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### Not So Perfect

She was little with big green eyes and white-blond duck-fuzz for hair. Her parents always thought she was basically perfect and they showed it just by how much they loved her. Maybe it was because they had lost an older daughter that they did show their love as openly as they did, with hugs and kisses and words of encouragement.

So the little girl grew older and bigger. Too slow for her and too fast for her parents. Because they thought she was perfect, she always tried her hardest to be perfect, but the one thing her parents wanted the most from her was the thing she couldn't make herself try at. Piano.

She hated it. Hated the way her teacher's house smelled, hated the feeling of the smooth keys against her fingers, the sound of a wrong chord, the look of the complicated notes with their boring monochromatic color scheme. In her opinion, there was nothing even slightly positive about the instrument. Her parents insisted, threatened, coaxed, bribed, did everything in their power to get her to play and love it, but you can't teach passion, you can't force love of a thing. So she played. She didn't like it, but she played.

So far, there hasn't really been a happy ending to this story, but there is one thing. Even though she hated the instrument, she still loved her parents. And even though they hated her attitude, they still loved her. After all, she was their perfect, precious baby girl.