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Hope's Swishy Brush



Hope wanted to make Mom a nice plate. She laid a plain white plate on her bench and set out five pots of paint.



"I will paint a big red rose on it," she said. But Hope had a long tail, and it liked to swish. Each time she bent in close, her tail swished into the wet paint.



Soon there were red blots all over the plate. Hope tried to hold her tail still. She pressed it down with her back leg. She sat on it. Each plan failed.



The tail just slid out and swished again. "This is a pain," she said, and she felt glum. Then Hope had a plan. If her tail would not stop, she could put it to work!



Hope washed the plate in the sink, and the mess went down the drain. She dipped the tip of her tail in green paint.



Swish, swish! Long green lines of grass grew up from the base of the plate. Then she used a brush to dab on a red rose.



When Mom came home, Hope held up the plate. "You made this?" Mom asked. "I had help from my tail," Hope said with a grin. Mom smiled. "It looks like grass after a rain."



It is better than any plate I have paid for," she said. She put it on a nail by the door, right where the sun could shine on it.