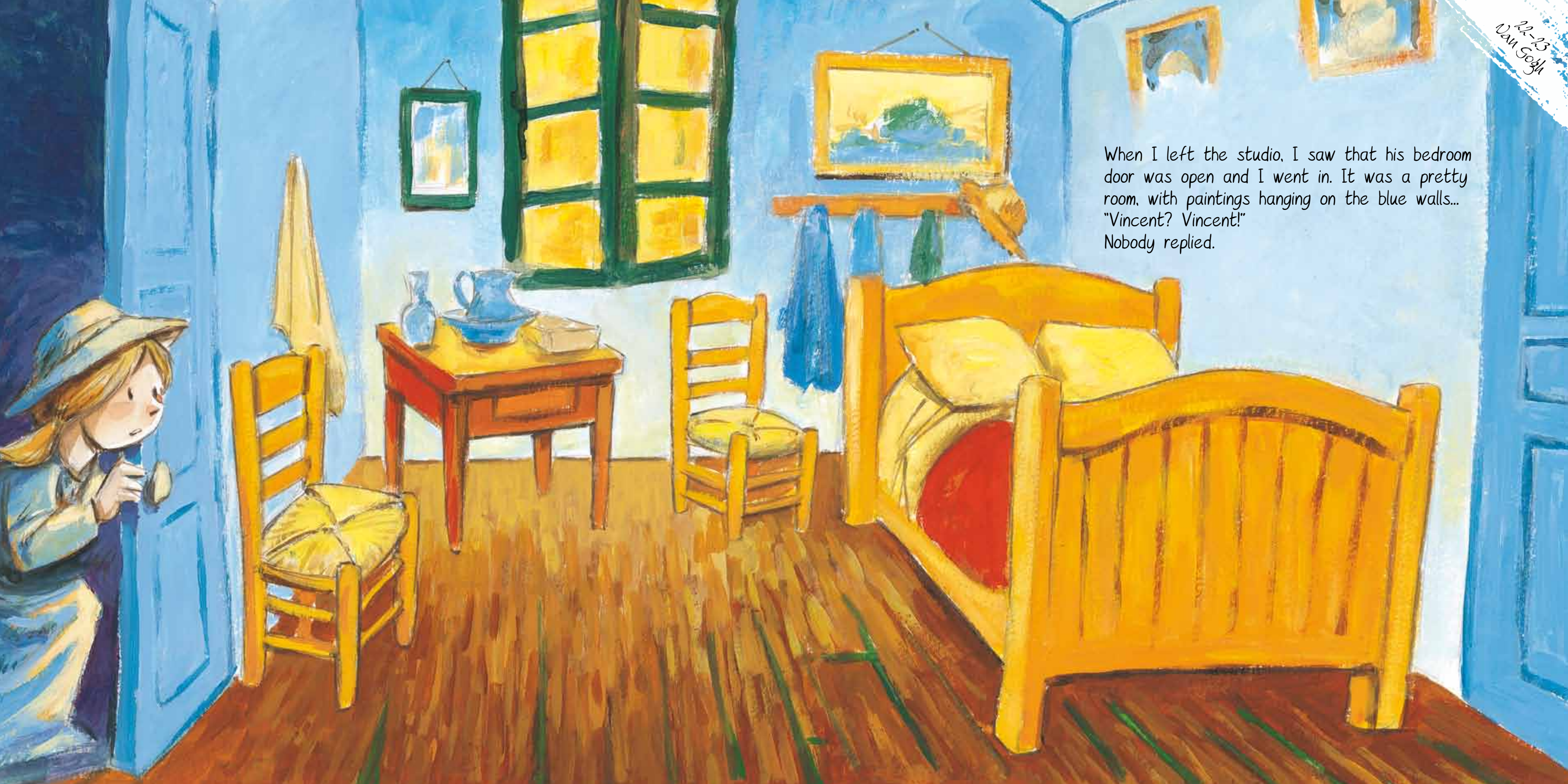


One afternoon when we returned home, we went through a field of sunflowers. I picked a few to give them to Vincent.
"When you get home, put them in a jar of water. The yellow of these flowers has a magic light," I told him.

8-9
Van Gogh





When I left the studio, I saw that his bedroom door was open and I went in. It was a pretty room, with paintings hanging on the blue walls...
"Vincent? Vincent!"
Nobody replied.

Then I went outside. I walked around near the house and I saw him in the distance. I approached without saying anything and contemplated the painting he was working on in amazement.

I hadn't been next to him for very long, when the postman saw us and came to say hello.

"Hello, Paula. Hello, Vincent."

"Hello, Joseph Roulin."

