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I LOVE YOU SAINT MICHAEL

Synopsis

My book I love you Saint Michael plays in the middleages in the year 1500.

It is a novel, a horror, a fantasy book and an action book and it is also an adventure book. It is about a young woman from 24 years old called Magdalena Salomon. She is from Holland and she comes from the province Gelderland from the place Bronckhorst. She is a very religious person and she gives painting classes to people

and she goes to a painting academy in Bronckhorst. There is a large cathedral from Saint Michael close to her home and it has been renovated. It wasn't a Saint Michael cathedral before but they had changed it afterwards. One day Magdalena Salomon walks inside the cathedral from Saint Michael and she meets there Saint Michael the archangel and general from God his holy army and they fall in love and start a relation together. Saint Michael tells her that she will become pregnant and that the child is his. Magdalena is surprised because he is an archangel so they can never make love together but she still becomes pregnant from him by his blessings and by his holy touch. Saint Michael tells her that her child will become a Saint and a prince and that his name will be Saul Salomon Hajjar and that he will become a general from Saint Michael's holy army from God one day in his fight against Satan and his evil army and he tells her that she has to leave to Iraq for that because Satan has fallen in Iraq in the city of Basra. Magdalena first doesn't believe Saint Michael and she thinks everything is just a dream but then she finds out that she is really pregnant from him and that his prophecy is true. But the more she gets to know about Saint Michael and his holy army the more strange evil things happen to her. Saint Michael tells her that Satan wants to hurt her because he knows that God and Saint Michael and his holy army from God are on her side and on the side of her unborn baby Saul and that one day her son Saul will become a very powerful Saint from God and a very powerful general from God. Saint Michael promises to protect her and the baby and he tells her that when her baby is born she has to leave to Iraq to raise him up in God's holy army against Satan who is an evil blood-drinking prince called Azzam Ali Khan who claims to be Satan and his evil army from Satan and he tells her that there will be a good strong and wealthy

powerful iraqi king called Saladin Hajjar from the city of Babylon and from the province of Babil and Salahuddin with a large army from God that will be by her side to fight against prince Azzam Ali Khan and his evil sadistic general Kazim Ali Khan and his evil blooddrinking army. And Saint Michael tells her that he and his holy army from God will be there to support them in their war against Satan.

Magdalena leaves by ship to the harbour of Basra and from there on she leaves to the city of Babylon with some nuns and some priests from the catholic church who want to spread their word of God among the catholics there. Magdalena and Saul stay with King Saladin Hajjar inside his palace till Saul is old enough to become a general in his army from God. And King Saladin falls in love with her...

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(Year 1500-middleages)

Chapter 1 Saint Michael

"My name is Magdalena Salomon and I am 24 years old."

I was sitting in my room and I was painting a painting with beautiful

Lavender flowers. Painting is my job and writing is my job.

I am writing books and I am painting paintings and I am selling my books and I am selling my paintings to several people from my country which is the Netherlands and to people from foreign countries. I am raised catholic by my parents and I am very much busy with my religion and churches and I visited churches since I was a baby and I visit churches almost every day because I love Jesus Christ and Saint Mary a lot and because I love churches and catholic religion a lot. I pray every day and night and I always paint and write something about catholic religion like icons and churches and Saint Mary and Jesus Christ and God and the holy spirit. I looked at my Lavender painting and I was busy with painting a little white farmer home on the Lavender field of flowers. Not all my paintings were about the catholic faith but also nature and not all my books were about the catholic faith but also about nature and about culture and romance. "I have many catholic statues, crosses

and paintings in my room. And I have many rosaries from different countries that I have taken home from my journeys from Italy, Spain, Portugal and Greece. Like the icons that were hanging inside my room. They came from all different countries around the world. I live alone without my parents. Both my parents are still alive. My father is 68 and my mother is 66. They both live together in a large farmhouse in the countryside of the province of Gelderland. And I live in my own farm in Gelderland in the countryside. I bought that from the money that I earn with my paintings and books. We all live in the village Bronckhorst.

There is a large cathedral close to my home called the cathedral of Saint Michael and it was such a beautiful cathedral like I have never seen before.

I never studied about Saint Michael and I never wondered about his existence. I didn't really know who he was. I was always only busy with Saint Mary and Jesus Christ that I loved a lot but that I also didn't know a lot about except from the stories from the bible. The cathedral was reopened again because it was closed for a long time so they could make it a cathedral just for Saint Michael. So now they had made it a cathedral dedicated to Saint Michael. I didn't visit the cathedral yet because they were renovating it and because it was only open for 2 weeks now but not yet for the public. I now visit a small church close to my home that is really beautiful and that is decorated with beautiful statues from Saints and with beautiful stained glass. The cathedral from Saint Michael would finish today and the friar from the cathedral had told me that yesterday. I want to go there I thought. I looked at my painting and decided that it was almost finished. I laid down my brush and wanted to visit the cathedral from Saint Michael. I want to buy a book about Saint Michael to know more about him. I put on my coat and went outside.

There was a cold wind outside. I was shivering from the cold but I went on. I walked 15 minutes before I arrived at the Saint Michael cathedral. On top on the cathedral was a statue of Satan laying down with a big statue of an archangel from God on it. That must be Saint Michael I thought. He looks so strong and magnificent I thought. He is so beautiful. I want to know all about him I thought. I looked again at the large statue on the roof from the cathedral and I thought that Saint Michael looked at me for a moment and that he moved a little bit. I saw Satan staring at me as well and it made me shiver. He looked so evil and so scary and he made me scared. I decided that I wanted to go inside the cathedral. When I went inside I saw the most beautyfull cathedral that I had ever seen in my life. With big stained glass windows that had paintings from Saints and from archangels from God that came till the roof of the cathedral. And there where so many statues from Saints. And there was a large marble tray with holy water inside. I saw a large stage with a large golden altar with a large golden chalice on it. I saw a large painting of Saint Michael standing on Satan and other angels from God that where fighting against Satan and his army. What a large battle from God against Satan I thought by myself. What a very strong and beautiful angel is Saint Michael that he is fighting against Satan. Now I know who Saint Michael is I thought by myself. I saw down on one of the large wooden benches inside the cathedral and kept looking at the large painting from the battle of Saint Michaels army over Satan and his army from evil angels. I kept staring at Saint Michael and I noticed something strange about the painting. Saint Michael was moving! And so was his holy army from God! I looked at Saint Michael and he stared back at me.

His eyes were large and golden brown and his hair was long with large black curls and his skin was creamy white and was shining so bright. He had a large aureole of holy light around his beautiful head and his 2 large golden wings were made of large feathers. He smiled at me and his teeth were so bright and white and beautiful. His white large full lips looked very beautiful as well and all his body was muscled with very large muscles.

He was wearing large silver armor around his upper body and he was wearing a white satin small dress under that decorated with gold.

He was wearing a dark red mantle and he was wearing golden sandals under his clothes with gold laces around his lower legs. He wore a large silver shield with a large golden cross on it and he was holding a large silver sword with a large golden handle. His smile was so beautiful and I couldn't keep my eyes from him away. Is it my imagination? I thought. Saint Michael is smiling to me and he was staring at me all the time while the black Satan was crawling under his feet inside the hell fire. I wanted to stand up and walk to the statue of Saint Mary and Jesus Christ to see how beautiful they were but suddenly I heard someone saying my name.

Magdalena was my name and someone was calling it softly. It was a very pleasant voice and it was the voice from a man. "Magdalena....." I heard it again. The voice didn't frighten me but it made me calm and it comforted me. I turned around and looked at the painting from Saint Michael and his army standing on Satan again and saw Saint Michael was talking to me. He smiled at me again and he was holding a white Rose this time and he wanted to give it to me.

His hand came out of the painting and he held the Rose in front of him and gave it to me. "This is for you Magdalena Salomon" he said. "Because I love you." Saint

Michael was surrounded by such bright light that it hurted my eyes but that feeling soon went away. I took the white Rose and smelled it carefully. "It smells like heaven" I said to Saint Michael. "This is a Rose from heaven" said Saint Michael. "And it belongs to you now. "This Rose will never die and neither will my love for you because I love you." He stepped out of the large painting and stood in front of me. "You are very special my dear. Do you know that?" I shook my head and said "No, I dont know what you are talking about." "You are a Saint my love and Satan is your enemy just like he is my enemy." "What do you mean?" I asked him. "You are born to defeat evil and so is your child" said Saint Michael. "Satan knows that and he wants to hurt you." "What do you mean with my child? I dont have a child." I told him.

"You will have a child from me" said Saint Michael and it will grow inside your belly till you give birth. "I came here to protect you and your child from Satan. Your child is a great saint" said Saint Michael. "And his name will be Saul." "Why does Satan wants to hurt us?" I asked him. "Because Saul is my child" Saint Michael said. "Because you are my bride and we belong to eachother. Because I love you and I am in love with you" he said.

"I love you to" I said with a shiver in my voice.

He made me nervous with his beauty and his strength.

"You are very beautiful and you are very strong" I said to Saint Michael.

"Yes I have to be strong to defeat Satan" he said. "And you are very beautiful as well" he told me. I was 24 years old and I had big green eyes and long ash blond hair with curls till my knees and I was 1.70 m tall.

I had a creamy white skin a small thin nose and large full lips and large black eyebrows. "Thank you my love" I said to him because I felt nothing but love for the beautiful strong archangel that stood in front of me.

He stretched out his hand towards my face and touched it lightly. He softly stroked my face with his hand. "Your skin is so soft" he said. "Like satin".

I wanted to kiss him, hold him and never let him go. I felt so safe with my heavenly prince from God. I wanted to sleep inside his arms and never wake up. I wanted to fly to heaven with him and never let go.

He stood so close to me right now that I felt his heavenly breath all over my face. I felt so enlightened by his holy presence. "Please can I hold you?" I asked Saint Michael. Saint Michael looked at me with kindness and love inside his eyes but he said that he did have to follow the rules from God and that he couldn't have a sexual relationship with an earthling. "I don't want to make love with you" I told him, "I only want to hold you please." He came to me and stretched out his both hands to me to hold me. I went to him and held him with my both hands and I felt his strong body under my head against my body. Against my small breasts. His muscled arms felt strong around me. I felt his warm breath on my face. "Please" I said. I felt his heartbeat against me and he felt mine. I slowly lifted up my face and my face was close in front of his face now. He was staring at me and he slowly came down with his face and he slowly kissed my soft lips. There was lots of tension between us. I answered his kiss with my mouth on his. It was a slow and beautiful kiss and it was so pure. I looked inside his eyes and saw love and desire. "Isn't it forbidden that you kiss me?" I asked him "It is" he said. "But I love you and I want to kiss you." "I want to be with you forever" I said to Saint Michael. "I want to be with you forever as

well"Saint Michael said. His soft lips touched mine again and I felt his strong muscles on my body. "He kissed me strongly with more passion and I answered his kisses. He lifted me up and carried me to the large golden altar.

I felt so safe inside his strong muscled arms.

He laid me down on the altar and sat next to me on a large golden chair.

There was a large golden cup on the altar and Saint Michael took the cup with his both hands and drank from it. There was holy water inside the cup.

Then he gave the cup to me and I drank the holy water from the cup and I returned the cup to him. The water felt so blessed and so heavenly when I drank it . Saint Michael put the cup back on the altar and he slowly caressed my forehead with his right hand. "Sleep now my love"he said to me. "I will stay with you till you are asleep and when you wake up you will be pregnant from my child and then I will be gone but I am always there for you to protect you if you or your child need me against Satan because I also came here to warn you against Satan for he might want to hurt you and your child" And I slept on the altar. Saint Michael was with me and I slowly fell asleep in a mysterious deep sleep. Moments later I slowly woke up. It felt like I have had slept for days even months or years. I sat down and looked around me. I saw that Saint Michael was gone and that he was back on the painting standing on Satan like nothing had happened between us.

But he was still looking at me and his smile was so tender towards me that I knew that there was more between us than just that look.

What if I am really pregnant? I thought. How would I tell my parents who the father was? What would they say if I am pregnant?I thought by myself.

I walked to the painting from Saint Michael and his army that were standing on Satan and torturing Satan and I slowly touched his face and caressed it. I touched his beautiful lips with my index finger and smiled back at him. "I love you Saint Michael" I said to him. "I will always love you". I found it time to go home again. What did he mean by if Satan wants to hurt you or your child?

I thought. His words frightened me and I hoped that I was safe from Satan and his army. I didn't want any problems.

I said goodbye to Saint Michael and walked outside the large cathedral.

A strong cold wind came upon me and it felt like I was blowing away.

A large stone fell down from the cathedral and it fell just beside me.

It was a really large stone and I knew if it would have fallen on my head I would have been dead. But I wasn't dead, I was alive and Saint Michael had saved me I thought. Was that the work of Satan? I thought or was it just a coincidence? I wanted to be home soon and I walked faster towards my home. My home was only 15 minutes walking and so it wasn't too far for me.

After 10 minutes of walking I walked next to a large park and saw an old man with a large black Rottweiler. The dog looked at me and started to pull his dogstrap harder and harder till the old man let go of him. He barked loudly to me and he ran towards me. I ran away fast but the dog grabbed my leg and bit hard in it. I was screaming loud that someone had to help me.

Suddenly the dog stopped biting and he was dead. He was just dead there laying next to me. I was happy that he was dead and I ran as fast as I could towards home. My leg was still hurting because of the bite from the large black Rottweiler but I had

to go home. That was all that I could think about. I finally was home. I opened my farmdoor and went inside the house.

I closed the door and locked it. It was so cold outside I thought it would be freezing and the wind was freezing to. I decided to read everything about Saint Michael on the internet and that I would buy everything that had to do with him. I missed his presence. It was 7 O'clock evening and I decided I wanted to cook something for myself. I took a toast and warmed it inside the toaster, then I took 2 eggs and baked them with onions and tomatos and put them on my toast and ate it. I went to the television and looked at the news. Everywhere there were dissasters inside the world. Earthquakes, vulcanic erruptions, floods, airplane crashes, car accidents, boat accidents, murders, fires, you name it and it was there. It made me sick and it made me sad. I decided to go to my bed with some hot tea and to read a nice book about nature. I wanted to relax myself and not look at the news. And I did. After a while I felt sleepy and I put my book on the bedside table and I switched of the light beside my bed. Then I went to sleep inside a deep sleep.

Chapter 2: The sign from Satan

I was sleeping very deep and soon I was dreaming.

But it was more a nightmare than a dream. What was that? I thought

by myself. It was a large dark fat smoke and it was coming closer to me. It came falling from the sky. I was affraid from the smoke and I wanted to run away but I couldnt. Suddenly the smoke changed and took form. It was Satan! He was completely black with black large horns and a large black tongue and he had large sharp white teeth in his mouth. His claws were large and his nails were sharp. He had a large long thin tale an he had black hoofs like a goat. He had large red eyes and a large pointy black nose and large dark pointy ears and he had large black pointy wings. He stared at me with a false look in his eyes and he started to speak to me. "You can not defeat me" he said angry to me. "I am Satan and I am the fallen one from heaven and you can not defeat me because I am eternal....."

"I dont know what you mean?"I said to Satan.

"Are you not affraid of me Magdalena?"he said surprised to me.

"I am very affraid from you" I said and I was shivering because of fear.

Satan was spitting fire. Fire came out of his mouth and he was surrounded by fire.

"I can see and smell your fear" he laughed false at me.

"You should be very affraid of me"he said with a mysterious voice.

"I know that Saint Michael is protecting you and your baby that belongs to him but I will defeat you and your baby. Your baby is a danger to my excistence. He is a great saint and he will be a soldier from God and he will lead his army against my army." "What army do you mean?"I asked him. "The army from Saint Michael. The army from the catholic church! He will spread his army all over the world and they will all turn against me like Saint Michael and his army and they will capture me and destroy me."

"I dont know what you are talking about" I said to Satan.

I wanted to go away from my realistic nightmare but Satan didnt let me go before he finished talking to me. "You dont believe me do you?"

Satan said. "You are pregnant already and I will destroy you and your child no matter what Saint Michael will do he can not protect you from my power. "What I had in church was a beautyful dream" I said to Satan and I dont believe that I am pregnant. That is impossible. I havent been with a man. " "You were with Saint Michael and he told you that you will have a child from him and he didnt touch you." "That was a beautyful dream I had in church but when I woke up I was asleep before so I assume that I fell asleep in church and that it wasnt real. I dont believe that I am pregnant. I is impossible." "I dont care what you believe" said Satan false and fire came from his mouth in to my direction but a shield of light stopped the fire from hurting me. I was surprised. "I dont care what you believe because it is true" said Satan again. "And did you see that shield of light that was protecting you? That was the shield from Saint Michael and he protected you from the hell fire that came from my mouth. The shield from my archenemy Saint Michael. He thinks he can cruch me with his army and his feet and his words and his weapons and his power from God but he wont succeed. I will succeed and you and your child will die!" He laughed false. "You are never safe from my power Magdalena Salomon " he said. "And neither is your son Saul Salomon."

The large shield of light was still in front of me and it was everywhere around me.

"I still dont believe I am pregnant" I said. "You will find out soon" said Satan. And both of you will die. He growled loud and he was

angry that the shield of light was protecting me from letting him hurt me because it was clear that he really wanted to hurt me but he didnt succeed. His evil power and fire couldnt pass or pass through the shield of light. He gave up his attack and he dissapeared in the fat black smoke and fire where he came with. But the last thing he said was: "You will soon feel my power everywhere around you and you can not escape from me or my power." Then he laughed falsely and he was completely gone. Moments later the shield of light dissapeared as well and I woke up. I was sweating all over my body and over my head as well. My wholebed was wet from my transpiration and so was my pyama. I looked at my alarmclock next to my bed and saw that it was 4 o'clock at night. I didnt care I thought. I wanted to take a shower because I felt dirty.

So I stood up from my bed and walked to my bathroom and stood inside my lightblue bath. I turned on the shower and closed my striped colored shower curtain. I felt so great under the warm water of the shower and I took a piece of Lavender soap and rubbed it over my body. After that I took some Sage shampoo and poured it over my hair. I washed my hair and body.

As I was standing inside the shower I had my eyes closed while I enjoyed the warm water that was flowing over my hair and face and I didnt notice the blood that came from my both pulses. After a few minutes I opened my eyes and looked down to the bath and saw so much blood inside the bath!

I screamed. I wanted to know where the blood came from. I looked at my pulses and saw that they were cut like a big knife had cut inside them.

I saw 2 large wounds were blood was flowing out from on my pulses and

I went out of bath and I walked towards my first aid kit that was inside the bathroom. I took some bandages out from there and tightly put them around my 2 pulses so that the bleeding would stop. But then something happened. The wounds suddenly closed by themselves! How is that possible? I thought. My pulses were healed like nothing had happened. Now I knew that there was something strange going on and that I had to stop doubting so much. Was it really Saint Michael and Satan that I had seen? And did Saint Michael really warned me against Satan? Did I really spoke with Satan? I thought. Nevertheless I knew I had to be very careful from now on. Especially when all wasnt a dream but for real. I didnt really want to sleep anymore after that horrible nightmare and after that horrible bleeding from my pulses but I had to. I was tired and tommorow I would give painting lessons to people because I was not only a painter myself but I also gave painting lessons to 3 people and I followed painting classes myself 3 times a week. I put on other pyamas and cleaned my bed with clean new blankets. Then I went inside my bed again. I hoped I wouldnt have another nightmare again from Satan. His voice was horrible. A scary creepy low and false voice like from a horror movie. He was so scary with his scary eyes and everything about him. He smelled like sulfur and fire. Was the bleeding from my pulses the first warning from Satan? I thought my myself. Was this the first warning from his revenge against me? I didnt understand what he ment by defeating Satan. Only angels from God could defeat Satan I thought. How could a human beeing defeat Satan? I wanted to stop thinking and I wanted to sleep but this day had changed my life forever.

I felt that I was part of something that was part of a higher plan. I saw what I saw I thought by myself. I cant deny that my dreams were so real. Satan had abviously came in to my home because I saw the markings of fire on my floor. My floor looked burned. Not all my floor but some parts of it like there had been a fire. Satan has been inside my home I thought again. It wasnt a dream. It was real! But Saint Michael had protected her against Satan. I felt horrible. I wanted to vommit because now I knew that I was right. It wasnt a dream. This was real. Saint Michael and Satan were real! I went to the toilet and vommitted inside the toilet. I sat on my knees in front of the toilet on the cold blue stone floor. I wonderd if I was really pregnant. How could I be pregnant from Saint Michael if he didnt make love to me?I thought. He was an angel from God so everything was possible I thought. I could only find out with a pregnancy test I thought. If I wouldnt get my period then I was pregnant so I had to wait 3 more weeks then. I wasnt sure anymore if I wasnt pregnant or if I was either. That was something I had to just wait for to see if it was true. After a while I slowly fell asleep and I had a nice sleep for the rest of the night.

Chapter 3:Painting classes

I had breakfast at 10.30 in the morning. I had a cheese sandwich with a cup of Rosemary tea and after I cleaned up everything. At 11 o'clock in the morning I went to my workplace where I was giving paintingclasses to 3 people. I had my own

workplace inside my farm. There were paintings that I had painted myself all over my house. The people that I gave painting classes to paid me every day because they came twice a week for their painting classes. They all paid me 100 guilders so in total I earned 300 guilders a day for 2 hours of painting classes and that was 600 guilders a week. Further more I was busy painting and writing books myself and I went 3 times a week to a special school for painters and writers and for other artistic people. It was a very good school. It was one of the best schools for painters and writers and for other artistic people. I enjoyed going to school a lot and there was lot that I had learned there so I could start giving painting classes myself. Soon they would be here I thought by myself.

I looked at the small round bronze clock that was hanging in the workplace. They would come at 11.30. It was 11.25 now. There they were I thought. The doorbell was ringing. I opened the door and saw my 3 students in front of me. One of them was called Annabel, another one was called Thijs and the last one was called Tijmen. Annabel was a dutch woman from 35 years old and she was a very creative woman who always dreamt of being a famous painter. She had short black curly hair and large blue eyes with full lips and a small thin nose. She was a very active woman full of energy and she mostly took away lots of energy with her talking a lot from Magdalena but Magdalena got used to it and she didnt really notice it anymore. Then there was Thijs a very quiet dutch boy from 22 years old but he had a very nice character and he was always very polite to Magdalena. He always concentrated very well on everything that Magdalena explained about painting and about how someone could make the most beautiful paintings. He was her favorite student because he was a very calm and quiet person and he was her best

student. He had large blond curls till his shoulders and large grey eyes, large full lips, a large thin nose and a large face and he was quite long and thin. He was 1.80 m long and he was very shy. And then her last student. That was Tijmen. Tijmen was a dutch boy with long dark brown hair till his upper back that he always wore in a tail. He had large light brown eyes, a large thin nose and a large thin mouth. He was 1.69 m tall. He had large black eyebrows and a small face. He was muscled and he was just like Annabel full with lots of energy. He was normally a very hard worker and always a very happy personality to see. Magdalena loved all her students. They were all very different but all of them were nice people. They all decided they would come together all the time so they always met up in a park where they would further on walk towards the farm from Magdalena. "Come in, come in" said Magdalena to her students.

"Welcome all. Let's go to my workplace and start with the lessons." she said.

They all went to the workplace from Magdalena and they all sat down on their oak wooden chair. They all had their painter's palette with their canvas in front of them and they were looking at their painting where they had started with. Magdalena had told everyone that they should paint a beautiful flower garden with a lady inside it who was wearing a dress and a nice hat and who was carrying a blue umbrella.

Noone was finished with their painting yet and Magdalena was watching everyone very well how they were making their painting. Everyone had a different style of painting and Magdalena didn't really mind about that but she didn't like the modern painting from Annabel a lot. Her painting had no feelings and everything didn't look real. "Why are you painting so modern?" she asked to Annabel.

"I think that is completely my style" said Annabel. "Well I think you have to change your style from modern to classic because I don't like your style" Magdalena said. It has no emotions, no feelings like Thijs and Tijmen their paintings that all look very classic and beautiful and that are full with emotions and feelings. Her head looks almost squared instead of round and the trees don't look like trees but like straight standing rocks and the flowers just look like scratches with no feelings inside them. "Why do you use such strange colors for your painting? You paint almost everything black, yellow, red and green without any other colors" Annabel was disappointed in Magdalena's criticism, "I can't paint in a classic style" said Annabel. "It is too difficult for me." "How do you ever want to become a famous painter if you can not paint a beautiful classic painting and only modern paintings that have no feelings?" said Magdalena. "I don't know" said Annabel. "You should listen to my advice and to what I have taught you.

Haven't you learned anything from me?" She asked Annabel to stand up from her chair and to look at the paintings of Tijmen and Thijs. Annabel looked quietly to the paintings and she saw her mistakes. She wanted to try again she said and Magdalena gave her a new canvas. "Please everyone do your best as much as possible because I am going to give an art exhibition in my house in about one week and then your paintings will also be hung inside my house so visitors can see them and maybe can buy them if they like the paintings. The 3 students concentrated themselves on their paintings. Annabel had to start all over again and she didn't know how she could finish her painting in one week time. Magdalena had told her that she was allowed to finish her modern painting and then show that on the exhibition. Everyone was painting very hard and Magdalena sat behind her desk

looking at her 3 students. She stood up from her chair and went to see the painting of Tijmen but there was something strange about his painting she saw. The woman on the painting came alive and the garden also. The woman cried blood and she was looking at Magdalena with large white eyes with no pupils her mouth was very large and wide open and large pointy teeth were showing. Then she spitted lots of blood towards Magdalena. and Magdalena felt her face if there was blood on it and she started to scream. Tijmen asked if she was okay and he had dropped some red paint on the floor but Magdalena thought it was blood from the spitting woman on the canvas and she said to Tijmen to not touch that because it was blood.

"This isn't blood" said Tijmen. "This is paint. Are you sure you are okay?"

he said. "I am fine" said Magdalena. She was ashamed of what she had done and she hoped her students didn't think that she was crazy. Suddenly the woman was normal again on the painting as if nothing had happened.

Magdalena went to the painting of Thijs and looked at it and she found it very beautiful what he had made with beautiful colors and lines and he made a real beautiful classic painting and Magdalena could see that there was lots of love and feelings inside the painting and that Thijs had made it with joy. She saw that it was already one o'clock and it was time for their students to go home again. But first they had to have their lunch. They had all taken a sandwich with them and something to drink. They ate their lunch slowly and they talked about their paintings and about their lives.

Annabel and Tijmen smoked a cigarette after lunch outside the workplace.

They were standing outside. After 10 minutes they were finished and everyone was also finished with their food and drinks. It was time for everyone to go home again.

They said goodbye to Magdalena and they went home again on their bikes. Tijmen had his own car and he drove away in his small blue Opel car. His home was only 15 minutes away from Magdalenas home. Thijs and Annabel both went cycling home. Annabel lived 10 minutes away from Magdalenas home and Thijs lived 20 minutes away from Magdalenas home.

Chapter 4: The homeless man

Magdalena went outside and took some bread to feed some ducks in the park and she wanted to go to the art museum in the city to look at art from famous painters. The village Bronckhorst had a large museum with beautiful paintings inside from many famous painters. I took the bread from the ducks and put it in a large plastic bag. I walked outside and went to the large park where a large pond with many ducks was. I took out the bread pieces one by one and gave them to the ducks. They were so happy with their food and they were croaking very loud. I felt a cold wind and I saw leaves falling down the trees. It was autumn and the whole park was covered with Yellow and Brown and red and golden leaves. I breathed the fresh air deep inside my lungs. I was wearing a large purple thick wintercoat that came till my knees. I had a purple winter cap made from wool and a large white shawl made

from wool and I had white handkerchiefs made from wool. That way I would not really feel the cold so much because eventhough it was autumn it felt like it was freezing outside. I had given the ducks all the bread and I saw an old man sitting on a large wooden park bench. He looked very sad and his clothes looked cheap and dirty. He was wearing flip flops with bare feet. He had white curly hair till his shoulders, a large white moustache and a large white beard that he hadnt been shaven for a long time Magdalena thought. He was wearing a dark Green coat with holes in it and a large blue jeans with holes in it and he was smoking shag. He had a bottle of wodka with him and he was wearing a large Green hat. He had large Grey eyes a large thin nose and a small thin mouth and large thick white eyebrows He looks so sad Magdalena thought by herself and he looked very hungry and thirsty. He wasnt wearing any handkerchiefs or any shawl. Just a thin Green coat where he was wearing a white t shirt with no sleeves under. He was wearing flip flops in the autumn time! Magdalena thought by herself. His feet looked blue purple from the cold. She really felt sorry for the old man and she wanted to help him. He looked like he was 64 years old. But what if he was crazy or violent? Magdalena thought. Or what if he was a murderer or a thief or what if her was using drugs? She decided to take the chance to see who he was and if she could do something for the man. She walked to him and sat next to him on the wooden bench with lots of space between them. The man didnt seem to notice Magdalena, He was just staring in front of him with an empty look inside his eyes. Maybe he was drunk Magdalena thought. Should she talk to him? Magdalena felt another cold wind in her face. Thank God she was wearing nice warm clothes. She couldnt stand any cold. She

looked to the face of the man and after 10 minutes she finally started to talk to the man. "Hello"she said carefully.

"I am Magdalena Salomon and who are you?" The old man was still staring in front of him. She wondered if he could hear her or not. There was a moment of silence and the tension between them was felt. But suddenly the old man started to talk. He first looked at Magdalena with a cold and empty look in his eyes and then he took a puff from his shag and he started to talk to her. "I am Klaas"he said. He looked in front of himself again.

He took another puff from his shag and blew out the smoke.

He drank some from his Wodka from the bottle.

"What are you doing here Klaas?"Magdalena asked the old man.

"I live here"said Klaas with a wailing tone in his voice. He looked at his feet but he didnt move them. His feet looked like they were completely frozen Magdalena thought. They were Purple blue colored and Magdalena could see his veins. "Why do you live here?" Magdalena asked Klaas. "I had a very nice life with my wife and 2 children"he said. In a large home with a large garden and a dog and a car. I was a good lawyer and I had my own business but I went bankrupt and I didnt earn anymore money for my family.

No company wanted to take me as a lawyer and my wife was working as a nurse but she didnt earn enough to stay in our large home and so she moved with the children to a large flat together with our dog and she lives there now but she has dumped me for another man and she doesnt want anything to do anything with me anymore and neither do my children. She forbids me to see my children. Now I live

here in the park with no home and no family. and no job and no money.

Magdalena felt sorry for the man.

"Arent you cold?"she asked Klaas. "I get used to it"Klaas said. "I dont feel anything anymore. I dont feel my body anymore so cold it is outside and inside me. "I want to help you"said Magdalena. "I will buy you some clothes and some food and some drink, You should go to a company for homeless people like yourself. They can help you with a place to sleep and a place to live and with food and drinks. Please let me help you. I really want to help you" Magdalena said. "You need socks and shoes, Look at your feet how Purple blue they are. 'They are frozen! You dont want to lose your feet do you?" Klaas looked with an empty look inside his eyes to Magdalena. Then he said. "I dont want to lose my feet no and I havent been to a doctor and a dentist for 2 years now." "How long do you live inside the park now?"Magdalena asked to Klaas. "I live here for 2 years now"said Klaas.

"I am sorry to tell you Klaas but you look horrible and we are going to do something about that." Magdalena told Klaas to come with her. First he hesitated to come with Magdalena but then he slowly stood up and walked along with her. "I dont think you can help me"he said. "Noone can help me." "Of course I can help you. You have to trust me;"she said.

"Where are you taking me?"Klaas said to Magdalena. "I am taking you to a shop that is really large with lots of clothes and they have all clothes that you like. It is called C and A. They went to the center of Bronckhorst and Klaas could hardly walk with his frozen feet. Magdalena hoped that he would keep his feet and that they didnt have to get amputated. It was strange to see an old man walking on his flip flops in the freezing cold outside.

Many people in the center looked in a disguised way to Klaas as if they wanted to avoid him and many people looked with a surprised look and with a look of pity in their eyes towards Klaas and Magdalena. Magdalena took Klaas in to the C and A shop and she showed him all nice and warm clothes and she told him that he could chose some clothes and she would buy him nice warm socks for his frozen feet. She wanted to take Klaas to her doctor to see if he could safe his feet and if he could keep his feet. Klaas didnt want to use Magdalena but Magdalena told Klaas that he had to do what she said and that she accepted not a no from him. After 30 minutes of shopping in the C and A Klaas had taken many warm clothes for himself and Magdalana had taken 10 pair of white socks for him in his size. Size 46.

Klaas had chosen a nice blue warm sweater, 3 nice warm jogging trousers, some underwear, 2 white tshirts with long sleeves,a nice long warm dark Green coat and a dark red sweater. "Did you find some nice clothes?"asked Magdalena. Klaas nodded. "I will pay for your clothes and you can take your clothes inside the fitting room so you can put on other clothes than this. We will go to a shoe store after this. Moments later Klaas was all dressed up and they walked outside again. He wanted to wear his socks but that was impossible with his flip flops between his toes. A little later they came to a nice but cheap shoe store where they sold every kind of shoes. Also nice warm winter boots. "I would take those boots if I were you"Magdalena said to Klaas. Klaas looked at the different colors of winter boots. They looked very comfortable and warm and Klaas decided to take them. There was fake fur inside the boots. Magdalena asked if Klaas wanted to have another pair of shoes because boots alone were not enough she thought by herself. Klaas said that that wasnt necessary but Magdalena said that he had to listen to her. So he took another pair of