Joyce Paints

Joyce found a new hobby. Painting! Her family had a farm far from town. Joyce took her oil paints outside. She laid a blanket over the moist soil and sat. She had a choice of things to paint. The sky over the cow field was one. Joyce counted six big, fluffy clouds over it.
Just then a sound came from the pigpen.
“Oink! Oink!” Those pigs were always loud!
When they were crowding around their food,
they were even louder. Joyce had never painted
pigs. Now pigs were her choice!

Joyce started by painting brown ground. Then
Joyce added a fence that went around the pen.
Mom had planted a garden on a mound next to
the pigpen. Flowers sprouted from that mound.
Joyce painted the mound and flowers.

In the painting’s background, Joyce added
Dad’s old broken-down plow. At last, she painted
pink pigs and their coiled tails.

Joyce had just finished when her hand slipped.
A big, ugly brown paint drip found its way into a
lower corner on her painting. Joyce frowned. Did
she just spoil her painting?

However, Joyce had a plan. She painted
over that brown spot and it became an upside
down flowerpot. On top of that flowerpot, Joyce
painted a mouse. The painting was not spoiled!

“Wow!” a voice shouted. Joyce turned to
see her big sister, Bettie. “That painting is good,
Joyce! I’m so proud of you!”


Bettie pointed at that mouse in Joyce’s
painting. “I like this critter best,” smiled Joyce.

Now it was Joyce who felt proud!

“Me too!” said Joyce.