

Talent by Rebecca Desalvo

"Perfect, a new trophy for my shelf!" My sister, Gigi, smiled as she placed her newest trophy next to her millions of others. I faked a smile because I couldn't let her know I was jealous of her. Gigi was so talented at everything! She was great at sports, art, singing, and so much more.

Whenever I first met someone who knew my sister, they automatically assumed that I was just as talented as her. The embarrassing thing about it was that I had no talent at all. Everyone always congratulated Gigi and always wanted to be her friend. Some people even treated her like a celebrity.

Not only was she majorly talented, but she was also a very helpful and caring girl. She was always in the town newspaper for doing something for the community. She had tons of people who worshiped her, and I was always forgotten.

Gigi and I shared a room which meant I had to envy all her trophies every time I woke up. I never told anyone about how I felt though. Gigi was a tall, beautiful, talented, and caring person, and I was just her annoying little sister.

It was six o'clock on Friday. That was the night of Gigi's big soccer game. I miserably slouched in the back seat of our parents' Jeep as Gigi sat up straight in the front passenger seat next to our mom. It was obvious that her team would win the game, again.

At the game, Mom and I sat on the bleachers. Crazy parents, including our mom, kept shouting for Gigi's team to win. I had brought a notebook along so that I could write during the game. I loved to write but I never showed anyone my writing. Whenever I tried to, they got distracted by my sister, so I just stopped trying to show anyone.

Gigi was friends with everyone except my neighbor, Cody, who wanted to be *my* friend instead. He was actually my *only* friend. That was no surprise considering everyone else was drawn to Gigi. Cody had a sister, Kristen, who was on Gigi's soccer team. Gigi and Kristen were best friends and when Gigi wasn't around, Kristen would hang out with Cody and me. Surprisingly, we actually had fun with her.

"What are you writing?" I heard Cody ask me as he came up behind me.

I told him, "Oh, it's nothing." That was lie because I was actually was writing a story about twins, one boy and one girl. They were new to their school and they noticed something mysterious about one of their teachers. At the moment, I didn't know what would happen next in the story. I was suffering from writer's block.

Cody smirked as he sat next to me, "Well, that doesn't look like nothing." I looked up from the notebook and rolled my eyes at him.

"Fine, I'm writing a story. I don't know what to write at the moment though. I'm kind of stuck."

"While you're thinking of what to write, can I read what you have so far?"

"Okay, but no one has ever read anything I've written before." I handed it to him and he started reading it. When he was done, I asked him if he thought it was good or at least okay.

"Good? Okay? This isn't either of those!" he exclaimed, "This is ... extraordinary! You're really good at this! Vanessa, you have to show somebody! Show your parents, Kristen, your

teachers, you gotta show your sister! Show somebody. Wait! No! Show everybody! You're a very talented writer!" Cody was standing up and shouting to me almost as loud as the crazed parents were to the soccer players. I blushed because he said I was talented.

I said quietly, "Cody, you're being too loud. Am I actually talented or are you just saying that because you're my friend?"

He smiled, "My mother is a writing teacher for college students and their writing isn't as outstanding as yours." I couldn't believe he said that.

The next day at school, I took Cody's advice and showed my language arts teacher, Mr. Samepher my story.

"This is incredible, Vanessa! It's some of the best work I've seen during all my years of teaching!" he beamed, "You should really try out for the school's writing contest! You know, I'm surprised you're such a great writer because your older sister had a very hard time with it when she was in my class last year." Gigi was having a hard time with something? I was so shocked about this news.

"That can't be true! Gigi's good at everything!" I gasped.

Mr. Samepher shook his head, "Some people might seem like they're good at everything. That might make others think they can't do anything, but if they stop paying attention to the person who can supposedly do everything, then they'll end up realizing what they're good at." I thought about what he said. Maybe that was what happened to me. As I walked out the door, he reminded me to try out for the writing contest.

After school, I wanted to tell Gigi about my story. Of course she was getting ready for an event.

When she came out of our room, I asked her, "Hey Gigi, do you have a minute?"

"I barely have one but what is it?" she replied.

"I want to show you a story that I'm writing. Please read it and tell me what you think of it." She looked bored but looked at my notebook and started reading. As she was reading, I could tell she was getting interested in the story.

After she was done, she told me, "Vanessa, you have a real gift. You write the way that I have wished I could for years. You're even better at it than the best writer in my grade! You're very talented, and I'm really proud of you."

"Wait, but you're good at everything!" I was surprised.

She shook her head, "No, not everything. There's a lot of things I'm not good at. I just don't tell anyone about those things."

"Really?"

Gigi nodded, "Of course Vanessa. No one in the world is good at everything." I watched as she walked to the front door. Cody's mom was driving Kristen and Gigi to some event I didn't know about.

As she was about to leave, I told her, "Gigi, wait, I want to come to this event. What is it anyway?"

"The school's art show. Mom and Dad are coming by to see it later. You can come now with me if you want. I'm just going early to help out with some friends of mine," Gigi replied.

“I want to come now. I want to actually see some of the things you do,” I explained, “and Gigi, the truth is, all this time I’ve been jealous of you because I didn’t know I could write while you seemed like you could do everything. I never paid attention during your sports games or talent shows or anything because I was always so jealous.”

Gigi grinned, “Okay then, let’s ask Mom and Dad if you can come with me.” They said yes so I found myself sitting in Cody and Kristen’s parents’ car on the way to the art show.

No one can be perfect at everything. Some people are good at a lot of things while it may take some time for others to find out what they are good at. Everyone is talented at something. Now I know what my talent is.