

# MONA LISA

## in New York

*Yevgenia Nayberg*



PRESTEL

Munich · London · New York

© 2021, Prestel Verlag, Munich · London · New York  
A member of Penguin Random House Verlagsgruppe GmbH  
Neumarkter Strasse 28 · 81673 Munich  
© Text and illustrations: Yevgenia Nayberg

In respect to links in the book, the Publisher expressly notes that no illegal content was discernible on the linked sites at the time the links were created. The Publisher has no influence at all over the current and future design, content or authorship of the linked sites. For this reason the Publisher expressly disassociates itself from all content on linked sites that has been altered since the link was created and assumes no liability for such content.

Library of Congress Control Number: 2020932234  
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from  
the British Library.

Editorial direction: Doris Kutschbach  
Copyediting: John Son  
Production management and typesetting: Susanne Hermann  
Separations: Reproline Mediateam  
Printing and binding: TBB, a.s.



Prestel Publishing compensates the CO<sub>2</sub> emissions produced from the making of this book by supporting a reforestation project in Brazil. Find further information on the project here: [www.ClimatePartner.com/14044-1912-1001](http://www.ClimatePartner.com/14044-1912-1001)



Verlagsgruppe Random House FSC® N001967  
Printed in Slovakia  
ISBN 978-3-7913-7445-1  
[www.prestel.com](http://www.prestel.com)

Mona Lisa lived in Paris.

She had lived there for a long time in a palace called the Louvre.

Everyone admired her beauty. She loved the attention!

She loved the crowds!

"I have lived a long life," Mona Lisa thought.

"I know everything and everyone knows me."



One day, she decided to travel across the ocean  
so people far away could also admire her beauty.  
Careful preparations were made for her trip.

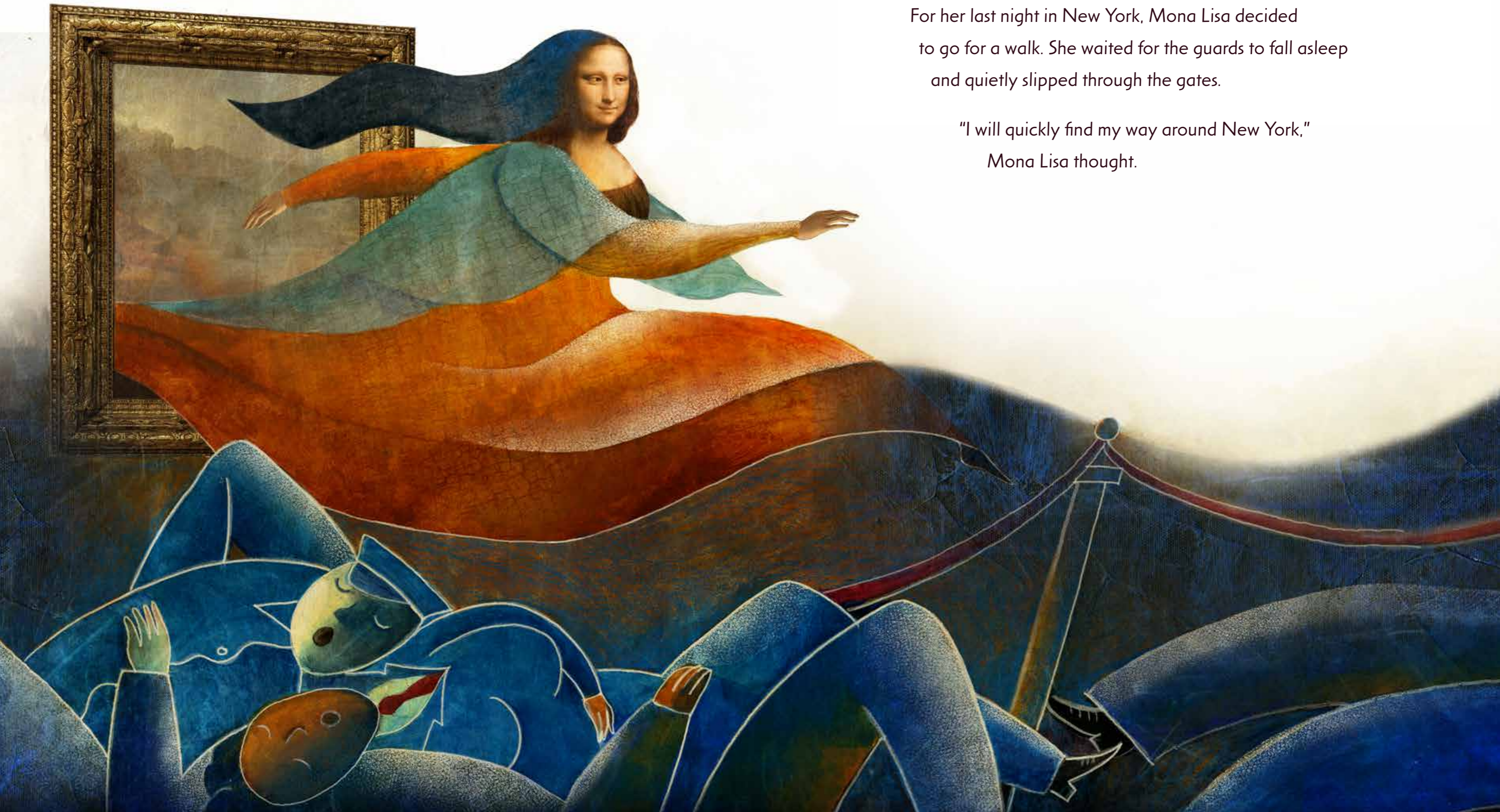
She sailed on an ocean liner to New York City.  
Guards protected her day and night.



Once in New York, Mona Lisa went to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.  
All traffic came to a standstill. New Yorkers lined up on the streets to see her.

Inside the museum, they sighed, they cried, they admired her beauty.  
It was business as usual.





For her last night in New York, Mona Lisa decided to go for a walk. She waited for the guards to fall asleep and quietly slipped through the gates.

"I will quickly find my way around New York,"  
Mona Lisa thought.