

📌 PART.022 - The Little Artist & The Space Adventure

🎨 Susie's Love for Art—A Forgotten Dream Rekindled

The days passed in a golden blur—mornings at the store, evenings preparing for the little golden egg, and, somewhere in between, Susie rediscovered painting.

Not just casual doodling, but real painting.

The kind that made her heart beat faster, that pulled her into another world.

Her fingers, once so hesitant, now moved instinctively—sketching, blending, layering color upon color.

She painted Hunter's bright, curious eyes in deep amber strokes, his irises flecked with gold.

She painted Paul's strong hands, the same hands that once carved wooden toys for Hunter, the same hands she longed to hold again.

She painted scenes from her dreams—

A small house by the sea, where the waves kissed the shore, and the windows glowed warm at dusk.

A treehouse nestled in an ancient oak, where laughter echoed between the leaves.

A tiny bookstore filled with handwritten notes, where children curled up in reading nooks and turned the pages of books she wished she could write.

Sometimes, she painted in the early hours before sunrise, when the shop was still asleep, and the first light of dawn stretched golden fingers across the wooden counter.

The only sound was the soft scratch of her paintbrush against the canvas.

Other times, Hunter sat beside her, his own hands stained with watercolor, completely lost in his own world.

His world had no limits.

While she painted landscapes and faces, Hunter

designed entire galaxies.

His "Protective Shell" was no longer just an idea—it was a blueprint, a vision, a mission.

He sketched out a glowing force field, an invisible barrier that would keep their family safe, no matter what.

And in every version, inside the shell, there was always love.

Each stroke of color was a prayer, a wish, a promise.

Someday, Paul would see these paintings.

He would step into the shop, pause at the canvas, and turn to her with that familiar grin—half-proud, half-teasing.

"You've been busy, Susie."

And just like that, she would be home.

More Painting Details!

- Susie's favorite medium? Watercolors. The way the pigments bled into each other, creating soft, unpredictable magic—it reminded her of childhood.
- The smell of fresh paint? It was like a door

unlocking, opening a secret passage into her own heart.

- Her brushes? Worn down, each one carrying a hundred stories in its bristles.
- Her biggest dream? To paint a giant mural in the shop, a place where all the colors of their story could live.

Every time she mixed her colors, she felt a strange sense of peace.

As if painting was the only thing in the world that truly made sense.

Hunter's Masterpiece: The Ultimate Shield

Hunter wasn't just drawing for fun.

His mind buzzed with ideas, and his tiny hands moved with purpose.

This wasn't just a "Protective Shell"—it was a real plan.

- It had sensors for danger.
- It could expand and contract to shield the

family.

- It had a built-in emergency "Super Hug" function. (For when Dad came home and they all needed the biggest group hug ever.)


Tanya had taught him:

"If you want to change the world, start with what you can change."

So, Hunter focused on what he **COULD** control.

 He sketched. He refined. He dreamed.

And one day? He'd build it for real.

 January 15, 2021 – The Day of Susie's Meeting with Tanya

The morning arrived wrapped in icy sunlight.

Outside, the streets were frozen in soft white silence.

Inside the shop, the air was warm, filled with the comforting scent of tea leaves and fresh bread.

Before anything else, Susie took ten minutes for herself—

✨ Yoga, breathing, stillness.

✨ Blossom Dearie's "Tea for Two" playing softly in the background.

✨ A quiet moment to remind herself:
"I am exactly where I need to be."

🍰 The Cake—A Love Letter in Sugar

Later that day, Susie gathered flour, eggs, and fruit—ingredients for something more than dessert. This cake?

It was a message.

A thank-you to Grandma Lucy for her endless kindness. A gift for Tanya, for showing them how to see the world differently.

She measured, mixed, and poured, humming softly as she worked.

Hunter sat nearby, watching in awe.

"Mom?" he asked, eyes wide. "Are cakes made with love REALLY tastier?"

Susie smiled.

"Only if you pour the love in at the right moment."

Hunter gasped. "When's the right moment?"

Susie gently tapped his nose with flour. "Right before you put it in the oven."

By 10 o'clock, the cake molds were ready.

She reviewed her goal book, feeling something deep inside her—

- ◆ For the first time in years, her dreams weren't just thoughts.


- ◆ They were REAL.

- ◆ They were HAPPENING.

 Afternoon at the Store - Hunter's Masterpiece Unveiled

At noon, Hunter burst into the shop, clutching his newest painting.

 A family of chickens... inside a silver-white spaceship.

 "The Safe Flight Shell"—a magical aircraft with danger sensors, an anti-tear force field, and a built-in

family hug mode!


Tanya arrived just in time to see it.

She burst out laughing.

“This is amazing, Hunter! You really thought of everything.”

Hunter beamed with pride.

Susie looked at her son—so small, yet so full of big dreams.

 Tanya's Lesson: The Strongest Shield

Tanya knelt beside Hunter, tapping the drawing.

“Do you know what the strongest shield in the world is?” she asked.

Hunter thought for a moment. “Vibranium?”

Tanya giggled. “Good guess. But no.”

She placed a hand on his chest.

“It's believing in yourself.”

Hunter's eyes widened. “Like... superhero powers?”


Tanya smiled. “Exactly.”

She handed him a new challenge—

- Meditate for ten minutes every morning and night.
- Use your Space Flight Shell as a visualization tool.
- Internalize the belief that you can protect yourself.

Hunter pumped his fist in the air.

"I'M GONNA TRAIN LIKE A REAL HERO."

 And then he had an idea.

"Mom! Tanya! Let's put on a play about the Space Flight Shell!"

Tanya laughed. "Brilliant! We'll invite kids from town—either in person or online."

Hunter jumped up and down. "YESSS!"

 The Cake Reveal – A Taste of Pure Happiness

After the session, Hunter zoomed around the warehouse like a spaceship, making funny faces that sent Susie into a fit of giggles.

Her stomach rumbled.


Tanya smirked.

“Oh wow, sounds like the little golden egg is hungry.”

Susie laughed.

“Well... good thing I made something special.”

She placed the cake on the table.

 A “T” shaped sponge cake... topped with frozen fruit—strawberries, blueberries, kiwi—shaped into a heart.

Tanya’s jaw dropped.

“You MADE this?!”

Susie blushed.

“My first time making something this complicated without—”

“Dropping it?” Tanya teased, grinning.

They burst out laughing.

 A Memory of Sweetness & Love

As Susie took her first bite, a memory surfaced.

◆ Her childhood... the tiny cake shop she passed every day.

◆ Her family hadn't been rich, but just the scent of cake made her heart happy.

She realized something profound.

♥ Happiness doesn't have to cost anything.

♥ Sunshine, kindness, the scent of a bakery on a winter day...

♥ These are life's true luxuries.

🍵 A Perfect Ending

As afternoon tea continued, Grandma Lucy prepared grapefruit tea.

Hunter carefully poured it into thermoses, his face glowing with pride.

And in that moment—

with warm hands wrapped around tea cups, laughter echoing in the shop, and cake crumbs on the table...

🌿 Everything felt perfect.

✨ END OF EPISODE 19 - BUT THE JOURNEY CONTINUES... ✨