



“I wish I could paint like you, Kirsty!” Rachel Walker said, holding up her friend’s picture to admire it. The two girls had gone to a painting workshop at Rainspell Lighthouse the day before. “Mom, don’t you think this painting is really good?”





Mrs. Walker was sitting in a chair outside their tent, soaking up the sunshine. She smiled and nodded.

“You’re very talented, Kirsty,”

Mrs. Walker declared,

holding up the

canvas to take a

closer look. “You

got Rachel’s hair

and eye color

exactly right,

and that rainbow

arching over her head looks

beautiful.”



“Thanks!” Kirsty Tate laughed. “Artie Johnson, the Crafts Week organizer, told me I should enter it in the competition tomorrow.”

“And she also said you needed to

