

"HMMMMM..." thought James to himself as he decided what to paint on his shining blank canvas. He ran downstairs, pick up his paintbrush and painted - himself. James loved Art, but then he saw the saddest thing ever - he'd spilled his water on his painting. He couldn't believe his eyes - the work he's spent hours on ruined! He knew if he tried to dry it, it would only get worse, so he sadly left it alone. To make things worse, he had run out of paint. James went straight to the nearest Art shop and bought the last tin of paint on the shelf. "Be careful with his," said the shopkeeper, "it's very special paint." "Odd," thought James. After that he went home and painted a huge Alien. But then, suddenly: "Poof!" the Alien came to life! This was unbelievable enough already, but then the Alien multiplied. This kept on going until the room was full of Aliens, hundreds of them. "What can I do?" cried James. Then he saw the glass of water on the table. He gasped. "I could clean the pain Aliens!" he thought to himself. Enthusiastically James dashed to the water glass. Then.... "Whizz! Splash" The room was covered in water. There was water on the door. There was water on the floor. But he'd done it. He's cleaned the Aliens! "Noooooooo!" went the Aliens as they dissolved into nothingness. "Yay!" went James. But then his parents came back. "We heard an awful lot of noise," said James' mum. "Nothing to see here," said James, smiling to himself. "Well, OK," said James' mum. And they all (except for the Paint Aliens) lived happily ever after.

**Tommy - Year 3 Emerald**