

Creative



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

That Painting Lesson! I always look forward to art lessons on Sunday. I mean, I don't see why anyone wouldn't. You learn much better ways to draw than what we do at school and then you get to make use of those secrets on whatever you want! Your imagination is the limit! But then, there's also all the other children to play and combine your imaginations with, meaning you even don't have to be limited to just your own imagination! But last week, I spotted someone right on the other side of the room who didn't really seem to like sharing his imagination.

I know that because I spent the entire lesson secretly spying on him, like how those detectives on T. V spy on the bad guys through holes in their newspapers, except I had to peak out the side of my painting board because I was pretending to paint. I was painting that day because our art teacher had planned that the day be a painting day. She was a bit cranky at the start of the lesson because all of us just began to splash the paint on the boards because we were trying to make colourful patterns, or I guess just messing about. She then taught us the proper way to paint, like how to make the more grown-up brush strokes so that we wouldn't drop any paint. Anyways, whenever I tried to slowly peak at the boy across the room who wouldn't share his imagination, he always seemed to be very still and concentrated on his painting.

I really wanted to know what he was painting because it seemed really weird, especially since I couldn't see his painting paper. I mean, there were mirrors on the walls behind him and behind me, so I thought I should be able to see his page just like I was able to see everyone else's even if their board was facing the other way. Then, I was kind of getting a bit distracted with

what that boy was doing that I rushed to finish my painting without using those slow and careful brush strokes, so that I could see more of what he was doing.

When I looked over after finishing my painting, I saw that that other boy spilt his paint across the floor around him. That was also when I looked down and recognised that the white floor had turned red.