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*Public Exhibition of the Picture*

**PAUL'S DREAM**  
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It hadn't rained in the city for months, but Paul wasn't bothered. For the first time in his life he was getting into a horse-drawn carriage. And what's more Dora was by his side, and he was happy. When they reached the corner of the high street they got out of the carriage and he told Dora, "Wait here for me. I'm going to do the deliveries and I'll be right back."

## **PAUL'S DREAM**

Paul collected the first delivery and placed an extra peach in the basket for Dora. Paul was nervous as he was hoping with all his heart that everything would go all right. He was so nervous that he hadn't even realised that his shoelaces were undone. He almost fell over.

Without realising it he bent down just in front of the biggest shop in the city that sold paintings. While he was tying his shoelaces,

Paul heard the comments of the people gathered in front of the shop window.

"You really have to be very broke to put a work of art like that on sale," said someone who seemed to be an expert.

"They say that a certain maharajah of Kampurtala had it painted for love."

"The artist used pear stalks to paint it with," said another.

A lady holding a baby said: "Pear stalks? You'd have to be really strange to paint with pears. What with the price of them this season!"

While lighting a cigar, a man said to his friend: "Yes, dear Rudolf. I shall buy this painting. I've made a fortune with my investments in sugar in Cuba and I shall invest it in paintings. I believe that this is the future, and what's more, between you and me, do you know that this painting won a prize at the Universal Exhibition?"

"No, I didn't. That's the first I've heard of it."

"Well it's true, esteemed Rudolf," and he carried on smoking his cigar.

Suddenly, Paul remembered that Dora was waiting for him and that he had something very important to tell her. At that very moment, an art student, loaded down with all his painting materials, making his way through the onlookers, commented:

"It's worth being a painter just to be able to gaze into those eyes."

"That's it!" Paul said to himself. "Now I know how to say it. I'll tell Dora that I'm in love with her and that I want to paint her portrait. This will be the perfect excuse for seeing her every day. I'll learn to paint. I love her so much. Come on, paintbrush."

That morning Paul had broken into his piggy bank to be able to take Dora out in a horse-drawn carriage. He saw that he still had some money left and he went happily into the shop to buy his first paintbrushes.

He was still dreaming when he heard his mother's voice:

"Paul, Paul! Wake up or you'll be late for the market!"