Vikram’s English Academy (ICSE)

**Lona Misa**

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Four centuries ago, in the Renaissance, lived an old man, Peonardo Da Vinci. He wore a ragged jacket with colourful buttons, a white beard with a dab of grey. He wore glossy leather shoes with upturned toes. He wandered in the city of Paris to find a sensational model. After few kicks from beautiful girls, he finally found a girl named Lona Misa. She was just a normal lady, not an aristocrat but Peonardo found something enigmatic in her. “Tis the inner beauty which has pulled you here” answered Da Vinci when she had asked “why me?”

The only thing Lona had come was for money. To buy herself wine but Peonardo told her that she will get the full payment only after the work is done, she argued to get an advance for a few hours but he wouldn’t listen to her. Da Vinci made her sit for hours without taking a break. She had to sit on a dusty wooden stool and had to smile for all those hours. She found it very difficult to smile and always gave a fake smile which made Da Vinci mad.

Once there came two visitors from Persia. They were Da Vinci’s good friends, Iltutmish and Balban. They were visiting the Eiffel Tower when they past his art library. They thought they would drop in to see how their friend was doing but what they saw was a total commotion. Lona smashing a painting on Da Vinci’s head, green paint and blue paint on Lona’s face and clothes. It was a scene where one wants to indulge in mischief and supports the opponent. Same did the Persians, they started cheering Lona Misa who got motivated or rather ultra- motivated. She removed two eggs from her bag which she had bought and smashed them on Da Vinci’s face. Iltutmish and Balban both started trying and ending the fight but were successful only after showing long and pointed swords. They explained her to be content and give a natural smile instead of a fake one. “I can’t think of anything to smile Peonardo, said Lona.” Peonardo replied, “There is so much to smile about in Paris, the Eiffel Tower, Champs Elysses, Louvre, etc” but she wouldn’t listen. Balban was tired of this fight and decided to leave. He stepped back and slipped into the torn painting of Lona Misa. His head fit right in the hole and looked like Lona had a beard because his head got stuck in the right place. She giggled, Peonardo smiled and started the new painting right away but this time with Lona’s real and natural smile.