

## Weather in March

The artist sat down to his easel. “Are you painting another masterpiece?” “Yes, my muse is taking a break – do you have to be a burr in my side about it?” “Maybe you could take some lessons from chemistry – when I encounter a tricky ion, I just buy a new beaker!” “You’re a flaming idiot.” “And you’re a wan nobody whose work will never sell.” “Well now that your rout of my hopes and dreams is completed, anything constructive to contribute?” “I give you many ideas, but you won’t give an inch.” “Whatever, this argument is worthless; I think I should go get some sun.” “I’ll see you back in the condo when you’ve settled down.”

Hark, it was a warm sunny day while the artist stepped outside. He started walking and soon encountered his neighbor, the famous rabbi. “What do you do on those days where it seems like all you do is wallow in your own failure?” “Em, hard to say. I have many an oodle of those days, but I make it through. You can’t jump unless you know where you’ll land. Just make each successful day into a badge of triumph.” “Thanks, I’m glad I had your ear for a while.” And then ding, the perfect inspiration entered the artist’s mind. He said goodbye to the hale and hearty man and returned home. While he came in, he could feel the muse return.