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Opening extract from

Cezanne and the Apple Boy

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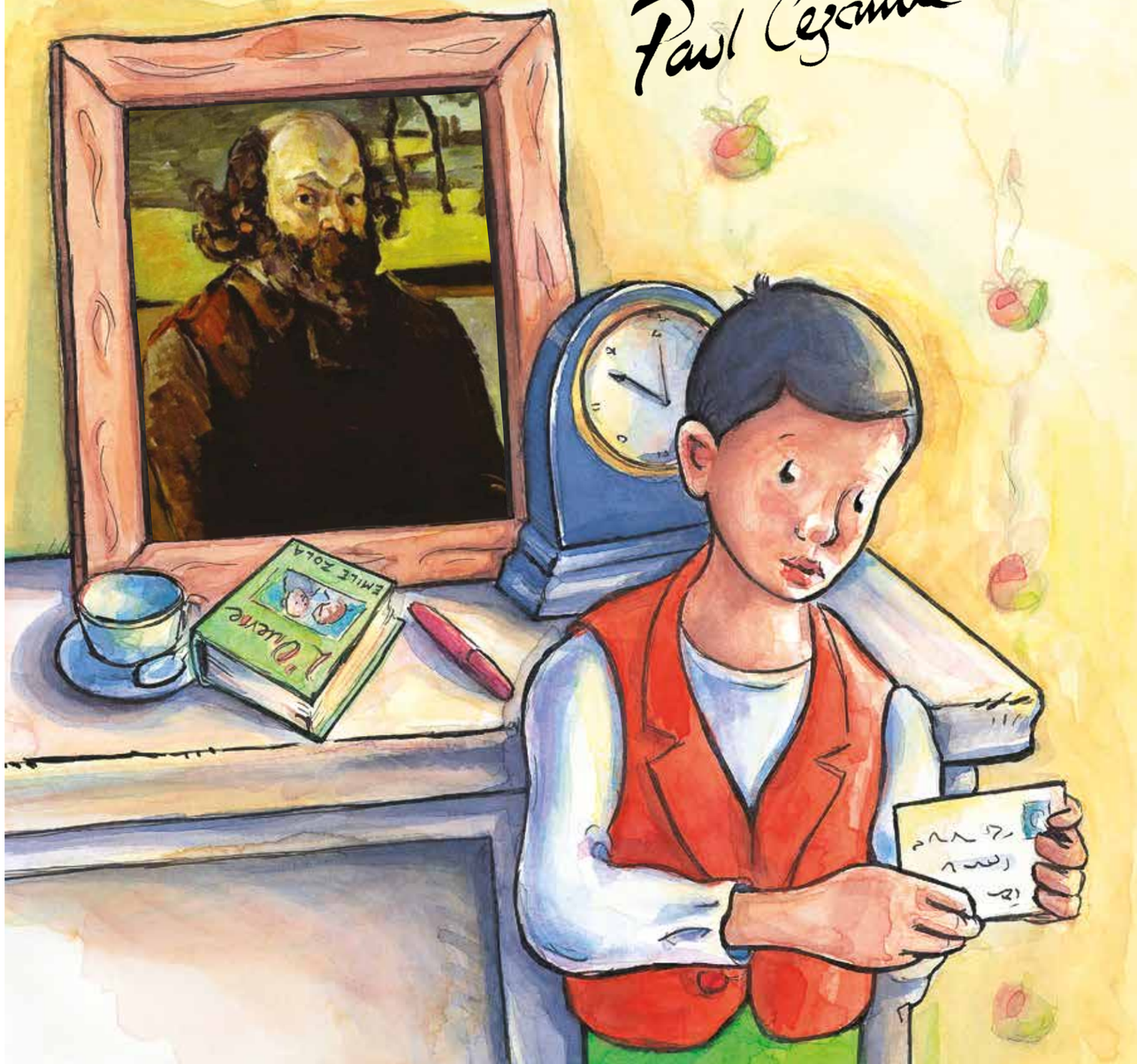


PAUL was playing with his friends
when his mother brought a letter,

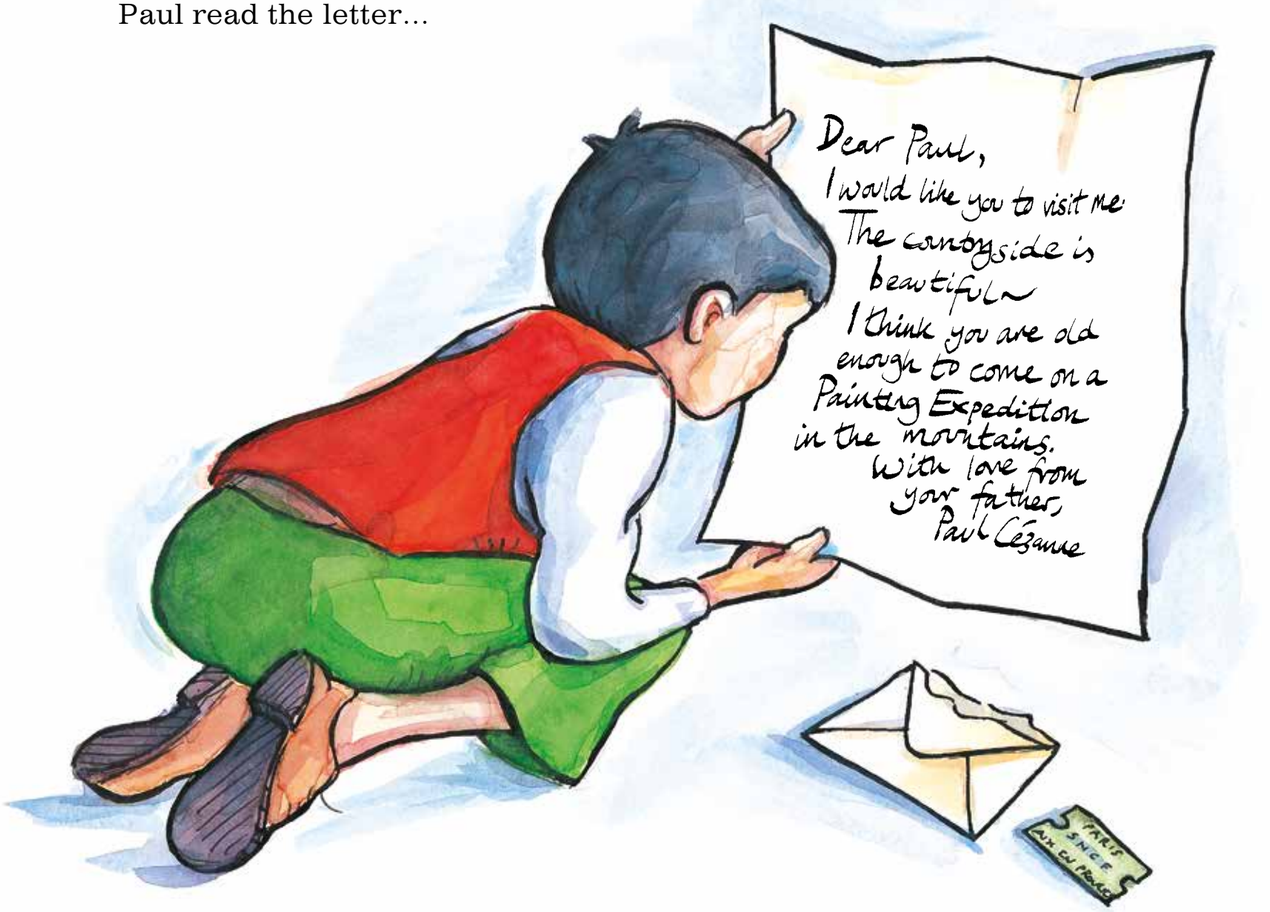
“Look!” she said. “It’s from your father!”

Paul had not seen his father for a long time.
He knew that he was an artist who lived far away in
the countryside. And Paul had exactly the same name
as his father. It was written on all of his school books:

Paul Cézanne

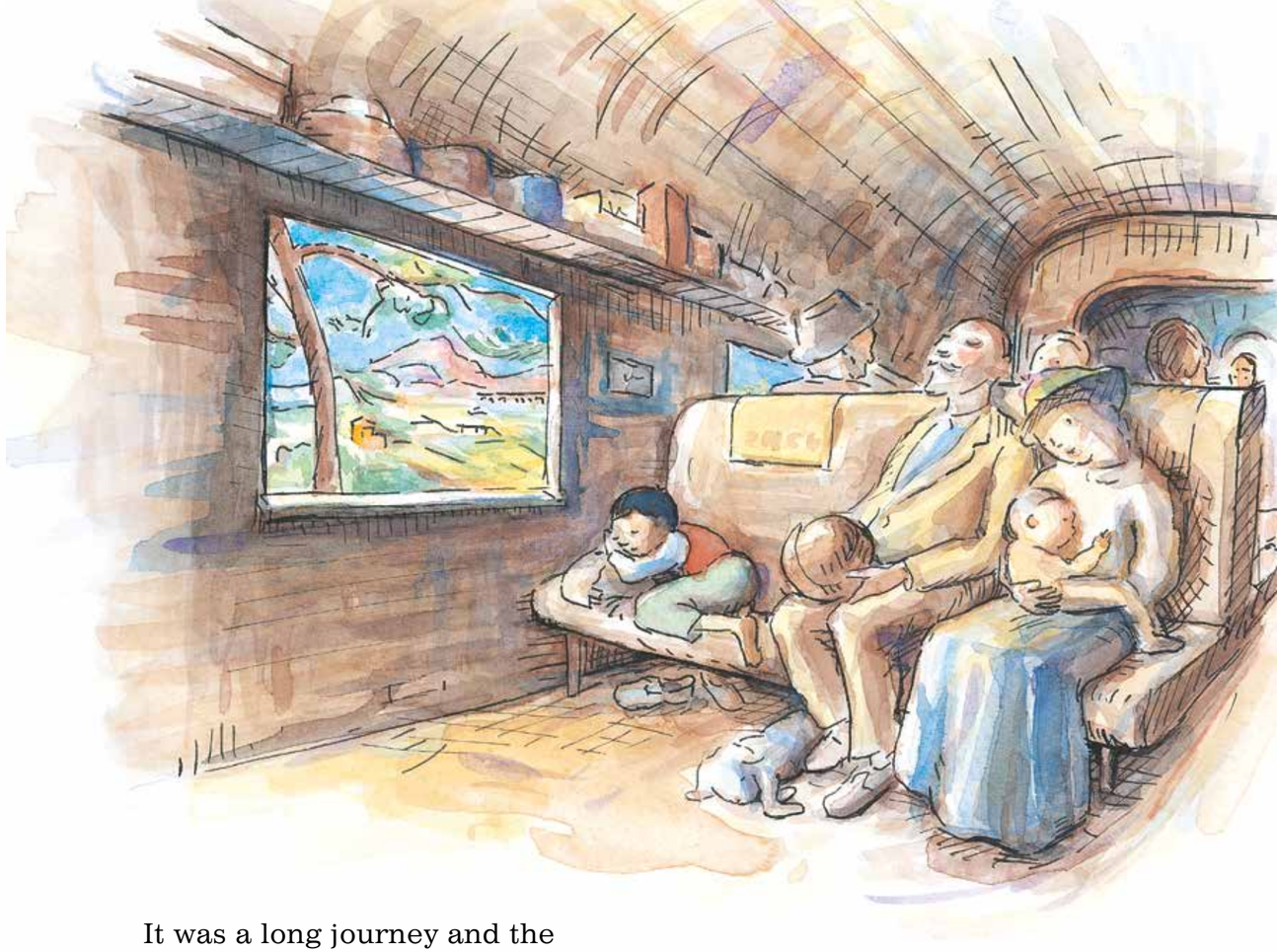


Paul read the letter...



Then something fell out of the envelope.
It was a train ticket.

His mother packed some food in a little bag.
She put him on the train and kissed him goodbye.



It was a long journey and the
jogging of the train put Paul to sleep.

When he woke up, he saw a mountain.

Paul walked out of the station and
into the little town. At last he found
his father's house, but there was
no one at home.

"I'll tell you where you'll find him,"
said a lady. "Half way up the
mountain, painting crazy pictures!"



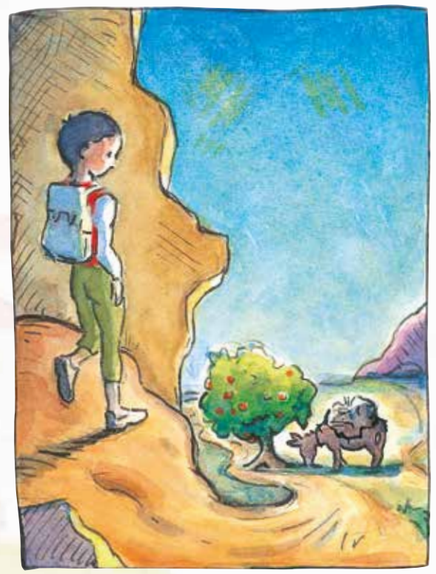
So Paul stepped onto the winding path which led out of the town and into the mountains. It was very hot and the path was steep.

In the shade of a tree, a donkey was munching apples.

Someone was talking to himself nearby.

Paul peeped round the corner.

“OH!” he shouted.

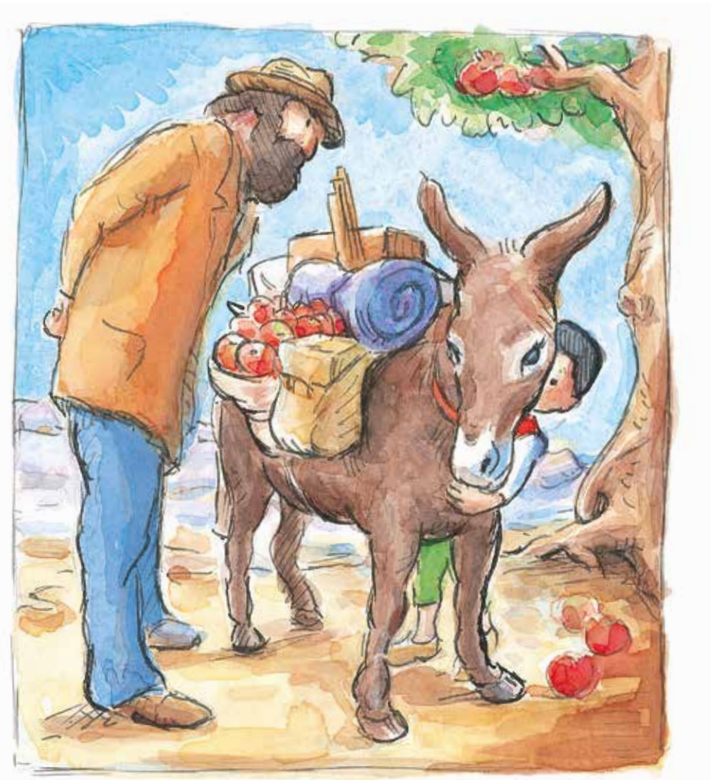


High on a rocky path
was a man as big as a bear.
He was making a wild
painting. He had a wild
beard and wild eyes.

Paul ran back down the path.

“Paul, Paul! Don’t you remember?
I am Paul Cézanne – the same as you!
I am your father.”

Cézanne was as big as the mountain
but he spoke gently.
“I am very pleased to see you,” he said.
“But I will not shake your hand…
You see, I do not like anyone touching me.”





Then the mountain man packed up his paints,
and set off along the path.

"We are going on a journey right to the top of
the blue mountain," said Cézanne. "It's a long way,
but if we follow the path, we won't get lost.

"We haven't got much money,
but look, we have plenty of apples…
and plenty of paints and canvasses.

"You look after the donkey.
And I'll look after you."

When it grew dark,
they made a fire by a little stream.

“Tomorrow I will make a picture of you,”
said Cézanne. “But you will have to sit
as still as an apple.”

Then they fell asleep
under the stars.

When Paul woke up, Cézanne was sorting his paintings.

“You see, Paul,” he said, “I am inventing a new kind of painting…

“I make everything into simple shapes. I paint houses like boxes,
and trees like cones. Everything has a shape.”

“What shape am I?” said Paul.