In the beginning, it was just her and the world. She wandered through the vast landscapes of her mind, weaving stories as she went. The world was her canvas, and she was the artist. She noticed a little girl, playing near the water's edge, and it brought back memories of her own childhood.

"It's beautiful," she whispered, "just like the world."}

She watched as the girl played, and she realized that the world was full of wonder, just like her. She decided to make the world her next canvas, and she began to paint.

"This is my world," she said, "and I'm going to make it beautiful," and she began to paint with all her heart.