


HENRI AND THE MACHINE

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Everyone seemed happy.
Except for Henri.

He didn't want to go to an art gallery.
He wanted to go to the beach instead.
To collect seashells and to swim
in the ocean.

But then Henri saw a painting that he liked.

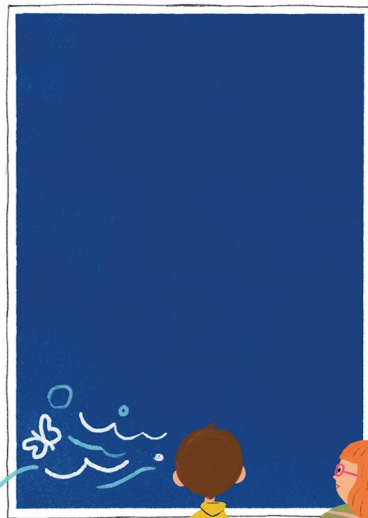
It was all blue; the bluest of blue.

Blue was Henri's favourite colour.

It reminded him of
the ocean,

of blueberries and
summer skies,

blue jays
and butterflies.



Drums played and horns honked.



Plates fell to the floor and smashed.



Confetti rained from a trumpet.



Rainbow coloured smoke oozed out of the machine and covered everything in a technicolour cloud.



"Art can be many things,"
the museum guide said.



"It can be playful."



serious.



sad or happy.



It can be something to look at,
something to touch or
something to sit on.



The only thing that matters is
how art makes you feel."

But all of this doesn't matter.



So THAT was the point of art, Henri thought.