Long, long ago in China there lived a poor boy called Chang. Although he loved drawing, he was too poor to have a paintbrush, so he used a stick. He would draw in the sand or scratch marks on the walls.

Early one morning, Change saw a large, silver fish trapped in the reeds by the riverbank. The fish was struggling to get free. Because Chang felt sorry for the fish, he helped to release it.

Later that day, Chang was sleeping. In his dream a man dressed in a silver cloak spoke to him. ‘You are a kind boy Chang. I am giving you a magic paintbrush. Use it to help the poor.’ Chang woke up with a start, and lying beside him was a paint brush.

So, Chang painted the shape of a butterfly and it changed into a real butterfly and f;lew away. Chang was amazed with his gift and ran straight back to the village to see how he could help the poor people.

First, he painted a donkey for the young mother to help her carry her goods. Next, hew painted an ox to help the farmer pull his plough. After that he painted a hoe for the old lady to weed her garden. Everyday, he found a new use for the paintbrush. Unfortunately, the emperor heard of Chang and his magic brush. He sent for Chang and ordered him to paint a field of gold. Chang didn’t want to obey the greedy emperor so he drew a sea with a tiny island in the distance.

‘Where is my field of gold?’ shouted the emperor, angrily.

‘Just here, replied Chang drawing a tiny field on the island.

‘Paint me a boat so that I can travel to the island.’ Snarled the emperor. So Chang painted a boat. The emperor climbed onto the boat. Chang drew the north wind blowing towards the island.

‘I’m going too slowly,’ roared the emperor. ‘Paint stronger wind.’

So Chang drew a storm. Suddenly. The waves grew rougher until the boat capsized and the emperor disappeared. Then Chang drew a white horse so that he could ride home and tell his friends what had happened to the emperor who wanted too much for himself.