

She's just there. Dirty. Bedraggled. Messy. Doesn't look like she's been bathed in a good long time. Blends in with the world; basically a shadow. Never noticed. Loner. Lonely. Shadow. You can see the tears dried on her cheeks. But even being dull, she is a bright star.

She feels she is invisible, and to many, she is. But deep down in her soul, there are voices there are voices that are imprisoned and trapped, and they beg for the trapdoor to be opened.

She imagines every day that she will do something incredible, dreams everyday that she will stand out and shine as bright as a star, wishes that someone could notice a shadow; and notice her.

Her mom has always been poor; her dad has passed away. She has never had an education; to go to school is her only dream. "Maybe people will notice me then," she thinks. "But they would probably step on me like an ant."

She was raised in many places, for they move a lot due to money issues. In fact, they move so often that she cannot remember where she was born. She only remembers things by a gift.

This gift is a journal. Since the girl cannot write, she draws her memories. Everyday she looks in the journal.

This girl has one talent. Everyday she brings various colors of spray paint cans to the street wall to continue her art. Many admire it, but not all appreciate it. And no one would guess that it was made by a shadow.

She has never had friends; always a shadow, never noticed.

But who knew that this girl, poor, bedraggled, and uneducated, would rise from the shadows; go from a nobody to a somebody; from a short weed to a tall sunflower; for this girl grew up to be one of the most famous people in the world.

Thanks for reading! ☺