

Term 2 Yr 9/10 Author Workshop 2023

Winning Submission by Charlie Cincotta

A swift dip of the brush in the murky water allowed me to further complete my artistic vows. That simple. That was all I needed to do to switch colours. Well not entirely simple. The portrait itself was, complicated. But it was beautiful it had meaning. I appreciated the 2 free hours between school and my job at the Arbeder café that I got to spend isolated in my small study space surrounded by paint oil pastels and free canvases Just me and my art.

The art itself was interesting to say the least. It looked like something you would find in a filled garbage bin before the colours really came together.

I had previously longed to share surrealistic painting with the world but feared the comments that came out of stranger's mouths. Surrealism is a form of art where everything is illogical and doesn't seem to make sense. Usually, it has meaning ... Surrealism was still not entirely accepted by the public of my small town Waila huddled away in the far south of Germany. Most of the people that lived in Waila didn't even have phones despite the fact that it is the year 2018. My Tante Elena would be horrified and call such paintings an abomination to society.

So, every day between 3:00 to 5:00 I arrive home wary of my mama usually babbling on the phone about how Rene got a new haircut or some other meaningless gossip. I then sneak up to the attic which used to just collect dust bunnies and a home for a rat family which I have since turned into my own little world of creativity.

It all changed yesterday when I plucked up the courage to take one of my favourite pieces to the local news agency in hope that they would publish it in tomorrow's newspaper. The man at the register gave me an up and down look and grunted what sounded like okay. Only time could tell what consequences the future held.

I know that you my dear reader are grappling on to what happened next and don't worry it all happened quite quickly. In fact, my Tante Elena burst into my room right as I was inspecting my artwork in the attic.

"Kathia what is this talk that you are making disgraceful art?!" she yelled furiously as though she was my mama. "Tante please it is not disgraceful it had meaning!" I yelled back irritated that she barge in here without an ounce of politeness. "How did you even know I was in here? ". "Markus Schwarz saw you sneak up into it through the window" she answered ragefully. Curse blasted old Markus Schwarz.

Tante Elena's face widened with horror as she took a full look around the room. "No this will simply not do". I stood up and sauntered towards her ready to protect my treasures at all costs.

"Elena" I heard a breathless voice shout. It was mama brandishing the daily newspaper. "The people love it!". "What?!" I yelped overjoyed. "The paper came very late but yes, in page 13 it states that the people of Waila praise the artistic mind of Kathia Zunbergs. "Intriguing magical piece" said by critics. And I just got off the phone to 6 different people while you were at school trying to praise you Kathia" Mama said nodding. Tante Elena looked as though she where about to spit on me. Let her. It wouldn't make a difference to me. I did what I loved and so far, what other people loved to. And I was going to continue doing so.