

Leo loved to draw One



Leo loved to draw. One sunny afternoon, with a big blank paper and his brightest yellow crayon, he decided to draw a star!

He carefully drew one point, then another, then another. Oops! One point was a little bit wobbly, and another was a bit shorter than the rest. His star wasn't perfectly even, like the ones in his storybooks. Leo frowned. He looked at his drawing, then back at the perfect stars in his book, and felt a little sad. "It's not right," he mumbled, almost wanting to crumple the paper.

Just then, his older sister, Mia, peeked over his shoulder. "Wow, Leo! What a bright star!" she exclaimed.

Leo shook his head. "It's not good, Mia. Look, this point is wobbly, and this

one is too short. It's not perfect like the real stars, or the ones in books."

Mia smiled gently. She picked up the paper. "Leo," she said, "do you know what makes your star so wonderful?" Leo shook his head, looking down. "It's **your star," Mia continued. "You drew it with your own hands, with your own imagination. Every point, even the wobbly ones, shows how much effort you put in. It's special because **you** made it. And look how brightly it shines with your yellow crayon!"**

Leo looked at his star again. He saw the wobbly point, but now he also saw the bright yellow, and remembered how much fun he had making it. It was **his star, and it **did** look wonderfully bright and full of life. A big smile spread across his face. "My special star!" he chirped.**

*****The Moral of the Story:*** It's not about being perfectly perfect, but about trying your best and putting your heart into what you do. Your unique efforts make everything you create special and wonderful!**