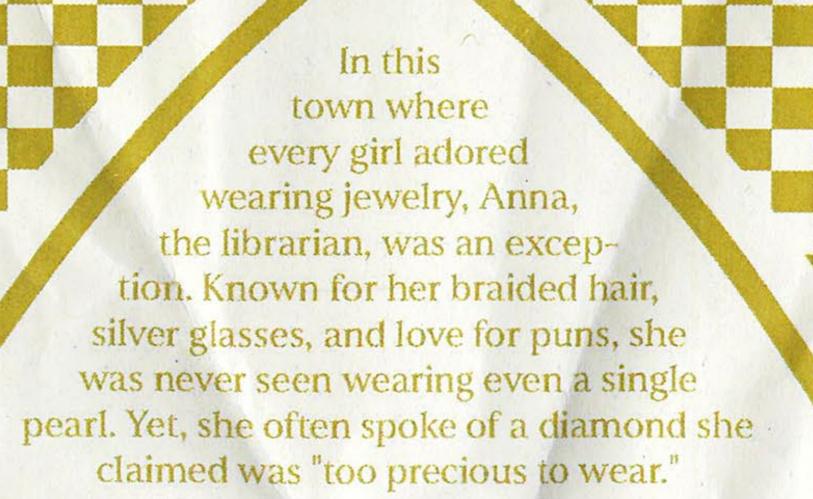


# Unit3 Brief1 Projecting1



If asked what this diamond looked like, Anna would enthusiastically dtail, "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?"

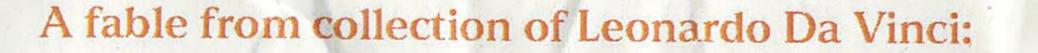
The two women hugged. A film on the television was halfway through, with Marilyn Monroe, in her glittering dress, softly chanting:

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)





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"





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



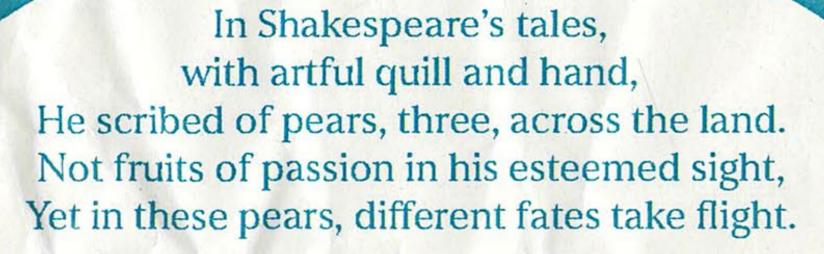
# Unit3 Brief1 Projecting1





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





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.

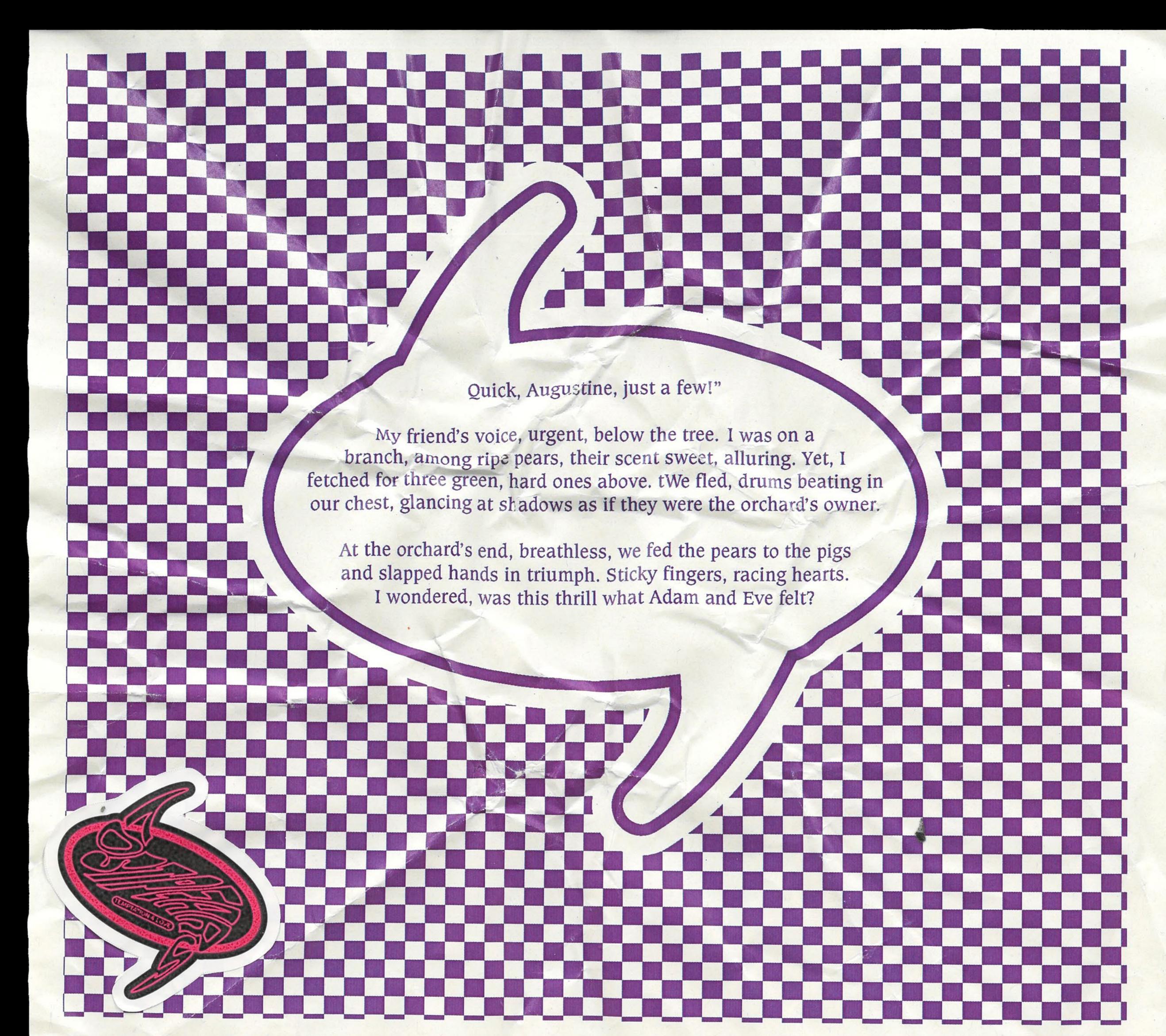
And last, the pear from France's land,
Shriveled, she seems, but with passions grand.
Yerninng to win a heart distand and bland,
Her own grew faint, in schemes well planned.
In victory's grasp, she finds no grace,
For her too withers, losing her
vibrant face.

## SHAKE'S PEAR

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



# Unit3 Brief1 Projecting1



# 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.

And gave her mother forty whacks;
When she saw what she had done
She gave her father forty-one.

#### Lizzi

"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 cleak! 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)























