

The story goes that in the fifteenth century, in a tiny village near Nuremberg, Germany, lived a family with 18 children. German Artist Albrecht Durer (1471–1528) Note: Albrecht Durer is a famous artist, but there is no historical confirmation for this inspiring story, which appears to have been recently invented. Albrecht's etchings, his woodcuts, and his oils were far better than those of most of his professors, and by the time he graduated, he was beginning to earn high fees for his works. Albert said, "I'll go down in the mines. With my earnings, I'll support you while you attend the academy for four years. When you complete your studies, you'll support me, either with the sales of your artwork or, if necessary, also by working in the mines." Finally, Albert rose, wiped the tears from his cheeks and said, "No, brother.

I cannot go to Nuremberg. It is too late for me. Look what four years in the mines have done to my hands! The bones in every finger have been smashed, and lately I have been suffering from arthritis so badly in my right hand that I cannot make delicate lines on parchment or canvas with a pen or a brush. No, brother, for me it is too late." In order to show his gratitude to Albert, Albrecht Durer drew his brother's abused hands with palms together and thin fingers stretched skyward. His brother Albrecht agreed and went off to Nuremberg to study art at the academy