

Acorn's Art

Chapter 2



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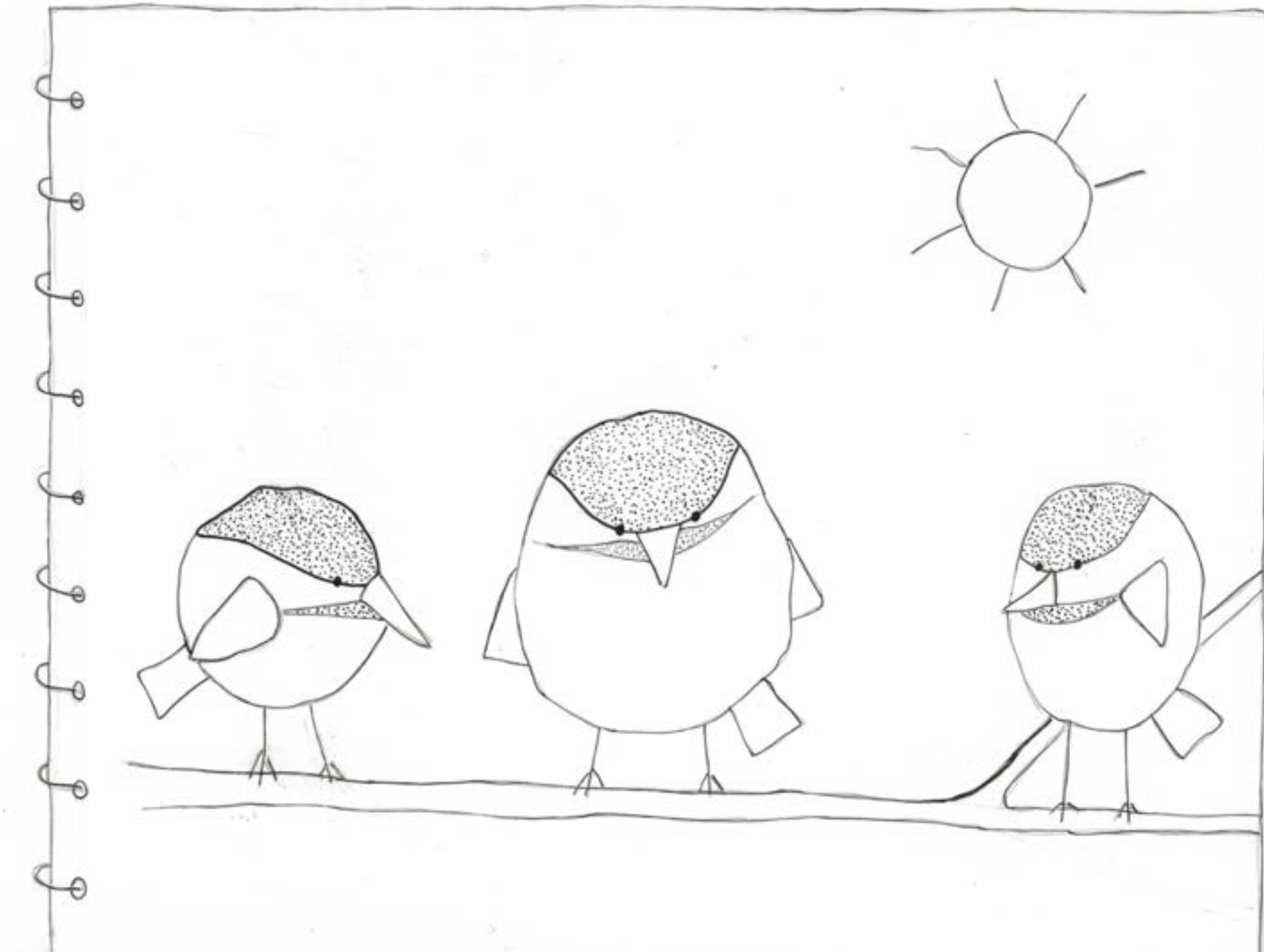
Acorn woke up in a creative mood. He wanted to draw something but he didn't know what to draw. He got a pencil and sketch pad from his cabinet and headed outdoors. Hearing the sound of birds, Acorn looked up to see three chickadees chirping happily on a branch overhead.

"I will draw these birds," thought Acorn. He sat down on a rock and started to sketch the chickadees. After a few minutes, one of the birds noticed him.

"What are you doing there, Acorn?" the chickadee asked.

"I am sketching you and your friends," answered Acorn. "I hope you don't mind."

The chickadees were quite flattered by this. "Oh no, we don't mind," they cried. They preened their feathers, puffed out their chests, and sat quite still as Acorn drew.



Finally, after ten minutes or so, Acorn said, “Done!” and put down his pencil.

The little birds couldn’t wait to see the drawing! They flew down quickly to take a peek at the sketch pad in Acorn’s hands.



There was a moment of shocked silence and then the first chickadee spoke in a shrill. “Why, that looks nothing like me! I’m sleek, not fluffy!”

The next chickadee chimed in. “You made my beak much too long! I am known far and wide for my dainty beak!”

Then all the birds began to laugh at Acorn. “Who taught you to draw, anyway?” they said. “You call yourself an artist? You better stick to being a nut!”

The chickadees laughed until their bellies hurt and then they all flew away.

Acorn looked at his drawing. Then, he tore it from his pad, dropped it to the ground, and walked home slowly.



Later that day, Button was out enjoying his afternoon stroll when he came across Acorn's drawing laying on the ground.

"Why, what is this?" Button wondered as he picked up the paper and looked at it. "It appears to be an original drawing of birds in their natural habitat. Perhaps a museum curator or art collector dropped it!" Button peered at the drawing again. No signature. He scratched his head. "I must find a way to return this piece of fine art to its original owner."

Then Button got an idea and hurried home. He found a crayon and a piece of cardboard and began to make a sign. It said - Found! A valuable, original drawing of birds on a tree branch! If you want it back, contact Button!

"There!" declared Button, "this sign is ready to hang on a tree. Now where are my hammer and nails?" He found his hammer but could not find his nails no matter how hard he searched.

"I must go to Acorn's house," he decided, "and see if he has a nail I can borrow."

Button started for Acorn's house. When he arrived, he showed Acorn his sign and asked to borrow a nail. Acorn read the sign and looked confused.

"Where did you find the drawing, Button?" Acorn asked.

"Not far from here," answered Button, "I have the drawing with me. I'll show you."

Button handed the drawing to Acorn. Acorn stared at the paper and said, "I drew this, Button, but it's not very good and I threw it away."

"Threw it away?!" thundered Button. "Good heavens! Are you in your right mind, Sir?!" Button snatched the drawing from Acorn and waved it in the air. "This is art! Art is meant to be displayed to the world, not thrown away!"

Acorn took a step back. "I didn't know it was art. You may have it if you'd like, Button."

This calmed Button considerably. "May I?" He asked in an awed voice. "I know just where I will put it - in my study. I will have it framed, but first you must sign it, Acorn. Here is my crayon."

While Acorn was signing his name, Button remarked, "I didn't know you had such talent, my friend."

Acorn shook his head a little. "I didn't know either."