

**The Artist**  
By Jack Wooldridge

Alone in an shack deep in the woods, the old man snored and rolled over in his bed. He shook awake. There was someone standing outside his door, silhouetted against the night sky.

“Hello?” he said. The other man pushed open the door.

The old man was standing now. “Who are you?” he asked.

“You know who I am.” snarled the man. “And I'm here so you can paint me something.” He pointed a gun at the old man.

“Yes, Andrew.” sighed the old man. “What do you want? I made you rich.”

“I'm fed up with you.” Andrew said. “I want to be powerful. Make me into something that can destroy.”

The old man sat down his easel, thought, and a loophole came to him. He began to paint.

Some time later, Andrew asked “Well?”

“It's done.”

The other man snatched it and smiled nastily. “You won't see me again, I promise.” he said.

Now that Andrew had got what he wanted, he meant to kill him.

He heard a scream as Andrew looked at his painting, and cringed as the man charged inside.

“What are you trying to pull?!” screamed Andrew, raising the gun. “There's nothing there!”

“Oh there is.” said the old man. “You can't see the wind, but it is powerful. It can destroy, and kill. Isn't that what you wanted?”

Andrew gaped at him, the gun falling from his hand. As he reached down to pick it up, he realized he didn't have a hand anymore. His body faded away as wind roared through the shack. Andrew clawed at the ground, gave one final scream, and then he faded away into the wind.

The old man sighed, and turned back to his easel. People would never learn. Although he could bring what they wanted to life, it was risky to mess with an artist like him. He considered a blank canvas for a moment, then picked up his brush and began to paint.

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