Two Very Different Portraits



Two artists see each other in their own way.

A short story to enjoy together

Two Very Different Portraits

"Sit still," said Anya. "I am drawing you."

Her little brother, Ravi, sat at the kitchen table. He stayed still for three whole breaths. Then his nose itched.

"May I scratch?"

"Only if you keep your ears in the same place."

Ravi giggled. He picked up a crayon. "I will draw you too."

Anya drew Ravi's round cheeks and bright eyes. She gave his ears plenty of room on the page. She liked how they peeped through his hair.

Ravi began with Anya's smile. Then he reached for blue, green, yellow, and red.

"My hair is not a rainbow," Anya said.

"Wait until it is finished."

They drew quietly for a while. A spoon clinked in the sink. Outside, a bicycle bell rang.

At last they held up their pictures.

Ravi looked at his enormous paper ears. "I could hear a whisper from the moon!"

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Anya looked at her rainbow hair. "I could hide in a box of crayons!"

They both laughed.

"I made your ears big because you always hear me calling," Anya explained.

"I used all the colours because you tell me lots of different stories," said Ravi.

Mum helped them hang the portraits side by side. Neither picture looked exactly like a photograph. Both looked like someone they loved.

Next day, Ravi sat at the table with a fresh sheet of paper.

"What are you drawing now?" Anya asked.

"You telling a story."

He chose his biggest box of crayons.

Anya sat down beside him and began.

THE END

LET'S TALK

Why did each artist choose those details? What would you include in a picture of a friend?

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