



HENRI AND THE MACHINE

ISABELLE
MARINOV

OLGA
SHTONDA



Henri looked around.
There were lots of paintings on the gallery walls.



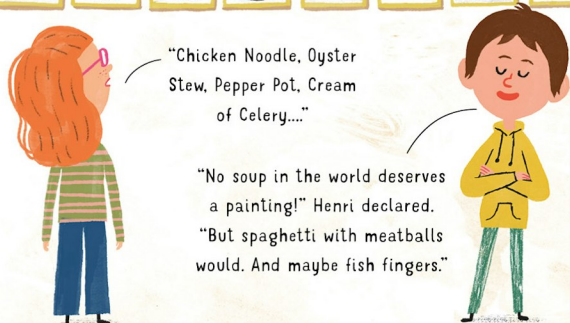
A painting of a woman whose eyes were in the wrong place.
Henri knew one thing for sure: the eyes had to be above the nose.



A painting of melting watches. Watches didn't melt.
They broke. They got lost. They stopped. But they did not melt.

A painting of thirty-two soup cans.

Who knew there were that many different kinds of soup?



"Chicken Noodle, Oyster Stew, Pepper Pot, Cream of Celery..."

"No soup in the world deserves a painting!" Henri declared.
"But spaghetti with meatballs would. And maybe fish fingers."

But then Henri saw a painting that he liked.

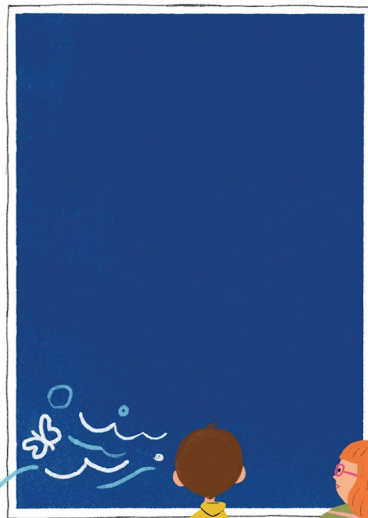
It was all blue; the bluest of blue.

Blue was Henri's favourite colour.

It reminded him of
the ocean,

of blueberries and
summer skies,

blue jays
and butterflies.



The next room was totally empty.

Except for a chair. And a very complicated looking machine.

IS THIS A CHAIR?

¿ES ESTA UNA SILLA?

CZY TO KRZESŁO?

APAKAH INI KURSI?

それは椅子ですか？

IST DAS EIN STUHL?

क्या यह कुर्सी है?

هل هذا كرسي؟

Est-ce une chaise?

ЦЕСТИАЕЦ?

ONKO SE TUOLI?

这是把椅子吗？

IS DIT EEN STOEL?

QUESTA È UNA SEDIA?

Assé dast e Stuhl?

ISTO É UNA CADEIRA?

Esau das krasel?



What a strange question, Henri thought. "Of course, it is a chair," he said. "What else could it be?"



"I don't know. In art, things are never what they seem. I would not sit on it," Clara said.



But Henri was tired. And
a tiny bit curious, too.



So he sat down.



BANG!



At that very moment, Henri
knew that he had set something
in motion. Something he could
no longer control...