

# The Girl with the Blue Stone



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Looking down at his palette in 1664,  
Johannes Vermeer realizes: he needs one colour more!

He picks up his quill and writes: 'I'm all out of blue!  
I could use a fresh supply, hope you can come through.'



Soon, a girl sets off for Delft to pay him a call.  
Jo is her name, and she is only half as tall,  
as the men on the road, their horses all steaming,  
carts packed up to the brim, shiny swords all gleaming.



At the gate to the city, guards inspect each cart,  
But no one glances at Jo, which quiets her heart.  
They must be too focused on those big sacks and crates,  
to worry about some girl passing their gates.



Yet Jo's basket contains much more precious things, hush!  
A letter, some small boxes, satchels, soft and plush.  
If only those guards knew just what was inside,  
they'd forget all about those crates that they eyed.



The great painter Vermeer will be Jo's final stop.  
But she has many to make, so come on, chop chop!  
At the first on her list, she's let in by a maid  
who tells Jo, 'Come in, girl, now don't be afraid.'



Jo hands a red pouch to a lady in yellow,  
who tears into it quickly and lets out a bellow!  
She cries, 'Jan bought me a necklace,' as she quivers her lip,  
but she waves Jo away without even a tip.



Jo's so disappointed, she could almost weep.  
Why must her rich clients always be so cheap?  
She can't turn down jobs, even if they do give her blisters.  
She really needs the money for her brothers and sisters.