Surprised

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Author Note
Inspiration for my artwork: It is one out of many abstract watercolor paintings that I have made since my work in Digressions last year. I have been working on this style and trying to improve both in painting and drawing when it comes to human faces and facial expressions. I am hoping to also paint urban and natural landscapes with this style and work from there.
Blaire sprinted to the locker room. “That was a close call!” she thought frantically as she burst through the door. She had barely enough time to raise her hand to ask for a bathroom pass before disaster would have come upon her. Her drama teacher had been slightly put out by Blaire’s sudden interruption of his lecture, but nevertheless, he understood the sudden call of nature, a characteristic of his young high school students that was especially prevalent on days when he was spouting forth an especially sleep-inducing monologue. Blaire ran into one of the showers and forced the curtain shut. She looked down at her chest—the distinctive bright glow had begun to flicker. “I need to stop forgetting to change the batteries on this thing!” she thought. “One day, it might be the death of me.”

The gold chain that held the flickering orb suspended around her neck was so thin that it easily escaped detection with the naked eye. Blaire had to pull her glasses from her pocket and put them on before she could take the necklace off. She ravaged through her backpack, scouring it for extra batteries. She breathed a sigh of relief as she found two small batteries lodged in one of the pencil pockets of her bag. She carefully placed the batteries inside the orb and it began to glow brightly again. She put the necklace back on and sat down in the shower, taking a minute to relax after the stressful episode. Her mind wandered to the time her mother had first explained Blaire’s disability to her. It was a painful memory, yet one that had helped her better to understand herself. She closed her eyes, and a picture of her five-year-old self swam in front of her eyes. She had been getting ready to jump off the roof of their old, two-story house. The strong arms of her mother wrapped around her body and lifted her off of the roof’s edge in one swift movement. “Blaire!” her mother shouted with tears streaming down her face. “How could you?” Five-year-old Blaire stared at her mother blankly. “I don’t want to live anymore. The world is dark and I am too small.” Her mother placed her on her lap, and they sat together in the middle of the roof. “Blaire, you need to fight this. You need to fight it with everything you are. You are a strong girl, and I know you can do it.”

Her mother had then explained to Blaire that on Yendar,