The Rainbow Easel
Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

The Rainbow Easel

Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

Mia found the old wooden easel tucked in the corner of Grandpa Sol's dusty attic. It had three legs, a wide shelf, and a frame painted with tiny dancing stars. When Mia set her paper on it, the wood felt warm under her fingers. She dipped her brush in red paint and made one slow, careful dot. The dot sparkled like a tiny star.

Mia painted a wobbly green hill, then a yellow sun with long, wiggly rays. Suddenly the easel hummed, and the painting shimmered like water. Instead of paper, Mia saw a real island with palm trees swaying in a warm breeze. A tiny voice called, "Hello up there!" Mia leaned closer and gasped. Something small and fluffy waved at her from the sand.

The creature had a round teal body, tiny wings, and a tail tipped with every color of the rainbow. "I'm Pip," it chirped, adjusting the blue ribbon on one floppy ear. "Welcome to Rainbow Island! But please hurry, because our bridge is broken." Mia grabbed her paintbrush from behind her ear and climbed right into the painting.

Pip led Mia along a sandy path lined with seashells and bright flowers. They passed huts made of woven leaves and driftwood. Everyone waved, but their smiles looked worried. "The bridge was our only way across the water," Pip explained, flying in little loops. "Now nobody can visit anybody. Lila misses her friends terribly."

At the edge of the island, a tall old man leaned on a wooden walking stick. His straw hat shaded warm, crinkly eyes, and his white beard fluttered in the breeze. "I'm Grandpa Sol," he said gently. "The storm broke our bridge last night. We have no wood strong enough to build another one." Mia looked at the broken planks and thought hard.

Across the water, a little girl in a pink polka-dot dress stood on the far shore. Her black bob haircut bounced as she waved both arms. "I'm Lila!" she called. "I want to visit my friends, but I can't cross!" Her gap-toothed grin faded into a sigh. Mia's hazel eyes sparkled with an idea. She held up her paintbrush.

"I have a rainbow easel," Mia said. "Maybe I can paint you a new bridge!" Grandpa Sol's laugh lines deepened into a hopeful smile. "Imagination can fix what seems impossible," he said, patting her shoulder. Pip spun in excited circles, his rainbow-tipped tail leaving a trail of sparkles in the air. The islanders gathered close to watch.

Mia set up her easel right on the sandy shore. She mixed colors until her brush glowed: red for courage, orange for warmth, yellow for sunshine. She painted a long, curving arc from one shore to the other. Everyone held their breath as the colors dripped down the canvas and began to shine.

First came a soft hum, then a bright flash of light. The painted arc lifted off the paper and stretched across the water. It was a bridge of pure rainbow, glowing and shimmering in the sun. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and purple beams wove together like a beautiful ribbon. The islanders cheered and clapped their hands.

Lila was the first to run across. Her blue sandals barely touched the glowing colors as she skipped and laughed. "It's warm like sunshine!" she shouted, spinning in the middle. Her friends ran to meet her from the other side, and they hugged right there on the rainbow bridge. Everyone clapped and danced together.

Grandpa Sol stepped onto the bridge and tapped it with his walking stick. It rang like a gentle bell. "You fixed our island with a painting," he said, his dark eyes twinkling. "You showed us that creativity can build things stronger than storms." Pip did a happy flip in the air and landed on Mia's shoulder, chattering with delight.

Mia smiled so wide her freckles stretched. "I didn't know paint could do that," she said. "Now I know that imagination can take you anywhere." She painted a small rainbow heart in the corner of her picture, and it glowed softly on the easel. The islanders waved as the painting began to shimmer and fade.

Back in the dusty attic, Mia blinked at her paper. The painting looked ordinary again, but a tiny rainbow heart sparkled in the corner. Grandpa Sol came up the stairs with lemonade and saw her smiling. "Find something special up here?" he asked. Mia nodded and hugged him tight. The easel waited quietly.

From that day on, Mia painted every afternoon. Each picture on the rainbow easel opened a new door to somewhere wonderful. She visited a city made of clouds and a forest where flowers sang. But she always remembered the island and the friends she helped. Her paintbrush felt a little magic in it now.

She learned that painting is more than colors on paper. It is a way to explore, to imagine, and to solve problems. When something seems broken, a creative idea can build a bridge. Mia tucked her paintbrush behind her ear and smiled at the easel. There were so many worlds still waiting to be painted.

And if you ever find an old wooden easel with tiny dancing stars on its frame, look closely. Maybe, just maybe, a rainbow is waiting for you too. All you need is a brush, a little paint, and a big imagination. Mia waved goodbye from her painting, and the rainbow bridge glowed on, bright and forever.