

The Little People in the Painting

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There wasn't much in Grandpapa's office: an oak desk, a musty red rug with pencils scattered on it along with scrunched up paper and untidy piles of invention plans. It was dull and boring, but, one thing that took pride of place in the dreary room was a pastel painting.

It hung above the desk in all its glory.

It was a painting of a mountain with a rushing river. A bridge went across it that little people, horses and horse and carts went across. Little did anyone know that when no one was in the office the picture came to life!

The river truly did rush! The people actually walked, the horse and carts trotted along the bridge and you could hear it all if you put your ear close enough to the door! But, if you ran into the office to see them moving they were frozen in their usual places. It was as if it was just your imagination.

I assumed it was one of Grandpapa's inventions; I wished I knew how he did it. I had asked Grandpapa many times about the pastel painting. "Did you paint it? Is it a painting of a real place? Who is the boy pointing at the river?" Grandpapa never answered me; he just put his finger to his lips. It was such a mystical painting. I wished I could dive into it and meet the little people.

"Martin, supper!" shouted Mama. "Supper!" Five minutes flew by. "Go tell your Grandpapa it's supper time," sighed Mama. I ran down the hallway to his office.

“Grandpapa! Supper!” I yelled knocking at his office door. “Supper!” There was no reply. “Supper!” I yelled again. Still no reply. I slowly cracked open the door and peered in. Grandpapa had half of his hand in the painting! The little people hopped on his hand. Then he slowly took his hand out and tipped the little people on his desk.

“Sir, we want homes!” complained the man who held the whip.

“And a change of scenery!” added the man riding a horse.

“But your scenery is lovely!” cried Grandpapa.

“One has seen it for thirty years!” said the lady looking at the river.

“I understand,” sighed Grandpapa.

“I have an idea!” I cried running into the room. The little people did not freeze. They just looked at me.

“What?” pleaded Grandpapa. “What’s your plan?” I explained and the next day it was in full swing!

The little people could travel from painting to painting if the canvases were close enough. Grandpapa painted a beach painting, a painting that had lovely little houses and a boat painting. The little people had a fantastic time adventuring through the new paintings.

That was a long time ago and Grandpapa and I are gone, but, in an attic somewhere there are five paintings and if you look closely you will see a little girl and her Grandpapa waving at you.