

Oh, Snap!

Life would be a whole lot easier if only I'd remembered to make the deadline. What deadline, you ask? Oh, just the one that could have made me world famous. Now every time I hear the word 'deadline' all I hear is 'dead', which describes my career. Here, let's go back in time so you can get the full story.

It was Saturday afternoon. I walked along 5th Avenue, my professional camera strapped around my neck. I hunted through the streets, hungry for a good subject. Graffiti, street signs, buildings. Ugh, been there, done that! Everything was just too much in New York! Soon enough, I passed an edgy fabric store and in the window a blue swirl fabric danced delicately in the breeze. I zoomed in on it and snapped the shot. "Perfect, it looks like an ocean! Quite refreshing for a place like New York!" I mumbled to myself. Although New York was so crowded, I always felt so alone. Everyone in my school doesn't understand me. Trust me; it is really hard talking to someone who only cares about going to the movie theater or the mall. Anyway, I rushed down 3 blocks to my apartment and slipped in. The elevator went up to the penthouse and I burst through the door.

"Is it here?" I eagerly asked my mom, who was busily preparing supper.

"On the counter, Megan," Mom answered, not taking her eyes off her task. I lunged toward the counter and grabbed the new issue of *Flash!* It is a photography magazine for young photographers. I flipped to the last page, which contained contest rules. "Enter the new contest! Take a very colorful picture which also expresses movement," At first, I was stumped. But then I got a fantastic idea!

"Hey, mom, do you think that we can go to Times Square tonight?" I asked sweetly.

"And what for?" She asked.

"A new contest,"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!" I replied joyfully!

"Okay, how about here?" Mom asked, standing in front of a new building with lots of lights surrounding it. She was tired from all our walking, but this was important to me!

"Nah, this is too... oh my gosh! Look over there! It is perfect!" I skittered up the street, pushing past the crowd. My mom stayed close behind me. Right in front of me were a bunch of nifty little shops with a lot of bright colored lights. Now to get the movement...hmm. An idea suddenly jumped into my head! I slipped the rainbow colored hair band off my wrist and tied back my long blonde hair. My chocolate eyes scanned the bench in front of me.

My mom caught me looking at it and murmured, "Oh, no!" She knew me too well. She could easily tell I was going to do something wacky. Oh, did I mention I did dance? I did a flying leap onto the bench.

"Be careful!" Mom shouted, nervousness dripping of her voice like ice cream on a hot day.

I set my finger on the button to take a picture and I did a spinning jump off the bench. While spinning, I snapped the picture. Once I landed on the sidewalk I glanced at the screen. Color leaked across the picture and looked like it was moving! "Perfect!" I shouted.

My mom laughed and shook her head. "C'mon, let's go home."

The next few weeks were so busy I forgot about the contest. The next thing I knew the new issue of *Flash!* was lying on the counter, with the winner's picture on the cover. I knew deep in my heart that could have been my picture on the cover. Oh, and it just gets better! The winner had an extra surprise; a famous photography company had a meeting with them and went over their portfolio! Imagine how I felt, knowing that my dream could have come true! But no, of course I had to space out and miss the deadline! Well, there are always other contests I suppose. But now I feel like I have just given up on my dream, my career, my hobby. It just felt like it was all over. Next time, if there is one, I'll be careful to snap my picture on time and not snap my dream in half!