If you were to put a piece of paper in front of me and tell me to draw a picture, in a matter of minutes you would have something. But ask me to write an essay and it could be hours before the pen even touches the paper, at least to write. Ever since I can remember I have been making art some way or another. Every day I get an idea for another piece; sometimes when I already have one started. I probably have over a hundred half-finished pieces lying around my room. Some of them get finished and some get thrown out in a mad cleaning frenzy. That’s just the way I am. I am not very clingy with my artwork: if I don’t like it, I throw it away. If I kept every piece I started, I would have more than you can count. Sometimes when I am drawing in a sketchbook I’ll draw one line and if I don’t like it I’ll turn the page and start over. It’s not really a waste of paper because I’ll use it again soon after
but at that moment I can’t use the page. I have countless sketchbooks filled with pages that have what looks like scribble on them.

Art is my life; I can’t remember a day when I didn’t draw, even when I broke my left arm. Being left-handed I knew that if I wanted to keep drawing I would have to teach myself to use my right hand and so I did. I then tried out for the Summer Institute for the Arts and got in using my right hand. It was that year that I realized just how important my art was to me. It had become something more than a hobby, because when I broke my arm I had to actually think about something other than art. But no matter how hard I tried to replace it with something else all I wanted to do was draw. It was at that moment when art changed for me. It turned into something that I am hoping to live off of and continue to do for the rest of my life.