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I remember that it was a lovely day in Los Altos early in the COVID-19 pandemic, there was a slight breeze, and the sun sizzled on our faces. That day my entire family was outside doing chalk art!

My mom helped my little brother and me lay down a crooked tape rectangle onto the street. We filled the rectangle with dozens of lines also made out of tape. Some of the lines were diagonal, others horizontal or vertical. Then we started the best part, the coloring!

The coloring reminded me of ordering ice cream at Tin Pot in downtown Los Altos. My brother was the “ice cream seller”, also known as the chalk seller, and my mom and I were the customers.

“What color chalk, Miss?” he might ask.

“Green, please!” I would reply.

After a few hours, we were finally done coloring. I looked down at my hands, they kind of reminded me of those big colorful parrots you see at the zoo. Next, we got to take the tape off to reveal the real piece of artwork!

“1,2, 3!!” we all hollered as we started throwing tape EVERYWHERE! We were a colorful, sticky mess. My dad snapped pictures, as we tried to get ourselves not so sticky and colorful.

After we cleaned up, we went inside to relax next to the air conditioning. We had gotten hot from being outside for so long! Until the next rain, my brother and I watched people take pictures of our art. My brother and I went to sleep everyday thinking about how many people were admiring our display.

What a fun, messy and colorful memory!