

THE ARTIST

Written by Emily Mulder



In a darkened room, a tiny yellow box started to glow. Brighter and brighter. Firehawk had woken up tired, with bags under her eyes. She was astonished by how the box was glowing. she started to tiptoe to the shimmering box. Her eyes were drawn to it, her jaw stuck in a shocked position and her body frozen in time. She started to open it and then...

"What, that's it!" she shouted feeling cantankerous. She was looking at the most boring and dull object that could ever be in a tiny, rustic chest. "A paintbrush" she screamed looking distraught. "Why did I open the box?" she started to say. In her hand the brush started to burn. The glow was causing it. Then it started to talk. "You now have the power to bring your creations to life but on one condition" the yellow paintbrush demanded in a stern crackling voice.

"You must never tell a soul about your creations or it's the end of your years on this earth." he added in the same aggressive tone.

An icy shiver rushed down her spine. She managed to say ok looking deeply dismayed but also understanding. Her heart was leading towards not telling, but her mind was leading her the other way. Once again the room was pitch black. "I am going to tell my friends" snickered firehawk.

Her friends (not that much) were discombobulated and shocked by the paintbrush. They didn't believe her so she showed them by drawing a gryphon, then an anthropomorphic lizard and finally a phoenix. As soon as she drew the pictures she froze. Firehawk could not believe what she had just done. She had broken the paintbrush's promise and now her life was on the line. Firehawk panicked! Her heart was beating faster than a peregrine falcon's wing speed. The paintbrush interrupted her life threatening thoughts as he started to talk again. She realised the paintbrush had a

mouth and eyes which made her thoughts even scarier. He told her in an angry voice, "you are going to regret telling them."

"I didn't mean to tell them, I was just scared that you were going to hurt me" she blurted out.

"Well now you have made my choice very clear." "OBLIVIOUS U TATAS" he shouted? At that very moment Firehawk felt the paintbrush start a battle.

The battle had begun. The paintbrush was blocking all of her attempts to defeat him. Her parents had taught her how to battle and defend herself before they passed away. She was not giving up now. Her heart was beating fast again. Even more than before. She was thinking about all the bad things that could happen to her if she lost. "I WILL DEFEAT YOU" huffed Firehawk, just starting to fully smell the smokey scent of the paintbrush filling her lungs. Firehawk fell. She knew this would be the end.

"Mwahahaha" paintbrush chuckled. "You didn't really think you would defeat me," he said aggressively. "AVARDRA" he began to say before being aggressively interrupted. As soon as he started to say the words of KILL. Firehawk jumped up and barged into the brush like an angry bull about to start a deathmatch with her enemy. She charged at him again, picking him up this time. Firehawk then did something unbelievable. She broke the paintbrush.

There he was lying still, looking like a baby had just chewed on him for hours. Firehawk looked down at the lifeless brush. Firehawk was relieved. She was so proud of herself for doing that and she knew it took a lot of courage. She knew that this was not the end. She knew one day the brush would be back with revenge but she knew she would be ready this time.