THINK BIG.

Welcome.

Illustrations and writing
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This is Rosa, in a few days she is turning 8.
She wants to have a huge birthday with lots of colour and sparkles.

She dreams of a pretty pink dress and rainbow colours decorating the town hall.

The list goes on and on.

Giggling, Rosa skips off to tell her carer Tracey her birthday plans.

"NO, NO, NO!!!" Tracey yelled. "It's way too expensive and a waste of time. If you want a party lets keep it simple. You know, it's the little things that count."

"Yeah yeah, I know." Rosa sighed.

Sitting in her bright pink bedroom Rosa sulked. "Who invented money anyway!" She grumbled. Tracey walked in holding the phone, "Abigail wants to talk about your party," she said giving it to Rosa.

Rosa picked up the phone.. “Hi.” She mumbled. “Hey Rosie, I’m so excited for your party, is it going to be the best party ever, with unicorns and a GIANT cake?” Abigail chattered. “No.” Rosa replied. “It’s gonna suck and it’s all Tracey's fault!” She launched into an explanation.

3 days later, the party arrived. Rosa had set out for this to be a disaster, but as soon as her friends stepped through the door she started to have the time of her life.

As the party drew to an end, Tracey came over to Rosa and said "Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" "Actually, I didn't want it to end." She replied.

THE

END.