

FINDING THE GIFT

Rain fell everywhere as people in the crowd scuttled around like ants to get to where they needed to be. Amidst the throng was a short man. He had brown hair, and a briefcase was held in his hand. His name was Abel. The young man slithered in and out of the large group of people and finally saw the signs, "Platform 4 and 5". He quickly rushed over to the stairs and marched up, out of sight.

He had gotten on the train, and he made his way to a compartment. He opened the door and was lucky enough to be alone inside. He took to his thoughts. Abel wondered what would occur to him on this journey. After all, the reason he had chosen to leave his small town and venture in into the world was because he was searching for purpose. Only where would he find it? Earlier on, he had thought that it would find him. However now, his mind wasn't so sure.

Rain fell upon the windows of the musty train. Outside, a blur of woodland could be seen, the colour green mixing in. Abel sat back in the musty chair and let out a deep sigh. He hadn't had much sleep in the last few nights, as he was too busy thinking about his life. He needn't wait long for action though, because, out of nowhere, the train stopped.

Silence filled the train and Abel was sure he would be able to hear the squeak of a mouse (if there was one). He stuck his head out of the compartment door and noticed a figure slowly creeping through the hallway. It stopped at every single door and looked like he was trying to find someone. Abel wondered what he was going to do. The person was extremely close. The young man thought about it. Run! His conscience screamed! The door slid open.

The man was a burly figure. He was wearing a sullen brown coat with a mouldy yellow scarf. Suddenly the man paused. So did everything else. Except for Abel. He knew it was meant to be He quickly reached into his pocket and pulled out his sketch book. Slowly, he sketched the outline of the man's face. It had been paused in the perfect moment. The obscurity made it wonderful. Slowly, Abel finished the sketch. It was a masterpiece.

Time went back to normal again and the train continued. The police arrived and arrested the man. Abel sat there and pondered what had just happened. It seemed like a dream.

Abel left the train, headed outside, and sat down on a hilly patch of grass with his canvas. He started painting. He painted and didn't stop. He had found it. He had found his gift. Little did he know, that in the end, all he needed was a little push. He never used his hidden power again.

Moral: With just a little push or strength, you can do anything.