

I've been blessed with many different gifts like family, friends, God himself, but none of them compare to the talents that I've been given. I love to draw and love isn't the word I like to use. I would need a combination of the words exhilarating, special, and calming. These are the three words that I would use to describe my talent. Not only that, I would use those words as verbs for what they do. Drawing exhilarates me in the way I don't know where my hand might gracefully glide across the paper, or where it might scribble in the line. Drawing excites me to the point of profession, where I feel it is my career. It is special to me, and has been a large part of my life. Sure, early ones would be scribbles and stick figures, but I have drawings of me holding hands with people I got to see once. I could go straight to a photo album and look up what they really looked like, but that drawing I maybe made, was the only picture of that time. Even if it were a brief second I drew it before my mom snapped a picture, my drawing was still the only proof I have that second belonged to and with me. Drawing is calming because the quiet scratch of the lead on the blue and red ink lines sound smooth with the satisfaction of knowing I completed what I wanted to accomplish. That's what drawing is to me.

But what are my drawings to other people? What are my drawings to you, The Reader. Maybe they're just what I described. Maybe they aren't even real you might be thinking. But put yourself in my shoes, now the drawings mean something. Now the talent means something. I've made many cards saying things like "Get Well Soon Mamaw", or "Merry Christmas Aunt Adele", but those are things anyone can make. Sure they might help lighten someone's day, but I thirsted to make something that would impact someone until death.

Just at my peak of actually getting good at drawing (age 5) my sister throws up in our downstairs restroom and her stomach doesn't look normal. We think she's just sick, it's just a normal, pesky stomach bug. She continues to get sick again around 10 minutes later. My mom and grandma decide she needs to be checked out at the hospital so they get Natalie dressed and leave. Now I really got scared and had a good reason to be.

My mom didn't responded to my grandfather's calls. She and my sister have been at the hospital forever it feels like to me and Emma (my other sister, age 2 at the time). My mom finally calls my grandpa and when he puts the phone down he's crying. He doesn't tell me or Emma anything, he just tells us that Natalie is very sick (Natalie, sick sister, age 3). So you can maybe guess what I thought of doing as a 5 year-old at

the peak of his talent. I made a card. I didn't know what was wrong with Natalie so I needed some inspiration. I asked my grandpa what was wrong with Natalie. These were his exact words as I remember them very vividly. "Noah, do you know what this word is?" He asked holding out a piece of paper. I sounded the word out being a Kindergartener. It read cancer.

Our first visit to Natalie had tons of crying. I didn't even know what cancer really was until my mom explained it to me. I had the perfect idea for a card. Only the day I had the idea, I was in school and I wasn't paying attention in class that day. I was making the card. Until my teacher called on me. I looked up. She then told me to give her what I was drawing. She looked it over, gave it back to me, and went to the front of class. She announced that the whole class was to make a card for Natalie. I thought this was great. I thought that I did something by doing nothing. Now Natalie was going to get the perfect card. A card filled with cards. The day came to give them to Natalie and the smile on her face after opening the package of cards, I shall never forget.

I truly believe my artistic abilities advanced even more quickly than normal due to me being separated from both of my parents so much while they were back and forth to the hospital with Natalie and I was finding ways to keep myself busy and not miss all three of them as much. Another talent I discovered during Natalie's multiple hospital stays was sculpting. Now this I thought I finally could make something that would leave an impression on someone a little longer. So I made my grandfather a dinosaur out of Play-Doh. Yes I know, Play-Doh, but at this point I'm still only eight. My grandpa actually somehow still has it. Or at least, parts of it. My mother even kept most of the cards.

Though these gifts I hold deeply, as I've gotten older, I have found my interest in writing has progressed as I've written dozens of stories. I've written many comics too. I think to publish my mind's work could change an impact on society. I really do think the talents God has blessed me with can leave an impact on many people in the world. Maybe even just this article leaves an impact, on YOU.