

THE PAINTING

By Helen E. Buckley

Once a little boy was going to paint a picture.
He put the paper on the easel
And he looked at all the colors in front of him.
“What are you going to paint?” asked the teacher.
“The sky,” said the little boy, “I’m going to paint the sky.”
“Good” said the teacher, “Do you have enough blue paint?”
And He took up the blue brush
And made a wide band across the top of the paper.
“There,” he said, “There is the blue sky,” and he looked around for the teacher, but she was gone.

Then the little boy looked out the window
To see if his sky looked like the real one, and it did.
But was the sky always blue?
The little boy put down the blue brush and thought about the sky.
“Sometimes,” he thought, just before night,
the sky is pink and a little purple.”
So he took up the pink brush and then the purple, and pretty soon there
Was a sunset on his paper.

The little boy remembered winter, and how the sky looks when the
Snow comes down.
So he took up the white brush and made soft snowflakes over all the blue
and pink sky.
And some of the snowflakes melted to make more colors,
and the little boy felt happy like he always did
when the snow came down in the wintertime.

And just as he was about to put down his brush and be finished, he
Remembered a day in summer when the sky grew dark.
And he remembered that he had been a little scared and he had to run to
Tell his mother about it.
So now he took up the black brush and painted great great storm clouds
With flashes of red and orange streaking through them.
“It’s thundering, too,” said the little boy softly to himself.
“Boom! Boom! Boom! And the wind is blowing!”
And he made the rain come down – hard rain –
In long green lines across the sky,
And all the colors ran together in rainbows at the bottom of the page.

“Now I will make the sun shine,” said the little boy to himself;
And he made a big, round sun in the middle of the paper.
But the painting was wet, and there were so many colors in it,
That the yellow sun turned brown in the sky.
But the little boy didn’t care – his picture was finished and it was
Just the way he wanted it.

He looked around for the teacher, and pretty soon she was there –
Standing by the easel and looking at all the colors:
All the blue and the pink and the purple;
All the white and the black
All the red and the green;
And the yellow that had turned brown.
The teacher looked at all the wet and dripping colors which had run
Together, in the snow and the wind and the rain of the boy’s painting.

And she said, “My goodness!”
“I thought you were going to make the sky.”
“I did,” said the little boy,
“I made all the skies I know about.”
And he took his picture off the easel
And put it carefully away to dry.