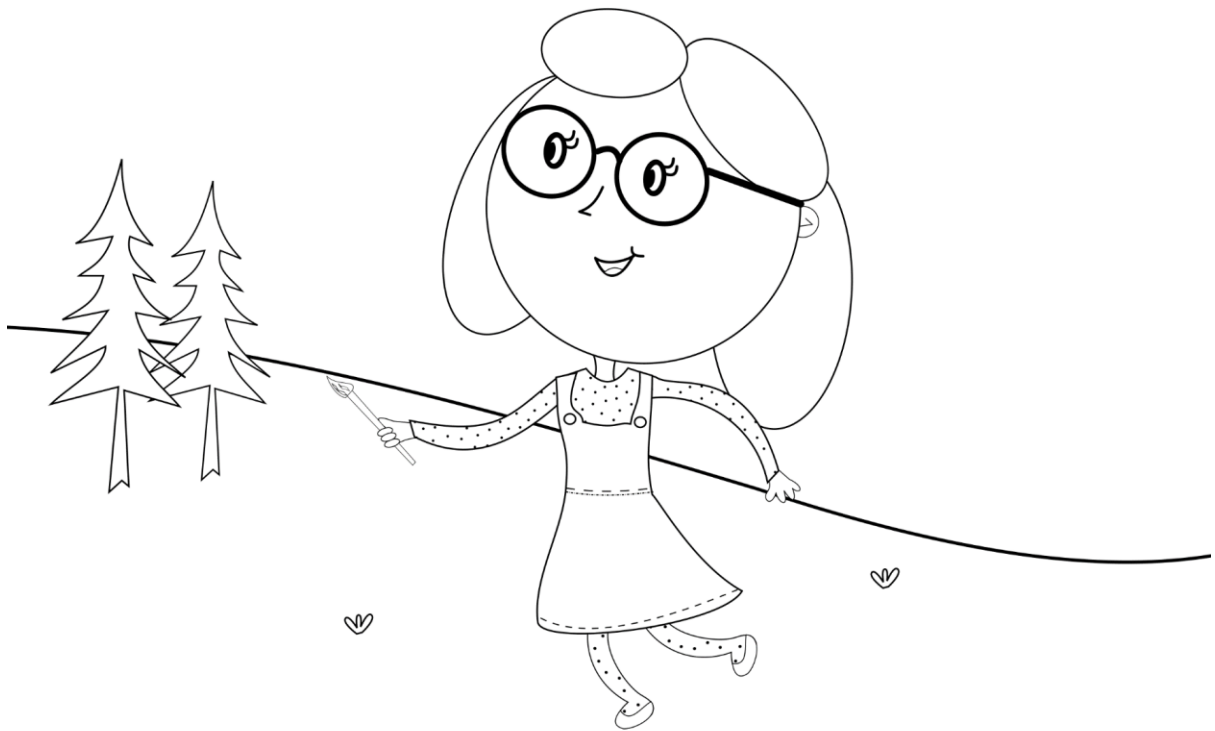


Colouring Book

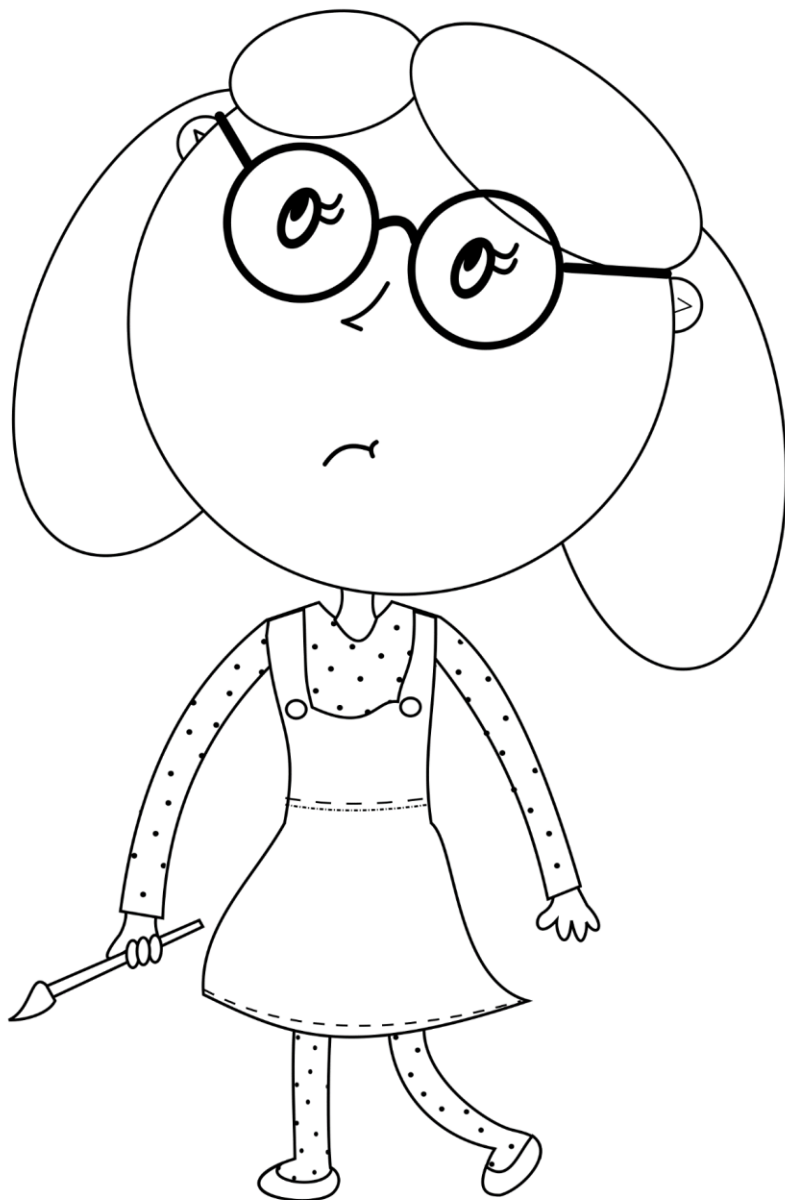
Stick's Masterpiece



Spencer Hanson

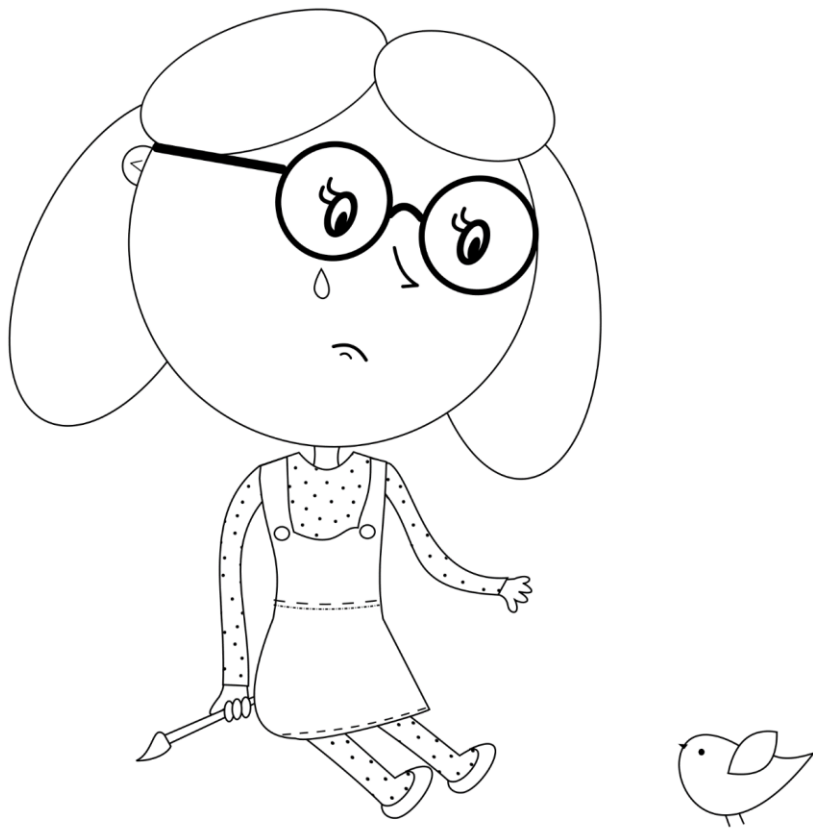
Bella Shaikh

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.

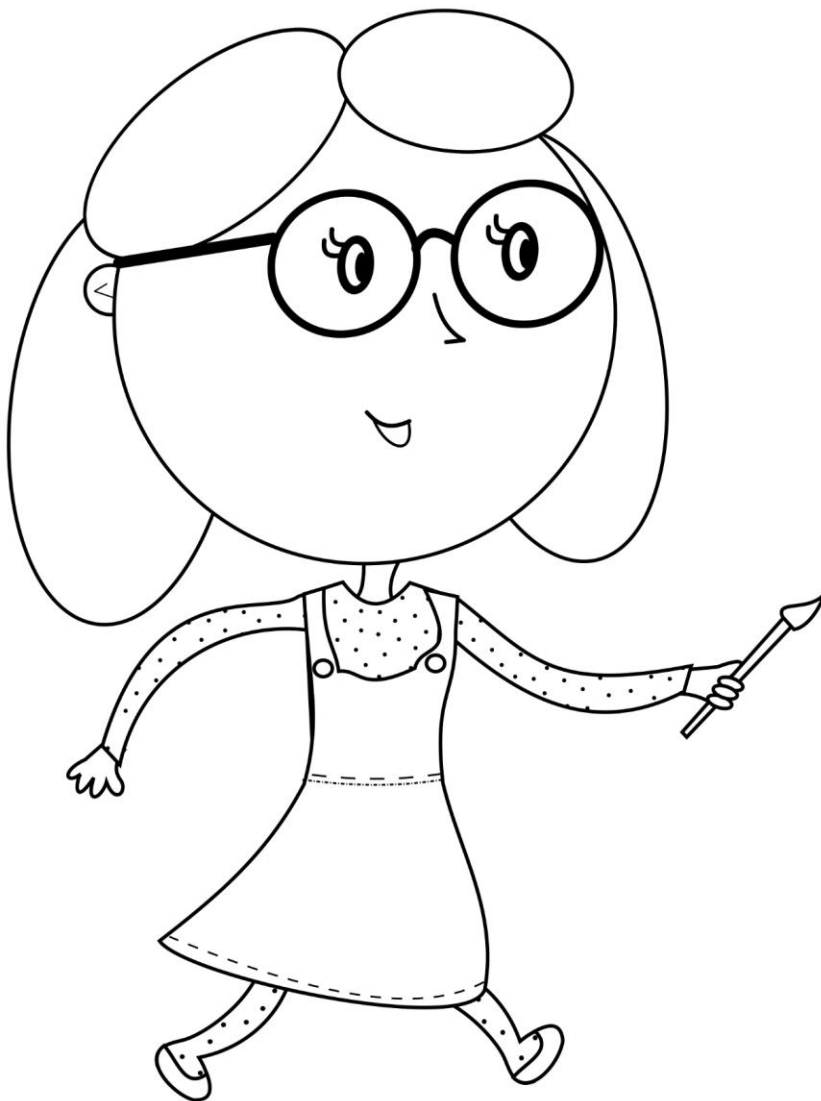
A masterpiece she could not paint,
but birdseed she could try.
And so she dabbed some yellow dots
beneath the empty sky.

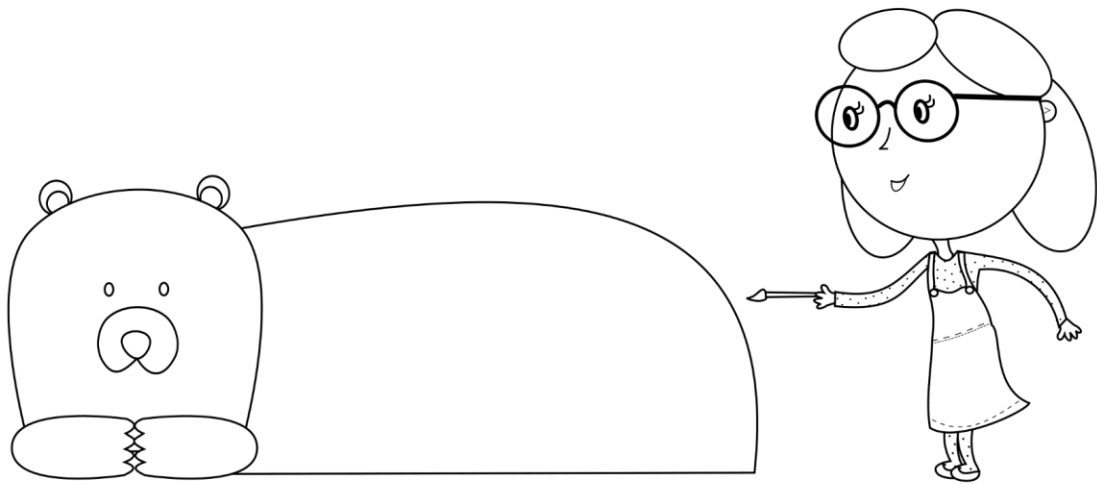


Just then a streak of blue appeared,
high on her page above.

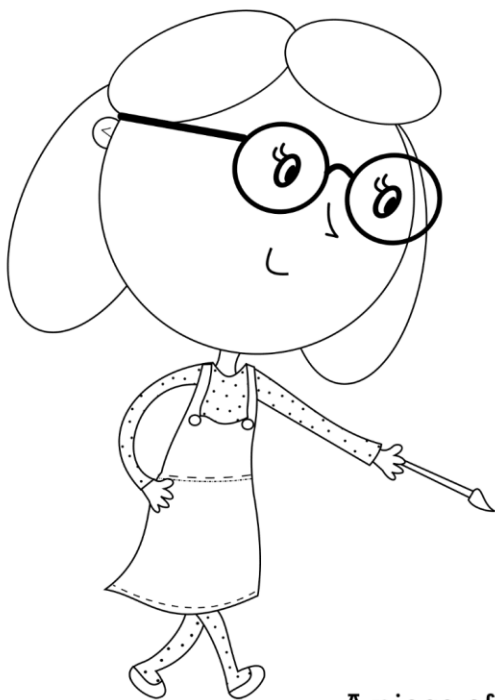
A brilliant, vivid, joyful blue
of courage, strength, and love.

She did not see her colored sky,
but Stick now had a plan.
Perhaps her work was needed here,
so off to paint she ran.

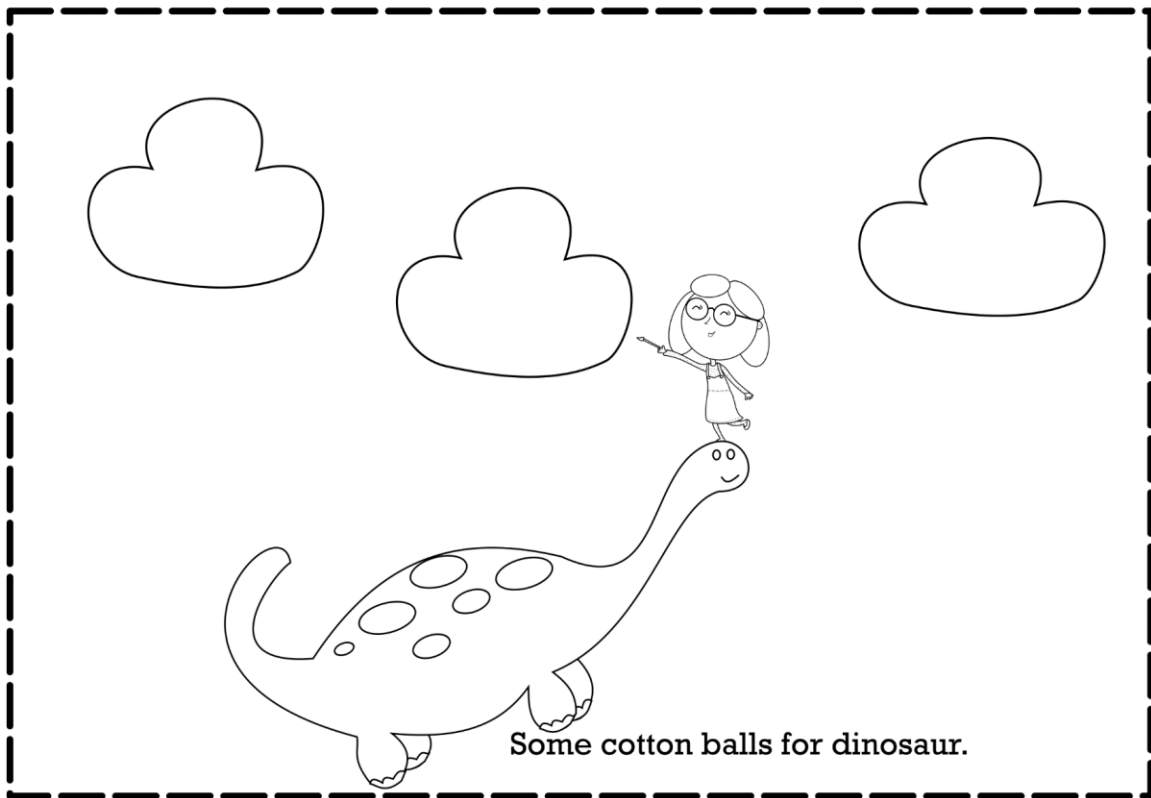




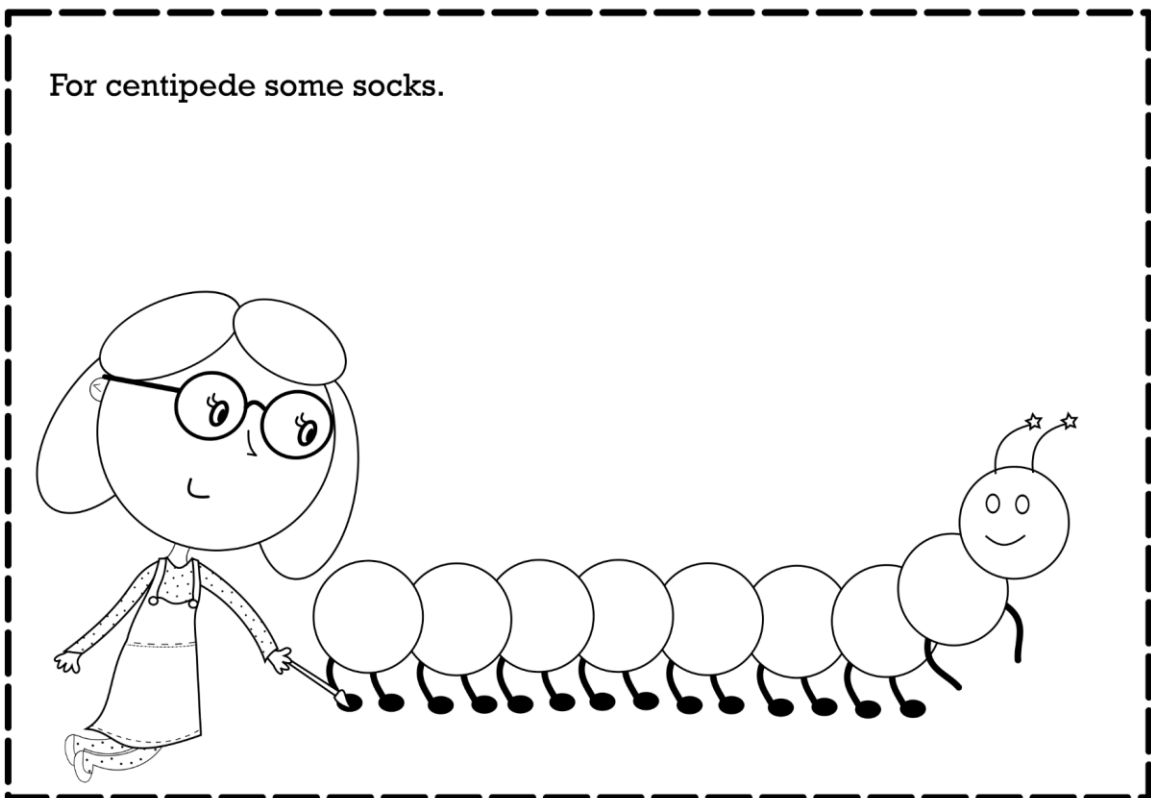
A blanket for the chilly bear.



A piece of string for fox.



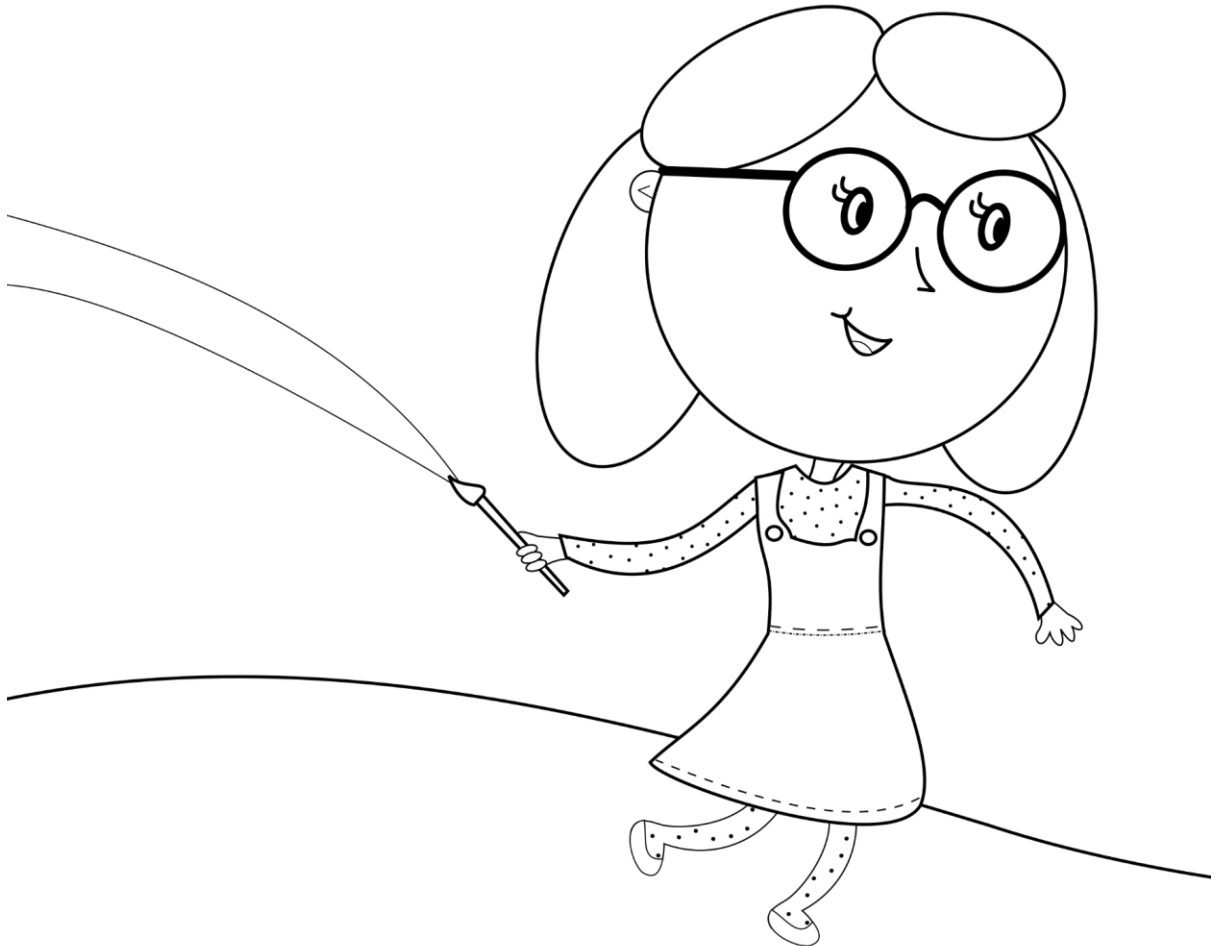
Some cotton balls for dinosaur.



For centipede some socks.

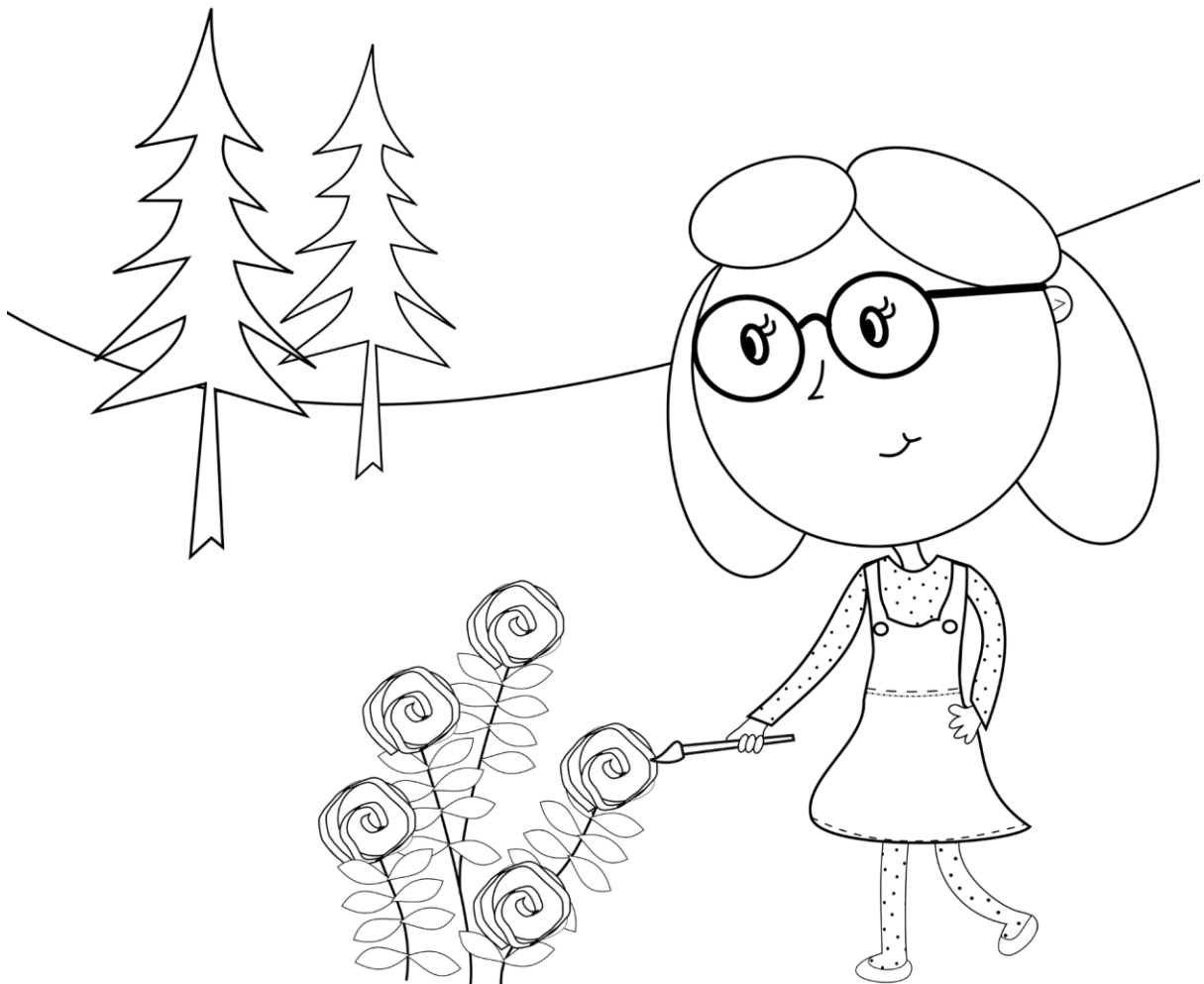
Just then she saw her simple shapes
had beauty past her skill.
She did not ever want to rest.
So much to do here still.

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.

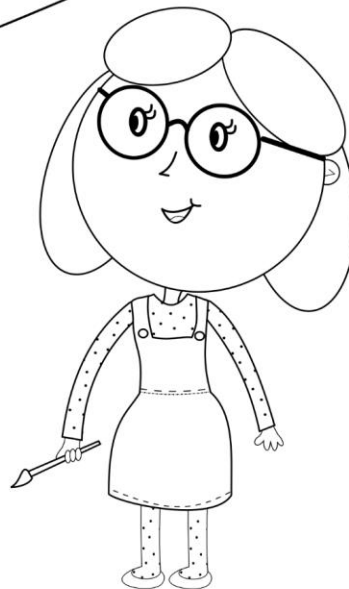
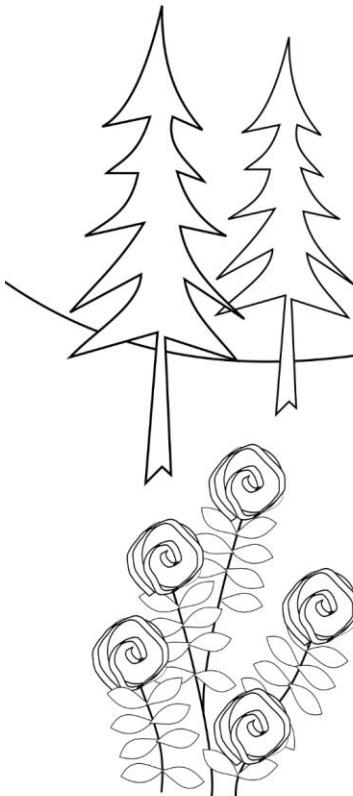
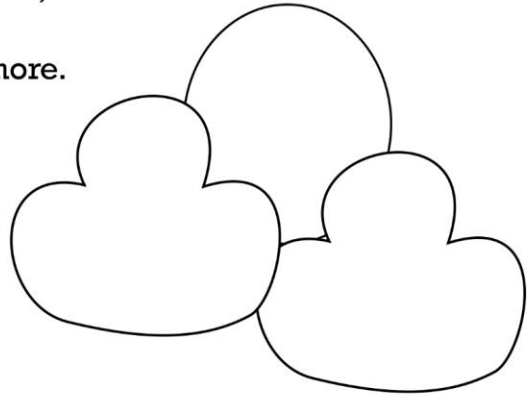
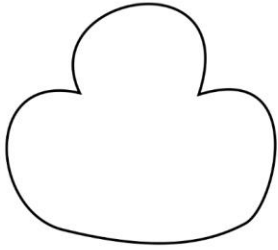
The sun was setting, it was time.
She had to finish now.
But even in the twilight dim
was her best work somehow.



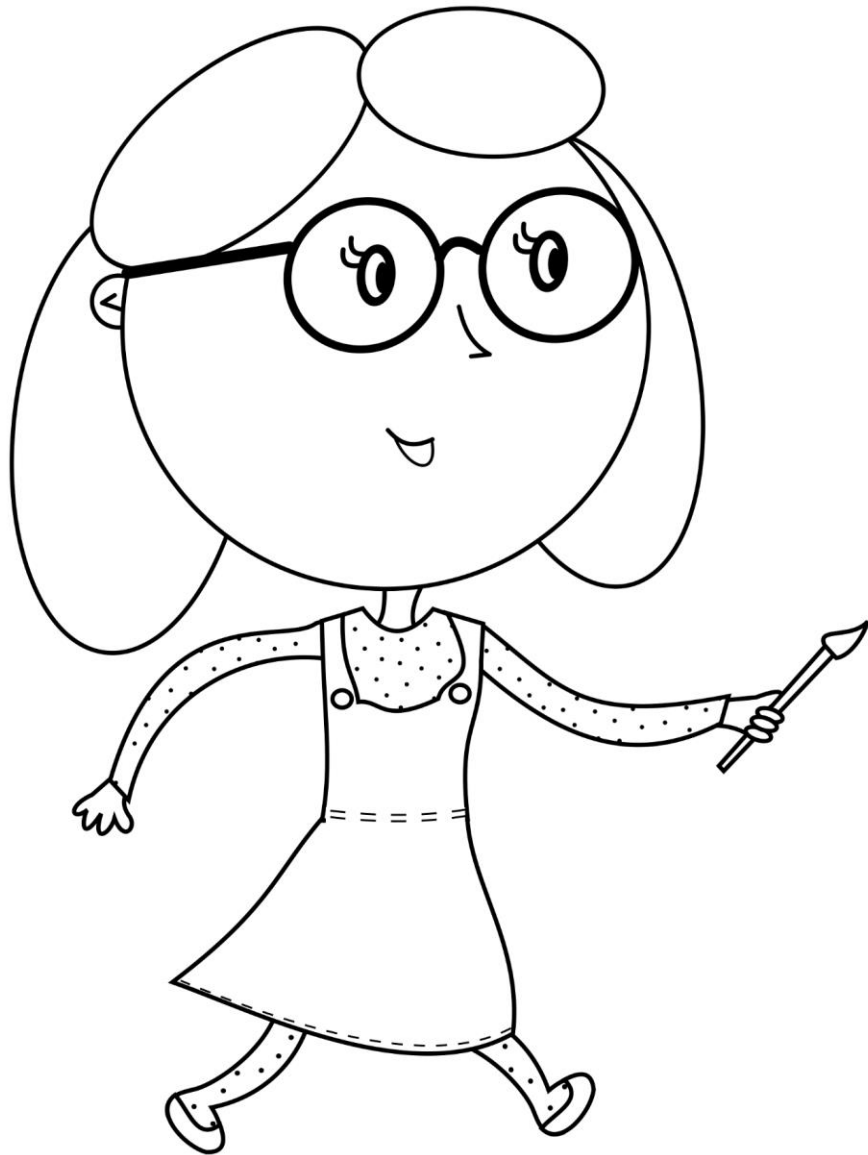
All out of paint, so tired too,
Stick closed her little eyes,
and fast asleep she peacefully went,
and dreamt of rainbowed skies.



When morning came she woke and saw,
was greeted by the sun.
Her lines and shapes where so much more.
Her masterpiece was done.



The End



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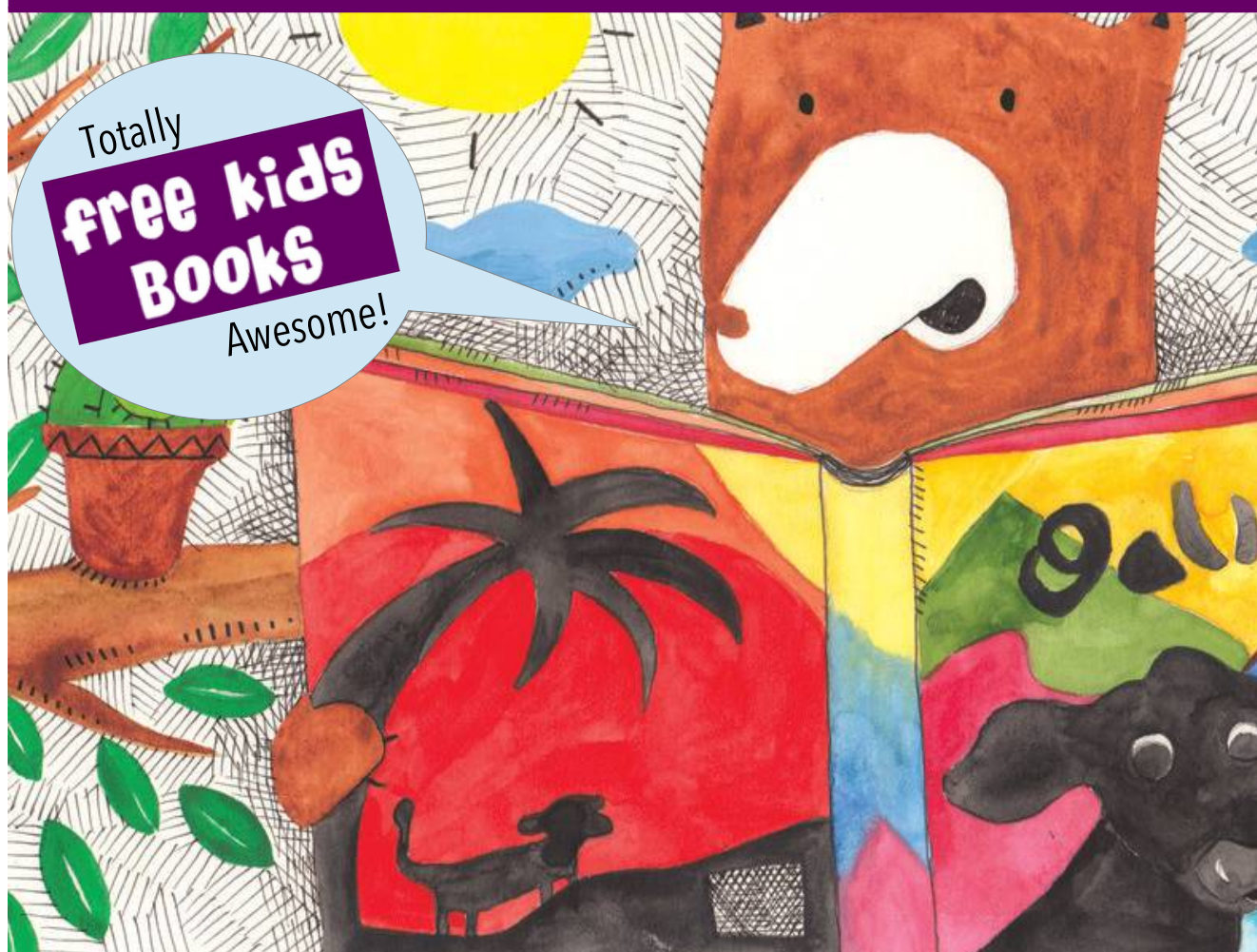
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