

The Ambassadors

“I think the green curtain looked better than the other one, Sir Georges.”

“Yes, Holbein, I absolutely agree. Now the book is going here and-“

At that moment, Jean erupted from the side of the backdrop, tripping into the display, knocking over the lute.

“Jean!! My precious lute! It’s broken! And what are you doing here anyway?”

“It’s not broken, that string was already snapped, now move your stuff, I need room to put the family globe down. I am coming into the painting.”

“Jean!! Now is not the time, I’m having my portrait painted.”

“And I’ll be in it too.”

“Do you have to? Oh, fine, but don’t move my things.”

“Good. Now where shall we put this globe? How about here? Right on the top? In the centre is best. Shove those bits down there, will you. Perfect!”

“Jean!! Please,…” But before George could say more, Jean was already attacking Holbein on his colour palette, so Georges quietly repositioned the objects.

Jean then eyed Georges up and down.

“You can’t wear that!”

“Why not? I’m a respectable bishop, I would not dream of wearing anything else.”

“Well you should.”

“I will not.”

“I won’t be painted with you if you wear that. You will have to leave.”

“But, it is my painting!!”

Having mixed his paints, Holbein was ready to start.

“Positions, gentlemen. I’m starting.”

“Quick!” said Jean, thrusting a dressing gown towards Georges. “Put this on, I will not be seen with a fopdoodle.”

G.S.