

MYLO FREEMAN

Rembrandt and *Lucia*



RUBINSTEIN



How long has Lucia been sitting here on this doorstep?
She has knocked on the door so many times, but no one answers.
Lucia has an important question for the famous painter who lives here.
With a deep sigh, she knocks on the door a few more times, as hard as she can,
until her knuckles hurt.







To her surprise, suddenly a sleepy head appears in the doorway.

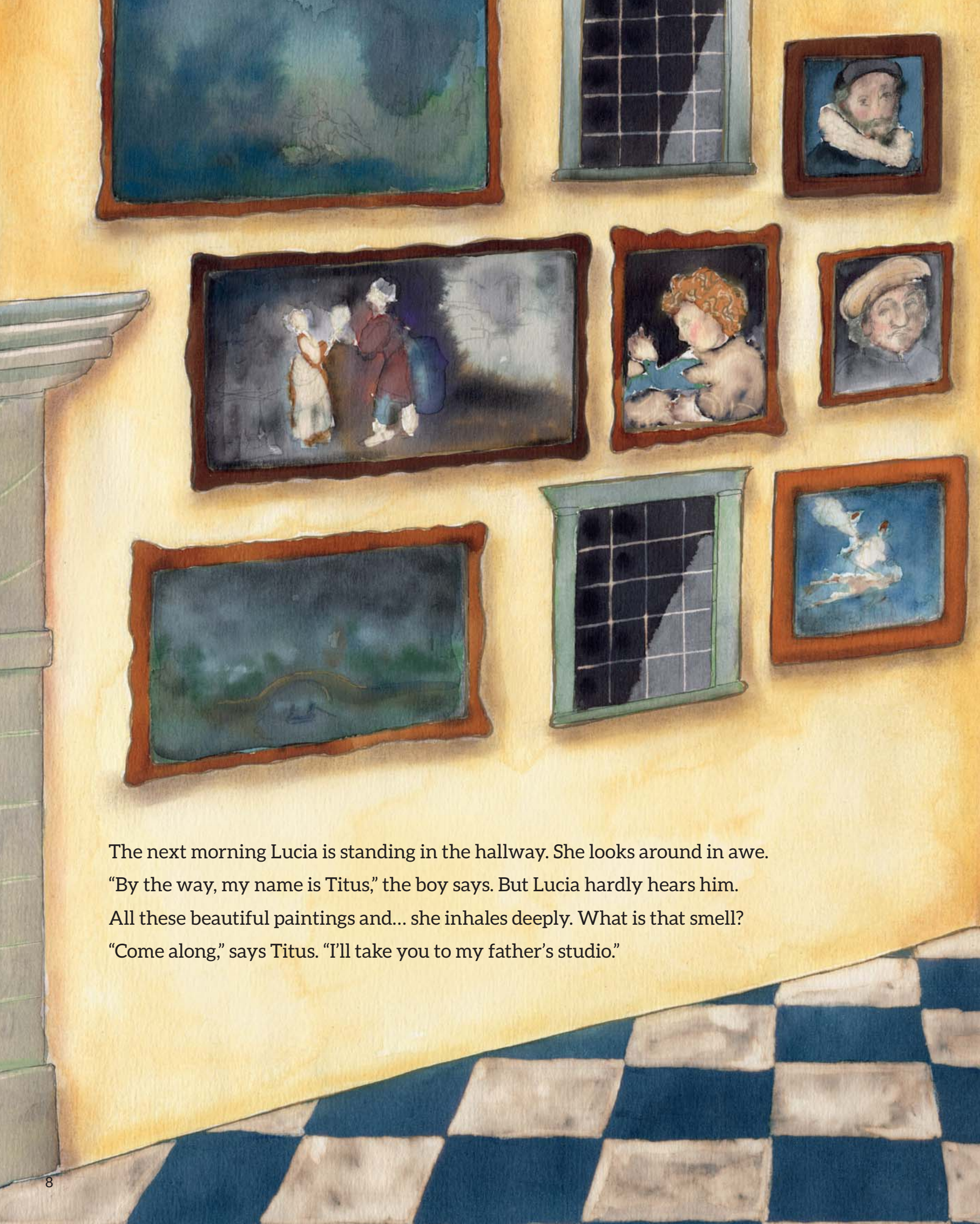
“What do you want?” the boy asks.

“My name is Lucia and I have a question for Rum... uh, Rembrandt,” she stammers.

“I’d like to ask him to paint a portrait of my father and I saved money for it too, look!”

Lucia holds out her hand with a shiny little coin in it.

“Come back tomorrow,” the boy mutters, “my dad is too busy right now.”



The next morning Lucia is standing in the hallway. She looks around in awe. "By the way, my name is Titus," the boy says. But Lucia hardly hears him. All these beautiful paintings and... she inhales deeply. What is that smell? "Come along," says Titus. "I'll take you to my father's studio."

