

The Artist

By: Annie

Believer





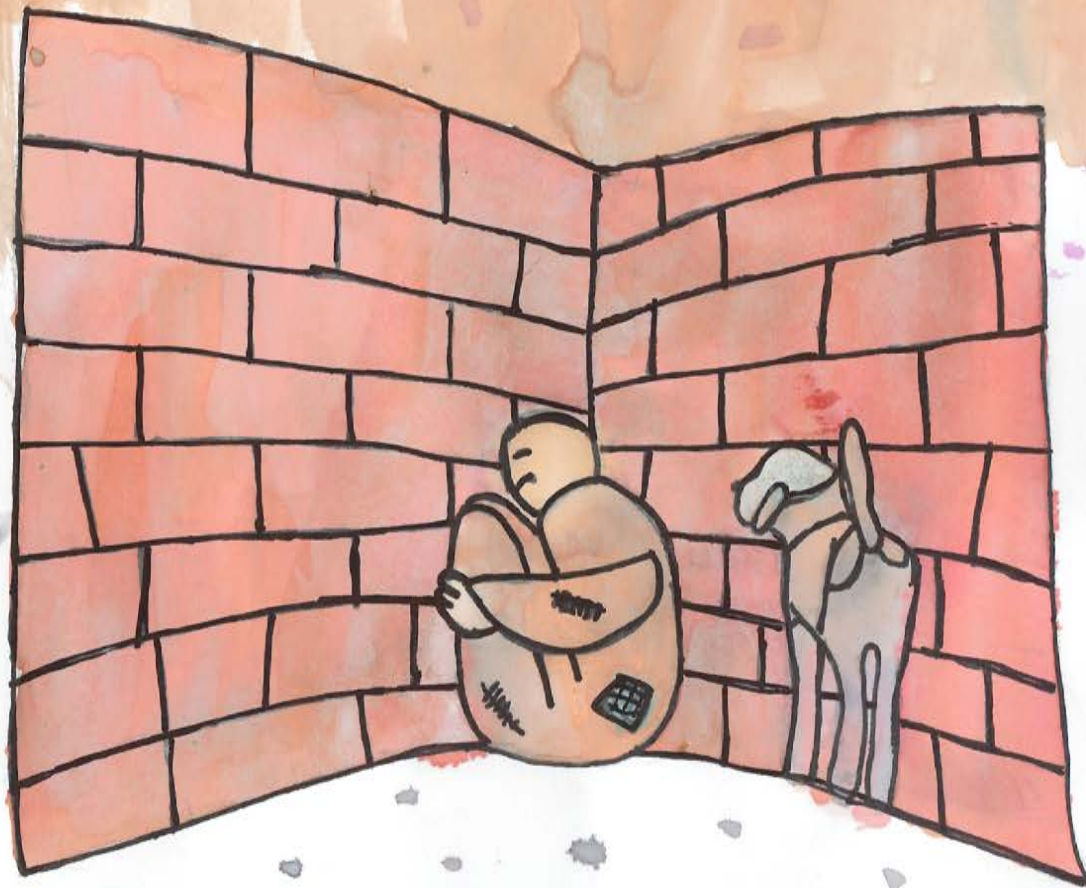
The Artist pulled out her weathered stool, canvas, and paint, she sat on the stool and thought long and hard about what to paint. It takes her a while to paint, considering the small details she needed to put into all her paintings. When she is painting it's like she's in her deepest sleep. No one can wake her. This artist also likes it to be perfect, this often takes many tries. She decided on a humming bird with bright colors.



The artist set her painting outside to dry and went back inside. Just then she heard short, soft calls. She peered outside. She was frozen and couldn't believe what she saw! All her hard work had gone back to a plain, white canvas. She looked both ways, but then stopped. Sitting on a branch, just like the one she had painted, was a hummingbird! It looked exactly like the one she painted. *Did my painting come to life?* She wondered. It did! The hummingbird she had painted was now alive and drinking from a flower.



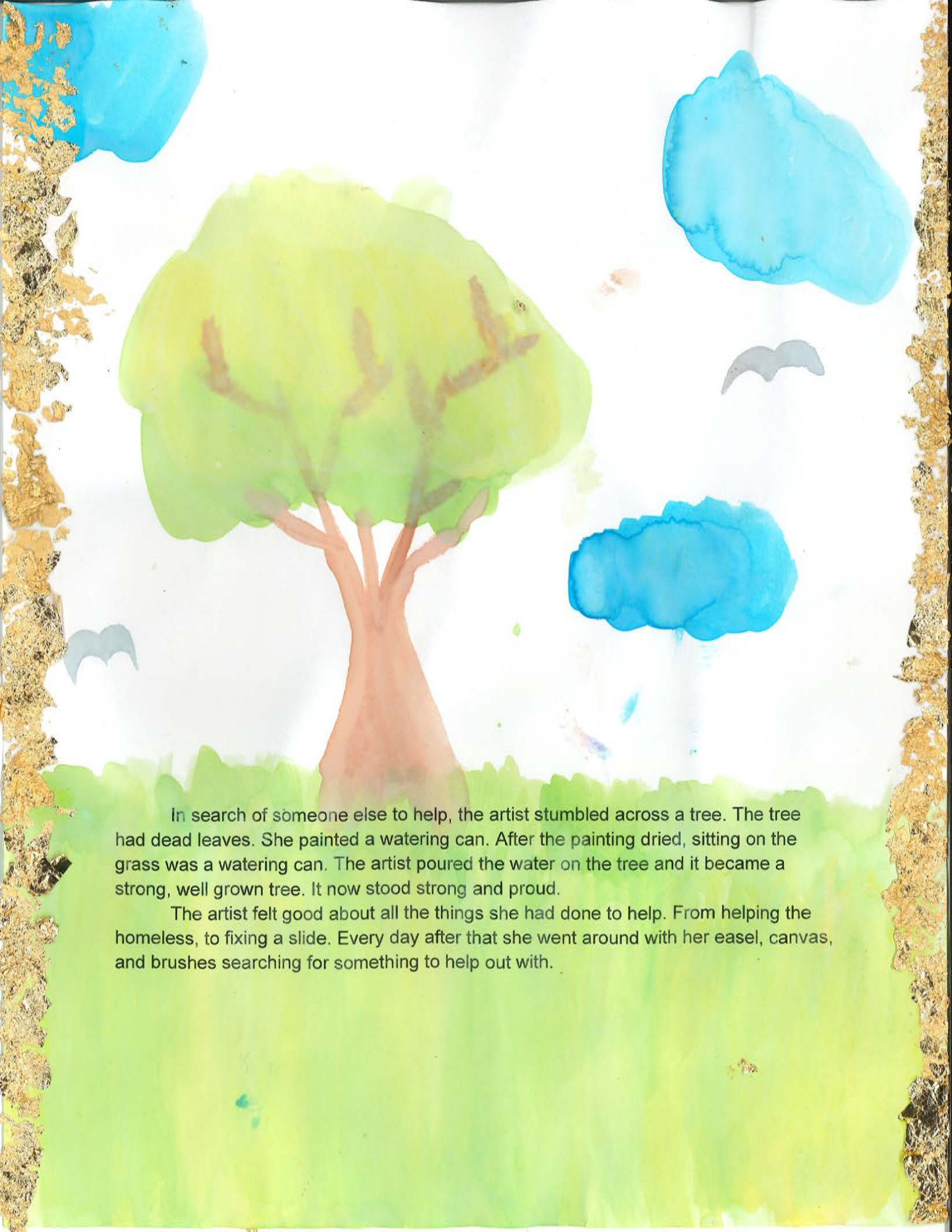
Looking at the flower gave her an idea! She sat on her worn out stool and gently swayed her hand against the canvas, creating flowers. Every time she did this, the same thing happened. She painted, came out to a blank canvas, then spotted a wall of flowers, or antique cups, plates, and tea. Her studio had become crowded with all her paintings. *What will I do? I can't paint anything else!*



The artist packed up her easel, canvas, paints, and brushes, in search of a nice place to paint. She came across a nice flowered patch of grass. But tucked in a corner of two brick walls, was a sad, unfortunate man. The artist had an idea. She would paint something to keep the man entertained, and happy. She swiped her brush along the canvas, and soon enough, licking the man's face was a loyal, humble, and adorable dog. The man grew a large smile.



The artist saw a park packed with kids with a red slide that was cracked and rusted. She set up her easel, paint, brushes, and canvas and painted a new curvy slide. A crowd gathering around her, amazed at her art skill. She painted flowers in bald grass spots and then looked around at how beautiful her hometown looked.



In search of someone else to help, the artist stumbled across a tree. The tree had dead leaves. She painted a watering can. After the painting dried, sitting on the grass was a watering can. The artist poured the water on the tree and it became a strong, well grown tree. It now stood strong and proud.

The artist felt good about all the things she had done to help. From helping the homeless, to fixing a slide. Every day after that she went around with her easel, canvas, and brushes searching for something to help out with.



The End

"No act of kindness, no matter how small, is ever wasted." - Aesop