
the dot
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SCHOLASTIC

Art class was over, but Vashti sat glued to her chair.

Her paper was empty.





Vashti's teacher leaned
over the blank paper.

"Ah! A polar bear
in a snow storm," she said.

"Very funny!" said Vashti.
"I just CAN'T draw!"



Her teacher smiled.

"Just make a mark and
see where it takes you."



Vashti grabbed a marker and
gave the paper a good, strong jab.

"There!"



Her teacher picked up the paper
and studied it carefully.
"Hmmmmm."



She pushed the paper toward
Vashti and quietly said,
"Now sign it."

Vashti thought for a moment.

"Well, maybe I can't draw,
but I CAN sign my name."



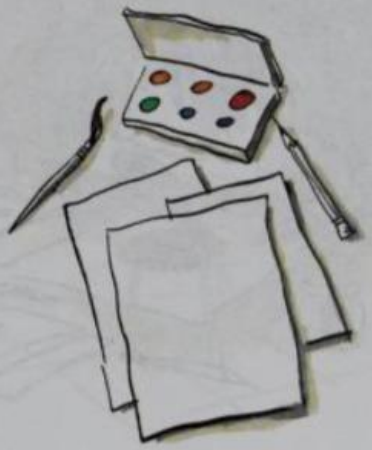
The next week,
When Vashti walked into art class,
she was surprised to see what was
hanging above her teacher's desk.

It was the little dot
She had drawn – HER DOT!
All framed in swirly gold!





"Hmmph!
I can make a better dot
than THAT!"



She opened her
never-before-used set of
watercolors and set to work.



Vashti painted and painted.
A yellow dot.
A green dot.
A red dot.
A blue dot.



The blue mixed with the red.
She discovered that she could make
a PURPLE dot.

Vashti kept experimenting.
Lots of little dots in many colors.

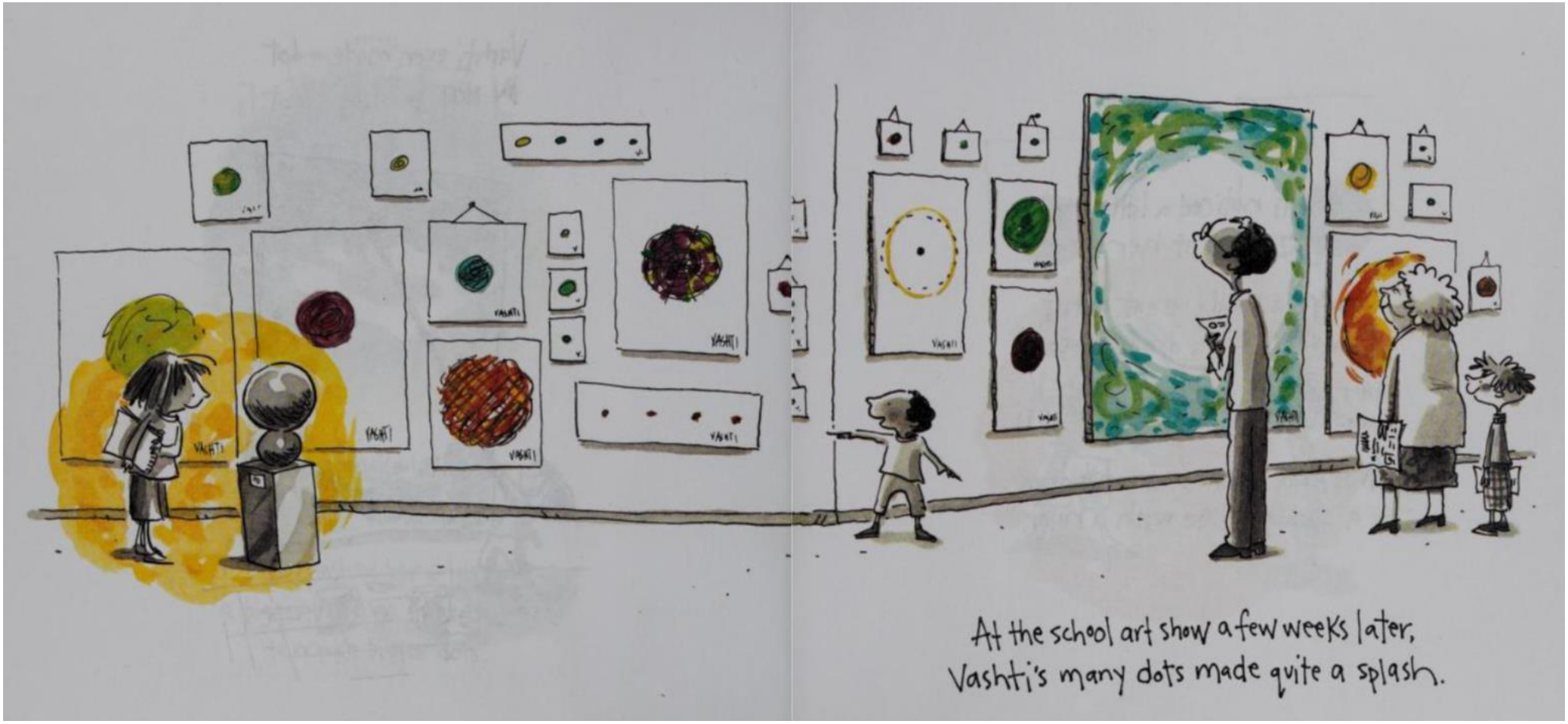


"If I can make little dots,
I can make BIG dots, too."

Vashti splashed her colors with
a bigger brush on bigger paper
to make bigger dots.

Vashti even made a dot
by NOT painting a dot.





At the school art show a few weeks later,
Vashti's many dots made quite a splash.

Vashti noticed a little boy
gazing up at her.

"You're a really great artist.
I wish I could draw," he said.

"I bet you can," said Vashti.

"ME? No, not me. I can't draw
a straight line with a ruler."



Vashti smiled.

She handed the boy a blank sheet of paper.
"Show me."

The boy's pencil shook as he drew his line.





Vashti stared at the boy's squiggle.
And then she said...

"Please...sign it."

