



I, Juan de Parejo

By Elizabeth Borton de Trevino

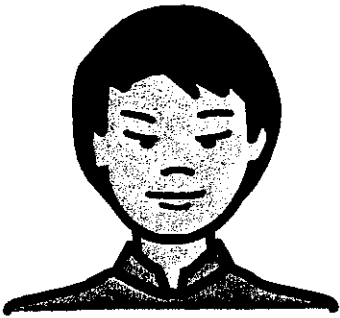
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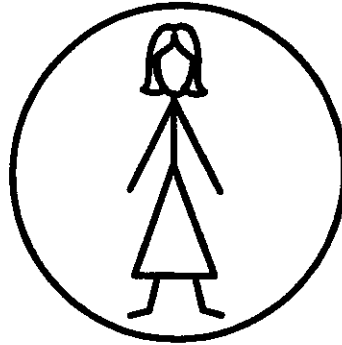
Chapters by Repeated Story Lines

Chapter	Story Line	Page
1	Juan loved his mother	1
2	Juan is alone	6
3	Juan learns to take care of himself	12
4	Juan has a new Master	17
5-6	Juan learns about different people	21
7	Juan finds a way to be happy	26
8	Juan sees Paquita fall in love	33
9-10	Juan is a good person	39
11	Juan and the Master help each other	43
12	Juan has a plan	48
13	Juan's life will change	52
14-15	Juan and Lolis have sad and happy times	56

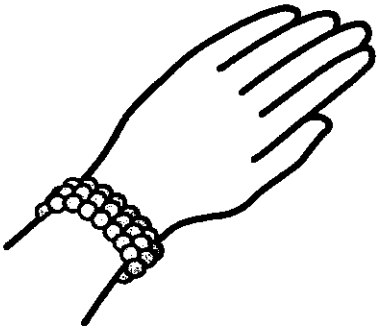
Chapter 1 Vocabulary



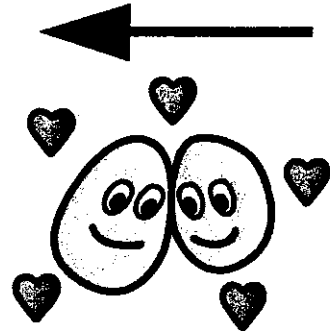
Juan de Parejo



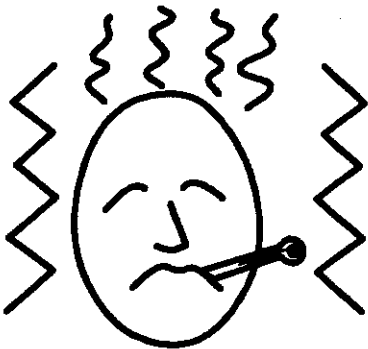
mother



bracelet



loved



fever

Chapter 1



Juan de Parejo



I, Juan de Parejo was born a slave. It was in the 1600s. I



do not know the exact year. My mother's name was Zulema. She was a

very beautiful black woman. I did not know my father. I think he was



a white Spaniard. He could not buy my mother but he gave her gold



earrings and a golden bracelet.



Juan loved his mother.



My mother died when I was five. She died from a fever. I

missed her very, very much. She always rocked me to sleep in her arms.

She sang to me. Even now as an old man, I can hear her songs. I



can feel her arms around me, and feel the golden bracelet.



Juan loved his mother.



After my mother's died I was a page boy for my mistress. She

dressed me in blue silk and an orange hat. She pierced my ear and



let me wear my mother's earring. It was my job to walk behind her and

carry her fan. Sometimes, she would slap my hand with the fan. I felt

like crying. Then, she would turn and fix my hat or pinch my cheek.

When I was sick she took care of me. She fed me well and gave me

money to buy sweets. She tried to be nice, but she was not my



mother.



Juan



loved his mother.



I will always be happy that she taught me my letters. She could not

read or write very well but she could remember things very well. I

practiced everyday when she took her nap. We would go to Mass and

then come home. Mass is a Catholic church service. She would put out

an ink pot and quill. One morning, we went through A, B, C and D.



I wished my mother could have seen my writing.



Juan



loved



his mother.



Then, there was bad sickness in the city. Many people died. My



master and mistress died. When they were taken away, I was very



sick. I had fevers and bad dreams. When I awoke, everyone was gone.

It was quiet and I was alone. Then, a friar came to check on me.

A friar is a priest in the Catholic church. He said he would come back

and give me food. He said that he would help me get to the home of

my mistress' nephew. He was a painter. I felt alone and missed my



mother.



Juan

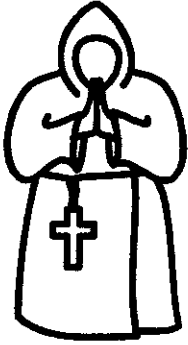


loved his

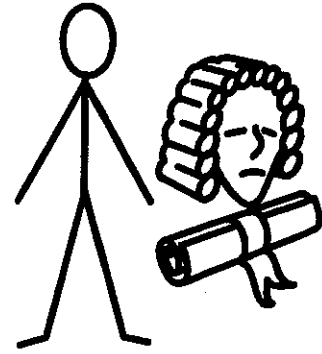


mother.

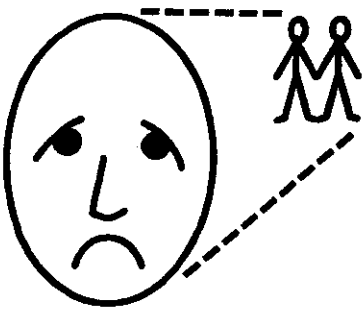
Chapter 2 Vocabulary



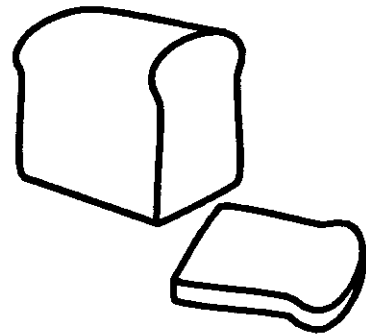
Brother Isadoro



magistrate



alone



bread

Chapter 2:



Brother Isadoro the friar, came to my house the next day with a magistrate



The magistrate was counting everything in the house.

Brother Isadoro

asked him not to count me. He wanted to take care of me back at the



convent. He wanted me to get stronger for my long trip. Brother Isadoro

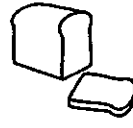


was trying to help me. The magistrate held up his hand and made me

carry heavy books. When he left, I was very tired and weak.



Juan was alone.



Brother Isadoro came to me later on with bread and cheese. He said

that I would stay in the convent until I felt better. A convent is a place

where friars live. He said that most people would look at me and see

a black slave. But, he saw a boy made in God's image. He did not



tell the Magistrate that I was going to the convent. Juan had no family

to visit.



Juan was alone.

When we got there it was noisy. There were lots of children. Lame and



sick people, old persons and sick animals were there. Brother Isadoro had



been out begging and brought them bread to eat. They pushed and

crowded around him for food. That night, I slept on his cot with a



blanket. In the morning, he brought me food to eat. Juan was lucky



to have Brother Isadoro help him.



Juan

was



alone.



After six days, he took me to the magistrate's house. We waited in a



hall. After Brother Isadoro came out of a meeting with the magistrate, he

looked angry and sad. But, he put his hand on my shoulder and

blessed me. I would never see him again.



Juan was alone.

I was left out in the hall for a long time. I slept on the floor. After a

long time, someone kicked my leg. It was a servant who said the



Magistrate was ready to give me my orders. He said that tomorrow I

would go to Madrid to live with my Mistress's nephew. His name was

Don Diego.



Juan was alone.

Then, the cook gave me something to eat. He was a mean man. He

gave me a dirty bowl of cold soup. I was sent to sleep in the stables

where the horses sleep. The horses ate fresh food. I covered myself with

a blanket used for the horses. I was sad and afraid.

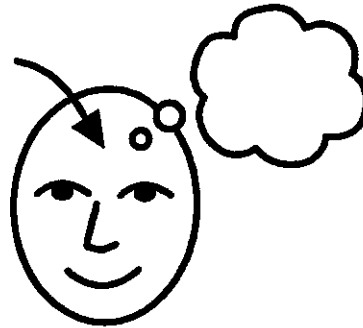


Juan was alone.

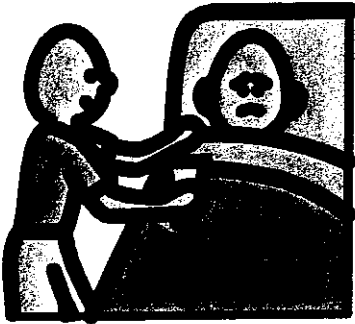
Chapter 3 Vocabulary



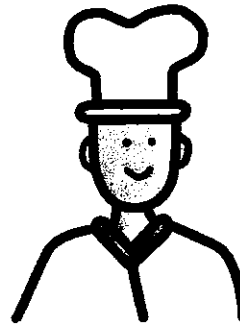
Carmello



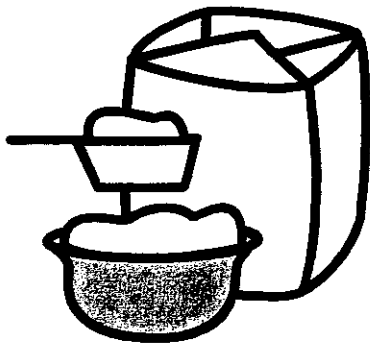
learns



take care of



baker



flour

Chapter 3

The next morning, a man threw cold water in my face to wake me up.

Then, he hit a donkey on the nose very hard. He warned me that I



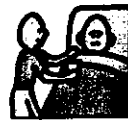
would get the same if I caused trouble. His name was Carmelo. He was

a gypsy. In Spain, only gentlemen use the name Don. He told me to



call him Don Carmelo. I did not think he was a gentleman but I did not

say anything to make him mad.



Juan learns to take care of himself.



Don Carmelo did not give me any food. When I asked him, he said he

would give me a beating! He said I must beg for food. I remembered



Brother Isadoro. I went to Mass and begged for food on the steps. People



saw my cuts and bruises from Don Carmelo and felt bad for me. They

gave me food.



Juan learns to take care of himself.



When we came to a town, I hid from Don Carmelo. Then a baker saw

me begging at the Church one day. He asked me to work for him. His



boy was too sick to shovel flour and lift pans. I worked for meat or



cheese, two loaves of bread each day and a good warm coat when I

left .



Juan learns to take care of himself.



The job was a hard one. Flour got into my eyes. The pans were

heavy. I slept in the back. It was cold, but the warm ovens felt good



during the day. The cats and rats made noise at night. The baker's

wife made me a warm wool coat with patches. Then, I left for Madrid.

I started walking on the roads. I stayed behind rich gentlemen.

One man let me take care of his horses and mules. He gave me

money to hide in my belt. I never saw him again.



Juan learns to take care of himself.



Then, Don Carmelo found me. He was angry at me for running away. He

beat me with a whip until I fell down. When I woke up, everything hurt and

I could not think.

I heard someone calling my name. I was afraid. They said that the gypsy

who hurt me had been sent away. I was lifted into a warm kitchen. I

had soup to eat. Then I saw a young man with dark hair. I asked him

what would happen to me here. He said that he was the Master of the



house. He would take care of me. I would be safe in his house.

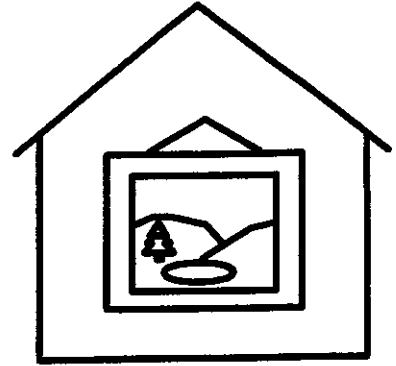


Juan learns to take care of himself.

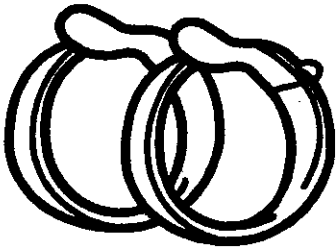
Chapter 4 Vocabulary



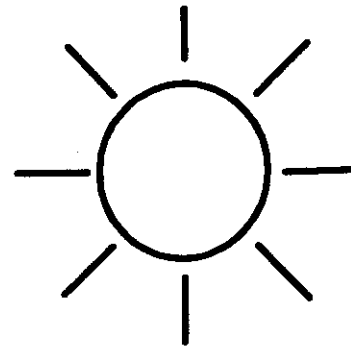
Master



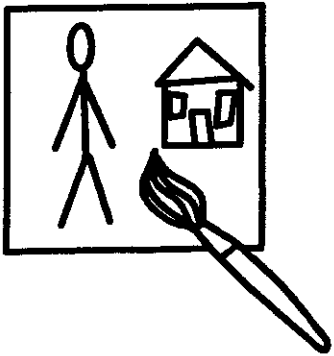
studio



earring



light



paint

Chapter 4



What do I remember of my youth? I remember Master and his studio

He was a stern man. He gave me a good brown suit to wear.



He gave one gold earring that he found in his aunt's things. I told



him it belonged to my mother. The gypsy had stolen the other one and



my bracelet. When Master brought the earring, it felt good on my cheek.

I wore it for many years.



Juan has a new master .

The Mistress Miranda was a round, little woman. She had two little girls.

She had a cook and a maid. I ate in the kitchen with the cook. I slept

in a little room off the kitchen.



My job was to serve the Master. He took me into his art studio. In

winter, it was very cold. In summer, it was very hot. But, all he thought



about was light. He needed lots of sunlight to see his pictures and the colors.



I had to learn to grind colors. I had to wash brushes. I had to learn

to stretch canvas on the frames. Master taught me the formulas to mix the

colors. I told him that I could write them. He said no. I must keep them



in my head.

Juan has a new master.



I told him that I would like to paint. But, he said that he could not

teach me. I was very sad.



One day, Master began to take in boys who would learn to paint from

him. They were free white boys. Mistress told me that slaves were

not allowed to do art in Spain. One boy named Cristobal would steal

things and blame me. But the Master only sent him to bed with no

dinner. He never beat anyone.



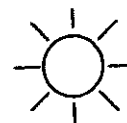
Juan has a new master.



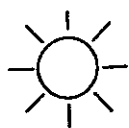
One day, a message came from the King. The King wanted Master to



paint his portrait. The Mistress was so happy to hear this news.



Master said that nothing else mattered except for light. He must have

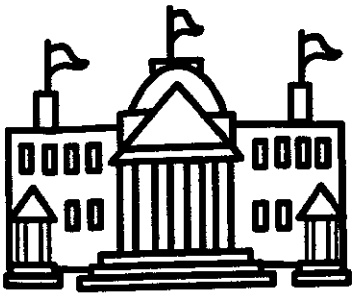


good light to paint a good picture of the King.



Juan has a new master.

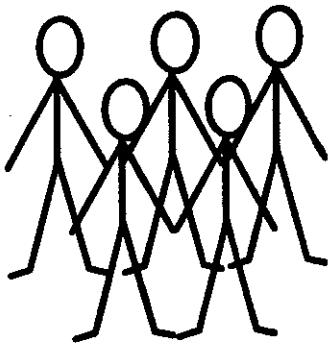
Chapter 5-6 Vocabulary



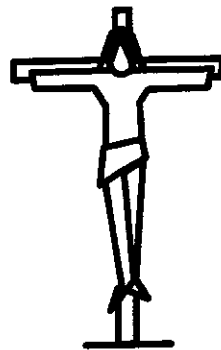
palace



king

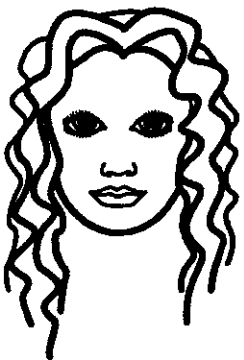


people



Jesus

Christ



pretty

Chapter 5 and 6



We moved the easels, the vases, and painting things to the new



studio in the palace. I remember the day his Royal Highness came for



his first sitting. The King was very tall and pale. His face was



bony and sad. Master's first picture was of the King's head. It was



a plain study. The studio was always empty for the King. I worked



to give the Master charcoal and colors.



Juan learns about different people.



Master had to go to the King's parties. He wanted to keep painting and



not go. One day in 1628, the painter Rubens came. He came to the



King's party and to our studio. He wanted to see models that we



did not have in our studio. So, Master and Rubens went to visit a



wood-carver. He had a carving of Jesus Christ who was hanging on the

cross. His hurting face looked very real. I learned that the face was

carved while looking at live men who were in pain. I was sad to hear



this. I hoped it was not true. Juan learns about different people.



One night, at the King's party, I saw lots of rich people. They had

brought their slaves with them. There was a girl there about my age.



She was pretty with tight curly hair like mine. When dessert began, the

girl started playing a lyre. She sang beautiful songs. Everyone clapped for



her. I learned her name was Miri. She was in Rubens court.



Juan learns about different people.

I thought about Miri many times. It was hard to think about my work.



One day, Mistress came into the studio with a letter from Rubens. She



saw me sighing. She said that I was in love. Love is terrible. It means



so much suffering. Master let me take the letter back to Ruben's court.

He knew I wanted to be near the girl I loved.



Juan learns about different **people**.

While I was there, some ladies said that the slave girl, Miri had gotten sick again. I was told to run and get the doctor. When the doctor came rushing into Miri's room, I went in along with everyone else. She was lying on a chair. The doctor waved a bottle under Miri's little nose. She sat up and cried. Miri cried about her Mistress. Would she sell her one day? I, too, felt that same thorn at my heart.

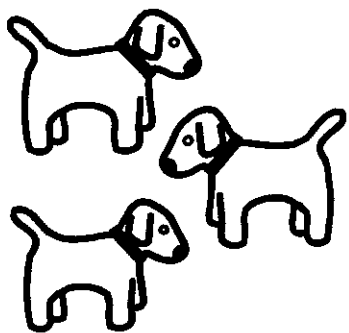


One day, Rubens and his court left for Italy. I would never see my Miri

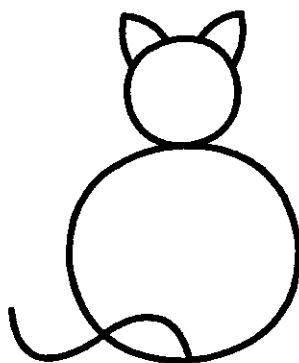


again. My heart was broken. **Juan** learns about different people.

Chapter 7 Vocabulary



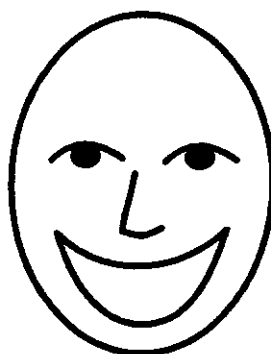
dogs



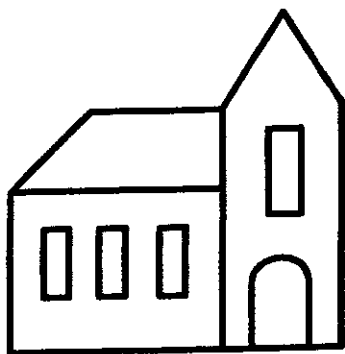
cat



sad



happy



church



prayer

Chapter 7

The months went by. I thought about Miri everyday. But young hearts



cannot always be sad. I learned to live without Miri.



Juan finds a way to be happy.



We had an apartment near the palace. The Master's little girls would

play and roll balls on the floor. They loved to run after their father into



his studio on their small feet. I would hold their hands and take them



back to their mother. It made me happy when I cared for the little girls.



Juan finds a way to be happy.



The King would often sit for his portrait. To sit for a portrait means



to have your picture painted. The king had his pet dogs near his

feet. I thought that a pet for the little girls might be a good idea.



Juan finds a way to be happy.



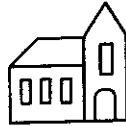
One day I asked to go to Church for devotions. Devotions are special



prayers. Mistress gave me several errands to do. Errands are jobs. I set



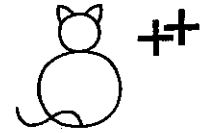
out happily. At church, I folded my hands and said my prayers. I



prayed for Miri, too. Going to church made me happy.



Juan finds a way to be happy.



There was a lacemaker in town who sold little, fluffy cats. They had silky

coats of fur. Her name was Dona Trini. She liked me. I asked her for



a cat. She gave me one with a blue eye and a green eye. She



said it was good luck. I put the cat in my jacket.



Juan finds a way to be happy.



The Mistress was waiting for me. She said that I had taken too long.



But, when I pulled the cat out, little Paquita squealed. Even Baby

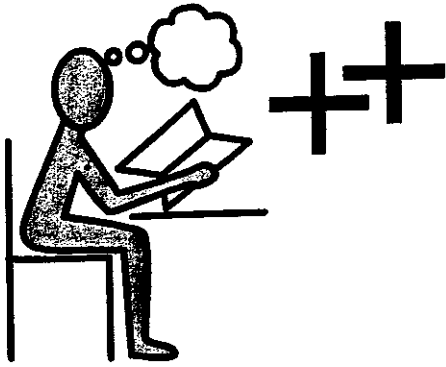


Nina was happy.

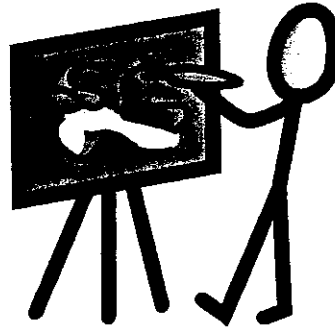


Juan finds a way to be happy.

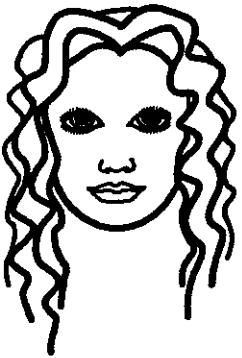
Chapter 8 Vocabulary



students



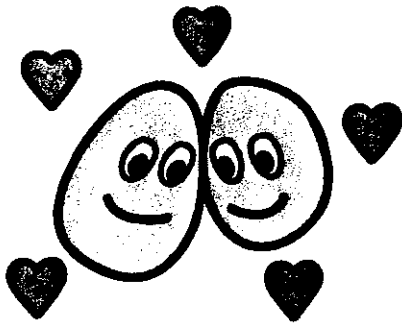
artist



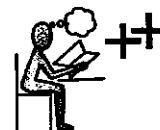
Paquita



flower



love



Master had many apprentices. Apprentices are students of the Master



Artist. Then, we had an apprentice named Juan Bautista. He came to



the Master when Paquita was all grown up. He looked at her and fell



in love. She was beautiful. When Paquita saw Juan Bautista, she fell



in love, too. At that moment, Paquita saw a red flower.



Juan sees Paquita fall in love.



Juan Bautista asked me to give a message to Paquita for him. I



did not want to keep family secrets. Then, Paquita gave me a red flower.

She asked me to give it to Juan Bautista. I left it by his plate while

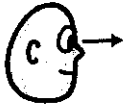
he was eating. I saw that he put it into his sleeve. Soon, they were



meeting in secret. They met in the King's art galleries. Juan Bautista



was showing signs of love. Paquita was happy.



Juan sees Paquita fall in love.



Then, Mistress said they must begin to look for a husband for Paquita.



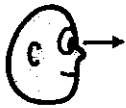
Her father said she would marry a Portuguese man. He would paint a

picture of her in a brown dress and send it to his cousins in Portugal.



He was smiling. Did he know what was going on? Paquita wanted to

marry Juan Bautista, not a stranger!



Juan

sees

Paquita

fall

in love.



Master took a long time painting Paquita's picture. He did not paint her



face. Paquita looked sad and afraid when she sat for her portrait.

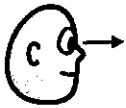


One day, the Master caught me with a note. He unfolded it, and one of



her little red flowers fell upon the floor. He read the note and signed it

with a big red "V".



Juan sees Paquita fall in love.



That night at dinner there was so much singing. Mistress was crying.



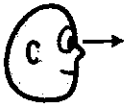
Paquita and Juan Bautista were to be married. The Master finished her



picture with her face full of joy and love. He painted a small red



flower in the loop of her sash.



Juan sees Paquita fall in love.



It felt good to share in the joy of their marriage. I remember that well

for she has been in her grave now for so many years.



Juan



saw

Paquita

fall

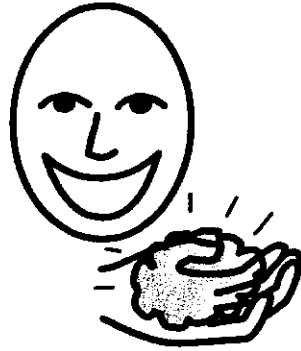


in love.

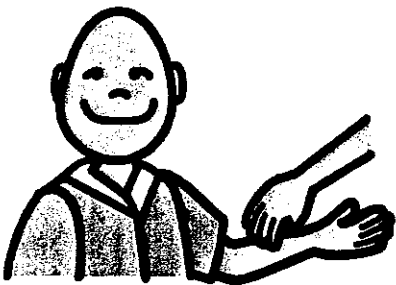
Chapter 9 -10 Vocabulary



good person



kind



gentle

Chapter 9-10



A year after Paquita's wedding, I went on a trip to the north of Spain.



The King wanted Master to go on a hunting trip to paint pictures.



I did not like the hunting trips. The bloody animals made me sad.



"You are gentle", said the Master. I told him that my mother had



been a lovely and good person, too.



Juan is a good person.



While we were hunting, the King's dog became sick. I helped the



dog to get well. The King gave me a bag full of money. The



Master let me keep the money. He even told me to buy myself

something like a ring.



Juan is a good person.

One day a young man came to live with us. He wanted to



learn to paint with the Master. His eyes were kind. He was



happy. His name was Bartolome. He called me Senor Pareja. Slaves were



never called Senor. He was kind to his donkey. I liked people who

were good to other people and animals.



Juan is a good person.



I painted in secret. I used the money that Master gave me to



buy canvas. But, I stole paints. This made me sad. I talked to



Bartolome about my secret painting. He told me to confess at Church.

Confess means to tell someone. I did. After this, I stole no more.



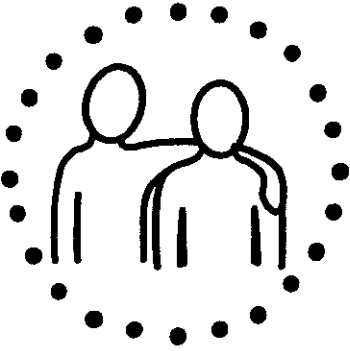
Bartolome gave me paints. He gave me brushes and canvases.

Bartolome was my friend.

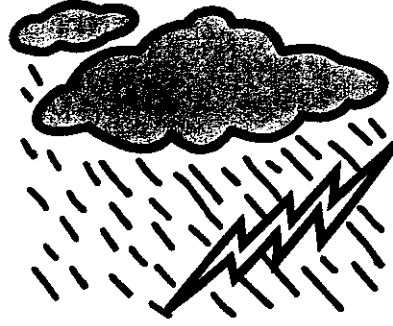


Juan is a good person.

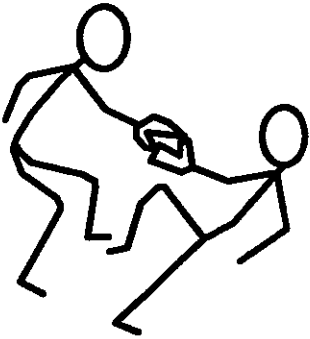
Chapter 11 Vocabulary



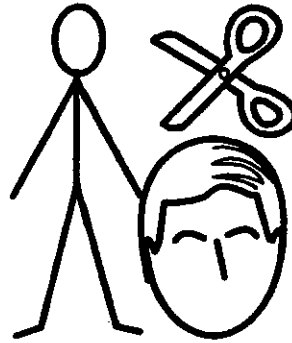
safe



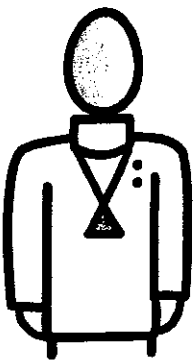
storm



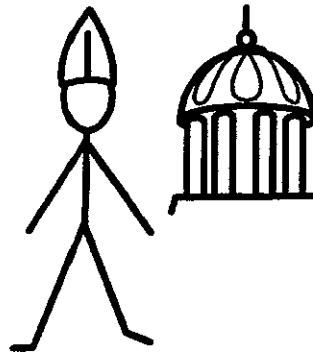
help



barber



doctor



Pope

Chapter 11



The Master and I had a horrible trip back to Italy. There was a fierce



storm on the water. The ship rocked back and forth. We lay sick,

unwashed and weak as kittens for three days. We tried to keep



each other safe during the storm.

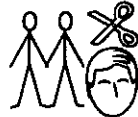


Juan and the Master help each other.



The master was thrown against the wall and cut his right hand. I put

oils on it and bandaged it. After we arrived in Genoa, we found a



barber-surgeon to look at the hand. Barbers used to do the job of a



doctor many years ago! I was afraid he wanted to open the master's

hand with a knife. So, I took him away.



Juan and the Master help each other.



I took care of his hand with hot cloths. It began to feel better. The



Master said I could ask whatever I wanted from this hand, and he would

give it to me. I told him that I might ask someday.



Juan

and the



Master



help

each other.

We traveled to Spain and Rome with our charcoal, canvases and colors.

It was winter and the cold air began to hurt his hand. There was



nothing that I could do for him except go to church and pray. I



prayed that if his hand was healed, I would confess my secret. My



secret was that I had been painting. When I arrived back, the Master

was sleeping. Then, I saw his hand. It was not puffy or red. His



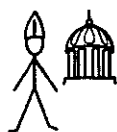
hand was perfect. He began to paint again.



Juan and the Master help each other.



When we arrived in Rome, we stayed in a large home. The Master



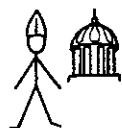
was going to meet the Pope. He wanted me to come with him. The



guards would not let me go in with Master. So, I visited St. Peter's to



pray. When the Master came out, he said he was going to paint



the Pope's picture. First, he needed to do a practice study. I quickly



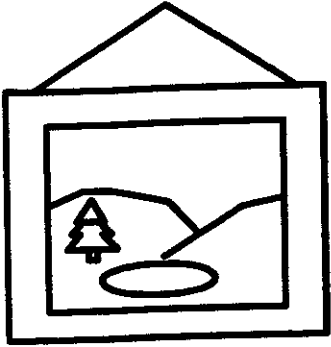
told him to paint me. He said he would. He asked God to guide his

hand.

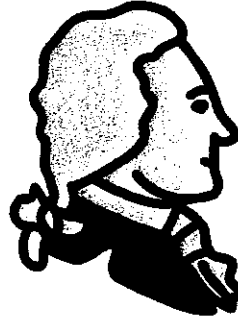


Juan and the Master help each other.

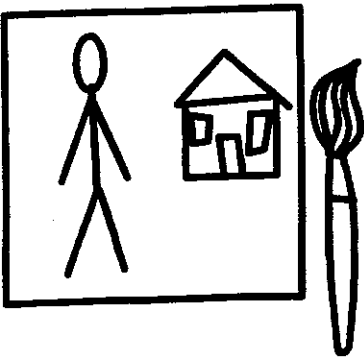
Chapter 12 Vocabulary



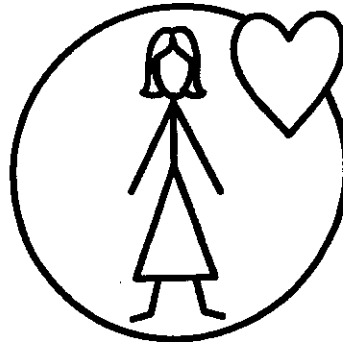
picture



portrait



painting



wife

Chapter 12

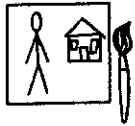


Master told me to wear everyday clothes for my portrait. He gave me

a white shirt. I posed by looking at him as if he were a stranger.



After four days, he called me to look at the picture. It was like looking in



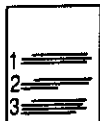
a mirror. The painting looked just like me! I told him it was the best he



had ever painted. I wanted everyone to know that Master was a great



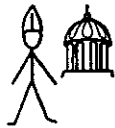
artist.



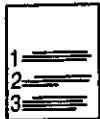
Juan has a plan.



Many Italians were not happy that an artist from Spain was asked to



paint the Pope. Italian people would not hire Master to do a portrait.!



had a plan. I would take my portrait around to important men. The



Duke of Ponti saw my portrait. He liked it. He wanted the Master to



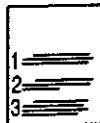
paint his wife, too.



After this, I took the portrait around to more important men. Soon,



Master had lots of work to do.



Juan has a plan.



Master finished painting the Pope. Then, it was Christmas. We had



to sail home. When we got there, Mistress had a new slave. Her

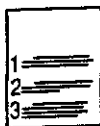


name was Lolis. The Mistress was sick and Lolis took care of her. I

thought about Miri when I met Lolis. Miri was delicate and weak. Lolis

was strong and proud. Lolis told me that something good was going to

happen to me in the future. I knew that my life would change soon.



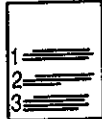
Juan has a plan.



I remembered Master saying that I could have anything from his hand

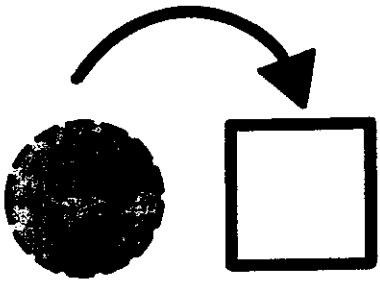


when he had hurt it. I would ask him to give me Lolis for my wife.



Juan has a plan.

Chapter 13 Vocabulary



change



free

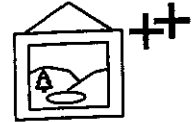
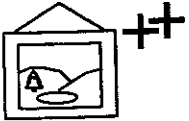


freedom

Chapter 13



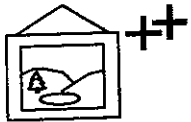
The King came into the studio often. He would just sit and look at



pictures. I had secretly painted a large canvas. I painted pictures of



the King's three favorite dogs. For the first time, I turned the



pictures around for the King to see. I was afraid. I got down on



my knees and asked the King to forgive me for painting. The King



asked Master what he should do with me.



Juan's life will change.



Master went over to his desk and wrote a letter. He gave me the silk

envelope. It said that I was now a free man. I was now his

Assistant. This means that I had a job. I would get paid for my work



now. I was so happy. The King was smiling. He said he was

pleased.



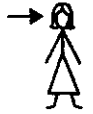
Juan's life will change.



I told the Master that I wanted to ask him for something. He knew

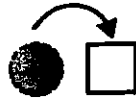


already that I wanted Lolis for my wife. Mistress gave Lolis her freedom

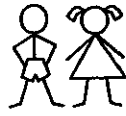


for a wedding gift. Lolis promised to stay with the Mistress while she

was sick.



Juan's life will change.



Lolis was happy now because our children would be born as free

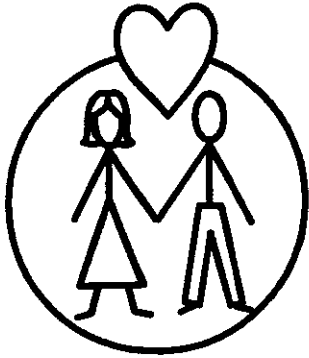


people. Lolis said some day all men would be free.

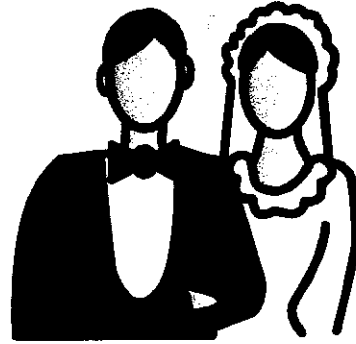


Juan's life will change.

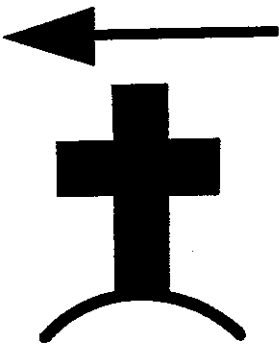
Chapter 14-15 Vocabulary



married



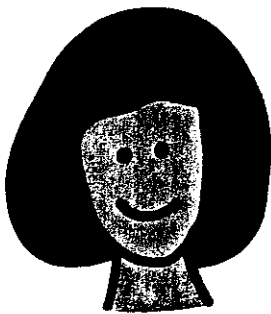
wedding



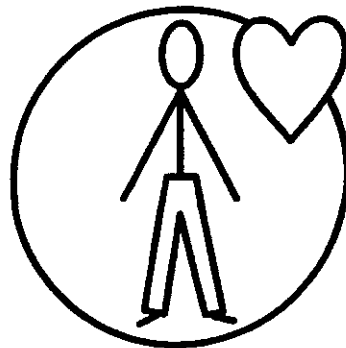
died



cried



Lolis



husband

Chapters 14 - 15



Lolis and I were married in the church near our house. Paquita who



was expecting another child, and her husband stood with us. Master was



at my side. Mistress gave us her blessing before our wedding.



Juan and Lolis have sad and happy times.



Mistress gave Lolis blue silk to make a dress. Master gave us



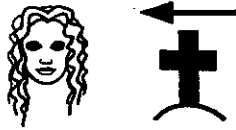
chairs and rugs and two rooms in his house. The King sent a velvet



bag with thirty ducats in it. Ducats are coins. We had a happy wedding.



Juan and Lolis have sad and happy times.



Then hard trials came. Paquita died when her child was born. The



baby died, too. Two months later, the Mistress died and was laid



next to her daughter. The Master did not cry. But, he was very sad.

He was very quiet.



Juan and Lolis have sad and happy times.



Then, the King's youngest sister was to be married. The King asked



Master to be in charge of the wedding. The wedding party was



lovely in green with white flowers.



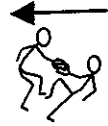
Juan and Lolis have sad and happy times.



After working hard on the wedding, Master became very sick. He had



fevers, sweatings and headaches. Lolis and I tried to nurse him



back to health. One day, he felt good enough to get up. I helped him



walk to his paintings. But, then he fell on the floor. He was weak



and he died. I held him and cried.



Juan and Lolis have sad and happy times.



Lolis took care of everything. I was too sad to help. The



King cried all night, too. Master was laid to rest next to Mistress



and near Paquita.



Juan and Lolis have sad and happy times.



Lolis and I talked about returning to Seville. Madrid was too sad for



me now. Madrid and Seville are cities in Spain. I asked the King if

I could leave now. He said there was one more thing to do before I



left. He asked if I would help him paint the red Cross of Santiago



on the portrait of the Master. This would make Master a knight. It



was an honor to be a knight. I put my hand over the King's hand.



Together, we painted the red Cross on the Master's portrait.



Juan and Lolis have sad and happy times.



Lolis and I left for Seville. We found Bartolome. We had our



own home. I could work and earn a living as a free man. Lolis



and I were happy.



Juan and Lolis have sad and happy times.



The End.