

In memory of Daphne Veronica Stephens,
aka Granny V – J.S.

For Grandma,
a piece of me always – B.S.

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The **MISSING** Piece

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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.

Whenever she finished a puzzle, Sunny would feel a warm, honey-trickle of happiness in her chest.



She wished that she could hold on to that feeling forever – wrap it around her body or pour it into a bottle.

But the feeling always disappeared.
The only way she could keep it coming
was by completing puzzle . . .

after puzzle . . .

after puzzle.




“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 . . .”