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Ramon loved to draw.
Anytime.

Anything.

Anywhere.
One day, Ramon was drawing a vase of flowers. His brother, Leon, leaned over his shoulder.
Leon burst out laughing.
"WHAT is THAT?" he asked.

His brother laughed at his drawing.
Ramon could not even answer. He just crumpled up the drawing and threw it across the room.

Ramon was so upset that he threw his drawing.
Leon's laughter haunted Ramon. He kept trying to make his drawings look "right," but they never did.
He stopped drawing.
Marisol, his sister, was watching him.

“What do YOU want?” he snapped.

“I was watching you draw,” she said.

Ramon sneered.

“I’m NOT drawing! Go away!”

Marisol ran away, but not before picking up a crumpled sheet of paper.

“Hey! Come back here with that!”

Ramon raced after Marisol, up the hall and into her room.
He was about to yell but fell silent when he saw his sister's walls. He stared at the crumpled gallery.

His sister had all of his drawings on her wall!
“This is one of my favorites,” Marisol said, pointing.

“That was supposed to be a vase of flowers,” Ramón said, “but it doesn’t look like one.”

“Well, it looks vase-ISH!” she exclaimed.

She liked his drawings.

Merisol thought his drawings were -ish!
“Vase-ISH?”

Ramon looked closer.
Then he studied all the drawings on
Marisol’s walls and began to
see them in a whole new way.

“They do look ... ish,” he said.
Ramon fell light and energized. Thinking lightly allowed his ideas to flow freely. He began to draw what he felt—loose lines. Quickly springing out. Without worry.

Ramon began to draw again!
He filled his journals...

- tree-ish
- house-ish
- boat-ish
- afternoon-ish
- fish-ish
- sun-ish

His sun was sun -ISH

His tree was tree-ISH
Ramon realized he could draw-ish feelings too.

His art inspired-ish writing. He wasn't sure if he was writing poems, but he knew they were poem-ish.

He began to draw feelings and write poetry.
One spring morning, Ramon had a wonderful feeling. It was a feeling that even ish words and ish drawings could not capture. He decided NOT to capture it. Instead, he simply savoried it....

He felt fantastic!
And Ramon lived ishfully ever after.