Hand-in-hand Francine and her mother strode to school.

Francine was bursting with excitement for today was a very special day!
Once they arrived, she kissed her mother goodbye, and when she looked inside the classroom her mouth dropped wide open.

Whoa!
Scrolls of paper in every shade imaginable were laid out on the floor. Paint, glitter, markers, and crayons were spread out too, just waiting to be used.
Today was the day that Francine and her classmates were decorating the set for the school play. The play had... 

Princesses, kings, and even a... dragon.
Soon, their teacher Ms. Oshie entered the classroom. “Now,” she began, “since it’s our first day, use whatever colors, paintbrushes or crayons you want until you’re comfortable.”
Happily the children began to put blobs of paint on the banner. Some children daintily decorated the poster, while others fearlessly tackled it, spreading glitter and paint from corner to corner.
Francine was having so much fun. But just as she put the finishing touches on her painting, something horrible happened.
A river of pink trickled down the banner.

“Hey!” a boy in her class yelled, “you’re ruining my work!” Before Francine could reply, a student named Alice cried out, “Yeah, you got it all over my flowers!”
Francine was too afraid to explain what she was trying to do. Knocking over the paint was an accident...

but still, she had never felt so small.
"What were you painting anyways?" asked Alice...soon the other children began to laugh.
“That’s not how you use a paintbrush”
One of them told Francine.

“Yeah”

just because you’re messy now the whole banner is ruined.”
“STOP WAIT!” Pablo shouted

“The painting isn’t ruined!

It looks even better”

Everyone looked confused.

How could it look better?
“But it’s not the way Ms. Oshie taught us to paint!” the students cried.

“So what!” Pablo exclaimed. “What’s wrong with it? It looks pretty cool to me.”
“Cool?” said Alice, raising an eyebrow. Pablo nodded and walked over to Francine, “I like the way you used the paint.”

“it’s so different. I’ve never seen anything like it.”
Francine smiled, “they’re supposed to be stars,” she told him.

When the other children heard this, they started asking questions.

I thought stars look like:

Pink Stars?
But all questions stopped when Bo pointed to the end of the banner, where the stream of pink blended in with orange and red, making it look like a shooting star.
Slowly one by one, the children began to agree that the stream of pink wasn't bad at all! It doesn't look that bad! Looks kinda cool!
Soon, everyone began pitching in. Some drew kings in spaceships while others drew alien princesses. Francine felt better and better. They all showed each other the unique way that each of them liked to paint.

But now, whenever a drop of paint accidently fell on the banner, no one gasped. Instead, they took the mistake and turned it into something new, something better.

It was a Happy Accident!
A few moments later, Francine felt a tap on her shoulder.
It was Alice. At first, Francine thought she was going to say more mean stuff about her painting, but instead, Francine got a surprise.
“I’m sorry” she said, “I wasn’t trying to be mean, I just didn’t understand what you were doing. But now I know your painting style is just different than mine. And different doesn’t mean bad... it just means different.”
Francine was shocked! “Do you want to learn how I like to use paint?” asked Francine. Alice grinned. “Definitely,” she responded, and the two girls splattered blues, pinks and Greens until it was time to go home.
Opening night of the play, the class banner hung proudly above the stage.

All their tiny “mistakes” truly pulled the whole banner together.

They would remember what they made forever and ever!
THE END