

In this town where every girl adored wearing jewelry, Anna, the librarian, was an exception. Known for her braided hair, silver glasses, and love for puns, she was never seen wearing even a single pearl. Yet, she often spoke of a diamond she claimed was "too precious to wear."

If asked what this diamond looked like, Anna would enthusiastically detail, "She is pear-shaped, not too big, but with a crystal clear, pure yellow hue. In sunlight she sparkles with a rainbow of fire colors."


Curiosity often led to the question of when she might wear such a gem. Anna's response, always with a twinkle in her eye, was, "Soon, very soon, on Monday." This sparked whispers and doubts, as everyone knew the library was closed on Mondays.

One Monday, Anna carefully cleaned her living room, took out a lace embroidered tablecloth from the kitchen drawer, and spread it over the coffee table. She had just arranged strawberries and freshly baked cookies when there was a knock on the door. Anna quickly took off her apron, hid it behind the sofa cushion, and rushed to answer. The woman outside was short and plump, wearing a chequered headscarf and a bright yellow dress with orange polka dots, carrying a basket with eggs and cheese.

"Mary! What took you so long?"

The two women hugged. A film on the television was halfway through, with Marilyn Monroe, in her glittering dress, softly chanting:

*Men grow cold as girls grow old,  
and we all lose our charms in the end...  
but square-cut or pear-shape,  
these rocks don't lose their shape,  
Diamonds are a girl's best friend.*



**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND**

A fiction inspired by *Gem Shpes* in *The Pear in History, Literature, Popular Culture, and Art* (p.8-9)



A fable from collection of Leonardo Da Vinci:

The laurel and the myrtle on seeing the pear tree being cut down, cried out in a loud voice: 'O pear tree where are you going? Where is the pride that you had when you were laden with ripe fruit? Now you will no longer make shade for us with your thick foliage.'

The pear tree replied: 'I am going with the husbandman who is cutting me down and who will take me to the workshop of a good sculptor, who by his art will cause me to assume the form of the god Jove, and I shall be dedicated in a temple and worshipped by men in place of Jove. While you are obliged to remain always maimed and stripped of your branches [while] men shall set around me in order to do me honor"



**THE LAST FRUIT OF JOVE**

A fiction inspired by *Renaissance* from *The Pear in History, Literature, Popular Culture, and Art* (p.8)





Dear Mastreo Claude,

What a joy to receive your critique of my music—truly, a highlight in my otherwise monotonous existence. To embrace your heartfelt advice, I have decided to compose a suite, with an extra attention of shape, ambitiously titled “Three Pieces in the Form of Pear.” You’ve always insisted on the importance of the form of a music—I hope fruit counts.

Enclosed, please find the first draft.



Yours in a variety of shapes,  
Erik

THREE PIECES IN THE SHAPE OF A PEAR

A fiction inspired by *Music from The Pear in History, Literature, Popular Culture, and Art* (p.8)



In Shakespeare's tales,  
with artful quill and hand,  
He scribed of pears, three, across the land.  
Not fruits of passion in his esteemed sight,  
Yet in these pears, different fates take flight.

The pear of Verona, bright and ripe,  
Gazes at the moon's soft, gentle light.  
Where two shadows on the balcony entwine,  
Whispering words so sweet, like honeyed wine.  
This pear, too, longs to be held and adored,  
To burst his sweetness, in love's accord.

The Windsor pear, pale in his lonely bed,  
Lies at the basket's base with a touch of dread.  
Mocked and scorned, his pride under attack,  
By merry wives with wit, not a whit they lack.  
In the game of jest, he stands forlorn,  
Its dignity, like his skin, is ruthlessly torn.

And last, the pear from France's land,  
Shriveled, she seems, but with passions grand.  
Yearning to win a heart distand and bland,  
Her own grew faint, in schemes well planned.  
In victory's grasp, she finds no grace,  
For her too withers, losing her vibrant face.



SHAKE'S PEAR

A fiction inspired by *Renaissance in The Pear in History, Literature, Popular Culture, and Art* (p.5-6)






Quick, Augustine, just a few!"


My friend's voice, urgent, below the tree. I was on a branch, among ripe pears, their scent sweet, alluring. Yet, I fetched for three green, hard ones above. tWe fled, drums beating in our chest, glancing at shadows as if they were the orchard's owner.

At the orchard's end, breathless, we fed the pears to the pigs and slapped hands in triumph. Sticky fingers, racing hearts. I wondered, was this thrill what Adam and Eve felt?



LOST PEARS: TEMPATATION AND LOVE

A fiction inspired by *Pear as Temptation* from *The Pear in History, Literature, Popular Culture, and Art* (p.4)



1893, Fall River, Massachusetts, USA.

*Lizzie Borden took an axe  
And gave her mother forty whacks;  
When she saw what she had done  
She gave her father forty-one.*

—

Lizzie

"I swear, I was in the attic, eating three of the four pears I collected in the morning. I remember the juice trailing down my wrist. How, gentlemen of the jury, could hands, holding such delicate sweetness, wield an axe?"

The Maid


"The pears, yes, the pears from our backyard, more fragrant than ever this year. Mr. Borden and his first wife's brother savored two at breakfast. Even Lizzie, usually indifferent to pears, plucked seven this week alone."

The Chemist

"Three pears she offered, in exchange for a substance she insisted was for cleaning! Prussic acid, for a seal-skin cloak? The urgency in her eyes was not unlike someone desperate to cleanse more than just a cloak! The pears you ask? Unbitten! Discarded! Rotten in the trash can!"


Lady on the Jury

"You will know *them* by their fruits. How can one, gentle and devout, swing an axe in murderous rage? How can we accuse this woman who tenderly savors a pear, her father's favorite fruit, moments before tragedy strikes? How can I be convinced, that wickedness might ever be masked so deeply?"



7 PEARS ALIBI

A fiction inspired by *Alibi* from *The Pear in History, Literature, Popular Culture, and Art* (p.9)





Unit3 Brief1

Projecting1







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**Unit3 Brief1**  
Projecting1



<https://boot-boyz.biz/products/seeing-making-benjamin-berger>



