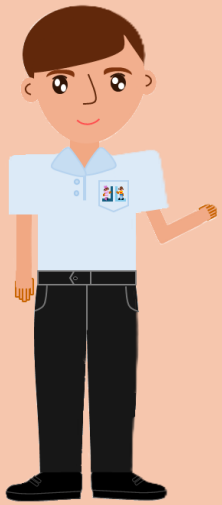
Lek's Self-Portrait



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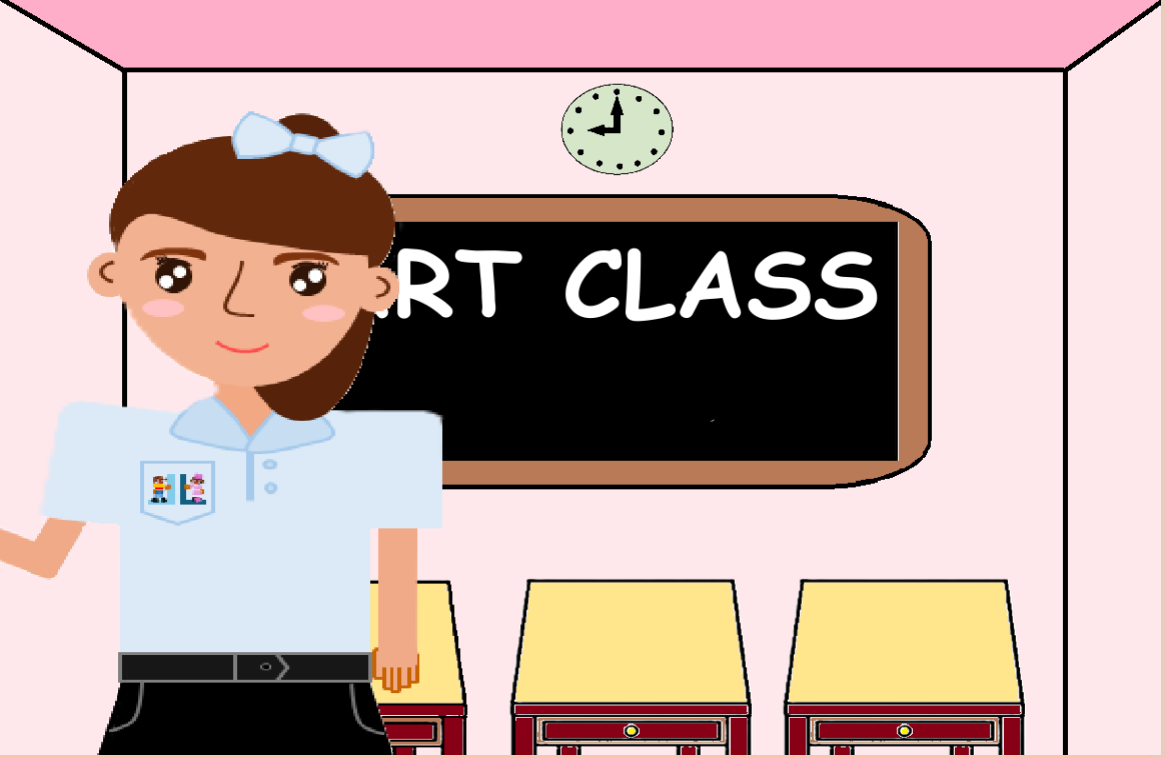


It was a normal Tuesday morning at school, and Lek was in art class. Lek really enjoyed doing art and was pleased when the teacher gave the class a drawing task.

"Today" said the teacher, "I would like you to draw a self-portrait. This means you must think about how your face looks and then draw it in your art book."

Lek smiled, she liked drawing pictures of many things, but she was particularly good at drawing peoples faces and expressions.

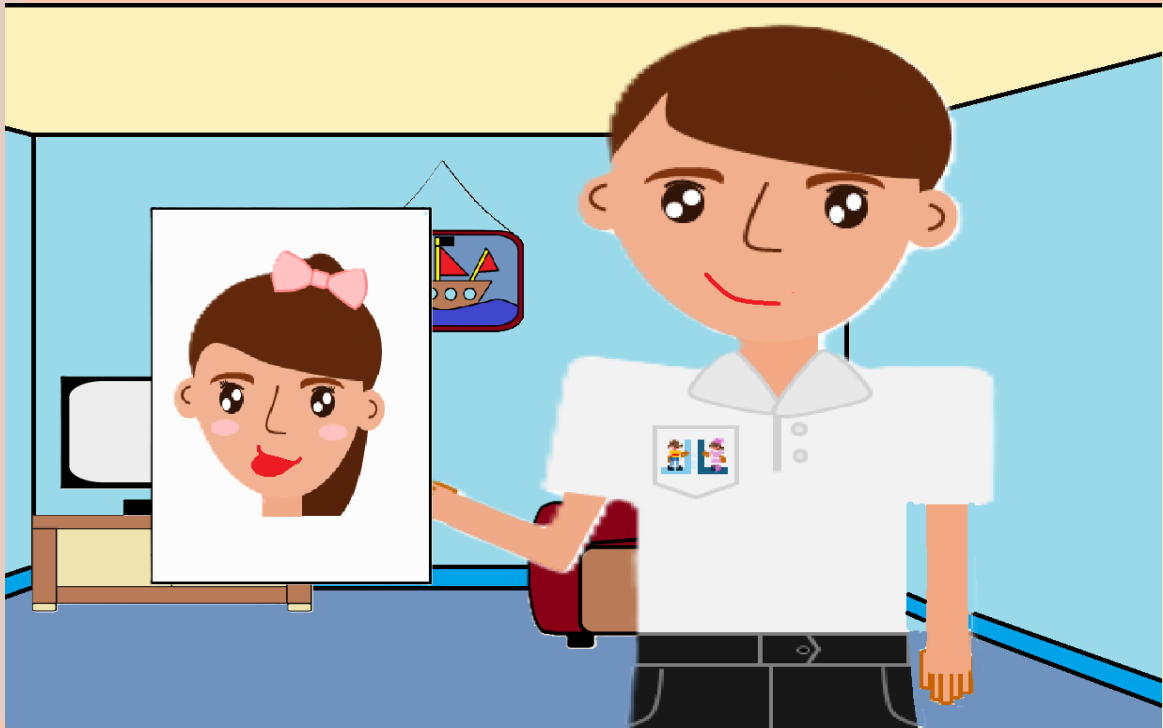
Lek got to work and was soon finished. She showed her self-portrait to the teacher.

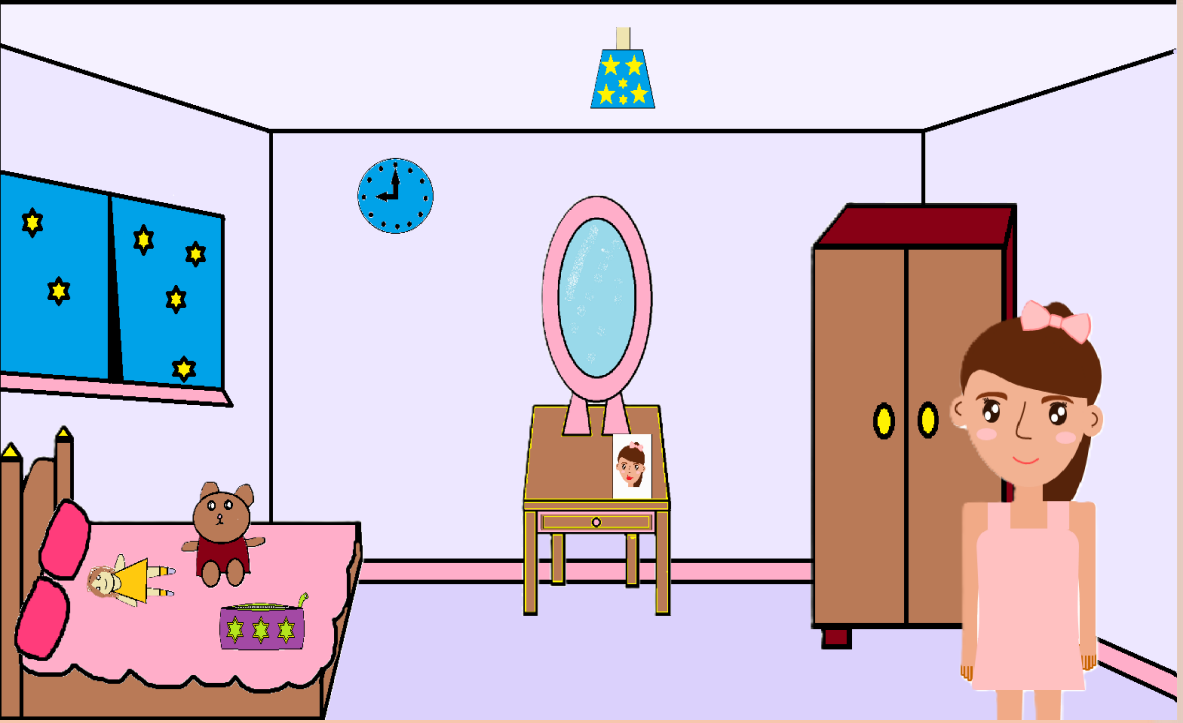
"Very good Lek, this piece of art looks very lifelike" her teacher remarked.

When Lek got home, she showed her picture to Luca.

"It's very good," said Luca "but don't you think she looks a bit different to you. She looks very cheeky."

Lek looked at the picture. Luca was right, but Lek was sure she hadn't drawn the picture that way in her art class.





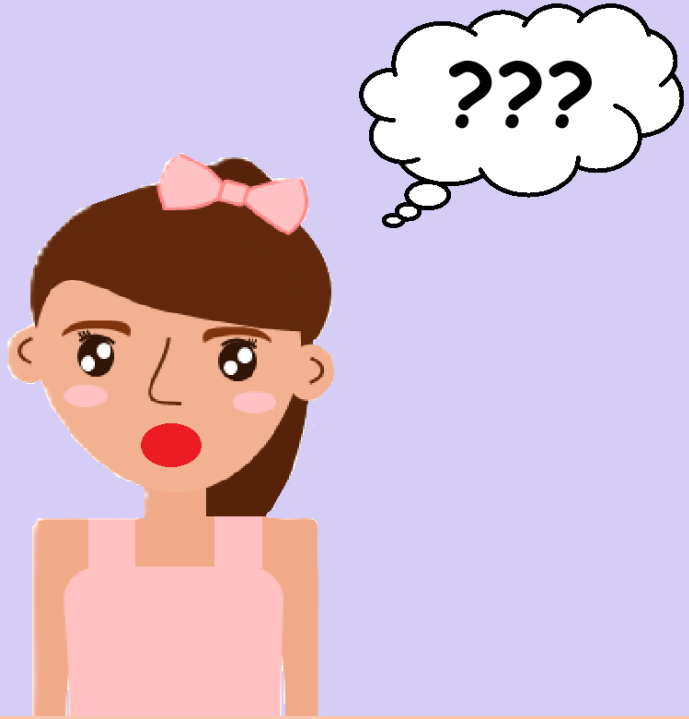
It was late and Lek got ready for bed. She left her self-portrait proudly displayed on the dresser.

The wind blew through the open window and Lek felt a chill.

"Hey you," said a voice. Lek looked around. "Over here" said the voice again.

Lek looked at her self-portrait. "It can't be," she said to herself.

"Hey big ears I'm talking to you," the self-portrait said.



Lek was completely shocked. “What’s happening?” she asked.

“You drew me so how should I know?” the self-portrait replied. “Anyway, my name is Kel, and I need you to draw the rest of my body so I can climb off this page and get going.”

Lek didn’t know what to do but she knew she could never let this rude drawing get off the page. Lek looked around and spotted something that could help. She walked over to her pencil case and grabbed her rubber.

The self-portrait looked worried. "Hey, there's no need for that, if you draw the rest of my body, I'll be your best friend forever."

Lek paused.

"Then we can go and pull Luca's hair," the self-portrait giggled.

"That's enough," said Lek. "There'll be no pulling hair and no more rudeness." She used her rubber to erase the self-portrait.

Lek wasn't sure if she was dreaming, but she was sure she wouldn't draw any more self-portraits.

Next time, I'll draw a nice teddy bear she thought.

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