

Write Your Life

A micro memoir writing project

When did you first think, 'I'm not good at this'?

Whoever Heard of Blue Clouds?

In first grade I sat next to Bruce Brown. We talked about "Wagon Train," a program on TV at the time, and looked over each other's shoulder when we were doing our work.

One day, we were doing art project. He looked over at my drawing. I'd drawn a rectangle house with rectangle windows and a rectangle door. The house would have had a chimney, of course, also a rectangle, of course, with puffs of smoke coming out of it. I probably had drawn a tree with two parallel vertical lines and a circle on top. The circle was filled in--green, for leaves. In the sky above this house I had drawn clouds and colored them with blue crayon.

Bruce Brown looked at my work, poked at one of the clouds.

He said, "Who ever heard of blue clouds?"

I was ashamed of my work (I was a very immature first grader). Rather than saying, "Yeah, SO WHAT?" I thought to myself, "I can't draw." "I'm terrible at art."

That realization stayed with me through the rest of my school years (and really to this day).