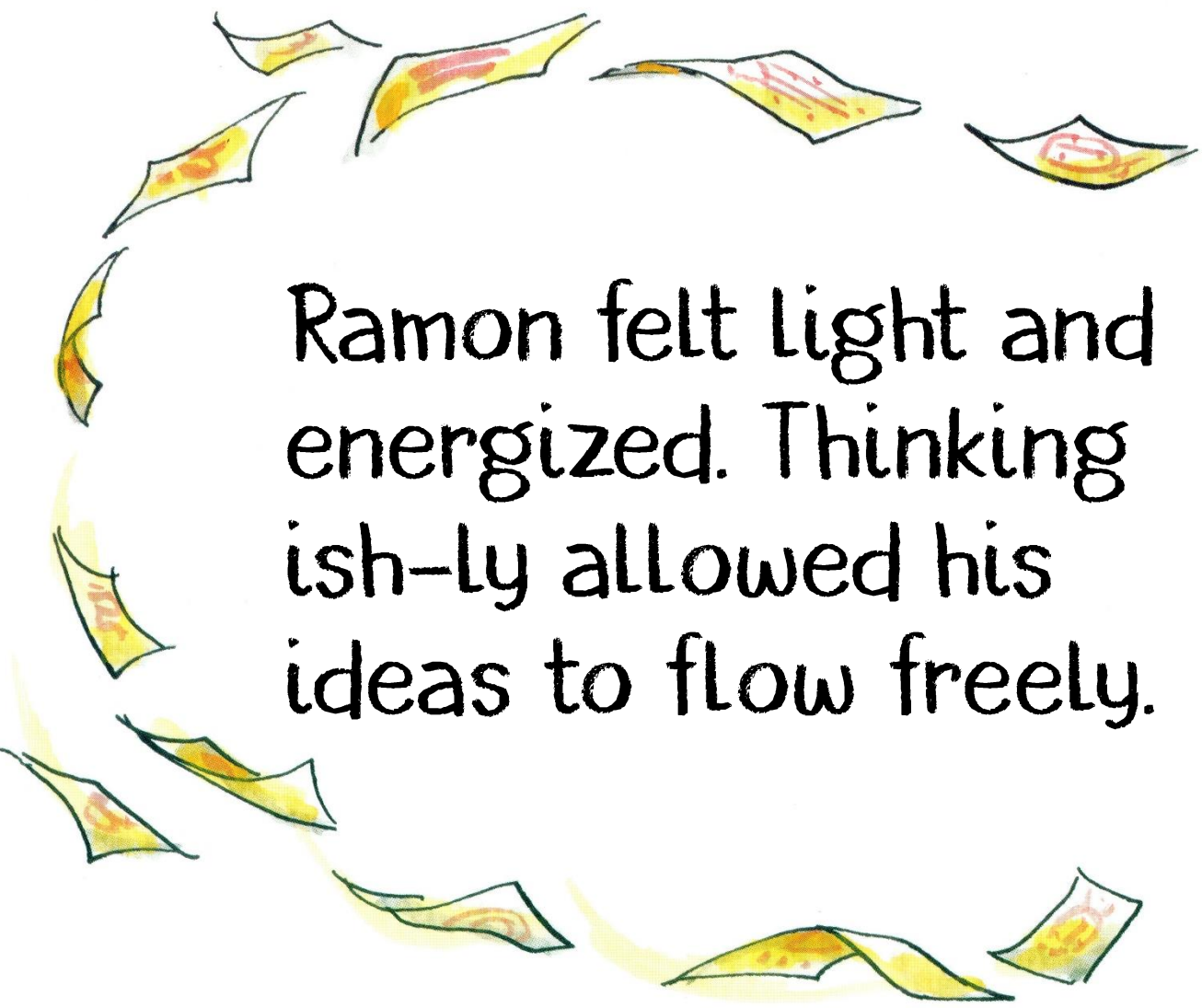
"That was supposed to be a vase of flowers." Ramon said, "but it doesn't look like one."
"Well, it looks vase-ISH!" she exclaimed.



"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 ish-ly allowed his ideas to flow freely.



He began to draw what
he felt—Loose lines.
Quickly springing out.
Without worry.



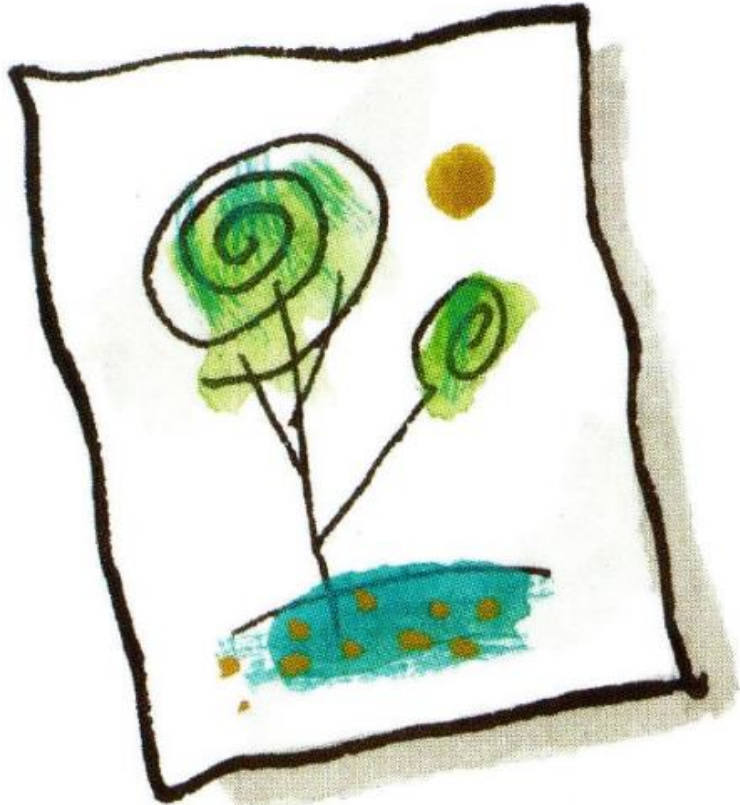


Ramon once
again drew
and drew
the world
around him.



Making an ish
drawing felt
wonderful.

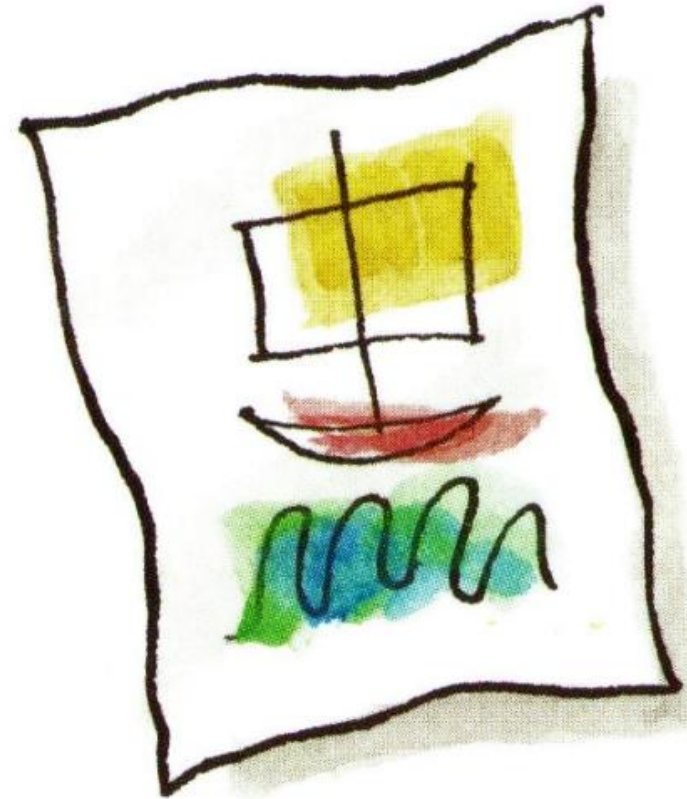
He filled his journals ...



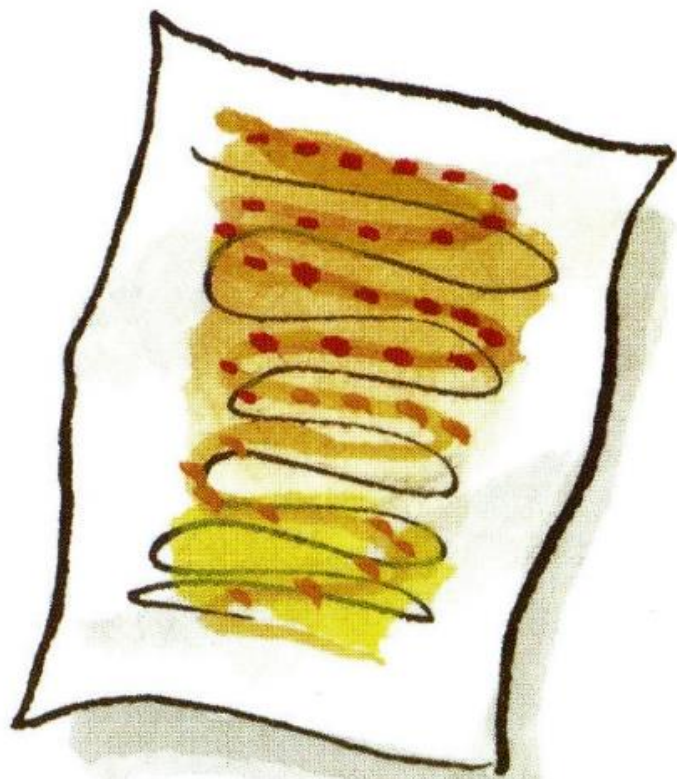
tree-ish



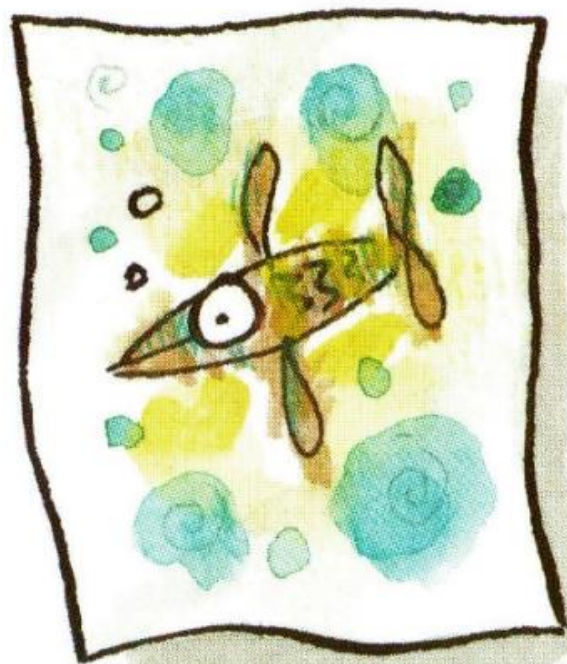
house-ish



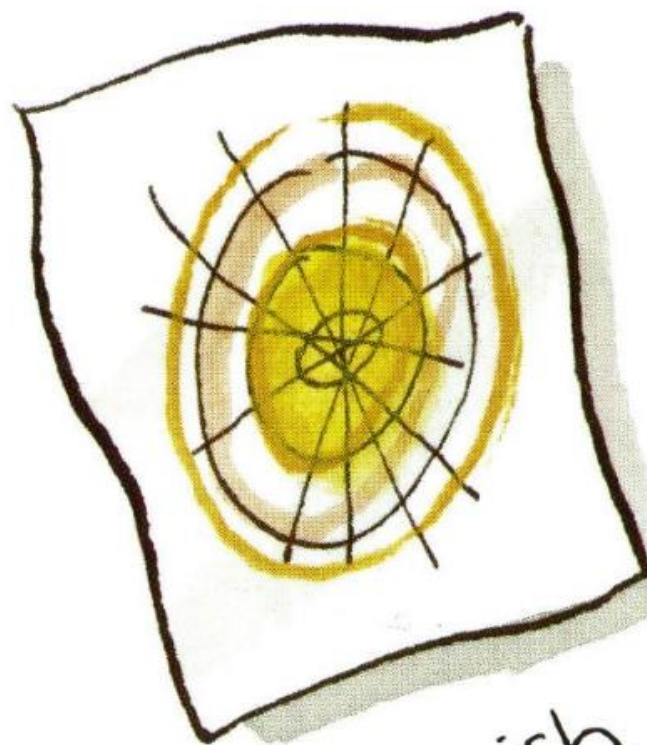
boat-ish



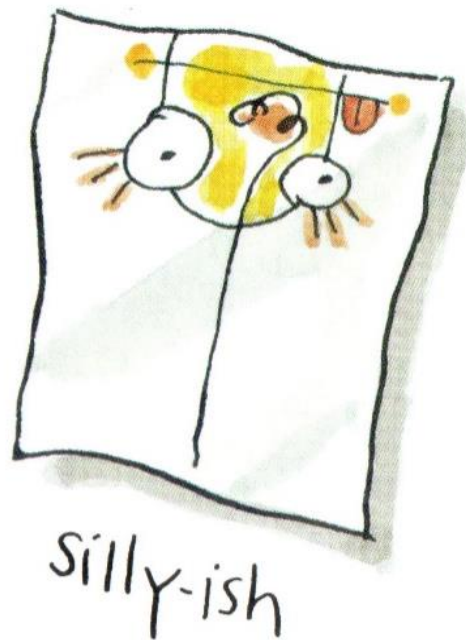
afternoon-ish



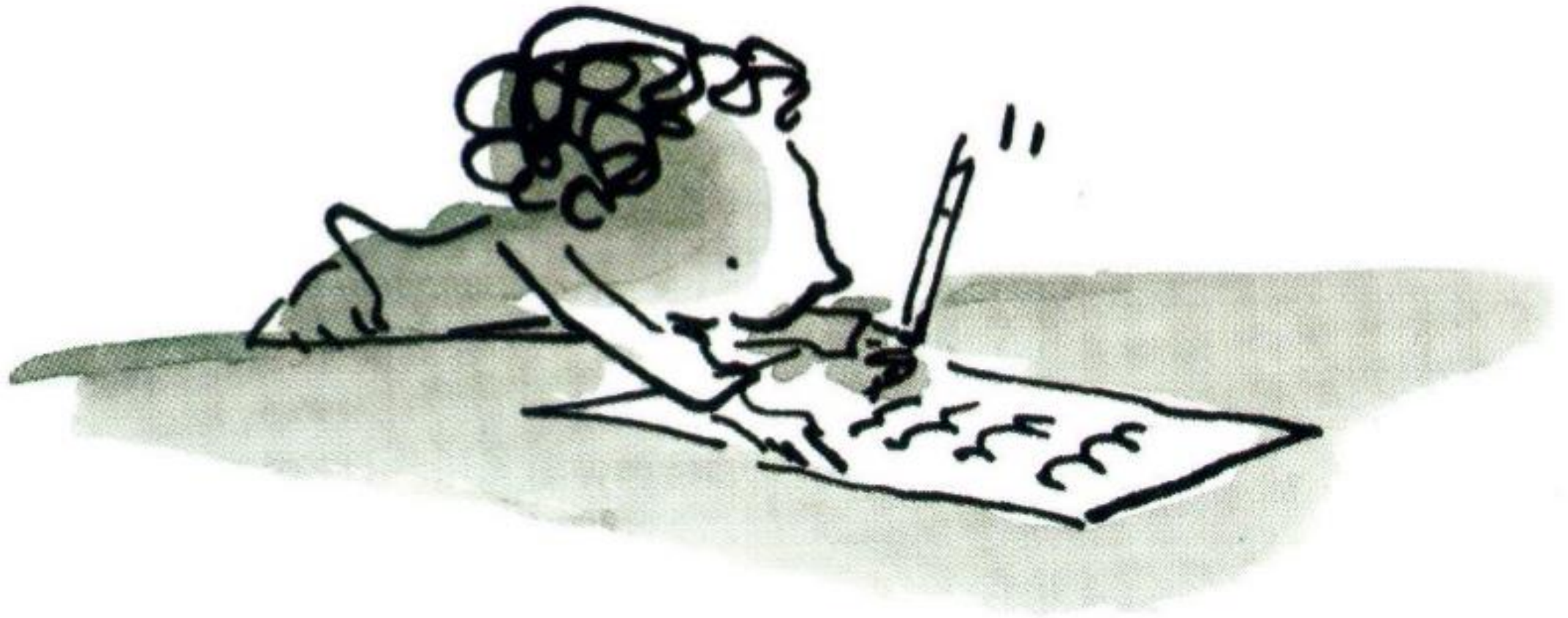
fish-ish



sun-ish



Ramon
realized he
could draw ish
feelings too.



His ish 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.





ish