

# Whimsical Masterpieces

**THE STICK BROTHERS**



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.

The little bird, he bumped stick's beak  
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.



for centipede  
some socks.



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 air  
was her best work  
somehow.

at out of paint, so tired too,  
she closed her little eyes,

and fast asleep she peacefully went,  
and dreamt of rainbowed skies.



**The End**



