



BRICK

BY

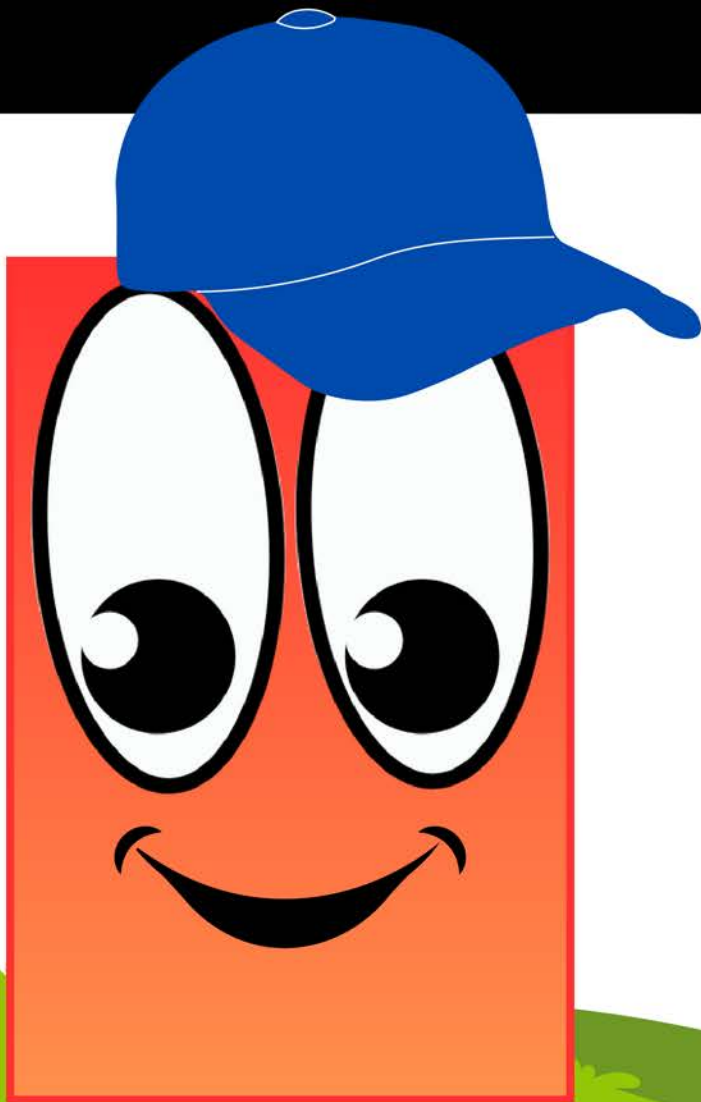
BRICK

By Ed Lubowicki



When Rick the Brick was a young boy, he walked by a magnificent building in New York City called the Empire State Building.

"One day," Rick exclaimed, "I'm going to be as big and magnificent as the Empire State Building!"





From that day forward, Rick was on a mission. He researched everything there was to know about the Empire State building, and what it took to become so magnificent. He studied the architecture, the shape, the color, and incorporated each of those facets into his daily life.





The older he got, the harder he tried to convince himself that he could be the next Empire State Building. But nothing was working. No matter how much he researched, how hard he tried, he was not making any progress. What was he doing wrong?

One day, he visited his friends. Understanding that something was bothering him, they asked what they could do to help.

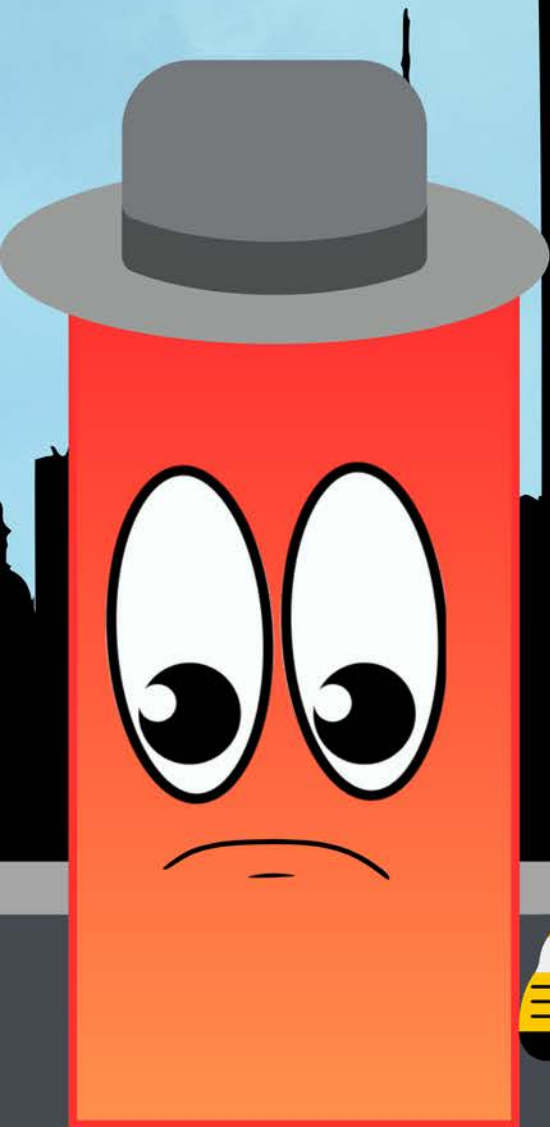
"Nothing, nothing," he said, "I will be okay, I just need to work a little harder."





So, he went back to his books and focused on how he could be better.

As the years went on, he witnessed other impressive buildings being built, although he was still not understanding what he could be doing to be as magnificent as they were.





Feeling completely dejected, he went back to his friends again, and actually explained the problem.

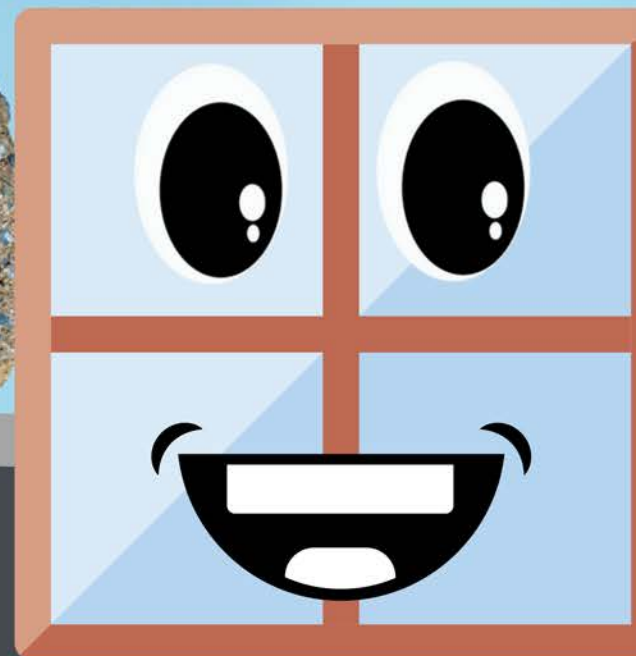
"All I want in this life is to be the next Empire State Building. No matter how hard I try, I cannot seem to get there."



Although Rick was feeling puzzled, one of his friends perked up when he mentioned the Empire State Building.

"I have been studying that magnificent building for a long time too! However, I am no brick, I am only concrete, so I have never thought I could be such a thing."

Another friend now picking up where the concrete left off, "I thought the same thing! But I am glass and could never look like such a magnificent building."





The more Rick talked about his dreams, the more people chimed in, with slightly different perspectives.

How could he have thought to do this all by himself this whole time?

All he needed to do was ask his friends for some help. What did Rick and his friends need to do now?

