

Suzette was a quiet, kind girl with lots of friends. She had a bright smile and loved her family. Suzette lived with her mother and Grandma Ada who wore cuddly cardigans and made the best apple tart anyone had ever tasted. Her house was always filled with laughter and noise, most of the noise coming from her two brothers Jake and Luka.

Suzette loved art. She would sit or lie or hang upside down and draw and sketch and paint. Suzette was at her happiest when she was creating with a pen or a pencil or a paintbrush in her hand. Her younger brother Luka used to hang over her shoulder watching her, his mouth open as he watched her hand move across the paper. Her big brother Jake was a tease and a torment and was happiest when he was making fun of her. Every day, he would point and snigger at her pictures. Suzette would crumple them into snowballs and throw them away.

After days and weeks and months of Jake's mocking, Suzette gave up. She ran to her room, slammed the door and threw all of her brushes and paints and pencils aggressively into the bin.

Later that night, Luka knocked timidly on Suzette's door and when she opened it she saw that he had a book in his hand. The book was filled with all her crumpled pictures. Each one had been smoothed out and glued into Luka's scrapbook. "You saved my drawings?" Suzette said.

"I think they're wonderful!" Luka smiled. From his pocket he pulled a pencil. He turned over the page in his scrapbook to a blank piece of paper. "Don't give up Suzette." he said. "You are wonderful." Suzette smiled. She sat on her bed and started to draw. She drew a picture of herself and Luka while he gazed over her shoulder and watched her hand.