

Story

I am stolen

I don't know where I am. It's very dark in here and I can't see anything, but I feel something soft touching my face. This must be some cloth... But I can't move! I have to try to remember my last day at work, this must give me the key to what has happened.

It was Sunday, about 8 o'clock in the morning. "Good morning!" yelled the museum guard, though I couldn't understand why he considered that particular morning to be good, as it was going to be a tiring day. "Annie, are you ready? The visitors are coming in an hour and you still haven't cleaned the floors! Are you sleeping?" he added. The word "sleeping" sounds so pleasant. I wish I could feel what it is myself, but I was born never to experience it. Annie, the cleaner, came; she was not a beautiful young girl as I expected, but a round-shouldered grumpy woman in her mid fifties. Anyway, after she had finished doing her duties everything looked glossy and fresh.

The clock's hand hit nine, the time for the first visitor to come. I had to put on my famous smile before he saw me. Here he was, oh, he was a very unusual guy. His hair was as red as a lobster. Wow! That was something interesting for me to look at on the pretence of looking straight into his eyes. But this guy didn't seem interested in the trick of my eyes, so he was not a typical tourist. He didn't look at me carefully, he just wanted to take picture of me...three...two...one...flash! Oh no, I might have blinked, I hope he won't look at the picture attentively. Flash photography in Louvre is strictly prohibited, he should have paid some attention to the signs around the exhibition hall.

Well, who were the next visitors? If I'm not mistaken there was a family with three children, who were running in unpredictable directions, which made it rather challenging for me to look at all of them at the same time. But this was a kind of training to get prepared for looking at the crowd, which will come later.

Another woman approached me. She looked very elegant with a white flower in her hair. I was lucky again! There was an interesting detail in her appearance to look at. And what a wonderful perfume she must have been

using... I wish I could have smelt it, but I was trapped in a glass cage. They say it is for my safety, but I dream about the day when I can leave my stuffy glass prison and stroll around the museum.

There was also an old couple nearby. They were reading a guide-book which said I was mysterious and outstanding. I treated these words as a compliment and smiled at this couple a little bit more kindly than I usually do.

At that moment I noticed the first morning's visitor again. He moved as quick as a flash and hit the glass around me with a hammer. It cracked and fell into pieces. I was absolutely free! I felt extremely thankful to him, but my gratitude lasted for a couple of seconds, because he grabbed me and put into a big black bag. I wasn't able to see anything, but heard the deafening security signal go on, felt there was not enough air for me to breathe and lost consciousness.

Now I have no idea what my future will be like. At least this situation will be mentioned in the newspapers in articles called "Mona Lisa Stolen by Red Head" or something like that.

By Olga Slinko 11 grade