

The Worlds Colour

SPLIT! SPLAT! PLOP! THWAK!

"Ugh! This paint is so nasty!" I hissed.

"Then add water Isabelle. Maybe it will help." My mum suggested. "If I don't finish this, then the world will lose its colour. At the end of the day I was chosen to be an artist so I better do my job." I said pacing up and down. I ran upstairs to my art room and tried to find the newest brushes I had.

I dug through my brush box.

"Old, nope, not that one. Hmm not that one either." I murmured. I became stressed.

"Where could they be!" I snapped. CRACK! The new brush snapped in half! I ran. I had never run that fast before. I went down to the corner shop in my street and looked for my special paint brushes.

The shopkeeper always reserves some for me. "Hello Jackson. Do you have my special brushes?" I pleaded, my voice trembling.

Jackson's eyes widened the moment he saw me, he became sweaty, and frantic, clutching the broken half-brush like it was a wounded animal.

"Oh dear, Isabelle... rough day?" he asked, already reaching under the counter.

I nodded so fast my ponytail slapped my cheek. "The worst. The paint's drying too fast, the colours are fading, and if I don't finish the Sky Layer tonight, the sunrise tomorrow will be... grey." My voice cracked. "Grey, Jackson."

He paused, suddenly serious. "We can't have that."

From beneath the counter he pulled out a long, velvet-lined box. My breath caught. Inside were the **Celestial Series Brushes**, the ones reserved only for emergency world-colouring.

"These just came in," Jackson said softly. "I thought you might need them soon."

I reached out, fingertips trembling. The moment I touched the handles, a warm pulse travelled up my arm like the brushes recognised me.

But then...

BOOM!

The floor shuddered. A jar of marbles toppled off a shelf and shattered. Jackson grabbed the counter to steady himself.

"What was that?" I gasped.

Jackson's face drained of colour. "Isabelle... that wasn't thunder."

A second BOOM echoed, louder, followed by a strange rippling sound like fabric tearing, but enormous.

I ran outside. The sky above Windsor was splitting open, a jagged crack of white light stretching across the clouds. Colours around me flickered trees losing their green, bricks fading to pale beige, even my own hands turning ghostlike.

"No, no, no..." I whispered. "It's happening faster than I thought."

A swirling vortex of colour reds, blues, yellows was being sucked upward into the crack like water down a drain.

I clutched the Celestial Brushes to my chest. "I have to seal it. I have to paint it shut."

Jackson called after me, "Isabelle, wait! You can't go alone!"

But I was already sprinting toward the hill behind the shop, where the sky felt closest. My heart was beating so fast I could feel it. My lungs burned. The world dimmed with every step.

At the top of the hill, I planted my feet, raised the largest brush, and dipped it into the emergency paint vial strapped to my belt. The paint glowed alive, swirling like a tiny galaxy.

I pointed the brush at the crack.

"Come on," I whispered. "Let's save the world," Should I do it? Should I call people? I hesitated for a moment.

"Everyone! Let's help save the world! Bring your books, your instruments, and anything that makes you feel happy!"

People started darting my way. 10 people, then 20, then the whole town came. They played their instruments, read their books and I painted the sky. The colour slowly returned. In the distance I saw a flashlight on. I looked and Jackson stood there. He was smiling.

Bang!!

The colour returned with a blinding flash and everyone was amazed. The days returned as it was before and I continued painting. I made sure I had a few packs of paintbrushes just in case.