

The only thing that Sunny loved more than chocolate biscuits
was the sweet, dusty chaos of an unfinished jigsaw puzzle.

Sunny adored the way the pieces
hugged one another.



Every piece was connected
and every piece was important.
And the more loving the pieces were,
the more worldly, wicked and wonderful
the picture became.

“What if I complete every jigsaw puzzle, Gran?
Will I be sad forever?”

“Listen, Sunshine,” said Gran.


“Do you really believe that finishing
puzzles is what makes you happy?”

“Yes!” said Sunny, gazing up at her tree of a grandmother.
She was definitely Sunny’s favourite tree.
She even smelled like bark
and was wonderful to hug.



Gran smiled and took Sunny’s hand.
“Well then, you’ll want to see this . . .”





Sunny followed Gran indoors, where the floors smelled like old flowers and the walls like apple stew with cinnamon.

“Let’s see if you can finish this one!” she said, handing Sunny a faded, tattered box.

Sunny had encountered a universe of mystery, but NEVER a jigsaw puzzle with this many pieces.

She started right away.

Time zoomed by and soon Sunny was seconds away from that buzz. Moments from being a honeybee. She reached into the giant jigsaw box for the final time, only to find that one piece was . . .