A rhyming picture book series for children ages 3-7, with an emphasis on the introduction of new and... Â See more of The Lemonman picture book series on Facebook. Log In. or. Create New Account. See more of The Lemonman picture book series on Facebook. Log In. Forgot account? Customer Review: Wreck This Picture Book Book Trailer. See full review. Random House. Â I felt that the whole moral of this story is that as you read a book, it becomes an adventure, as the person who reads the book shapes the story. That being said, a person can read a book today and reread the same book a year later and they can have a totally different experience because hopefully, they have grown during that year. In that year, that individual has had many different experiences to shape them. That being the case. So when I discovered The Man in the Picture buried deep in the recesses of books forgotten, and knowing Iâ€™d read a Susan Hill before, I thought it would be perfect for the category needed. And it was! Creepy, eerie and sinister â€“ author Susan Hill knows how to make her readers shudder. Â The picture in question is described by the main narrator, Oliver, who himself retells a story told to him by his former university tutor. The tutor is fascinated and frightened by an oil painting from his collection: in its depiction of a Venetian carnival scene, he notices a barely notic The Man in the Picture is a short story which was somehow published as a separate book. Even shorter than The Woman in Black, the story - although well written - is similarly unoriginal and largely forgettable. The Picture Man was Paul Buchanan (ca. 1910-1987), an itinerant photographer who, on foot, on horseback, and by car, wandered four North Carolina mountain counties from 1920 until about 1951. He had stopped making pictures for more than thirty years when Ann Hawthorne, a photographer living in the mountains, heard about Buchanan and went to see him. He told her stories—many of which are transcribed in this book—and showed her some of his negatives, which were filthy and, she thought, unprintable. Hawthorne cleaned them up, though, and discovered a splendid photographer. Buchanan didn't