



Read-Aloud Arjun the Artist

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My name is Arjun and I love to make things.

I make all kinds of things: drawings, cut-outs, finger paintings... Sometimes I'll make things that don't even have names!

My Nani thinks I should be an artist when I grow up.

"Arjun has such a creative mind," she says. But is she right? Can someone like me be an actual *artist*?

Ask: "What do you notice? What do you wonder?"

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My teacher, Ms. Rubin, thinks art is important. That's why she is taking our class to the museum.

"Art teaches us about the world," she says. "When you learn about art, you learn about yourself."

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Ms. Rubin is very organized.

She collected our permission slips, got parents to volunteer, and even made a schedule for everyone to follow.

Ask: "What do you notice? What do you wonder?"

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The day of the trip, our bus took us to a big building. It was massive, with huge arches and a statue outside. "9:05, right on the dot!" Ms. Rubin said.

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Inside, I saw works of art from all over the world. There were paintings of kings and queens and ladies in fancy dresses. There were statues of heroes from Greek myths, and even old suits of armor.

I wondered about the people who made them. Did they make things when they were kids, too, like me?

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While the other kids were full of energy as they explored the museum, I started feeling a little sad.

I kept thinking about how wonderful all this art was, and how my art didn't look like any of it. I didn't think my art could ever be this good.

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At 11:00, we went to the cafeteria for lunch. Everyone seemed to be in a good mood. My classmates were splitting up their sandwiches and trading their snacks, talking about all the cool art they'd seen.

But I wasn't in the mood to eat or talk. I kept thinking about the kinds of things I made for my Nani. They didn't look anything like what I saw today.

Was there a place in the museum for art like mine?

Ask: "What do you notice? What do you wonder?"

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After lunch I told Ms. Rubin I was tired and didn't want to see any more art. But she told me that the next exhibit was going to be something I would really enjoy.

I didn't believe her... but boy, was I wrong.

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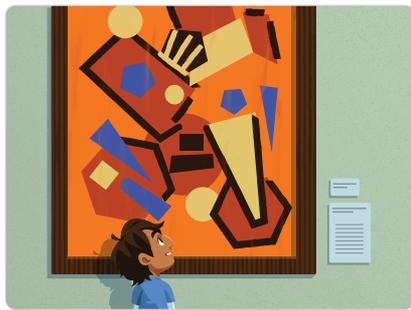


I followed the class up the stairs to a huge room. But instead of the usual portraits and landscapes, I saw something very different.

Huge canvases hanging from the wall. On each one were different shapes in bright colors.

🗨️ **Ask:** "What do you notice? What do you wonder?"

11



It looked nothing like any of the art I saw earlier. It didn't look like a person or a dog or a stormy ocean or a beautiful countryside.

But you could feel something underneath it. It made me want to jump and shout and dance!

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For the first time that day, I felt hopeful. I realized that art could be all sorts of different things. It could look like something realistic. But it could also just be about a feeling or an idea.

As I continued to explore, I started to feel like maybe someday, something I made *could* belong here.

By the time we got on the bus, it was 2:35. I couldn't wait to get started on my next creation.