

THE RIGHT CHOICE The story goes that in the fifteenth century, in a tiny village near Nuremberg, Germany, lived a family with 18 children, In order to keep food on the shaking his lowered head from side to side while he table for his large family , the father—a goldsmith by sobbed and repeated, over and over, "No.. no... profession—worked almost 18 hours a dag. Despite their hopeless situation, two of the Durers' elder children had a dream. They both wanted his cheeks and said, "No, brother.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. He called the entire world almost immediately masterpiece. When the young artist returned to his village, the Durer family held a festive dinner to celebrate Albrecht's triumphant homecoming. After a long and memorable meal, Albrecht rose at the head of the table to thank his beloved brother for the years of support that had allowed Albrecht to fulfill his ambition. His closing words were, "And now, Albert, blessed brother of mine, it is your turn. 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." His brother Albrecht agreed and went off to Nuremberg to study art at the academy. Meanwhile, Albert went down into the dangerous mines and, for his powerful drawing the next four years, financed his brother, whose work simply Hands, and at the academy was almost an immediate sensation. Albrecht's etchings, his woodcuts, and his oils were far better than those of most of his professors, and by opening their time he graduated, he was beginning to earn high hearts to his great fees for his works. All heads turned to the far end of the table where Albert sat, tears streaming down his pale face , no.. no."After many long discussions, the two boys finally been suffering from arthritis so badly in my right worked out a pact. Finally, Albert rose, wiped the tears from years in the mines have done to my hands The bones in every finger have been smashed and lately I have hand that I cannot make delicate lines on parchment or canvas with a pen or a brush. It is too late for me. Look what four that their father could never afford to send either of them to Nuremberg to study at the academy. With my earnings, I'll support you while you attend the academy for four years. I cannot go to to pursue their talent .for art, but they knew full well Nuremberg. Albert said, I'll go down in the mines