

Magic Tree House, Book 38

Monday With a Mad Genius (Unabridged)

Jack and Annie travel back in the Magic Tree House to Florence, Italy, to find the second of four secrets of happiness. To do this, they must help Leonardo da Vinci all day, "morning, noon, and afternoon, till the night bird sings its song."

Chapter 1: old friends

Jack poured milk over his cereal his stomach felt flattery, it was Monday, the first day of new school year. Jack always felt nervous on this day. What would the new teacher be like? Would desk be closed to window? Would friends of last year be classmates this year?

Anne, hurry! Jack's mama called from upstairs . it fifteen minutes to eighty school starts in half an hour.

Jack started walking into the kitchen,

Are you sure you and Anne don't want me to driver you to school?
She asked.

No, thanks. We don't mind walking. Said Jack. Their school only

three blocks away.

Anne, hurry. Their mom called again. You are going to be late.

The backdoor bent open Anne rushed into the kitchen, she was out of breath,

Oh, I thought you are upstairs, their mom said with surprise.

You are outside?

Yes. Said Anne painting, just taking a quick walk. She looked at Jack, her eyes sparkled.

Hurry, Jack. We really should go now.

Ok. I am coming. Said Jack.

He left up from the table, he couldn't tell Anne what talking about school. The tree house must be back finally. Jack grabbed his backpack, Anne held the door open for him,

No breakfast? Their mom asked.

Too nervous to eat now. mom. Said Jack.

Me too. Said Anne. bye mom. Bye dad.

Have fun. Their mom said .

Learn a lot. Said their dad.

Don't worry, we will. Said Anne.

Jack and Anne slipped out of the door, then walked quickly across their yard,

It's back said Anne.

I figure it was. Said Jack.

Morgan must want us to look for the other secret of happiness to help Merlin. Said Anne.

Yeap. Said Jack. Let's run.

Jack and Anne dashed up the sidewalk, they crossed the street and headed into the frog creek woods they ran between the trees, through shadows and light, until they came to the tallest oak. High on the tree was the magic tree house, the rope ladder was weaving in the chilly morning wind,

How did you know it was here? Asked Jack, catching his breath.

I walked up here, thinking about teddy and Catherine . said Anne. and I headed this strange feeling.

Really? Said Jack.

Teddy, Catherine! He shouted up the tree house.

Two young teenagers looked out of the tree house window. A curly hair boy with fickle and big green, and a smiling girl with sea blue eyes and dark waved hair.

Jack, Anne. the girl said.

Come up, come up. Said the boy.

Jack and Anne hurried up the rope ladder, when they climbed into the tree house, they threw the arms around their friends.

Are we going to look for other secret of happiness? Said Anne, to

help Merlin?

Yes. And this time you will travel back to Florence, Italy. Five hundred years ago said teddy.

Flounce, Italy? Said Jack. What's there?

An amazing person who will help you . said Catherine.

Who? Asked Anne . is this person magical :

Teddy grinned. Some people might say so. He said.

He reached into his cloak and pulled out a book, the cover showed a john of a man wearing a purple cloak and flappy blue cap. He had long nose, bright tan eyes, with heary eyebrows and a flowing beard. The title said: Leonardo da vinci.

Leonardo da vinci. Said Jack. Are you kidding?

I've heard of him. Said Anne.

Who hasn't? said Jack. He was incredible genius.

This biography of Leonardo da vinci will help you on your mission.

Said teddy.

And so this realm from Morgan. Said Catherine.

She pulled off a piece of small parchment paper, from her cloak, and give it to Anne.

Anne read the words on the paper aloud:

To Jack and Anne form frog creek:

Though the question is quite simple.

Simple answers might be wrong.
If you want to know the right one,
Help the genius all day along.
Morning noon and afternoon,
To the night birds singing its song.

So find the secrets of happiness when you spend whole day with
Leonardo da vinci. Said Jack.

Yes. Said Catherine.

Teddy nodded.

I wish you could come too. Said Anne.

And help us. Said Jack.

Never failure. Said Catherine. You will have to help the great genius
on the wand of diandas.

Oh. Anne said to Jack, did you bring our wand?

Of course. Said Jack. I always carry it with me for safe keeping.

He reached for his backpack and pulled out the glomming silver
wand.

The wand of diandas. Teddy said in a harsh voice. The wand
looked like a horn of unicorn it burnt in Jack's hand. With cold and
warm couldn't tell which. He carefully put the wand back into his
pack

Remember the three rules of the wand ? said Catherine.

Sure. Said Anne.

You can only use it for the good of others.

You can only use it after you've triggered hardest.

And you can only use it with the command, a five words.

Excellent. Said Catherine.

Thanks . said Anne.

Ready? She asked Jack.

Jack nodded.

Bye teddy, bye Catherine,

Good bye. Said teddy.

And good luck. Said Catherine.

Jack pointed at the cover of the book,

I wish we could go to Leonardo da vinci.

In the distant, the school bells started to ring, letting kids know that school will be starting in ten minutes. But in the frog creek woods, the wind started to blow. The tree house started to spin. It span faster and faster. Then everything was still. Absolutely still.

Chapter 2: looking for Leonardo

A different bell was banging in the distance. Bright early sunlight poured to the tree house window. Teddy and Catherine were gone, Jack looked down at his clothes, he was wearing a neat link tunic and dark ties, Anne wore a long dress with puffy sleeves. Jack's backpack changed into a cloth bag. Jack and Anne looked out the window, the tree house has landed on a tall tree in the garden surrounded by green hatches. Beyond the garden was the sea red tide roofs. A huge eight sided dorm. And the stone tower rose high above the red roof tops.

Welcome to Florence Italy , said Anne.

Jack opened their book and read aloud:

In the early fifteen hundreds, many artists and crafts people lives in the city of Florence, the city was filled of the silky rivers, ports, and mabel workers. Artists made sculptures paintings and tapestries.

Cool. Said Anne. I love here.

Jack read more.

But the most main amazing thing did better than everything Leonardo da vinci, was not only a great painter but also a great inventor, architect, stage and costume designer. Horseman chef, geologies, and burinist, botanist

What's geologies and bardnist? botanist Said Anne.

They are scientists. Said Jack. Geologies studies rocks, and batnist botanist studies plants.

He turned the page.

Come on we should go. Said Anne.

The tree house probably got right to Leonardo. We have to find him.

For a guest way,

Oh, right. Said Jack.

Anne started down the ladder, Jack packed their research book and climbed down after her. Jack and Anne walked around the tall hedge and came to a busy road, along the river. They stared at all the people going by. There were women in the long silk dress, prests and black robes riding donkeys. And soldiers in blue keeps riding horses.

I don't see any one who likes the guy in our book. Said Jack.

Let's ask someone. Said Anne.

She walked over to a girl sitting selling flowers by the road.

Excuse me. Do you know a person named Leonardo da Vinci?

Of course. Everyone knows Leonardo. Said the girl. He was just here. He bought a punch of flowers from me. He said he is going to sketch them later.

The her eyes showed excitement.

Where did he go? Asked Jack.

He had toward old bridge. The girl said. she pointed toward the covered bridge, other down the road.

Thanks. Said Anne. Jack and Anne walked quickly along the bank of the river towards the bridge.

You are right. Said Jack. The tree house brought us to Leonardo and we were talking he can be walking.

Don't worry. Said Anne. we will catch up to him.

The covered bridge was supposed by free stone arches. It looked like a long house stretching over the river, as they crossed the bridge, it's hard to look for Leonardo, the light was dim, and walkway inside bridge was filled with people . Jack and Anne squeezed to the crowd of the other side of the bridge. The sun light was so bright, but Jack still couldn't see clearly. He sheeted his glasses with his hand,

I still can not see him. He said.

We can ask again. Said Anne. that girl said everyone knows Leonardo.

She had to a shop near the river bank, weavers were hanging colorful fabric on the line, the red purple silk waved in the breeze.

Excuse me. Anne called. Have you see Leonardo da Vinci this morning?

The toothless old woman smiled.

Oh, yes. Leonardo passed by only a moment ago. She said. on his way to the bakery, I think. She pointed to the narrow lane. He goes there every morning.

Thanks. Said Anne.

Jack and Anne hurried to the bakery. The delicious smell of baking bread filled air.

Excuse me. Did Leonardo da Vinci come here? Jack asked.

Yes. He just bought his daily loaf of bread. Said the baker, he always goes to the cheese shop next. He pointed across the street.

Thanks . said Jack.

Jack and Anne crossed the busy street, to the cheese shop.

Is Leonardo da Vinci here? Asked Anne

He just left. Said cheeseman. He pointed to the up street. He is going to the blacksmith.

Oh, brother! Said Jack.

Thanks. Said Anne.

And they headed up the street, I can wait to meet him. Said Anne.

Me too. Said Jack.

Whatever we will catch up to him.

Loud hammering noise coming from a shop Jack and Anne looked

inside, in the shop of blacksmith, they saw a blacksmith, bumping a huge shoe with a huge iron hammer. A fire was roaring in harsh nearby,

Excuse me. Jack shouted.

The birdly man stopped bumping.

Was Leonardo da Vinci just here? Asked Jack.

Yes. He paid me for an iron parts. The blacksmith said craftly.

Finally,

Do you know where he goes next? Asked Jack.

Headed to the market and beggar as usual. Said the blacksmith.

Nodding towards the street. Then he went back punding.

Jack and Anne ran up the street, they ran to the corner and stepped into a huge square, sunlight shone down on hundreds and tons of stalls, the air smell the fish, the cinnamon and the other spices.

Oh. Ma'am. Said Jack.

It's huge.

The market was giant pack with shoppers, who held to sell everything in the grown naps. It could spend all day to look for Leonardo here. Said Jack.

This is not good. Said Anne.

We suppose to spend the day helping him. Not looking for him .
remember the realm said: help the genius all day along morning ,

noon and afternoon, till the night birds singing its song.

Yeah. Whatever that means, said Jack.

Hey. Maybe we should use the wand now. said Anne. this is patient through the rules? By now Leonardo just for our good. It's to help Merlin. And I think we've tried our hardest .

Ok. Let's use it.

Jack slipped the wand of diandas out his bag. And handed it to Anne.

Five words. He said.

I know, I know. She said.

She held up the wand and her words, in her fingers.

Help us find Leonardo now.

Jack and Anne held their breath and waited, but nothing changed.

Everything around them looked exactly the same.

It's not working. Said Jack.

What did we do wrong?

I don't know. Said Anne.

I've used five words. It stiffly it is definitely good for others. Maybe we should have to try it harder. Yet. Jack said.

Ok, let's keep trying.

He took back the wand and slipped it into his bag.

Oh! Look the birds over there. Said Anne.

She pulled Jack over to a stone stall that sold the cage of birds.

Only one bird was singing. A brown bird with reddish tail. He was very plain, but he sang beautifully, whistles and trials,

How are you? Said Anne.

The bird tilt his head , looked straight at Anne, he chirped softly,

Come on Anne, we can't waster our time here. Said Jack. We have to keeping look for Leonardo.

But didn't you hear the song? Said Anne. he wants to fly away. He wants to be free.

Jack looked around for the birds seller. He was standing nearby, talking to a customer,

Forget it. Anne. we don't have money to pay for him. Said Jack.

But he wants me to help him. Said Anne. I can free it.

She reached toward the cage door.

Anne don't . said Jack.

But Anne unlatched the door, the bird hopped on the ground,

Oh, no. said Jack. He grabbed for the bird but it was too late. The brown bird was already fly away into the blue sky.

Yeah. Said Anne.

Hey! Shouted the bird seller rushing over to them.

Would you try to steal my bird?

We wont stealing him, said Anne, we're setting him free.

The birdseller grabbed Jack by the arm,
You have to pay for him then. He barked.
But..but.. stammered Jack.
Marco, unhand that boy. A man's voice boomed.
Jack turned to see a tall man in purple cloak and floppy blue cap,
yeah, Leonardo the long knows bright kind eyes and flowing beard.
He looked exactly like the man in the cover of their book.
Leonardo? Said Anne.
The wand worked.

Chapter 3: ten types of noses

Let the boy go. Marco. Leonardo said again.
But I caught him trying steal me bird. Said Marco.
No. Marco. The bird set him free. Said Leonardo. And I believe her.
But he should pay me, the bird seller said.
But we don't have any money. Anne said in small voice.
I will take care of it. Said Leonardo. He put on the basket with
caring. It was filled with flowers beers cheese and a loaf of bread.
He put out a gold coin, the bird seller let go Jack and Anne, and
took the coin,

Marco, would I lend my mosquito as a child? A bird flew down and tracked me this tail. Said Leonardo. I have sent it as I wished.

I know, I know. Interrupted Marco. To be a bird yourself. You've told me this many times. Leonardo. The bird seller turned the way home. To his customers.

Leonardo turned to Jack and Anne, yes. He said. to be a bird myself. Which is why I often buy birds from Marco and set them free. So you see my friends, you and I are kindred spirits.

Yes. We are. Said Anne grinning. Thank you for helping us. Said Jack. He gave Leonardo a big smile. He wanted the great genius to light them, so they could spend whole day with him.

I am Jack, this is my sister Anne. actually, it was Anne who was afraid, ...

But Leonardo didn't give Jack a chance to finish

He kept talking

In truth, I love all creatures, every bird and animal known to man and even the ones not known. He laughed heartily. Heartily.

Me too. Said Anne.

Me too. Said Jack.

Leonardo picked some bird feathers from the ground,

Ah..beautiful, he said holding it up to the sun. I will sketch this later.

He put the feather into his basket with bread, cheese, flowers

and ...

Well, I must be on my way now, my friends. He said. good day.

Leonardo turned and began walking briskly away from the bird stand,

Oh, know. Thought Jack.

Before he could think anything to say, Anne shouted,

Mr. da Vinci, Leonardo.

Leonardo looked back at her.

Yes?

Do you do.. am.. do you need any help today? Anne asked. Jack and I are really, really...like to help you. All day, somehow.

Jack was embarrassed. He was sure that Leonardo would say no. but to his surprise, the great genius was looking at them closely. And tapping his chin.

Well, actually I am facing a great test this morning. He said with a smile. He nodded. Yes, perhaps you could be my ...apprentices just for today.

Great. Said Anne.

What's in the apprentice? Asked Jack.

The apprentices help the artist steer the worker. Said Leonardo.

They worked hard and studied hard and hope to become masters

themselves someday.

Cool. Said Jack.

Come along then. Said Leonardo.

He started walking again. Jack and Anne hurried along side with him, they left crowded markets, started a couple of stones streets,

Do you children living in Florence? Asked Leonardo.

No. we are from...am..faraway. said Jack. We are here on the mission. Said Anne. we are looking for the secret of happiness.

Leonardo smiled ah..yes.

I discovered this secret sometime ago. He said.

You did? Asked Jack.

Yes. It's something I thought I know I have it. Said Leonardo. It's really quite simple.

What is it? Said Jack.

The secret of happiness is fame. Said Leonardo.

Really? Fame? Said Anne.

Yes. Said Leonardo.

But it looked to the eyes is completely strangers, and see their all, and admiration. That makes me very happy. As Leonard stroke a few feet ahead of them, Anne looked at Jack.

Fame? She said. I guess that's our answer?

I don't know. Said Jack. In soft voice

Remember what the realm said:

Though the question is quite simple.

Simple answers might be wrong.

Oh, yeah. Said Anne. and the realm says : for the right answer , we should stay with him all day.

Yeap. Said Jack. He did mind their part. Spending the day with the most amazing genius that ever lived, seemed like a great idea.

Jack and Anne followed Leonardo into a square with a huge corsage . on the top of the building was norms of eight side stone, that like the same form from the tree house.

How did anyone ever built that? Jack wondered.

As hundreds of people moved about there, Leonardo stopped . he stared into the crowd,

Oh, oh, he said.

What, what? Asked Anne.

I see an angel. Said Leonardo.

An angel? Said Jack. He looked at the crowd, he did not see any angels.

Over there. Leonardo pointing to a short dark haired girl standing by herself. The girl didn't looked like an angel to Jack at all. She was an ordinary kid.

Leonardo put down his basket, untied the small booklet from his belt. And pulled out a piece of chalk. He started to draw,
I have been seeking an angel for one of my paintings. He murmured as he sketched the girl. I think I might have been found her.

In a moment, Leonardo was done,
There. He showed the sketch to Jack and Anne, with just a few quick line, he created an angel. The drawing was just like the girl, but somehow, she really looked like an angel now.

That's the nicest angel I have ever seen. Said Anne.

M,,,mm.. I don't know. Said Leonardo. I feel them some of nose are not quite right. I am afraid I must keep looking. He toward the page threw the page out of the sketchbook,

Perhaps you and Jack would like this.

Oh. Yes. Said Anne. thank you.

I will care it. Carry it. Said Jack. He took the drawing from Leonardo, and carefully slip stuffed it into his bag. Between the pages of their research book. Leonardo put the way of his chalk and sketchbook and picked up his basket,

Come along. He said.

Jack and Anne half walked to half friend. Trying to keep up with Leonardo's long strides. When they traveled through the streets, I

am always gathering information, Leonardo said. I observed like a scientist. Frenzies after years of observation, I now know there are ten different types of noses.

Really? Said Anne. she felt her nose.

Yes. Said Leonardo. Straight, round, pointed, flat, narrow, of course that's form the science. If you looked people straight in the face, you will find eleven types of noses.

No kidding. Said Jack.

Jack tried to get a good looking of the noses when they passed , the soft ones, round ones, straight ones, but many were hard to describe,

My observations have also let me to conclude there many types of nose who knows this? Said Leonardo. But the location of every month is always the same. It is the half way between the base of nose and chin.

Really. ? said Anne.

She held up two fingers from the measure distance between her nose and her chin. I think you are right. Leonardo.

I studied people's expression, gestures, said Leonardo. I studied their hands, their eyes, their hair, but be a truly great artist, you must lean to company your observations. It is your imagination.

Suddenly he stopped.

Look up, look up.

Jack and Anne stopped and looked up.

See the clouds? Said Leonardo. A few billow clouds started the sky.

What they looked like to you ? asked Leonardo. What sorts of things.?

Big white dogs. Thought Jack.

The bigger one looked like a sort of castle., said Anne,

Good, good. Said Leonardo.

And the little one looked like dogs. Said Anne. like sguddy puppy.

The sguddy puppy ? thought Jack. He squirmed and try to see puppy.

Excellent. Said Leonardo.

And you Jack, what about that way? He pointed at long cloud. What do you see?

Jack stared at it.

Ah..we... well. I guess a sort of ..like a boat. He said.

Wonderful. Said Leonardo. I get ideas for my paintings from everything. I looked at the water come a war, and see an old woman's face, I looked at the foot stamp, table cloth and see the house. I studied rain paddles, and rocks. And see oceans and mountains.

All I do I can do the same, too? Said Anne.

I imagine the very first join, you might be the simple line. Draw around the shadow of the mountain, and the wall of the cave. Said Leonardo.

Wow...breathed Anne.

Pretty cool. Thought Jack.

He like Leonardo's way to thinking.

Listen now to the cathedral's bells. Said Leonardo.

Jack listened. The bell played noise up and down.

Bang bing, bang bing. Bang bing. Bang bing

A year the bell voice, it was singing to me. Said Leonardo. Can you here with the same?

Well, no. thought Jack.

He just heard bangs and bings

They are singing, you have much to do this Monday. Leonardo da Vinci, get to work.

Leonardo laughed.

So let's on our way, my friends. And the great genius to go.

Walking quickly, to the streets of Florence.

Chapter 4: paddle singing

Jack and Anne hurried up to keep up with Leonardo .

So where we going? Asked Anne.

To the palace of the great castle. Said Leonardo. I was there to paint the fiasco fresco on the concile conceal hall. I have been there for months.

What's a fresco? Asked Jack.

It is the work of art painting onto a wall. Said Leonardo. One must splat plaster on the wall, and paint very quickly before it dries.

Sounds like a fun. Said Anne.

Not for me. Said Leonardo. I believe great art requires much thought. I like to paint slowly and I changed things as I go over along. So working this fresco, I even invented a special oil paint that dries slowly.

Dose it work? Said Jack.

Too well. Said Leonardo. Now I have new problem, neither the plaster or oil paint haven't dried at all.

Oh, no. said Anne.

But today all will be well. Leonardo said cheerfully. I have planed a spit of drying process, this morning I will fix everything.

Leonardo led Jack and Anne into a square with large buildings.

There it is. He said.

The palace of the great castle.

The palace looked like a fortress. It had rough looking stone wall and towers high into the air.

The palace is a very important place. Said Leonardo. This led to governor castle, the Florence's meets. Come along.

He opened one of the grand doors in guiding Jack and Anne into the hall courtyard with the fountain.

This way to the castle hall. He said. and lady's to work, Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo pounded on some steps and down the corridor, Jack and Anne hurried after him and passed through the other grand doorway. And stopped.

Leonardo put on his basket, and raised his hands,

My fresco. He said.

Oh, ma'am. Breathed Jack.

They were in an norms room with tall arched windows, and vast wide walls, several young men stood at the wooden platform and far set of the room, on the wall above them, was a giant painting above the bottles seen. Showed the tangle of melon on horseback, fighting over a flag. The man on the painting seemed to be fiery as

they slashed each other with their swords. Their faces were twisted and their mouths snarling. Even their horses looked be angry.

The city has paid me for painting the battle once fought in Florence. Said Leonardo. They wanted me to paint its glory, but I believe that wars are pieces of madness. I hope my painting shows that.

Oh. It dose. Said Anne.

Jack nodded. Who is scary the painting here he had never seen.

Zolo! Called Leonardo.

One of the young man on the platform climbed down the ladder and jumped to the floor, he was sturdy looking teenager with red face and vivid black hair.

Are things any better this morning.? Asked Leonard.

No. the painting is still very damp patch. Said zoro.

The letters will preserve our plan. Said Leonardo. Did patch right from the blacksmith?

Yes. Over there. Said zorro.

He pointed at two large iron parts beneath the platform.

And you broth the wood. Said Leonardo.

Yes. Said zorro. He pointed to a pile of woods that stalk against the wall.

Leonardo sat down at his basket, and headed over to the platform.

What's the plan? Leonardo? Asked Anne, she and Jack followed

him.

My apprentices are filled the parts of wood lifted them on the platform. Said Leonardo. Then they will light the fires on them. The heat of fires will quick dry the fresco.

How can we help? Asked Jack.

Bring us kindling. Said Leonardo.

No problem. Said Jack.

He put down his bag, and he and Anne hurried to the wood stack.

kindling ? She said.

Small pieces of wood. Said Jack. They catch fire first then help the big pieces started.

Jack and Anne picked sticks and twigs from the woods stack. They carried the kindling back to Leonardo. And they damped into the iron parts. Zorro brought some logs then he and Leonardo put the handles of parts to the system of ropes and police.

Pull. Leonardo shouted.

The apprentices pulled on the ropes, the heavy parts swamping to the air.

Steady! Steady! Leonardo shouted.

The apprentices slowly held up the parts then they pulled onto the platform. Placed them onto the fresco.

Light the fire. Shouted Leonardo.

Zorro lit a candle from the torch that burning at the entrench of the hall. He carried the candle of the lighter and used its fire to light the kindling. Soon the wooden parts began to blaze.

Bring more wood. Leonardo shouted.

Bring more wood.

Jack and Anne hurried back to the pile ,they gathered bigger pieces of wood and rushed back to the lighter, the apprentices lifted the wood and added them to the platform and added them to the fire from the parts. Soon flames were shooting high to the air, warming the fresco standing with Leonardo on the platform. Jack and Anne stared at the battle scene. The room grew hotter and hotter, with the fire blazing above, and the small curling through the fire, Jack felt like he was in the middle of the battle himself. He could hear the clanging of swords, moan of horses and shouting of men, he could feel the bristling madness of the war, that Leonardo had talked about.

Suddenly, Jack heard real shrieks, Leonardo's apprentices were yelling.

It is dripping. Master. One cried.

The paint is running. Shouted another.

Jack looked back at the fresco. The helmets of warriors were melting down over their faces.

Ah.. ah.. cried Leonardo he looked of horror.

Kill the fires , kill the fires.

Chapter 5:nock nock nock

The panic of the battle seemed swamp in the big room. Leonardo 's apprentices looked around wildly. As if they did not know what to do.

Water from the fountain. Leonardo roared. Hurry. They then ran out of the room.

His apprentices rushed off the room.

We have to help too. Jack said to Anne they took off after the others.

Following them down the stairs to the quarter yard. Their apprentices were filling buckets of water from the fountain.

Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Leonardo shouted.

Jack and Anne grabbed the four buckets and followed the others back up the stairs.

This is like, like Ito. Jack said to Anne. remember their recent trip to Japan.

Yeah. Said Anne . except there was a city on fire. This is just paint mountain. Molting

True. Thought Jack. But Leonardo was exactly was a meadow of live and death. Inside the hall, Leonardo and his apprentices carried the buckets of the latter. They splashed the water over the flames of the two iron parts. But it was too late, the helmets and faces and swords of the fighting men had become messy blur strips of blotches. The painting was ruin.

Leonardo stared for a long moment at the war and then he climbed down the ladder, and walked away. When he got to the door, Zorro shouted : master wait!

But Leonardo kept walking,

We have to follow him. Anne said to Jack.

He seems really upset. Said Jack.

I know. Said Anne. but we have to do what the realm said: Help the genius all day long.

But what does he want us to help anymore? Said Jack.

Look! He forgot his basket, with stuff in it. Said Anne. we can take it to him.

Ok, good. Said Jack.

Anne picked up Leonardo's basket, filled with feathers, flowers, cheese and a loaf of bread. Jack grabbed his own bag, and they hurried out of the conceal hall ,.when they got to the entrance of the palace, they saw Leonardo stretching across the square.

Leonardo. Anne yelled.

Leonardo didn't look back . he disappeared down the narrow lane.

Quick! Said Jack.

Jack and Anne took off across the square, when they got to the lane, they saw Leonardo was at the far end.

Leonardo, wait! Anne shouted.

But Leonardo didn't wait, he kept going in rounded corner.

Anne and Jack ran faster, when they turned to corner, they looked right and left, kids were playing in the street, two women were leaning out of the windows, talking to each other, but there was no sign of Leonardo.

Excuse me. Anne called to one of the women, have you seen Leonardo da Vinci?

Oh, yes. He just got home. One woman said . he lives just over there. Said the nipper. She pointed to the narrow building across the street.

Thank you. Said Anne.

She and Jack walked quickly toward the building. The stone arch opened to a wide pathway, they walked over the arch way down the pathway to a sunny covered stone courtyard, a big white horse was tied to pole in the court. Chickens pecked dirt between the warm

stones.

Hi! Guys. Anne said to the horses and chickens.

Jack pointed to the open door way across the yards.

He is there. Hearing. He said.

Anne and Jack moved quietly cross the courtyard, they stopped outside the window. Leonardo was pacing up and down inside. His cap and cloak were on the floor, his hair was wired.

Are they Florence, that's what all I do. Leonardo said to himself. I shall go to Rome , goodbye to them along.

Jack turned to Anne, we shouldn't bother him. He whispered. If I felt that bad, I wouldn't like people to bother me.

Not bother, said Anne, help. If I felt that bad, I want people to help me. Come on, maybe we can give him a stuff.

Before Jack could stop Anne stepped into Leonardo's room.

Nock,nock, she said loudly.

Leonardo wired around. His face was red. He was scaring.

What are you doing here ? he said.

We brought your things. Said Anne. you forgot them.

She held up the basket,

Oh. Leonardo's face softened.

Thank you. Leave them all by the door, please. He said.

Anne put the basket down, then she looked up at Leonardo.

We'd better go. Jack said softly. To her.

Wait. Anne stepped further to Leonardo's room. We'd like to help you. She said.

Leonardo scared again.

You can not help me. He said. do as your little brother says to you, little girl. Go now.

But Anne didn't move.

Excuse me, but..we suppose to help you all day. She said. you made us your apprentices for the day. Remember?

Can you not see that I am miserable .. said Leonardo.

But why are you miserable? Said Anne. you said the fame is the secret of happiness. And you are still famous.

But what damn the fame in face of the failure. I gotta failure!

Shouted Leonardo. This fresco is to be my masterpiece what go the fame everyone laughing at me and mark my failure. Go , please!

Oh. Ok. I am sorry. Said Anne, in a small voice. We just want to help you.

She and Jack turned to go,

Wait, wait, wait. Said Leonardo. Forgive me.

Jack and Anne looked back at Leonardo, the great genius rubbed his face inside and waved his hand.

Please, forgive me. Come in, come in. he said.

Thanks. Said Anne. and she and Jack stepped inside. Leonardo da Vinci's studio.

Chapter 6: thousands of ideas

A low fire burning in the house, sunlight slanted the house with the warm room, Jack caught his breath when he looked at Leonardo's studio. There were mires, wooden chunks, gloves, pick and pats and branches. Brushes. Sketches, paintings, and hand-made maps of ...were all over the walls. There were stacks of books, half build furniture, piled up paper and masks, pieces of costumes, and musical instruments.

Oh, ma'am. Murmured Jack. I love this room.

Me too. Said Anne.

Please, sat by my table. Let me get you something to eat. Said Leonardo. He pushed the punch of things to the side of the long wooden table, and pulled up two cheroots, cherish. cheese

Thanks . said Jack.

He and Anne sat down.

Leonardo took the cheese form the basket by the door, and gave

some to Jack and Anne, the cheese was dry, but tasted good. And the bread was really delicious. Harding quacking on the outside, but soft and chew inside.

Mmm. I wonder how they make it. Thought Jack .

So why do you want to leave Florence to Rome, Leonardo ? Anne asked with her mouth full.

Because I was no longer be respect here. Said Leonardo. Last week the castle ruler told me I must finish my fresco soon. And now I will not finish it at all. Just recently michelangelo cause me never finishing anything.

Michelangelo? The great artist? Said Jack.

Leonardo snorted. Do you think Michelangelo the great artist? Have you seen that statues? Those men with big muscles? They looked like the sex of war nuts.

Jack and Anne laughed.

Leonardo tried to hide his smile and looked at them.

In truth, Michelangelo is a great artist. He said. still, you should not cures me if I have never finished anything. Even that is true,

Why don't you finish things? Asked Anne.

Well, I shall not finish my paddle, because my experiment with my paint. Said Leonardo. I have been experiment all the time and I often lead my experiments no where.

So, that you mean problem? Asked Anne.

One of them. Said Leonardo. Sighing. The other said that I had too many things want to do. And I had ever enough time.

What else you want to do? Asked Jack.

Oh. I have thousands of ideas. Said Leonardo.

He put on his bread with cheese cross a wooden trunk at the corner of the studio. He raised the lead of the truck, and stared for moment at its contents. Leonardo turned back to Jack and Anne: his eyes were bright again .

Whatever with the truck, it makes me happier. Come, look! He said.

Jack and Anne looked over to the trunk, and peered inside. It had dozes of dozes of plain notebooks, large ones and small ones,

No books. Said Leonardo. I have filled hundreds of them with my ideas.

Wow! Said Jack with his eyes wide.

Jack, keeps notebooks too. Said Anne.

Too mind if I look at them? Asked Jack.

No, not at all. Said Leonardo.

Jack and Anne started picking up the notebooks and turning the pages. The pages were cramped with doldos and writing. They showed sketches of people's faces, animal head, flowers, trees rivers and mountains. The sun and the moon,. One notebook was

filled with drawings of horses. Another has sketches of bridges and buildings. Another has drawings of birds and machines. Many of the drawings in the notebooks, had labels written in the strange languages.

You can not read my notes, can you. Said Leonardo.

Jack and Anne shook their heads, pull all of them to a mirror. Said Leonardo.

Jack and Anne stood from their chair to wall mirror, each hold up a notebook, and looked at it in the reflexion in the mirror.

Oh! I get it. Said Jack.

He could read the words now.

Leonardo had written everything backward. Form right to left across the page. So the word 'bird' was written as Dee backward, R backward. I backward and Pee backward. And word wind was written as Dee backward, N backward, I backward, and W backward.

Why did you write this way? Asked Anne.

People think I am trying to keep my ideas in secret, said Leonardo, but in truth, I am left handed. When I write norm from left to right, I smelt the ink across the page, one day, I realized if I wrote backward, it would not be so massy.

He laughed and sat down at table, as he took back the bread, he

seemed he is happy and soft again.

What do you write in these notebooks? Said Jack.

Oh, I am afraid there are thousands of ideas. Said Leonardo. For example, he opened a notebook and read:

Fossils of tiny creatures have been founded in the mountain of Italy, it is my belief, that ancient water once covered the mountains millions of years ago.

Your belief is right. Said Jack.

Leonardo looked at Jack with surprise.

You seem so certain? He said.

Oh, I know from science books that the oceans once covered the mountains of the earth, and that's why you can find these fossils there. Said Jack.

We read a lot of books. Said Anne.

Indeed. Said Leonardo.

Then he picked up another book and read:

If a wolf stairs, you and your voice would become a horse,

Am..that's not true. Said Anne.

It is not? Said Leonardo.

We think about it. Said Anne. how could an animal make a person horse. And why they want to?

Leonardo nodded.

Yes. I think I agree with you. He said. he cleared his throat and then he read another idea.

A spider hatches her eggs by staring at them.

No...said Jack and Anne together.

No ? said Leonardo. T

Trust us. Said Jack smiling. This is really fun. He thought. Knowing more about the great genius. Scientists have discovered lots science since Leonardo's time.

All right. I don't know why. But I should trust you. Said Leonardo. He turned the pages and read:

The moon maybe bright, because it is made out of the rippling water.

Jack shook his head, actually, it made of rocks. He said. it's bright because it reflex the light of the sun.

Jack knows a lots about the moon. And did you know there's no wind on the moon? Said Anne. so someday when people walked there , there footprints will last forever.

Leonardo groaned.

Wonderful. He said. I feel you are both picking nonsense. But I like your original thinking.

He turned the page and read another entrée: there must be a way to use nature force, such as steam away, to help people do their

tasks, with least time, and least work.

That's a great idea. Said Jack. Maybe someday, steam engines could ran ships. Or steam engines could run a train.

A train? Said Leonardo.

Yes, a train. Said Anne.

A train is the thing we've imagined. It's like, am... like wagons connected each other. Said Jack. And whenever the trucks, go across the lines.

Interesting. Said Leonardo.

He closed his eyes as if trying to imagine it.

And there will be planes. Said Anne.

With imagine the things called planes.

Yeah. Said Jack.

They have wings, and fly through the air, like birds. Said Anne.

Leonardo sat up very straight,

You are imagining that flying thing is possible? He asked.

We are appositive. Said Jack.

Leonardo left to his feet, you've been sending to me as a sign. He said.

A sign of what? Said Anne.

Leonardo's eyes were glomming. I too believe human can fly like a bird. And today I shall prove it.

You will? Said Jack.

Yes. Until now I have been fulfilling some testing by my idea. Said Leonardo. But two of you have given me courage.

What is Leonardo talking about? Jack wondered.

I am sure my plane whole work now. said Leonardo. And it will bring me ever lasting fame.

We don't really know that much about the flying. Jack said.

Yeah. We were just imagining. Said Anne.

But Leonardo had grabbed his cap and cloak,

Come with me, friends. He headed out to the courtyard. Jack grabbed his bag and he and Anne followed. Leonardo jumped to the horse cart, and picked up the rings,

Come in, climb in. he said.

Jack and Anne climbed into the cart. Inside and they sat side by side with Leonardo .

Today, the great bird shall rise aloft. High into the sky. Said Leonardo. And the universe shall be filled with wonder.

Chapter 7: the great bird

Leonardo shook the reins, the white horse clapped out of the courtyard, and into the street.

So where are we going? Anne asked.

To the steep hill, just outside the city walls. One day, you will tell people that you have been with me on the stock Monday. You saw the engineer Leonardo da Vinci and his great bird.

Cool. But can you tell us exactly what you mean to do? Said Jack.

For 25 years I have sketched the birds and bats. Said Leonardo. I have studied all their movements, their gliding, their flapping, their landing and their rising into the air. I advised myself over and over, why can not person fly like birds do? So years ago, I began building my great bird, .

Your great bird? Asked Anne.

Hhuh..huh.. laughed Leonardo. Wait and see, wait and see.

The horse pulled the cart through the city gates and heading into the countryside. The chilly air was warmed by bright summer light, . Leonardo tag the reins and horse turned off the main road and started up to a narrow rocky path. The cart pumped the path pale green all of trees, and yellow fills of white flowers. So they came to the bottom of the steep hill. Leonardo pulled the reins and the horse

halted.

There, can you see it? He said. my great bird. He pointed to a strange looking structure on the top of the hill.

What is it ? asked Jack.

The wings like those of the bats, only much much larger, large a fur man, said Leonardo. About a month ago, on the moon lit light, my apprentices and I brought it to the top of the hill, I did not have the confidence to try it then, but now I do.

Jack was confused. He knew people did flied the plane until the beginning of the 1900s.

Am.. maybe you should work this one a little longer. He said. I mean maybe...

No. no. today is day I will fly it. Said Leonardo. Stay here and watch.

Leonardo leaped down from the cart, and took his long strides up to the deep slope.

Quick. Look up the great bird in Leonardo's book. Anne said to Jack.

Jack pulled out their research book and looked up the great bird in the index.

It's here he said. he found the right page and read aloud.

Leonardo da Vinci spent years in making a flying machine, that he called great bird. But not until the invention of the lighter weight motors, nearly four hundred years after Leonardo's time , would human fly impossible. It is not know whether Leonardo ever try to fly the great bird. If he did, he surely crashed.

Oh, no said Anne. his machine won't work. If Leonardo try it on the top of hill, it maybe crash. We have to stop him before he hurts himself.

Anne jumped out off the cart, Jack put the book away, he left his bag in the cart, and ran after her. They started climbing up the steep hill.

Leonardo, stop! Shouted Anne.

But Leonardo kept climbing .

You meant flight is impossible? Oh ,yeah! Jack cried.

Don't try it Leonardo. Yelled Anne.

Jack and Anne were only half way up the hill when they saw Leonardo reached the top. He began dropping himself into the harness of the great bird. Large handles were touched to the harness, on each side, were huge clothed wings, stretched over the wooden frame.

Don't! shouted Jack.

But Leonardo was already stepped staggering towards the edge of

the steep hill. With the flying machine on his back, he was so heavy that he hardly can stand up.

Leonardo, stop. Cried Anne. you need a motor.

But Leonardo bent his legs and lowed his body crouching closed to the ground. He grabbed the two large handles, and put them towards the chest, the huge wings moving towards the air.

The great bird raised his wings, and it pushed by the wind, shouted Leonardo.

No..... yelled Jack and Anne.

Leonardo left off the side of the hill into the air, a gust of wind lifted him, as the wind halted wind aloft, he pushed and pulled his handles, the wings moved up and down, but Leonardo couldn't make the wind slip fast enough. The wings pushed and pulled widely on his handles, he soon began falling through the air. Until wings and wood and Leonardo all crashed on the ground.

Leonardo! Yelled Anne.

Jack and Anne charged down the hill, at the bottom Leonardo da Vinci lied at the silent heap. He twisted the wing and splashed over the grass. Jack and Anne rushed to him,

Are you all right? Cried Anne.

There was no answer.

Oh, no. we have killed him. Called Jack.

But Leonardo stirred, he moved his one hand,

Are you all right? Anne asked again.

Leonardo moved his other hand. He rowed over on the side and unbuckled the stripe of the harness, he crawled the way of the flying machine. And held himself to a sitting position. His face was squeezed and red.

Are you all right ? Anne asked once more.

Leonardo looked at her, the eye had gone out of his eyes.

No. he said in a quite voice I am not all right.

Did you break something? Asked Anne.

Leonardo stood up. He stared at the twisted and torn wings of the great bird, he said deeply,

only my heart. He said. only my heart.

Leonardo turned and lifted the cross grass back towards his horse cart. Jack and Anne followed, when Leonardo got to the cart, his white horse snored as if he would like trying comfort him. Leonardo pressed his head, and horse's neck, Anne stepped toward him.

Why is your heart broken? Leonardo. ? she asked quietly.

Leonardo looked back at the hill,

All my life I have studied the projects that I come to nothing. He said. my towers and bridges had never been built, my scientific

ideas have never been proven.

But.. said Anne.

Leonardo went on...for years I made down of the norms horse I planed to sketch to the duke of lame. But the end, that working to nothing too. I have finished only a few paintings, I can't even finished my favorite one, a portrait of the lovely lady of Florence . today my fresco in the hallow degree of castle was ruined, but always since about my fair year, one thing brought me confident.

What? Asked Jack.

I knew someday I would be the first person in the world to fly. Said Leonardo. His voice quivered.

Talking with two of you, I knew the time had finally to test my machine.

We're sorry. Said Anne.

No, no. no ,I had to tested it sooner or later. Said Leonardo. But now that dream too , has come to nothing. I will never achieve the fame by flying. I will never fly. Beyond their heads, he stared at the ground. I shall go home go home now. I shall burn all my notebooks and my unfinished paintings and my inventions. I shall leave Florence forever and never returned.

Oh..no. said Jack.

Wait a minute. Said Anne . you will fly.

Anne. Jack warned . since the machines were never work,, you didn't give Leonardo false hope .

You are going to fly. Leonardo. Said Anne, and you are going to love it.

Anne. human flight is impossible at his time in history. Jack whispered to Anne. a person need a motor, we don't have a motor. But Anne paid no attention.

Halt on. everyone. She said. I have to get something. She climbed to the cart, and reached Jack's bag, when Anne turned back around, Jack gasped, he had forgotten, all about the wand of diandas.

Chapter 8: wings.

Anne held up the wand, close your eyes, Leonardo, she said,

Leonardo just shook his head,

Please . said Anne. just for second

Leonardo put his head hidden in his hands,

Listen. Said Anne.

This morning you said that the great artist that companied the observation, with imagination,

Leonardo barely nodded.

Well, watch out. Because this is the imagination part. Said Anne.

She waved the wand at Leonardo, then added herself, then Jack, contain her wands with fingers, she said in a loud clear voice:

Make us fly like birds.

Leonardo's arms pushed out to his sides, they spread long and great feathers, he let out a yelp, then next thing Jack knew, his arms had turned into feathered wings too. So had Anne's .

What's happening? Cried Leonardo.

Wings. Said Anne.

Jack's wings felt light, air was strong, and powerful,

Now, we can fly. Said Anne. .

Wings. Said Leonardo. Looking stunt. And then burst out his laughing.

We have wings, we have wings. Run, run into the wind.

Jack Anne and Leonardo all stretched their wings, onto quick steps forward. The wings rushed under their feathers and lifted them off the ground.

Wow...woo...cried Leonardo.

Leonardo Jack and Anne flapped their wings, soaring high in the sky. Then they caught the gentle wind and stopped flapping.

Twisting this wing, and that, they glided in the big circle above the

countryside. Jack felt that he likes his wings hard bit wildly.

Incredible. Ann. Yelled Anne.

best flight for ever. Shouted Jack.

Jack and Anne had flown lots before, they flew on the dragon, on the bicycle, on the wind at line, on the magic carpet, and on the back of the wild stagen in the Camelot, and they even flew on a raven over haunted castle, but this was the first time they ever flew in their own, just like themselves.

Follow me. Cried Leonardo. He tilt his wings and flew out of the circle. Jack and Anne flew after him. They all flew high over the quiet hills, in glided through low clouds, the cool wet missed blow against Jack's face. He felt that he was swimming through the sky. As If the clouds were water, keeping him float. Loafing and hooping delight, Leonardo led Jack and Anne flying out of the clouds, and down the yellow meadows and pale green out of the groves.

Hello! Leonardo shouted to farmers, ploughing in the field. But the farmers did not look up.

Hello! He called the great peakers working in the vines, but they didn't look up either.

No one on the ground looked up. But all the bird and sky seemed take to know this. birds called and swooped near them, as if welcome them to their world. Birds flew along side of them and

spread out in front of them. Leading them over the city walls of Florence. Jack Anne and Leonardo circled with birds over the sea of red tide rose, over the great dorm of the cathedral, and over the belt tower of the palace of the great castle.

Florence looks so neat and orderly from up here. Leonardo cried to Jack and Anne, I wish I had my sketch book, the city did looked orderly thought Jack. The busy market, with its roads and stocks, and tins, the narrow lanes with bright colored clouds weaving from the close lines. The long cured bridge , the wanding, sparkling river. Jack Anne and Leonardo soared with the birds, spackled with the city walls, out to the countryside. They glided over out to the gloves, and they circled above the spot where Leonardo's great bird lying broken in the grass. The birds swooped up and vanished behind the clouds.

Leonardo Jack and Anne glided down towards the ground, they opened their wings wide, and then they gently and easily their feet touched the grass, their wings flattered the tiny bees, and three of them took quick happy steps before coming to a full stop.

When Jack and Anne and Leonardo steady on their feet, their long feathered wings disappeared, and their bird wings became arms

again. Leonardo looked dazed. He stared at the sky then he staggered a few steps and felt flying into the grass.

Leonardo? Said Anne.

Oh, no . thought Jack. It is a hard to tack.

Leonardo? Said Anne. she rode down near him.

Leonardo rode over, stared up at Jack and Anne

What? What just happened? He stammered. Did we fly? Did we really fly? Or was it a dream?

Ah.. well..Jack didn't know what to say to explain the wand to Leonardo. They have just stayed away back to the very beginning of the tree house. Morgan , Merlin, teddy and catherine. And daindas. He would take forever.

Well, said Anne. one day a long time ago, we were playing in the woods, and we saw...

Anne.. Jack shook his head.

Anne frowned. I guess I can't really explain. She said.

Leonardo looked up at the sky,

No, no , he said, I think you are right

Perhaps something should remain in mysteries, and I'd better kept our hearts. We should not to try to explain them .

That's amazing statement. Jack thought. Form person you always try to explain everything, but, if I do explain it I would explain it this

way. Said Leonardo.

He leapt his feet, for years I rode down all my observations of birds and bats, I made hundreds of drawings, these things helped me build my flying machine. But in the end, something was missing, something very important, ..

What? Asked Anne.

The spirit of the bird. Said Leonardo.

The bird is not just a machine, a bird has spirit. As two of you , and somehow gain that spirit . if only for short time and if only in my imagination, we all became more bird than human.

And the spirit of the bird mended your heart? Anne asked.

Leonardo smiled, yes. My heart is mended now. and I am ready to leave the dream behind, move on the others, it dose not the matter the world will would never know my great trials.

So maybe fame doesn't make happiness. Said Jack.

Absolutely not. Said Leonardo. I knew that now . we must do what we do to satisfy our own hearts. Fro instance, I am working on painting now, I love it. I do not care if others ever see it. Oh, what time is it?

He jerked head around, and looked at sun.

We must go, or we will be late.

Late for what? Said Anne.

To meet my motto (model) at studio. Said Leonardo. The woman I am painting in the portrait we've just talking about. We must return. Jack Anne and Leonardo hurried back to the cart, and climbed in. Leonardo snapped the reins and white horse started clapping back toward Florence.

Chapter 9: the smile

At first no one spoke at the trip back, it was a safety break the joy they had shadow over them. Even though Jack was pumping up and down in the cart he could still remember the feeling of flyings and smoothly in the sky. He could feel the wind rustle on his long feathers. The cart passed a gate and city wall. As they started through the streets, Anne broke the silence.

So the fame is not the secret of the happiness. She said to Leonardo. Then what is? Do you think it could be fly?

Leonardo thought for a moment, no, no, the secret of happiness can not be fly. He said.

Why not? Asked Jack.

Because fly is a great dream, that no one but us will realize. Said

Leonardo. Surly, happiness can not be only for us.

True. Said Anne.

So , what do you think the secret is? Asked Jack.

mmm... Leonardo was silent. And then said : let me think about it.

He said .

Jack looked worriedly at the sky, the sun would go down soon, and the night would come. According to their realm, they were suppose to live the night birds singing its song.

Amm.. how long do you think it would take you to think about it?

Jack asked.

I do not know . said Leonardo. Right now, all I know is that I must hurry to meet my model. She's already on happy enough without my being late.

Why she's on happy? Asked Anne.

She will not say. Said Leonardo. Perhaps she is tried hosing for me.

For three years she's been sitting for the portrait.

Wow! That's a really long time. Said Anne. especially just sitting.

Yes. Yes it is. Said Leonardo. Lately she can't even smile, she only stared at me silently, I have tried my singers, musicians and jokers to amuse her. But nothing helps.

Maybe you should meet her with me today. Said Jack .

He didn't want Leonardo to lose to the feeling of flying. And we

want to spend time thinking about the secrets of happiness.

No. I must. Said Leonardo. The light is perfect today. Late afternoon is best time for painting a portrait. In my courtyard, some gold meadows beginning to fall . shadow falling is white house pulling artist to courtyard.

A young woman was standing by the studio door.

Lisa. Called Leonardo.

Hello. Leonardo. The woman said. she wore dark gown with silver clock over her shoulder. A thin veil covered her long brown hair. She had high forehead, and large brown eyes,

Ugly she like someone Jack knew. But he couldn't remember who.

Forgive me, Lisa I am late. Said Leonardo.

Leaping down from the cart, will you wait for set off my things ?

Yes. I will wait. Said Lisa.

Leonardo hurried inside. Jack and Anne climbed down from the cart,

Hi! we are Anne and Jack. Said Anne.

The woman smiled at them.

I am Lisa.

You look familiar to me. Said Anne.

Really? Said Lisa. Are you from Florence?

No. we are from frog creek, Pennsylvania . said Anne. it's far

away.

Lisa smiled again. I like the name of your town. She said.

So Lisa did smile for other people. Thought Jack. He wonder why she wouldn't smile for Leonardo?

Leonardo came back outside, carrying a small compass, an easel and a paint box. He then brought a stool for Lisa. She sat down and folded her hands, Leonardo placed the compass on the easel as he prepared the pace Jack and Anne looked at his painting in progress.

Nice. Said Anne.

The small compass show the model Lisa , except for her mouth, her whole face had been painted, and the background of the nicest landscape, mountains and rivers, Leonardo picked up his brush, deep it into a paint ware, and began to work, Jack and Anne watched closely, as the great genius brushed and then painted over the same way,

What are you doing now? whispered Anne.

I paint many very thins knots for the background. Murmured Leonardo.

This casts a soft green light over everything. So it all blintz together like smoke, and you can not tell that from the shadow.

And aren't you figure that out? Asked Anne. I mean you always

coming with new ways to do somethings. How do you do that?

I ask questions. Said Leonardo. All the time I ask questions, how can I paint the light, how can I capture the shadows , how can I do this, how can I do that,

Leonardo stopped painting, he put down his brush, and looked at Jack and Anne, his eyes were sparkling,

And now my friend, I know the secret,

You do? Said Jack.

Yes. Said Leonardo.

The secret of happiness is available to all of us, every hour, every day, young old rich poor, everyone can choose to find happiness in this way.

How? Asked Anne, what's the secret?

She and Jack leaned forward. Eager to hear his answer.

Curiosity. Said Leonardo.

Curiosity? Repeated Jack.

Yeah. Curiosity. You have lots of it. Always ask questions. Said Leonardo. Always try to learn something new and ask why when where what? Say, I wonder what this means? I wonder how that means? I wonder, I wonder...this person is like, and that person is like. and that one. I am Always be searching for things I do not understand.

Me too. Said Jack.

That's why I look forward each day. Each spring or summer, fall or winter. And all the month of years, I had. There is so much to discover. Said Leonardo.

Me too. Said Anne.

Through my curiosity, I forget my failure, my sorrows and my unhappiness, said Leonardo.

He looked up at the sky.

For instance, one might wonder how they built eight sided dorm, on top of the cathedral,

I do wonder that. Said Jack.

And I wonder what is exactly made that clouds change shape. Said Anne.

And and what makes bread crack on the outside and in the inside.

Asked Jack. I just really wonder ten types of noses? Said Anne.

How many kinds of ears are there? Asked Jack. How many kinds of feet?

Hands? Said Anne.

Eyebrows. Said Jack.

Their two voices split at each other, as they were calling their questions.

And who rings the bells on bell tower?

Why is the sky blue?

Where the city birds sleep?

And why won't Lisa smile for Leonardo ? asked Anne.

Jack and Leonardo looked at Anne, and then they all turned to look at Lisa. Jack had actually forgotten she was sitting near them. The quiet lovely woman blint,

What? What did you say? She said.

Why won't you smile for Leonardo Lisa? Asked Anne. are you minded because been posing for three years?

Lisa's face grew red. She seemed to be fighting to tears. She shook her head,

It it's Leonardo's reason? Anne asked softly.

Lisa looked at Leonardo, he war staring back at her.

Yes. She whispered. There is.

What is it? Anne asked.

I am faintest my smile. Said Lisa.

She kept staring at Leonardo, though she was talking to Anne. if I smile, Leonardo would paint my smile, and he will be down with me.

He will sell my portrait to my family, and never think of me again.

There was a silence for a moment. Jack and Anne looked at Leonardo,.

Anne, said Leonardo finally staring at Lisa, tell Lisa that she will

smile, I will finish my portrait. But tell her I will not left it to her family.
I will carry it with me. Wherever I go, for the rest of my life. And I will
never forget her.

Lisa, Leonardo says that ...started Anne,
But Lisa stopped her, I heard. She said softly. Then she smiled. She
was faint smiled. But was stereos and beautiful one. Her face glow
and golden light afternoon.

Ah..gaspt Leonardo. Keep that smile. He said.

He kept staring at Lisa, and deep his paint brush into a jar,
Please keep that smile. Mona Lisa.

Mona Lisa? Jack heard the name before

Lisa kept smiling. Leonardo painted,

Hey! Listen! Anne said to Jack.

Jack listened. He heard a bird whistling and twittering, a plain
brown bird was singing form the roof top of the courtyard.

That looked like the bird you freed from the cage. Said Jack.

Yes it is him. Whispered Anne.

He is a nightingale. Said Leonardo. Keeping his eyes on Lisa. A
beautiful singer , yes?

Anne smiled to Jack, time to go...she said.

Remember Morgan's realm.

Help the genius till the night birds singing its song.

Right. Said Jack sighing.

Goodbye, Leonardo, said Jack.

Leonardo didn't seem to hearing.

Goodbye, Lisa. Said Anne.

Lisa turned her eyes to Jack and Anne,

Bye. She whispered.

Then Leonardo turned to them too.

Yes. Goodbye my friends. He said. come again soon please.

You've brought great hopes to me today.

You hopes us too. Said Anne.

Leonardo bowed to them, then he turned back to his work. He painted Lisa's smile, as the nightingale's singing on.

The bird's song..grew louder and louder. until it seemed to fail in Florence night .

Chapter 10: questions.

It was twilight. When Jack and Anne stepped out to the streets.

Where is the tree with the tree house? Asked Anne.

Somewhere over the bridge beyond the big dorm. Said Jack.

They kept their eyes on the dorm, and then they spread their way

through the streets of Florence. When they came to the cathedral, the square was quiet, the cathedral's great doors open, Jack and Anne could see candles burning inside. Jack and Anne kept walking, soon they came to the market, the hundreds of tens stalls were all closed for the night, the square was empty, Jack and Anne returned the way to coming that morning.

Walking on the same narrow lanes, they saw that all the shops were closed now too. They crossed the curved of the bridge, walking along the flowing river, passed quiet houses, and smoke from the curved chimneys, into the dark glomming sky.

Finally Jack and Anne came to the cage, hedge, where was the tree with the tree house. In the great light of dusk, they climbed up the rope ladder.

Before we go home, I wonder look something up. Said Jack.

He pulled out their research book out of his bag and looked at the index for Mona Lisa.

He found it and turned to the page:

Look! It's Lisa. Said Anne.

Jack and Anne stared at the picture of Leonardo 's painting. They looked exactly the same. Except now the smiling on her face. The same smile they just have seen in the real life.

Jack read aloud.

Leonardo da Vinci 's painting of Mona Lisa is perhaps the most famous painting in the world. It is believed to be a portrait of Lisa de la Conda. The Italian name means My lady. Leonardo da Vinci never sold the portrait of Lisa, he took with it everywhere he traveled until he died.

Jack closed the book, he kept his promise. He said.

I knew he would. Said Anne.

She was sad.

Goodbye, Leonardo, she whispered.

Then she picked up their note from Morgan and pointed the words of frog creek..

I wish we could go there. She said.

The wind started to blow. The tree house started to spin. It span faster and faster. Then everything was still. Absolutely still.

Sunlight flooded from the tree house window, no time had past in the frog creek, the school bell was still ringing, and none seem class in ten minutes, Jack and Anne were wearing their school clothes, Jack's cloth bag changed back to his backpack,

We have to hurry, said Anne.

I know said Jack.

He looked inside the pack, he was happy to see the wand of diandas, as he pulled out their research book, a piece of paper fell out. It was the sketch of Leonardo 's angel.

Oh, I forgot about this . said Jack.

He and Anne looked at the sketch. It showed them a really good drawing. Said Anne.

Yeap, said Jack. And it remind us that Leonardo 's secret of happiness.

He was curious about everything. Said Anne.

Angels noses, birds,

Feathers, flowers, wolves and spatters. Spiders. .. added Jack.

Shadows of life. Said Anne.

Bells, clouds, moon. Said Jack,

And every time he was unhappy about something. His curiosity made him happy again. Said Anne,

Jack took the angel drawing from Anne and carefully put it back to his pack.

Come on, Anne. he said. we don't want to be late for school.

Jack started down the rope ladder, and Anne followed. Jack and Anne walked together to the school. Out of sun bright woods.

I wonder where my new classroom to be. Said Anne.

Yeah. Said Jack. And I wonder where my desk will be. Close to the

window or the door.

And I wonder Jane will be my classmate this year? Said Anne.

Would Joe be mine? Said Jack.

What about the happen of remain Johnson? Asked Anne,, Is he coming back this year?

I hope so. Said Jack.

And who is the new librarian? And new music teacher?

Yeah. What kind of noses do they have. ? said Anne.

Jack laughed.

All the questions about the school, didn't make them nervous anymore. Now they were eager to find out the answers. They quickened their steps,

And how long will we take time to get there?

Really really fast. He said.

What if we run? Said Anne.

Jack and Anne started running, as the wind blew the trees, and the leaves fluttered through the air and birds singing from the branches, in the Monday morning, woods.

The end