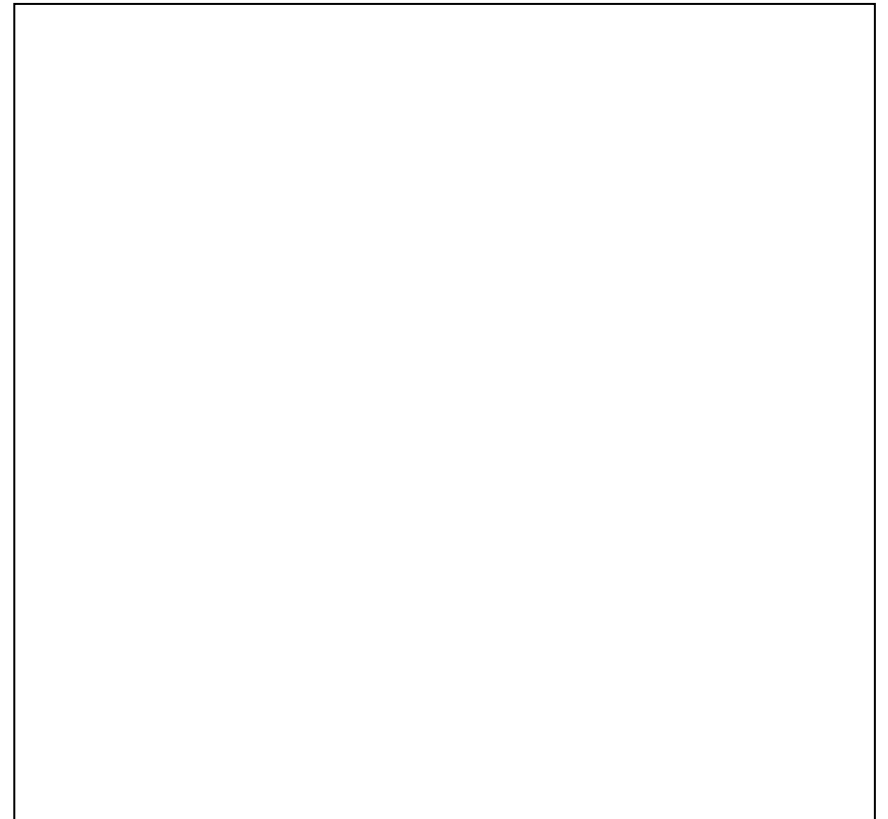


The statue was put on a pedestal at the Palazzo Vecchio. It stayed there for many years. The rain would hit it, and the birds would sit on it.

Many years later the David was moved inside. It was put in a building where people could come see it. A copy was made and put in front of the Palazzo Vecchio. It is still there.

Miss Jones and the David



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Miss Jones and the David/Caitlind L. Alexander

Summary: Miss Jones helps to make sure that Michelangelo has the marble he needs to carve the David.

1. Michelangelo. Juvenile Literature. 2. The David. Juvenile Literature.

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arches and widen some streets just so the David could pass through.

There were many enemies of Florence at this time. Michelangelo wanted to make a sculpture that would make the people of Florence proud. He wanted to make a sculpture that would make them ready to fight if they had to.

When the statue was put up the people loved it. It made Michelangelo even more famous than he already was.

Everybody said David was perfectly carved. But he isn't really. His upper body is really a little bit bigger than his lower body is, and his arms are too big and too long.

Some people thought that Michelangelo had made a mistake. Other people thought it was just the style that Michelangelo wanted. And even more people thought Michelangelo did it for a reason.

They thought that it was made that way so that it would look right when people saw it from down below. The drawings Michelangelo made of the David before he carved it showed it up on a high pedestal.

The Real Story

Michelangelo was only 26 when he carved the statue of David. He showed what David would look like just before the fight with Goliath. His sling shot was in one hand and a rock was in the other.

The piece of marble that Michelangelo used was almost six metres high. But it was damaged when he got it. Someone had started to cut away some of the stone. Some records show that another sculptor may have tried to carve the stone before Michelangelo got it.

Michelangelo would get mad very easily. Sometimes he got so mad that he would take a hammer and break his own statues.

It took Michelangelo three years to carve the David. That was between 1501 and 1504.

The city of Florence had hired him to carve it. They let him use a workshop behind a cathedral to carve it in. When he got done they put the David in the front of a building called the Palazzo Vecchio.

It took many men to move the statue. Michelangelo also says in his diary that they had to tear down some

Miss Jones and the David

Miss Jones sat at the table. She was eating her lunch in the teacher's lunchroom. She was also looking at a book of art. She turned the page. There was a picture in front of her.

"David by Michelangelo," she read. She stared at the picture. It showed the shoulders and head of a man. He looked to one side. His left hand was holding a slingshot over his shoulder.

But the sculpture stopped at David's chest. There was no bottom part to his body.

"My, my," said Miss Jones. "That's not quite right."

She knew that the real sculpture showed David's whole body.

Miss Jones looked at her watch.

"Class starts in ten minutes!" she said. "I don't know if that's enough time."

She quickly put her lunch back in the paper sack. Then she picked up the sack and the art book.

She hurried back to her classroom. No one was there.

She quickly sat behind her desk. She opened the book and looked at the picture.

Then she turned her watch to the inside of her wrist. She opened it up.

Inside it wasn't a watch at all. It was a time machine.

Miss Jones held the watch over the picture.

"My, my. Make time fly," she said.

The edges of the paper moved. A wind swirled in the classroom.

Miss Jones looked at the picture in the book.

She reached toward the picture. But she didn't touch it. Instead her hand went right into the picture.

Then her arm.

Then her shoulder.

"Today I want to talk about how important it is to write your letters and numbers neatly," Miss Jones said.

"I have a story to tell..."

The edges of the picture moved. The wind swirled the marble dust up around her.

Miss Jones reached toward the picture. Her hand went right into it.

Then her arm.

Then her shoulder.

Then her head.

Suddenly nothing was left but her footprints in the marble dust.

Miss Jones felt dizzy. She had never done that much travelling in such a short time. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them she was standing in her own classroom. But she was still wearing the old gown from Florence, Italy.

Her students were just coming in from lunch.

Miss Jones looked at her desk. There was the book of art. As the students sat at their desks, Miss Jones quickly opened the book. She found the picture of David. And she smiled.

David was there. All of him. From the top of the curly hair on his head to the toenails on his feet.

Miss Jones smiled. Then she looked at the class.

Then her head.

Suddenly nothing was left except her shoes on the floor!

Miss Jones felt dizzy. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them she was standing on a stone floor. The wind was still blowing. But this wind was blowing across a green valley. The stone floor turned out to be a stone path in a garden.

Miss Jones looked down. She was wearing a heavy gown. It puffed out in front of her.

Miss Jones lifted up the edge of the gown. Underneath her feet were bare! She had no shoes!

"My, my," said Miss Jones. "I wish I could remember to curl my toes."

"Oh well, no one is perfect," she sighed.

Miss Jones walked forward. She wasn't quite sure where she was.

She came around the side of a hedge and saw a huge cathedral in front of her. Behind the cathedral was a workshop.

"The Cathedral of Florence," she said. She remembered it from a picture in a book. "This is Florence, Italy."

Miss Jones looked at it. It was the right one! She remembered it from the stone in Florence. And the writing was still very sloppy.

Miss Jones took out her pencil. She quickly wrote over the numbers. She didn't change them. She just made them easier to read.

Now the workman would get it right. The stone would be almost six metres tall. And Michelangelo could make a David that was over four metres tall! A huge man who made the people of Florence proud of who they were.

Miss Jones touched the stone. She was sure it would be OK now. Even though the stone was damaged a bit, David was still in it. Michelangelo would know how to cut away the extra stone and let him out.

Suddenly she looked at her watch.

"My, my," said Miss Jones. "I must get back."

She quickly took out the picture of her classroom.

She turned her watch to the inside of her wrist. Then she opened it up.

Miss Jones held the watch over the picture.

"My, my. Make time fly," she said.

Miss Jones walked toward the workshop. It sat behind the cathedral.

She snuck up to the window. Then she hid behind a hedge and peeked through the glass.

Inside was a sculptor. He was a brown-haired man. And he was only 26 years old. He was working on a piece of white marble.

The sculptor turned a bit. Miss Jones gasped.

"That's the great Michelangelo," she said to herself. "The greatest artist of all time."

Miss Jones loved Michelangelo. She loved to look at the beautiful things he had carved and painted. She loved to read the poems he had written.

Miss Jones looked closer at the marble. She saw that Michelangelo was starting to carve a man. He had drawn the outline of the man on the marble. Now he was carving it out.

He worked fast. He would hold the chisel against the marble. Then he hit it hard with the hammer. Big chunks of stone would fly off.

"He's taking such big chunks!" Miss Jones thought. She had heard that the young Michelangelo worked this way. But this was scary. He was hitting the stone so

hard. What if he made a mistake? He would have to start over.

"That's the David," Miss Jones said. "But the stone isn't big enough! Why is he using such a small stone?"

Just then Michelangelo stopped working. He stared at the piece for a moment. Then he threw down his tools.

"How am I supposed to work with this?" he yelled. "The stone is poor. And it has already been worked by someone else!"

Michelangelo stormed out of the room.

Miss Jones pushed open the window. She carefully snuck inside.

There in front of her was the great sculptor's masterpiece. She was seeing it being born.

"My, my," said Miss Jones. "This is so thrilling. If only it was the right size. The real stone was almost six metres high. That stone is only a meter or two high."

It didn't make sense. But Miss Jones knew that she couldn't do anything here. Even though it would take Michelangelo three years to carve the David, it was too late. The stone was already too small.

She stared at the stone a moment longer. Suddenly she saw a piece of paper on the bench. It was the order for the stone.

But Miss Jones didn't know what to do. She couldn't just walk up and tell the man he was cutting it wrong. First, she wasn't supposed to be here. Also, this was Italy in the year 1493. All the workmen spoke Italian.

Miss Jones didn't know how to speak Italian. How would she ever tell him what she knew?

"And at any minute my children will come back from lunch," she thought. "I can't just reappear in front of them!"

"My, my. What am I going to do?"

Miss Jones looked around. Off to one side was a big cabin. There was a big bell hanging on the front.

"The lunch bell," thought Miss Jones.

She hurried over to the bell and quickly rang it. Then she ran and hid behind a huge piece of marble.

When the workmen came in from the quarry, Miss Jones hurried out. She quickly found the right spot. She had to make the workman change the size of the stone.

Miss Jones moved the tools off to the side. She couldn't measure almost six metres. All she could do was guess.

When she moved a hammer she saw it. The piece of paper! The one that gave the workman the order for the right size stone.

The edges of the picture moved. A wind swirled in the room.

Miss Jones looked at the picture.

She reached toward the picture. But she didn't touch it. Instead her hand went right into the picture.

Then her arm.

Then her shoulder.

Then her head.

Suddenly nothing was left!

Miss Jones felt dizzy. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them she was standing beside the quarry. In front of her were a bunch of workmen. They were carefully cutting chunks of stone from the side of the mountain.

She hurried forward. As she reached each workman, she looked at the stone he was cutting. Finally she found the right one.

"My, my," said Miss Jones. "I hope I'm not too late."

But she would be if she didn't hurry. The workman had already cut two sides of the stone. He was starting to cut the third side.

"If I don't hurry that man is going to cut David a new belly button," thought Miss Jones. "And it's not going to be in the right place!"

Miss Jones looked at the paper. On it were written some numbers. They showed the size the workmen were to cut the stone. But one of the numbers was wrong!

It wasn't really wrong, but it had been written very sloppily.

"No one could read that number!" Miss Jones cried. "And because of such sloppy writing one of the greatest sculptures in history will never be carved."

Miss Jones stared at the stone. She almost cried. She loved the David. It was the most beautiful sculpture she had ever seen.

"I must fix this," Miss Jones said. "But I may not have time! Class starts in just a few minutes, and I'm a year too late!"

Miss Jones quickly pulled out a picture of her classroom. Then she turned her watch to the inside of her wrist. She opened it up.

Miss Jones held the watch over the picture.

"My, my. Make time fly," she said.

The edges of the picture moved. A wind swirled in the room.

Miss Jones looked at the picture.

She reached toward the picture. But she didn't touch it. Instead her hand went right into the picture.

Then her arm.

Then her shoulder.

Then her head.

Suddenly nothing was left!

Miss Jones felt dizzy. She closed her eyes.

When she opened them she was standing beside her desk.

She quickly looked at the clock. Lunch would end in five minutes!

Miss Jones ran to her bookshelf. She pulled out a large book and quickly opened it up. There was a picture of a rock quarry. This was where the stone for the David had been cut from the earth.

Miss Jones glanced at her watch. She quickly took a deep breath.

"My, my," said Miss Jones. "This is really cutting it close. I've only got four minutes!"

With that she turned her watch to the inside of her wrist. She opened it up.

Miss Jones held the watch over the picture.

"My, my. Make time fly," she said.