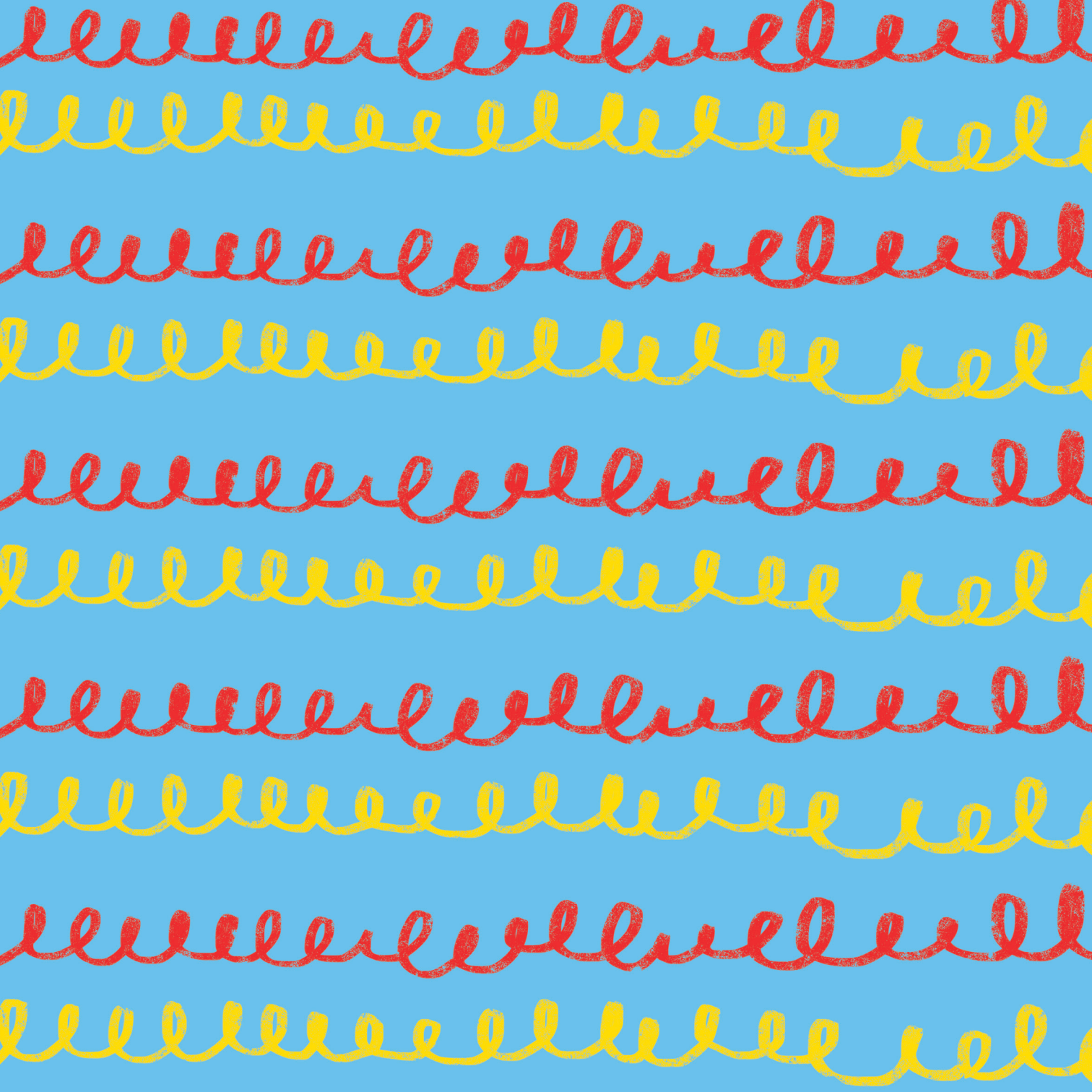

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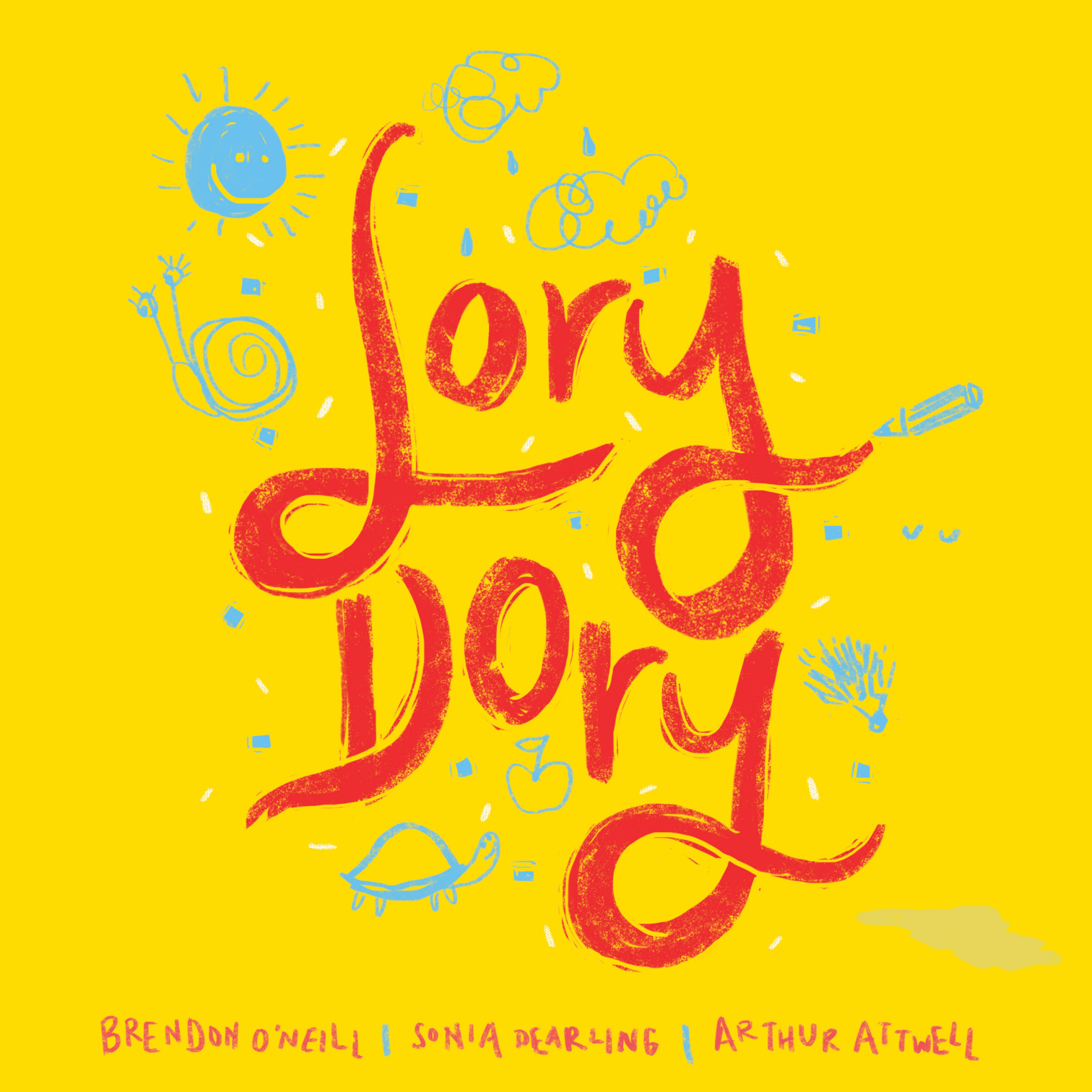
Lory Dory
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Designed by Arthur Attwell
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Johannesburg
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Lory Dory
BRENDON O'NEILL | SONIA DEARLING | ARTHUR ATTWELL





One night Grandpa was tucking me in.
His hands were soft and his hair was thin.



‘I’m going to tell you a special story,
about a girl named Lory Dory.’



You couldn’t see Lory Dory at all
because she was born invisible.





You’d only see Lory when the rain hit her head,



or when she was curled under blankets in bed.



Lory was left out of all the kids' games.
They teased her and they called her names.


‘Look, it’s Lory. The Imaginary Friend!
She’s not like us, she’s just pretend!’

One day at school, a boy wanted to know,
‘What do you look like? I’ve only seen you when it snows.’



‘Can’t you paint yourself?’
Lory knew she could.





But not in the way the boy
thought she would.


Lory painted her body
with everything she loved,
the boy who helped her,
the rainbow sky up above.





She painted herself every day with such pride,
to show people her beauty inside.



‘I know I’m invisible
and hard to see
so I painted these pictures
to show you the real me.’





‘Are you making this up, Grandpa? Is this story true?’
‘Lory is real, my child, as real as me and you.’





Then Grandpa left and I can't be sure,
but I'm sure I saw Lory right outside my door.



