Woman on pillow

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strong enough to walk through life with me, but this would be.” The man fell silent again, and the boy with him.

“I’m sorry,” whispered the boy. The man said nothing. The heavy silence enveloped them once more and goosebumps formed on the boy’s arms. He took out his assignment and studied the questions once more.

“Sir,” said the boy after a minute “why did you paint her?”

The man said nothing.

“Was it because she was beautiful? or maybe—” but the man put a hand up, stopping the boy.

“She was so alive, always so full of life, I wanted to keep her that way forever, but . . .” The man trailed off and tears started falling down his face.

“I’m so sorry sir.” The boy watched as the man started to sob. He was holding the cane so tightly his knuckles were white. Then the man gasped and grabbed his chest. The cane the man had been clutching fell to the ground. The bronze head echoed with a ping. The man landed next to the cane and the boy. The painting could do nothing but watch.

Woman on pillow
Ink and pen
drawing
Natalia Toreeva