

The Magic Paintbrush



By Julia Donaldson



Shen sits on the
seashore,
A stick is in her
hand.

She sits there
drawing pictures,
Pictures in the
sand.

On the rock, there
sits a man,

He laughs and
whispers "hush",

And gives Shen a
magic paintbrush.



Shen runs home
with her magic
paintbrush and
helps the poor.

She paints food
for a man,
And for a girl, a
fan.





The greedy Emperor heard about Shen's magic brush and said "I order you to paint a tree and make it very big.

Instead of leaves, paint golden coins, Twenty on each twig."



Shen said no.

The Emperor scowled
and stamped his foot.

He shouted to his
men,
"Take the magic
paintbrush and take
the girl called Shen".

Shen was locked
in a prison, sat
on the cold
stone floor.

Waiting for the
Emperor to open
the prison door.





Shen painted a key
and a horse.

The key opens the
prison door,
And Shen stands
free outside.

She climbs on to
the horses back,
And quickly starts
to ride.

The Emperor and his men chased after little Shen.

Shen used her magic paintbrush to paint a river deep and wide,
So the Emperor had to stop on the other side.



Shen painted a beast
with sharp claws,
With wings and flames
from its jaws.

The Emperor cried
"stop!" and ran away
from the dragon.





Shen painted golden rice
and cakes and drums
and flutes.

The sun went down and
the moon came out
shining bright as day.
While the villagers and
Shen danced the night
away.