

Mona Lisa lived in Paris.

She had lived there for a long time in a palace called the Louvre.

Everyone admired her beauty. She loved the attention!

She loved the crowds!

"I have lived a long life," Mona Lisa thought.

"I know everything and everyone knows me."



She turned right and then left, then right and left again,  
and realized she was lost. "No problem," Mona Lisa thought,  
"everyone knows me and admires my beauty. They will recognize  
me any second now and help me get back to the museum."

She gazed around. People were everywhere.  
No one paid any attention to her.



Mona Lisa looked up and saw a man with a big red mustache.  
He was covered in colorful stripes and stickers.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Tag from Brooklyn," the man said. "I'm graffiti, just like you.  
What's your name?"

Mona Lisa was offended. "Me? Graffiti? Don't you know me?  
I'm the famous Mona Lisa."

Tag looked puzzled. "Are you the one from Mona Lisa Bakery  
on 168th Street?"

"I am the one from the museum," Mona Lisa said dryly.  
"Can you take me back there?"

"I see," said Tag. "Looks like you don't know your way  
around New York City."

"I know everything," Mona Lisa said with a sniff.

Tag shrugged. "What's your hurry then?  
The museum is closed now. Let me show you around.  
Maybe there's something you don't know yet."

