

Museums aren't Just for Dinosaurs

Grade 9-10

I walked through the towering museum doors glistening in the sun as they opened. The smell of cleaning products made my eyes water ever so slightly like raindrops dripping from leaves. “Oh boy you’ll never catch a cold from this place,” I thought to myself. Everything sparkled through the facility’s large front windows. The floor, the metal shelves, the art pieces themselves, all on display by the sun’s rays. Though this place definitely seemed fancy and it appeared to have everything you could think of, one thing was missing. Where the heck was the Dinosaurs?

The environment itself seemed friendly, people consistently walked in and out the large glass doors embedded into its even bigger metal frame. As you walk in and out, a man standing behind a counter at the front gives you a quick crinkly-eyed smile. “He seems nice,” I thought to myself. Bored, like every young child so easily gets, I began to wonder. I skipped around twirling my barbie pink poofy skirt with every step and to be honest, I think everyone who saw it wanted one too. They all smiled as they walked **past** me. Jealous much? I continued my march and noticed a special item on display... It was an art piece I had never seen before. It was small and rectangular in shape. It was painted a shade of yellow so bright it was just begging for me to bask in its glory. It had subtle red accents. “I bet this is an art piece taken straight **out of an** Indian cave,” I told my American girl who at the time went everywhere with me.

I soon began to notice how colorful this art display was. Surely they set this one up within interest of those who loved the rainbow. A larger piece soon caught my eye. I just HAD to ask my mother to get it for me. It was a tall slender bag-shaped item with joyful-looking fruits on it. “JOEL LI RAN CHUR,” I sounded out in my head the title of that display. “Hm, that’s one

fancy name for one fancy artist.” Although as eye-catching as these pieces were... where were the Dinosaurs? I decided to get back on track and continue my DIIno search. On my adventure, I noticed many people were grabbing the art displays from their shining shelves and taking them to the man up front. “I thought you weren’t supposed to touch artifacts,” I inquisitively thought? Then it hit me, this isn’t a museum. IT’S AN ART SHOW!

Oh, it just made me that much more elated to realize I could purchase some of these pieces, or maybe even have my own art put on display. I was still on my search for the dinosaurs my mother briefly mentioned on the car ride over here though. Surely I wasn’t looking in the right places considering this wasn’t an immense sized building. I studied many of the products, sounding them out one by one in my head. “DOOR I TOES,” said one item. “CHEE X MEEEX,” said another. The most popular item though was a white bag with the self-portrait of an angry looking man. Everyone seemed to be buying one. “BIG LEE ChOO,” was written in a crimson comic font. Obviously, I decided to grab a bag too.

I brought the art to my mother and asked her kindly if I could have it. She couldn’t say no as I batted my freakishly long eyelashes over my almond-shaped eyes. I followed her as she walked to this four-person line at the front.

“Mom?” I asked.

She looked down as if I startled her when I said it, “yes?”

“Where’re the dinosaurs?”

“I’ll get them for you one second.”

It was finally our turn, my mother handed the man my art and he shot it with a laser gun. “BEEP!” After sticking my item in a small plastic bag he asked, “Is that all?”

“I’d also like the dinosaur lottery ticket and twenty in gas on pump 3 please.”