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Opening extract from  
**Cezanne and the Apple Boy**

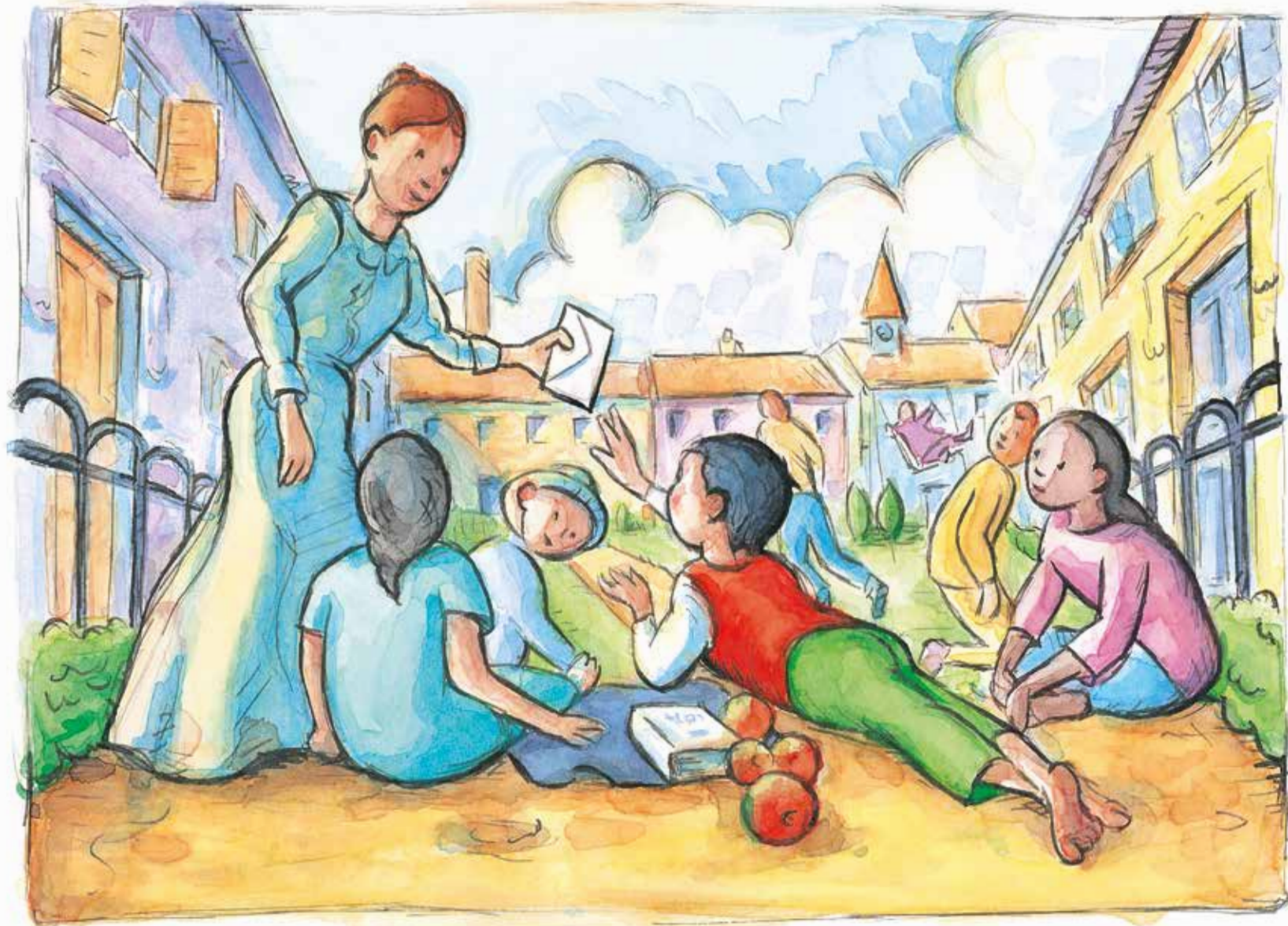
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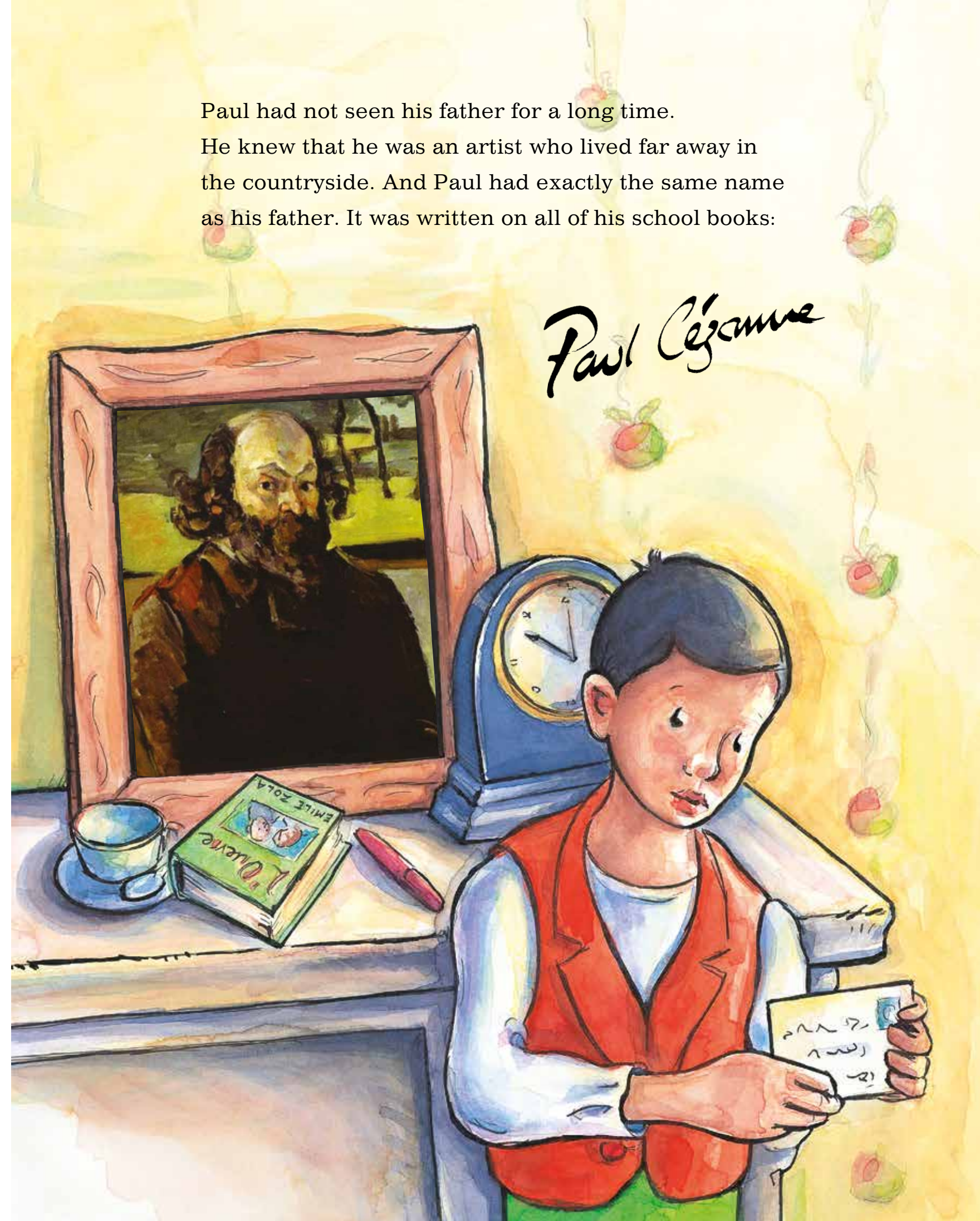




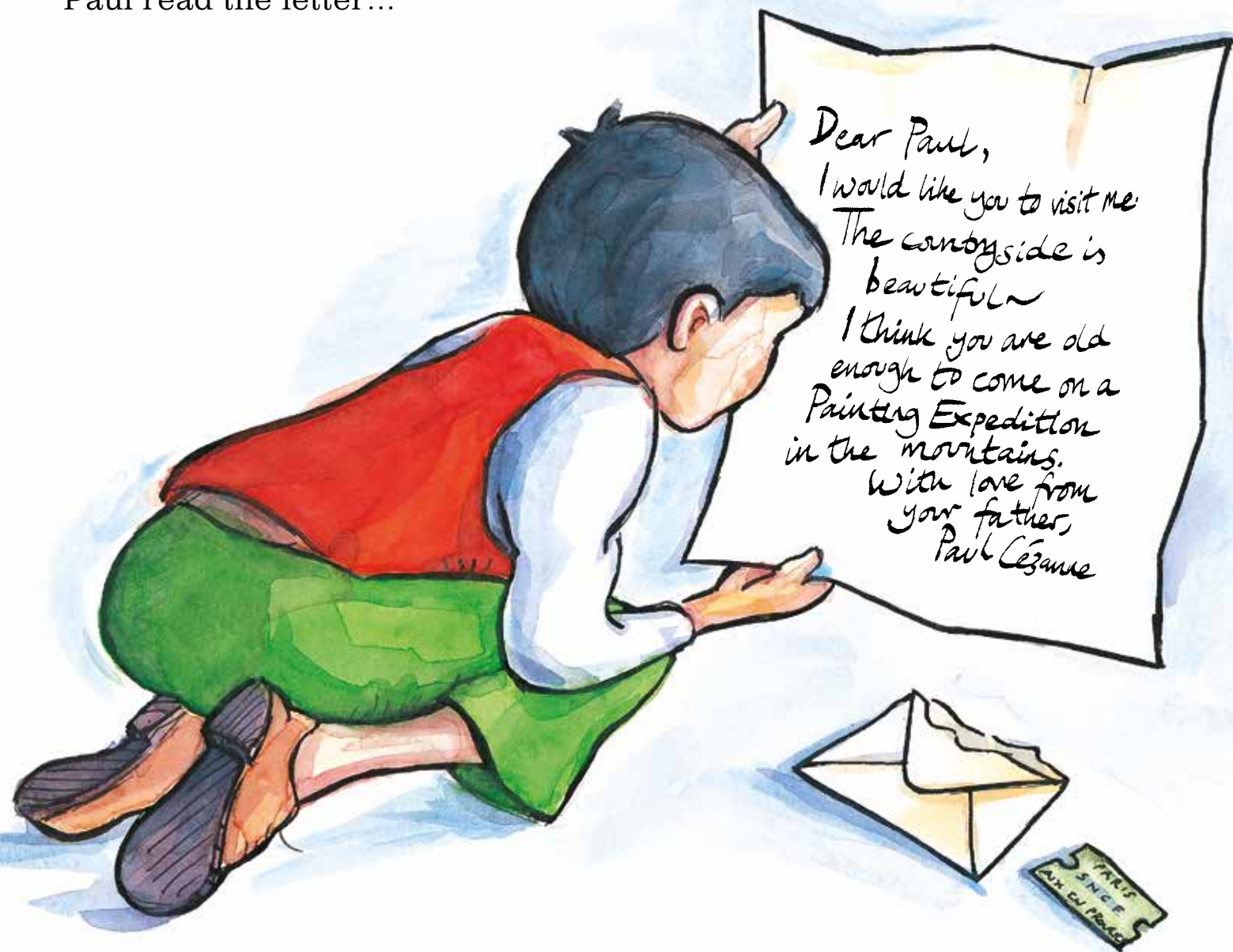
PAUL was playing with his friends when his mother brought a letter, "Look!" she said. "It's from your father!"

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 Cérame*



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 joggling 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.

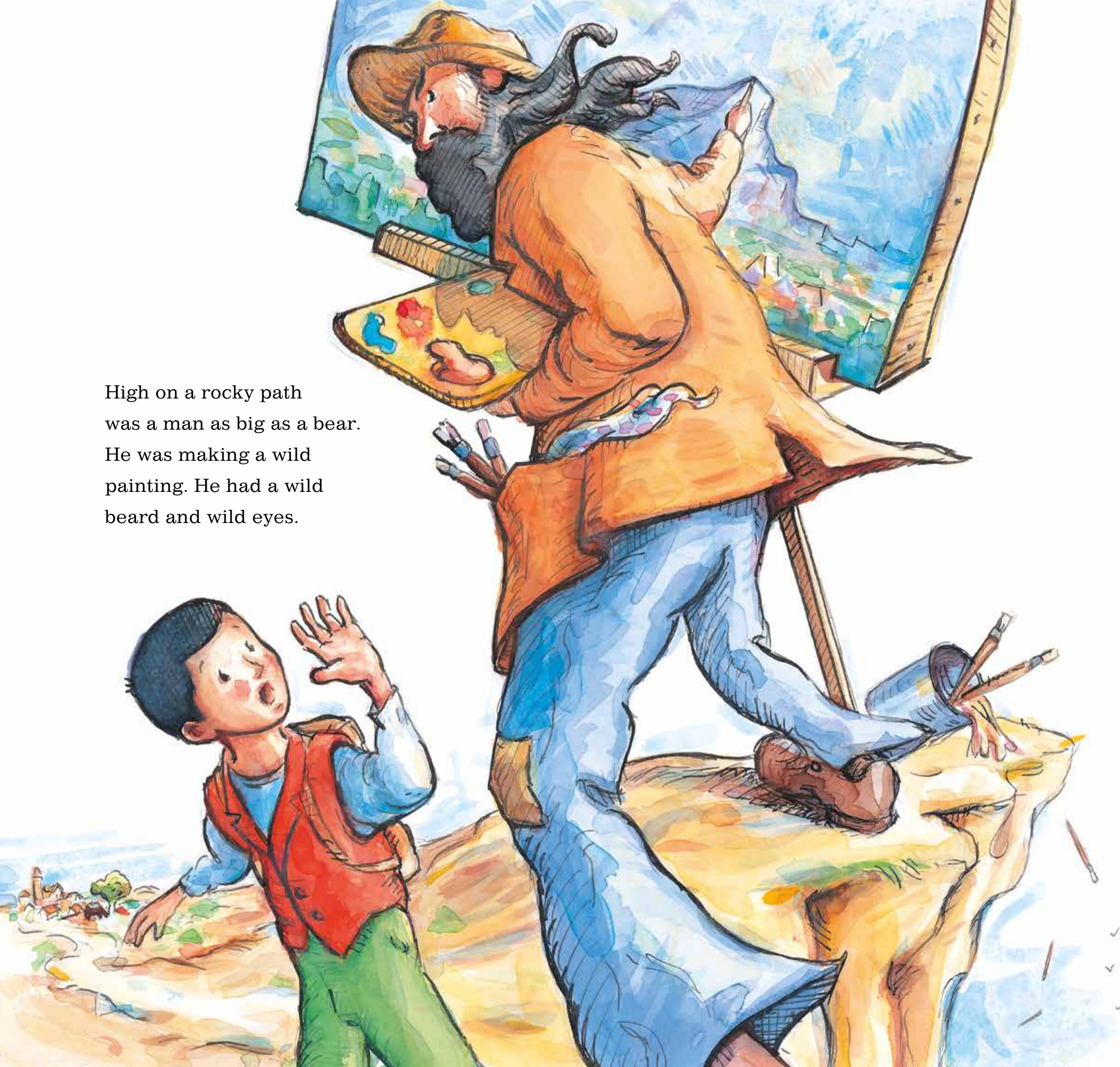
Someone was talking to himself nearby.

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.

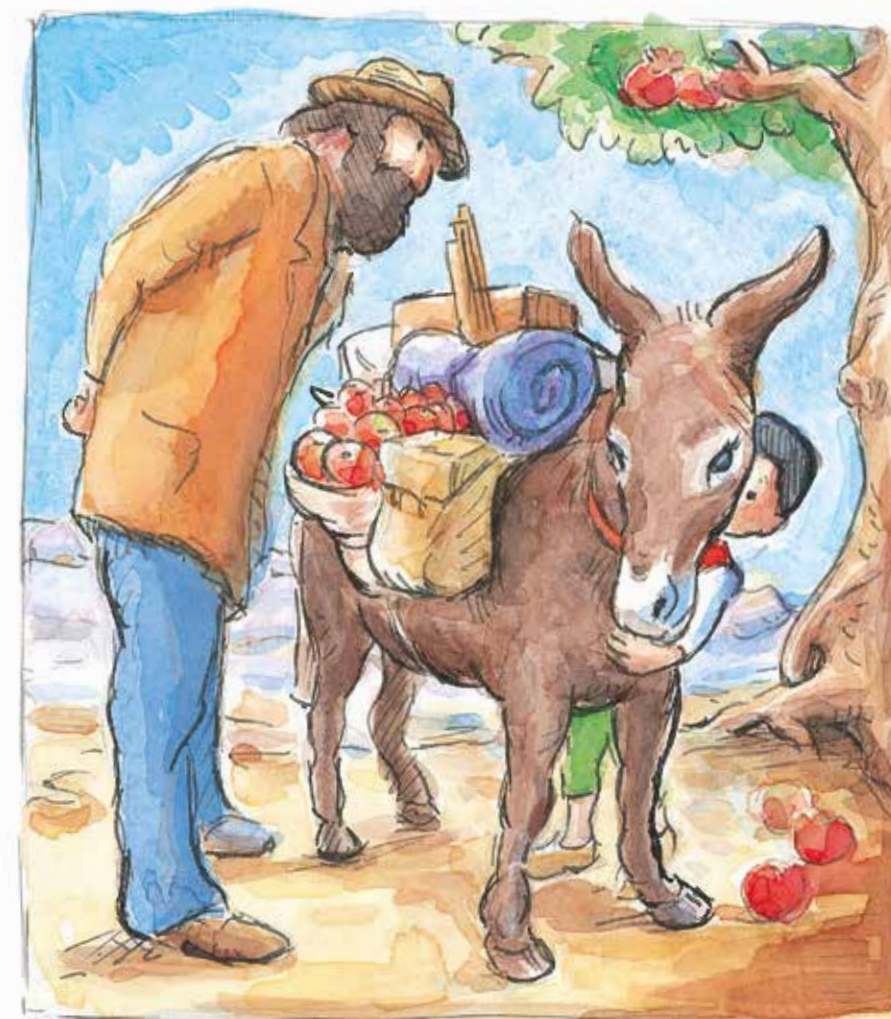


Paul ran back down the path.

“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.”



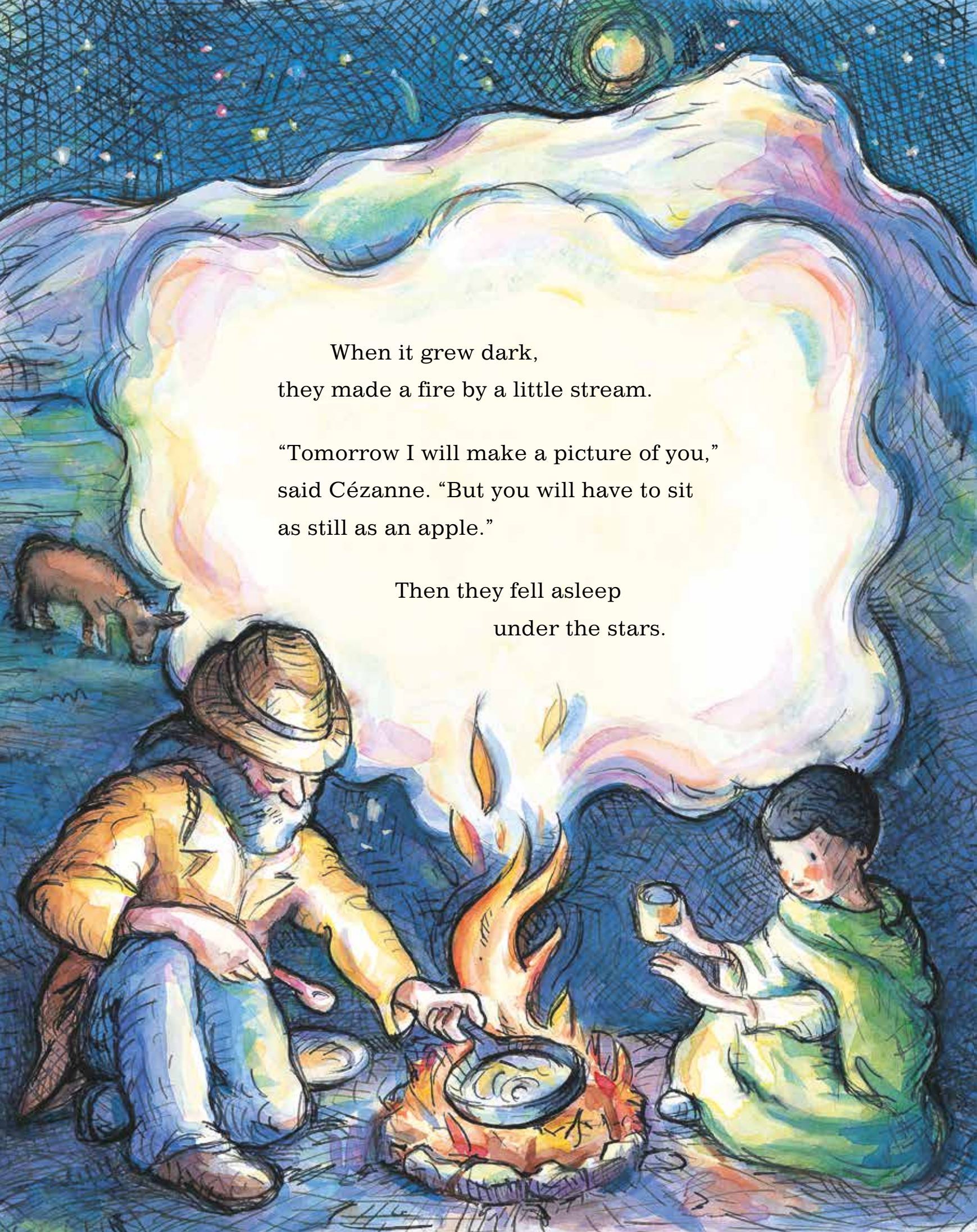


Then the mountain man packed up his paints,  
and set off along the path.

“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.

