**Katalin Szegedi: Lenka**

Lenka was born on a beautiful May night at full moon. Who knows why,whether for this or what, she became round like a full moon, and she had unique curly red hair. Her parents loved Lenka, but she felt herself lonely, becauseshe didn’t have friends. One sunny afternoon Lenka drew next to the window, suddenly her mom opened the door. She wasn’t surprised to find Lenka drawing again, because the pencils and crayons were Lenka’s best friends.

-It’s sunny outside! Lenka! Go to the square and play with the kids!- Suddenly Lenka became so sad, angry and she said:

- I don’t have friends, because I’m fat and ugly! Her mom hugged her quickly.

-You are not fat and ugly. You are beautiful and pretty! One two three, put on your shoes and run down and play with the kids! -she said. Lenka pulled on her knocking lacquer, got her favourite stuffed piggy under her arms, and ran down to the stairs….

She become attentive to jumproping school girls. she ran cheerfully over to them.

-Can I try it?- Lenka said.

The girls stopped playing and surveyed Lanka from head to toe.

-You couldn’t even jump, you just like a pig! Play with your piggy friends! Oink! Oink!

Suddenly Lenka became so sad.

But as she stood there herself, she noticed some chalks on the ground.

-It could be good!-she said.

Later she noticed circling girls. Can I try it? She asked, but the girls didn't appreciate the answer, they continued playing as if Lenka wasn't there either.

They must not have heard.- She thought. She shouted louder.

-Khm! I’m Lenka, can I play with you?

The girls stopped circling, and looked closely at the little girl.

-Look, here is the circling ring, if you can fit at all!- the girls said.

The girls mocked her. Lenka was sad, and she run away from the girls.

She was bored, so she began to draw with a chalk to the sidewalk. Lenka was so immersed in the work that she didn't even notice when the little boy in the scooter stopped behind her.

The boy watched Lenka for a long time in silence.

-Wow you’re so good! What’s your name?

-I’m Lenka, and you?

-I’m Palkó. Do you like playing with scooter?

- Carch me if you can!-Lenka said.

Palkó snapped at his scooter in the blink of an eye, looking impatiently to see if the little girl was finally coming after her.

Lenka didn't need any more: she picked up her chalk and ran after the boy, chasing the hoop. Palkó waited for her at the next tree. Lenka jumped on the scooter behind Palkó. They circled merrily around the square, playing almost until dark.

"Let's hurry home, this will be a storm!"

When they reached the house of Lenka's, the little girl ran up the stairs, taking the steps in pairs. Her mom was already waiting for her with hot cocoa.

