



The



Brilliant



Lesson



...



Once upon a time, in a beautiful village there was a little cottage. In the cottage there lived a little boy named Charlie and his parents, Mom and Dad.

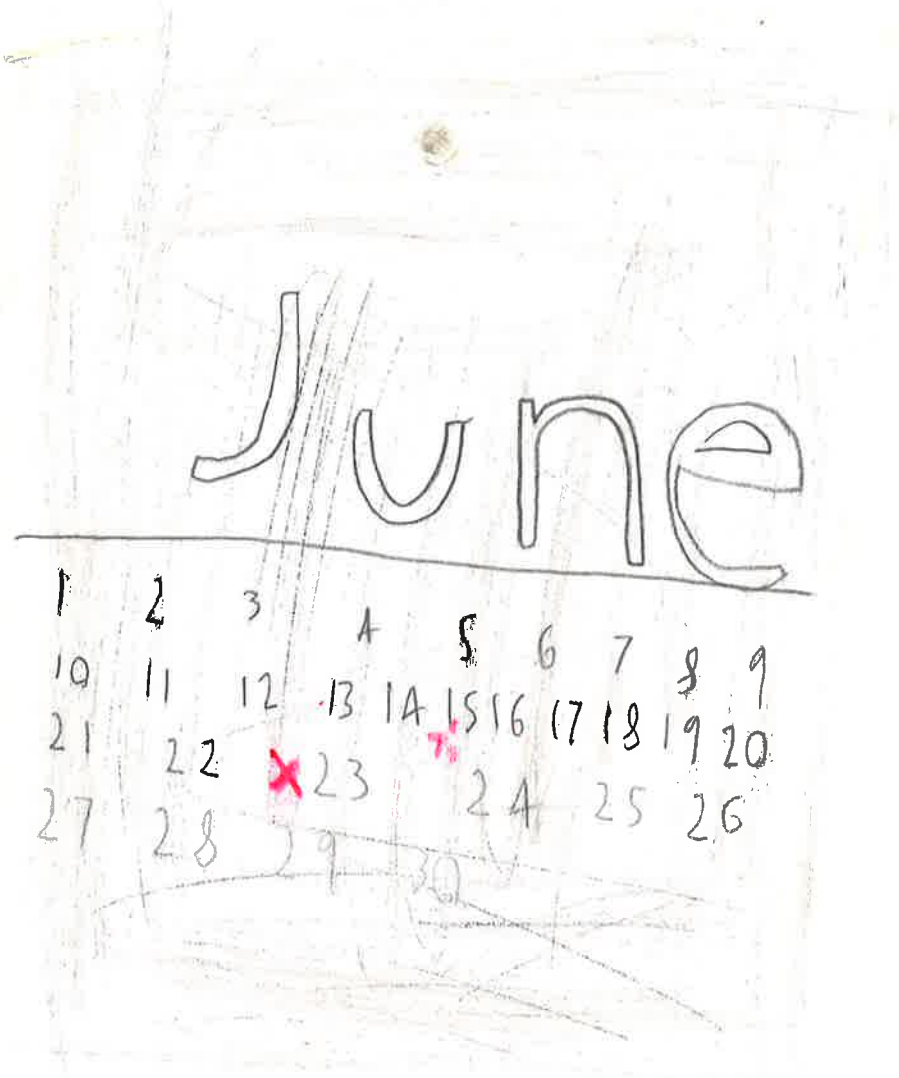




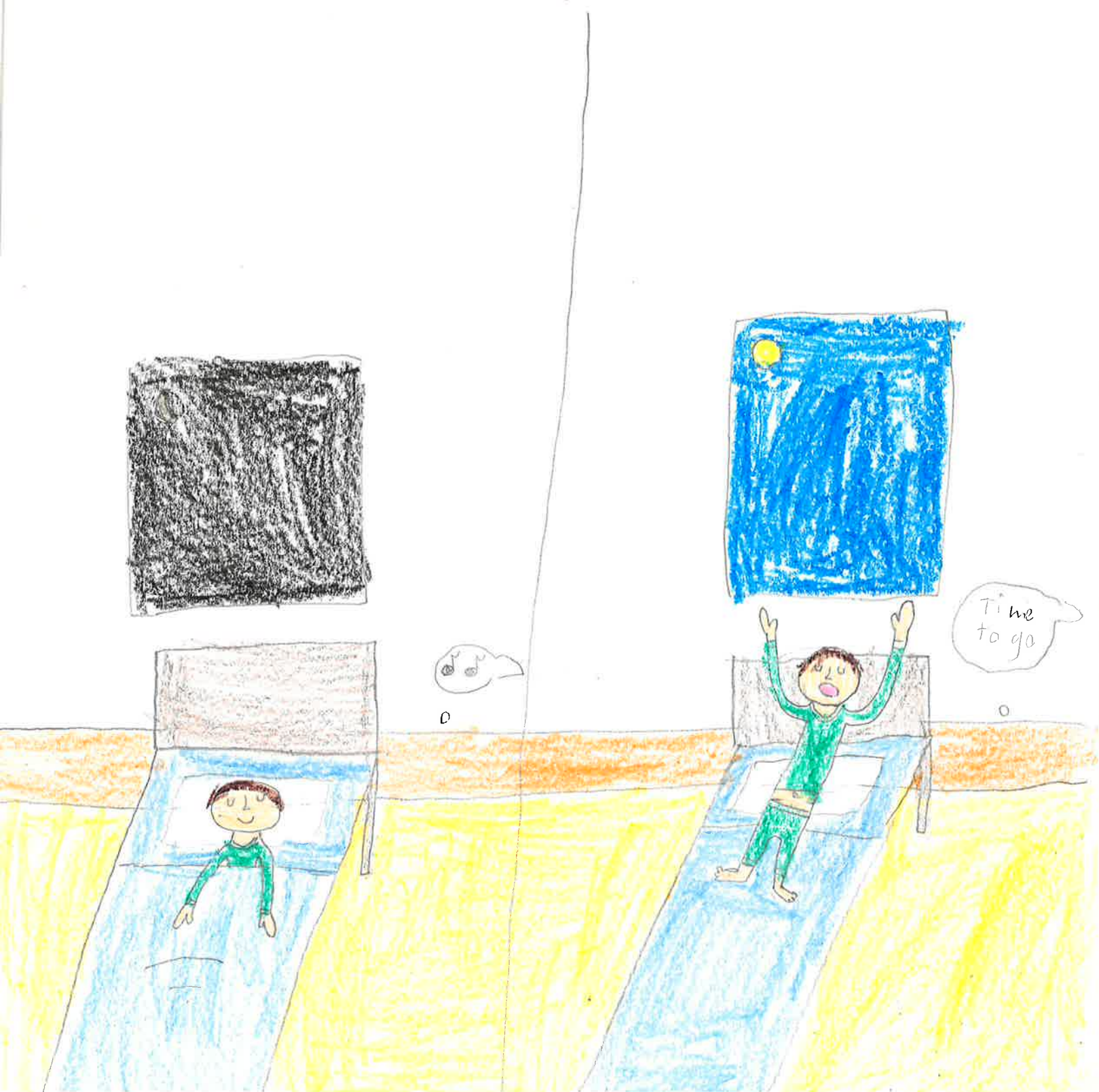
Charlie wanted to take art classes. His parents signed him up for art classes, at SCAD Art Museum. Class started in a week, but a week seemed like a year to Charlie.



Days passed until finally it was time to start.



So, Charlie got a good night's sleep. The next day Mom woke him up at 8:00<sup>AM</sup> to go to SCAD.





They drove and drove.





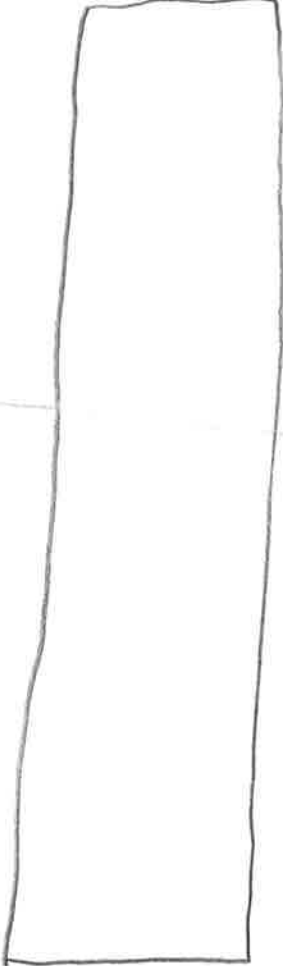
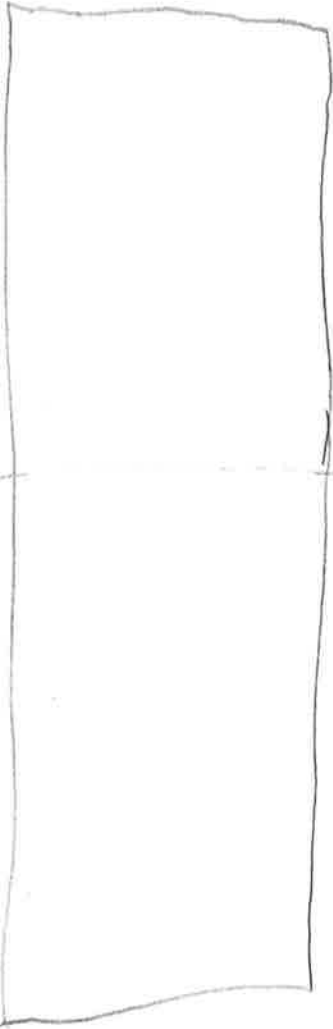
Finally! They got there. He waved good-bye to Mom and ran inside to SCAD.



He sat at a table. Charlie's teacher's name was Ms. Lila.



Can anyone tell me your name?



I can!



This is a white teacher.

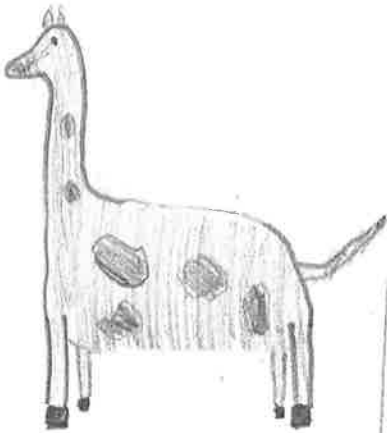


I can!



Today the class was drawing animals. Everyone was assigned an animal. Charlie was assigned a giraffe.

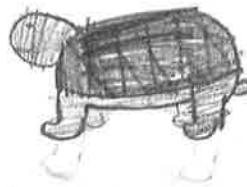
Charlie



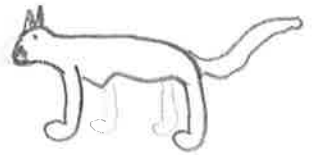
Mia



Leo



Niya



Nala



Kio



John

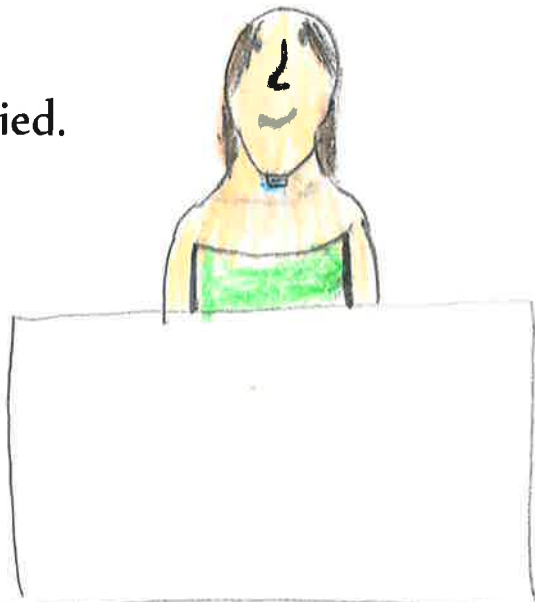


Micah



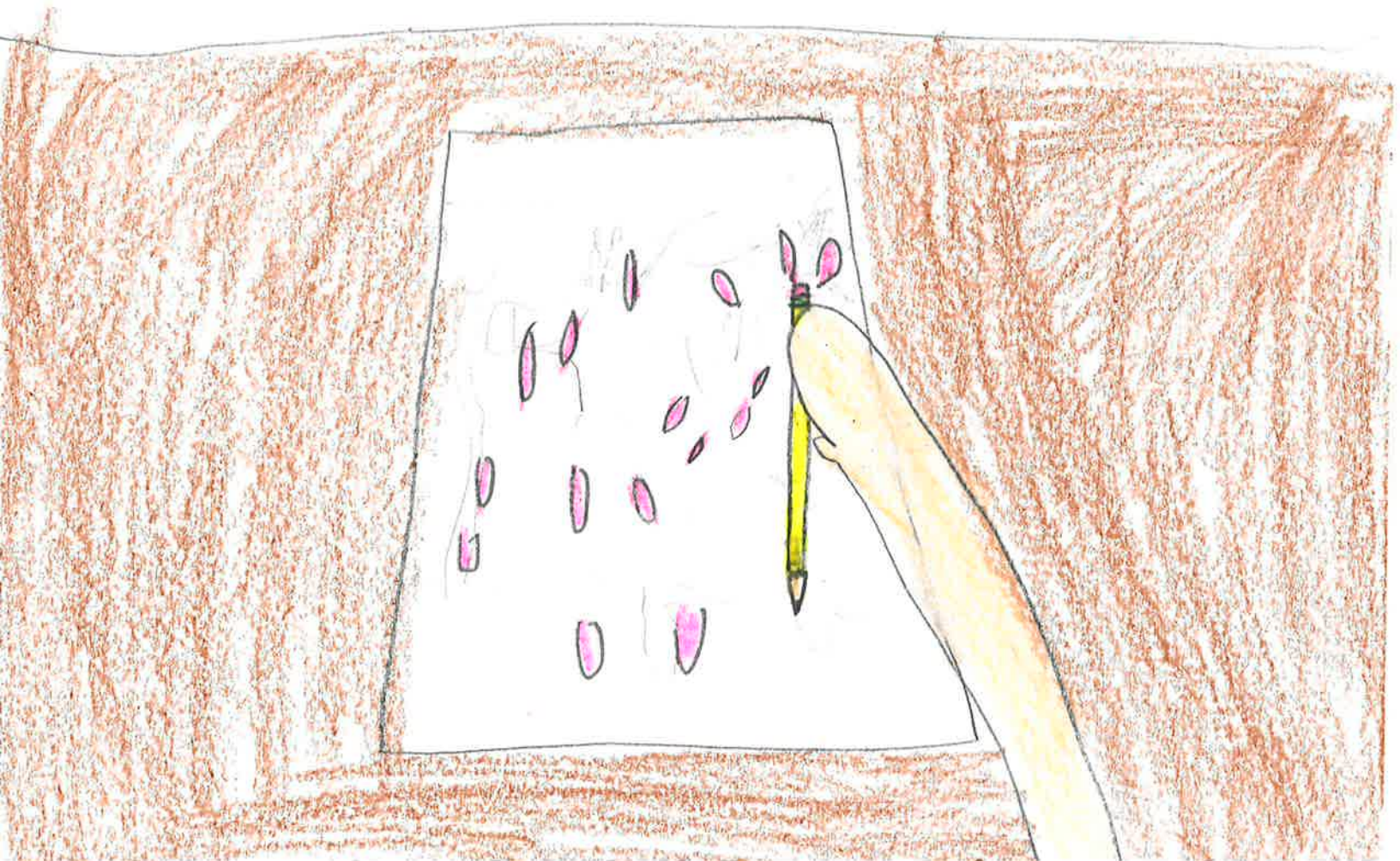


He tried and tried.



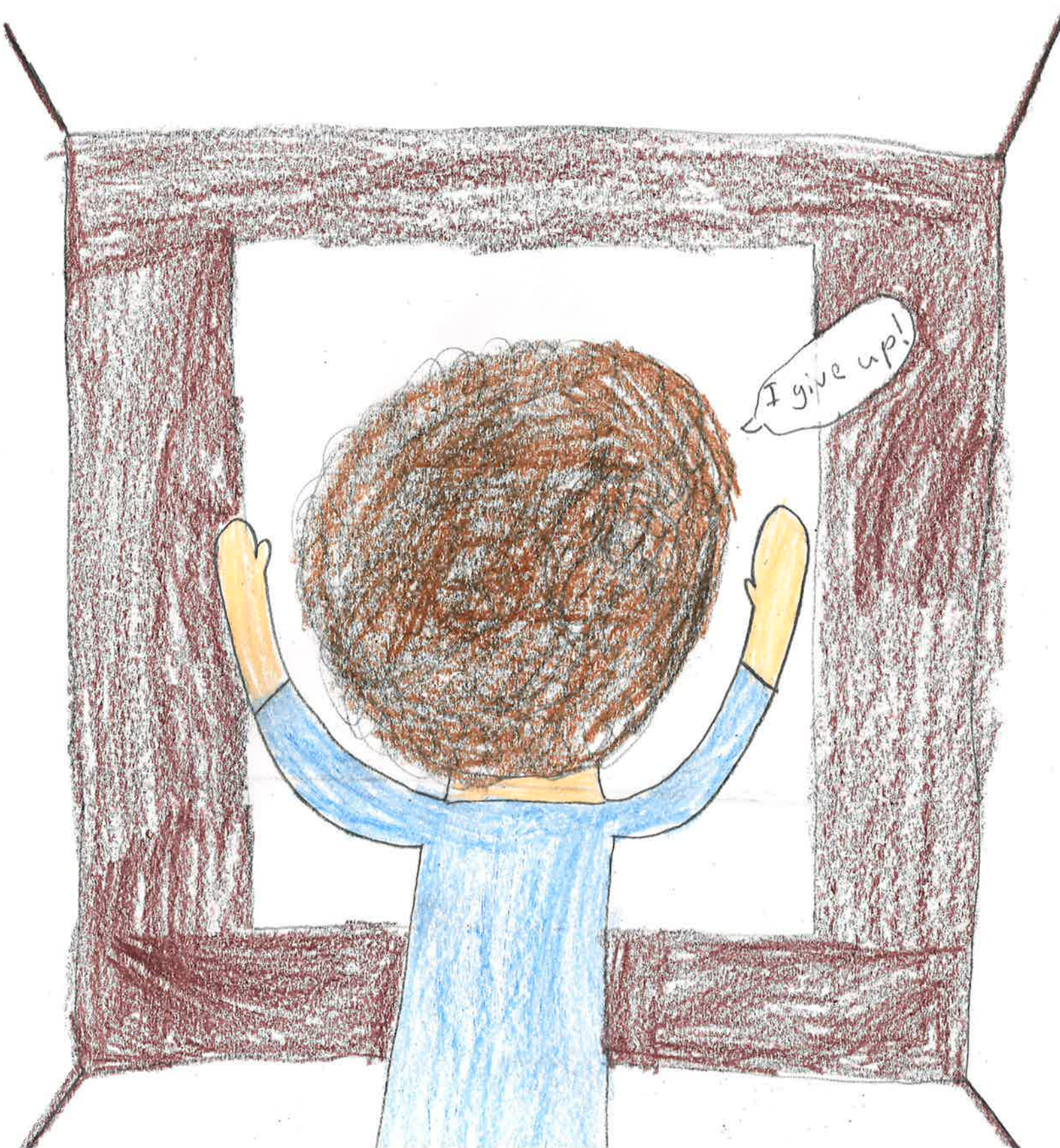


He erased and erased.

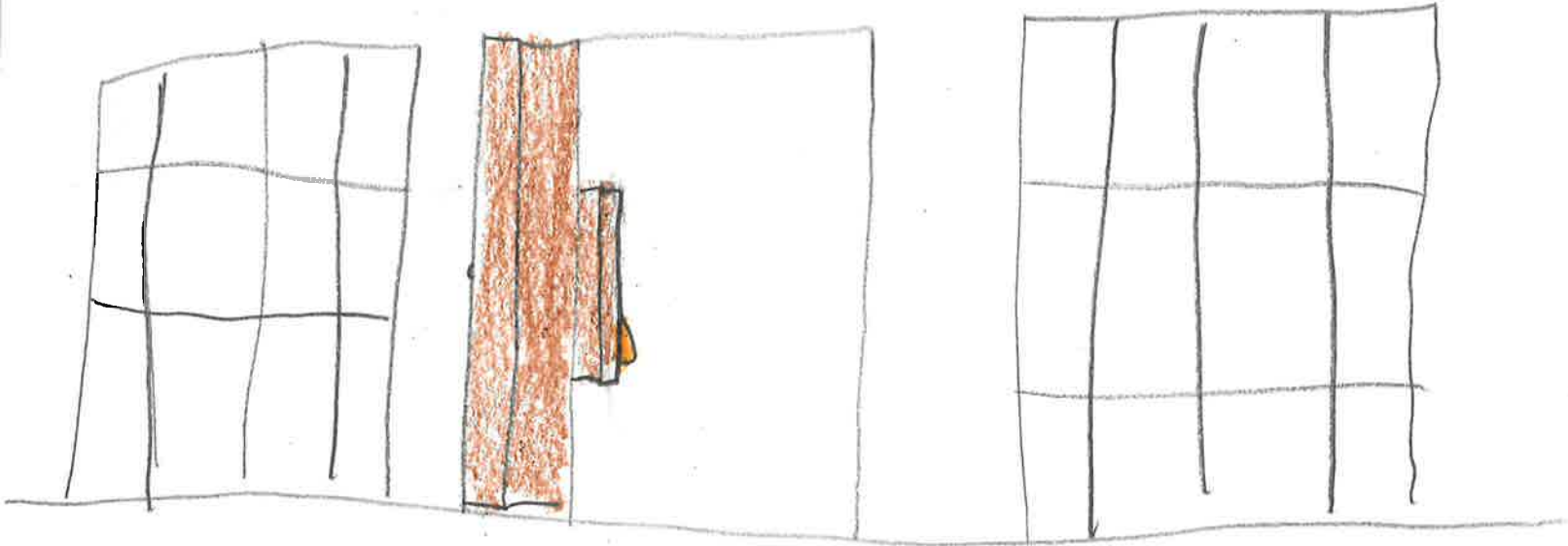




Charlie could not do it.

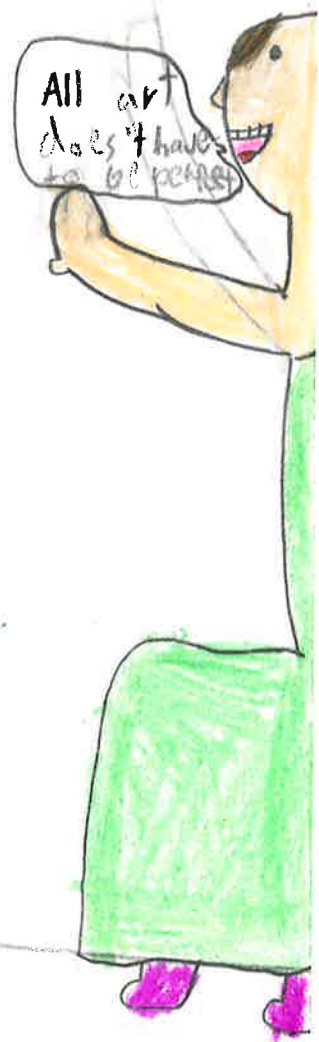


He ran to the bathroom in tears.





Ms. Lila came and asked what was wrong. Charlie said he could just not draw a giraffe. Ms. Lila exclaimed that all art doesn't have to be perfect.



Charlie walked back to his table followed by his teacher. He tried again and his picture was fantastic. He was glad he tried again.





Soon it was time to go home. His Mom drove him home. Charlie ate dinner and got ready for bedtime. He said good night to his parents and went to bed.



He had learned a lesson. A good one. One he would never forget.

# The End