Stick’s Masterpiece

Spencer Hanson

Brothers’ Whim

Randy Hanson
To all us little people who might be too afraid to try.
Sad little Stick gazed up in fear. Where could she even start?

This huge entire page was hers, but she could not do art.
Sad Stick sat down and hung her head.

A tear began to fall.
Just then a tiny bird flew near

and gave a hungry call.
I'm sorry I can't help you bird.
I'm just the me you see.

I cannot paint a feast for you.
oh! what good

can I be?
The little bird, he bumped Stick’s brush and made a golden spot.

He scooped it in his beak and chomped, and waited for more dots.
A masterpiece she could not paint,
but birdseed she could try.

And so she dabbed some yellow dots
beneath the empty sky.
Just then a streak of blue appeared, high on her page above.

A brilliant, vivid, joyful blue of courage, strength, and love.
she did not see her colored sky,
but Stick now had a plan.

Perhaps her art was needed here,
so off to paint she ran.
A blanket for the chilly bear.
a piece of string for fox.
Some cotton balls for dinosaur.
for centipede some socks.
Just then she saw her simple shapes had beauty past her skill.

She did not ever want to rest. So much to do here still.
And as she ran from here to there.
she brushed and stroked along.
she played and learned and made new friends.
she skipped and sang her song.
The more she brushed, the more she saw.
she knew what she could be.
she bit her lip and twined her tongue.
and worked more thoughtfully.
The sun was setting.
It was time.

she had to finish now.

But even in the twilight dim
was her best work somehow.
All out of paint, so tired too,
stick closed her little eyes,

and fast asleep she peacefully went,
and dreamt of rainbowed skies.
When morning came she woke and saw,
was greeted by the sun.

Her lines and shapes were so much more.
Her masterpiece was done.
The End
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I graduated from BYU Provo in 2007 and started my first job as a mechanical engineer designing printers for Hewlett-Packard in San Diego, CA. I'm a creator at heart, so engineering was a good fit.

My beautiful boys, Zack and Austin, were born in 2007 and 2009. When Austin turned 2, I began telling bedtime stories, which quickly became the preferred bedtime ritual over reading books. I asked my artistic brother, Randy, to illustrate a couple of our first characters, thinking it would be fun to see them come to life visually. The boys loved it and so did I.

In the excitement of developing my first stories, I called up my brothers and cousin and asked them about working together to open publish stories that would inspire our children. Brothers Whim Storybook Workshop was born.
For whatever reason, I love drawing and jumping. If it's cool, I want to draw it. If it's dangerous, I want to jump it.

For as long as I can remember, my dream job has been to draw. My favorite movies were always the Disney Platinum DVDs with the special features. I'd re-watch those until I had them memorized. The classic greats like Fred Moore, Frank Thomas, and Ollie Johnston inspired me to hours of classroom doodles.

Unfortunately, I let life intimidate me away from my dream of becoming an illustrator. But now, after years of tinkering around with different classes and majors, I'm finally chasing my dream and going after a degree in illustration. Working on Brothers Whim stories with my brothers reminded me how much I love it. I'd be happy to do this the rest of my life.
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