

The Dot



How can a dot be a treasure?

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 snowstorm," 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.

"HMMMMMM." She pushed the paper toward Vashti and quietly said,

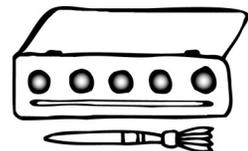
"Now sign it."  VASHTI

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.

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



She opened her never-before-used set of

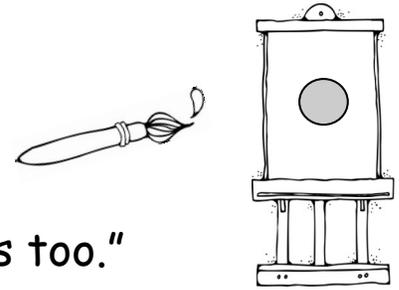
watercolors and set to work. Vashti painted and painted.

A red dot. A purple dot. A yellow dot. A blue dot.



The blue mixed with the yellow. She discovered that she could make a green dot. Vashti kept experimenting.

Lots of little dots in many colors.



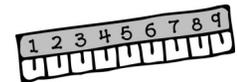
"If I can make little dots, I can make BIG dots too."

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 really a 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 . . .



"Sign it."

High-Frequency Words - colors over great show
draw drew sign

Selection Words - artist experimenting splashed
straight squiggle stared gold