



Behind the white door...

A simple white door with soft round lines, bathed in sunlight, a bush by its side. Who lives there?

I ring the bell. A smiling young woman dressed in 19th century clothing invites me inside. She wears a long skirt and an artist's smock¹ spotted with paint.

The flat is vast, luminous and very quiet except for sounds coming from the walls - children's laughter, a piano rhapsody, and, on the polished floor, the rustle² of the lady's skirt.

She leads me to the studio. The whole place breathes out happiness and love of beauty. Paintings of bunches³ of flowers and children's portraits are spread on easels⁴ or hang on the walls.

The room opens to a patio where two beautiful cats stroll amid⁵ the plants. Time seems to stand still... and the lady has vanished.

Then I remember the neighbours saying that, for as long as they can recall, they never saw anyone coming in or out of the house, except for one lady coming twice a week to feed the cats.

In fact, the house has been empty ever since the death of a certain artist lady who lived there in the 1850s. But the place has recently been turned into a small museum dedicated to her memory.

A young woman has been employed as a guide to welcome the visitors. She is dressed in the costume of the time.

But the two cats know that, during the night, candles are burning and brushes are running over the canvases. At dawn a fresh new painting is added to the previous ones.

Behind that pretty white door live two cats and a lady ghost...

*Adapted from a story by CG
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1 smock: *blouse, sarrau*

2 rustle: *bruissement, froufrou*

3 bunch: *bouquet*

4 easel: *chevalet*

5 amid: *au milieu de*