

## **MENTOR TEXT – BOOKLET 1**

It was impossible not to recognize that Lizzy was furious. The frequent rolling of her eyes and the wrinkles over her forehead were obvious signs that she was highly annoyed. As her best friend, I secretly hoped that she remained silent, keeping her opinions to herself, or for a more appropriate venue. After all, one of her outbursts would be quite humiliating for both of us.

It all started during art class. Mrs. Davis had given everyone a big piece of white paper and a box of markers. She told us to draw our favourite animal. I started drawing a fluffy cat with big green eyes. Lizzy was sitting next to me, and she started drawing a bright purple elephant with yellow spots.

Suddenly, Michael pointed at Lizzy's paper and shouted, "Look! Lizzy's elephant is an alien! Its purple!" Lizzy's face turned as red as a fire truck. She stomped her foot under the table. That's when the eye-rolling and forehead wrinkles started. I nudged her with my elbow, hoping she would just ignore Michael. However, Lizzy didn't ignore him. She stood up so fast her chair almost fell over. "My elephant can be any colour I want!" she said, her voice getting loud. "Purple is a beautiful colour, and my elephant likes it!" Michael just laughed. "No, it's not! Elephants are grey! Yours looks like a monster!" That's when Lizzy's outburst happened. "You're a monster!" she yelled. "And your dog drawing is just like you, BORNING! UGLY! and YUCKY!"

Mrs. Davis clapped her hands. "Lizzy! Michael! That's enough." She looked sad. "In art, we can use our imaginations. There are no wrong colours." Lizzy looked down at her purple elephant. Michael was now speechless. I felt my cheeks get hot. This was so embarrassing. Then, something surprising happened. Sarah, who was usually very quiet, held up her drawing. It was a bright blue giraffe with orange stripes. "I like Lizzy's purple elephant," she said softly. "It's very creative. My giraffe is blue because he lives on a blue planet in my imagination." Other kids started showing their drawings too. There was a green and pink bunny, a rainbow-coloured fish, and a spotted orange bird. Everyone had used their favourite colours.

Michael looked around. His face turned a little pink. He mumbled, "Well, my dog is realistic." Mrs. Davis smiled. "That's good too, Michael. There are many ways to be an artist." She walked over to Lizzy and put a sticker on her purple elephant. "I think your elephant is wonderful, Lizzy." Lizzy looked at the sticker and then at me. A small smile started to spread across her face. The wrinkles on her forehead disappeared. Maybe her outburst wasn't so bad after all. It even made everyone think about colours in a new way. Even though my cat was just plain grey, I still thought it was the best drawing.

