

Lily loved to draw Her



Lily loved to draw. Her crayons were her best friends, and her paper was her canvas. One sunny afternoon, she decided to draw a cat. She carefully sketched a round head, added two pointy ears, a little nose, and some whiskers. She drew a fluffy body and a long, swishy tail.

But when Lily looked at her finished drawing, she frowned. "Oh dear," she sighed. "One ear is a little bigger than the other. And the tail is a bit too wobbly. It's not *perfect*." She felt a little disappointed and was about to crumple the paper into a ball.

Just then, her little brother, Sam, toddled over. He pointed at the drawing with a huge smile. "Kitty! My kitty!" he squealed, his eyes wide with delight. He reached out to gently pet the drawn cat on the paper. To Sam, it wasn't just a cat; it was the most wonderful, friendly cat he had ever seen, drawn just for him.

Lily looked at her drawing again, then at Sam's joyful face. She hadn't noticed how shiny the cat's eyes were, or how happy its wobbly tail seemed. Sam

didn't care about a slightly bigger ear; he only saw the happy cat Lily had made.

Mom came by and saw Sam cuddling the drawing. "What a beautiful cat, Lily!" she said, smiling. "Sam certainly thinks so."

Lily felt a warm feeling spread through her chest. "But... it's not perfect, Mom," she admitted.

Mom knelt down. "Sometimes," she explained softly, "the most wonderful things aren't 'perfect' in every way. They are special because **you** made them, with your own unique ideas and your very best effort. That's what makes them truly beautiful and loved."

From that day on, Lily learned a valuable lesson. She understood that ****it's not about being perfectly flawless; it's about the effort, the creativity, and the joy you put into what you make. Your unique creations are always special, especially when they come from your heart.****