



Whenever I get home from school, I go into my room and draw so I don't need to talk to my parents as much as I used to.

During art class, a boy named Jack approaches me while I'm drawing...

I quickly cover my drawing because I am embarrassed.

I intentionally move my drawing a little bit close to him because I am curious about what he will say.





He grabs my drawing and says: "Oh! That is pretty good! maybe only a little bit, just a little bit worse than mine. "

I reply...

Ha. Show me yours then!

Give back my drawing you idiot!