

It Was All Mush

- A Did you ever go to an art museum?
- B I don't think so. I only went to the museum with the dinosaur fossils. Why?
- A My mom and dad took me yesterday.
- B Did you like it?
- A Not too much. The artwork was kind of ... I don't know ...
- B Any nice paintings?
- A There were a lot of *big* paintings. They had statues too. But they weren't all that nice.
- B Maybe it's a bunch of new artists and they don't have too much experience yet.
- A No. The artists weren't new. They were just confusing! I didn't understand the pictures.
- B How can you not understand? They're just pictures of people's faces, right?
- A No! That's the problem! I understand those. These were paintings that didn't make any kind of sense. They were all mush!
- B Any pictures of flowers or trees or fruit?
- A No. They were pictures of nothing. Just mush.
- B What do you mean when you say "mush?"
- A I don't know. Just mush. A big mushy kind of a mush.
- B Oh, now I get it. That's modern art! My parents have books about that mush.

- A There was only one picture I liked in the whole museum.
- B What was it?
- A A bunch of squiggly lines.
- B But how could you like it if it's just wiggly lines?
- A Because it reminds me of my favorite toy when I was a little kid. My Etch a Sketch!
- B Ooooh! I love Etch a Sketch! I want to go to the Mush Museum!