What Art is...

Art is a dolphin, an oh so small dolphin, in the Atlantic Ocean, far far away. It's **awe striking** streamline seemed to be as graceful as a swan. It's strokes seemed to be as gentle as a feather, its skin a mixture of light blue and a light shade of grey. Then suddenly, the dolphin was found by a fishing net, and the gentle strokes turned into **frantic** waves. The dolphin started to think of what a terrifying situation he had got himself into. He was terrified, giving up on his **hopes** of ever getting out. With one last shove, the dolphin managed to escape. The dolphin was **free**, and he felt it **relieving** to be back to himself, **exploring** the extensive ocean. The dolphin found **countless** coral, and continued on it's eccentric **journey** to learn all about the ocean. He found this daily **leisure** to be **stimulating**, and thought of it as a **passion** or **hobby**. He found the reals to be **divine**, and he thought of the **various** plants to be **beautiful**. He never wanted to give up his **interesting** lifestyle for anything else in the world. The **genuine** sights he saw were priceless.

The dolphin soon started swim at a **particular** pace, no faster, no slower to enjoy the **wonderful** pleasures. The dolphin one day peered upon an island and spotted a blue flower, a **xochitl** The dolphin also saw a **zentangle** of plants, something he had never seen before. "This is definitely **original**" the dolphin thought, as every plant was different then the next. The dolphin found it **revolting** that the he didn't know what they were, he had never seen them before. The dolphin **yearned** on his journey, having a strong desire to continue. The dolphin felt **query** about the path he was swimming in, as he felt like he has already traveled along this route. The dolphin decided to travel back to his herd. Soon he spotted a dirty treasure covered with sand and a group of fish that lived nearby his herd. The dolphin knew we was close to home. Then the dolphin spotted a massive pile of sea shells, glistening on the tan, brown sand. He knew he was back home with his family now. He wanted to share the wisdom he was collected on his journey around the waters, with everyone.

The dolphin learned a **meaningful** lesson, he learnt what art was. He spoke of **never** **ending** creations, **kindling excitement** in the air. With a heartful expression, the dolphin explained a **meaningful** lesson...

"Art is the **language** of the world, spoken by one and all. It's truly **unique** in its own special way, no two are the same. Art is the sunset on a breezy summer day, a rainbow after a storm. Art is **timeless**, never ending or getting old."