

## The Magical Life of Mr. Renny

by Leo Timmers

Hello, everyone. My number is \_\_\_\_\_. Today I'm going to read you a story. It's called "The Magical Life of Mr. Renny."

This is not an apple.

It's a painting of an apple.

Mr. Renny was a very good painter. Everything he painted looked just like the real thing.

Every week he trundled his paintings to the market.

Miss Rose's fruit stand was next to Mr. Renny's. She sold bananas, strawberries, and lemons by the dozen. But no one wanted to buy Mr. Renny's paintings. Not even the one of the apple.

"If only I could eat it, then I wouldn't be so hungry." He sighed.

"You want to eat the apple?" a stranger asked. "You can, you know."

The man snapped his fingers and—POOF!—the apple was real.

"Take a bite and all your paintings will come to life," said the man.

"Wh-who are you?" asked Mr. Renny. But the man was already gone.

Mr. Renny hesitated a moment, then bit into the apple.

Unbelievable! All his paintings sprang to life.

Mr. Renny raced home to start a new painting at once.

With the final brushstroke it turned into... a real hot dog.

Hmmm-- Delicious!

Mr. Renny had always wanted a car. So he painted one.

He drove to Rome, Paris, and London. But all the while he could think only of his next painting.

There were still so many things he wanted.

A bed, a TV, another car, perfume, champagne, crystal glasses, a gold watch, a swimming pool, a plane, a rocket, more champagne, an even bigger car, and... a mansion!

Just as Mr. Renny was deciding what he should paint next... Ding-Dong!  
The doorbell rang.

It was Miss Rose. "Hello, I've come to buy one of your paintings," she said.

"I'm sorry, Rose, but they're all gone," said Mr. Renny.

"Can't you paint just one for me?"

"I'm sorry, Rose. I really can't."

"So you're no longer a painter? What a pity, Mr. Renny. In that case, I'll be on my way."

What now? Mr. Renny thought long and hard.

That's it!

He painted a portrait of the stranger. With the final brushstroke, the man walked down from the painting.

“Will you help me one more time? I want to paint an ordinary picture again. One that doesn't come to life,” he asked the man.

“I thought this would happen,” laughed the man. He snapped his fingers.

Just like that, everything vanished. The cars, the swimming pool, the mansion. They all turned back into paintings. Mr. Renny didn't mind at all. He already knew what he wanted to paint next. He finished the painting and... nothing happened. Overjoyed, Mr. Renny rushed to the market.

“You're back!” Miss Rose smiled.

“I have a surprise for you.” Mr. Renny held up his new painting. It was a beautiful rose.

Miss Rose was thrilled. “But I thought you weren't a painter anymore?”

“Of course I am,” said Mr. Renny.

“Once a painter, always a painter!”

Thank you for listening.