

Chalk Girl and Leonard

Leonard huffed. His day had gone wrong. He sat out on the step at the front of the building. Today was boring. He had to do stuff he didn't like. He had gone outside for fresh air to calm himself down; it wasn't working. He sat for a little bit longer.

Leonard looked down at the foot path. Symmetrical squares of concrete, they went down and up the road, continuing for miles. It's all the same. He kept looking down.

Then, a pink swirly line appeared on the pavement. Then one more, then another. The lines stopped. A pair of green shoes appeared in front of him. Leonard looked up. There was a girl. She was covered in chalk dust. She looked confused. "You okay?" she asked.

"No." Scoffed Leonard.

Chalk Girl looked down at the pink chalk in her hand, then back at Leonard. She shoved her other hand into her crossbody bag and pulled out a piece of light blue chalk. She offered it to him. "You wanna help me draw?"

Leonard had nothing better to do. He accepted the chalk and walked over to where she had started drawing. "What do I draw?" Leonard inquired.

"Anything you want!" Chalk Girl smiled.

Free reign; Leonard didn't get free reign often. He could draw anything he wanted. Leonard drew a straight line. Then another, and then two more. Leonard drew a square. He looked at this chalk. It shows a light blue colour, but when he drew with it, it was a blue tinted grey. Leonard looked over at Chalk Girl.

She drew flowers and rainbows and smiley face with her chalk. Her chalk looked pink, and it was pink. Why wasn't Leonard? She looked at Leonard's drawings, squares and rectangles, straight lines and all. "Why are you drawing boxes?" she asked.

"Dunno." Leonard shrugged.

She kept looking at him. "Why are you sad?" Chalk Girl tilted her head.

Leonard looked down. "I have to do things I don't like."

Leonard drew another box. "Oh." Responded Chalk Girl.

She drew a rectangle. "I have to do things I don't like too."

They both drew squares, Leonard with his grey chalk and the girl with her pink tinted grey chalk. "But, when I'm sad about it, I come out here and draw."

Her chalk became pinker. The lines of her boxes became less straight. She drew a house instead.

“Is that how you are happy? Even when you do stuff you don’t like?” Leonard asked her.

“Yup!” Chalk Girl drew a few flowers.

“Huh.”

Leonard drew a square. It’s lines weren’t that straight. It’s colour was lighter than all the other boxes he had drawn. Chalk Girl beckoned him over. Leonard went to her. “Help me with this drawing.” She told him.

“Okay. What are we drawing?”

“A person.”

Leonard did the body. The arms and legs were curved and the hair was wavy. The more he drew, the bluer his chalk became. Chalk Girl did the clothes. It’s dress was made of long curvy lines and the patten on it was full of flowers, Chalk Girl’s favorite. The last thing to add was the mouth. Both Leonard and Chalk Girl drew the smile. Half of it was bright pink, the other half a lovely sky blue. The pair stared at their finished masterpiece. They couldn’t stop smiling.

They ran down the street, drawing wiggly lines, flowers, smiling faces and other things. They laughed and giggled as they covered the boring grey foot path in doodles.

When the two of them arrived back at their starting place, Leonard was covered in chalk dust. He matched Chalk Girl now. They sat on the step Leonard had before, admiring their art.

But after all their fun, she looked sad. “I have to go now.” Chalk Girl announced.

“You have to go back to doing things you don’t like?” Leonard guessed.

“Correct.” She sighed.

“This was fun.” Leonard told her.

“I agree.” Chalk Girl smiled. “We should do this again.”

“Okay!” Leonard lit up.

She stood up. Leonard tried to hand her back her chalk. She refused. “Nah, you keep it. Save it for when you need to cheer yourself up.”

Leonard nodded. She started walking off. “So long Chalk Girl!” He yelled after her.

She laughed. “My name’s Lila!”

“Oh. Okay!”

“Goodbye...” She didn’t know his name.

“Leonard! My name’s Leonard!” He yelled.

“Whatever Chalk Boy!” She teased. Chalk Girl stuck her tongue out at him.

He returned the gesture. They both laughed as she walked away.

Leonard sighed. That was really fun. He put the chalk in his dusty pocket. He got up, off the step and walked back inside.

Leonard had many memories of Chalk Girl. But when he asked his parents about it, they had no recollection of Chalk Girl. But he did, he always would.