

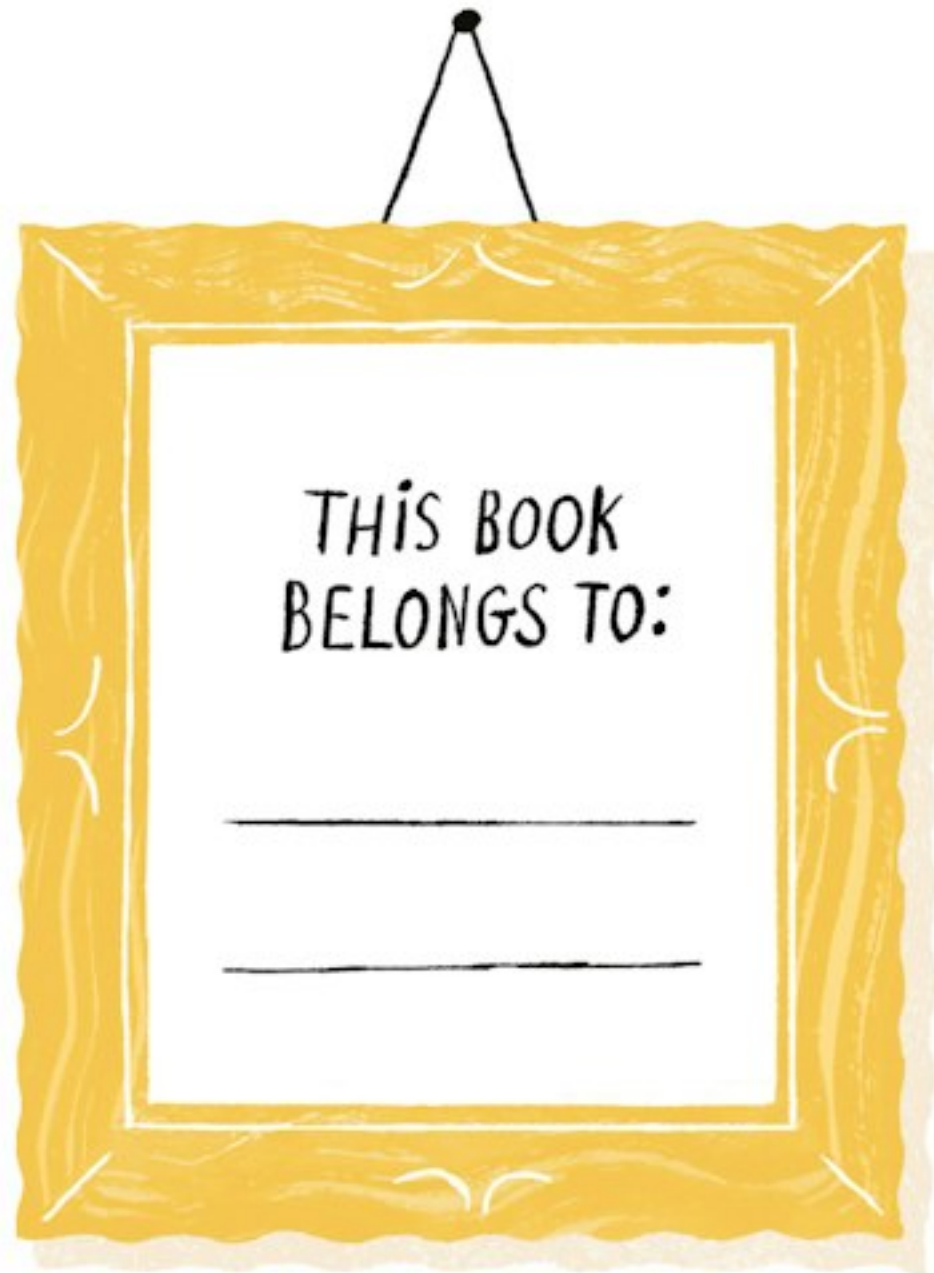


HENRI AND THE MACHINE

ISABELLE
MARINOV

OLGA
SHTONDA





THIS BOOK
BELONGS TO:





HENRI AND THE MACHINE

A TEMPLAR BOOK

First published in the UK in 2021 by Templar Books,
an imprint of Bonnier Books UK,
The Plaza, 535 King's Road, London, SW10 0SZ
Owned by Bonnier Books
Sveavägen 56, Stockholm, Sweden
www.templar.co.uk
www.bonnierbooks.co.uk

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Illustration copyright © 2023 by Olga Shtonda
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1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2



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ISBN 978-1-80078-375-1


This book was typeset in xxx
The illustrations were created with xxx
Written by Isabelle Marinov
Edited by Sophie Hallam
Designed by Anna Ring
Production by XXX

Printed in xxx

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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.

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?

Est-ce une chaise?

هل هذا كرسي؟

ЦЕСТИАЕЦЬ?

ONKO SE TUOLI?

这是把椅子吗？

IS DIT EEN STOEL?

QUESTA È UNA SEDIA?

Assjast e Stoll?

ISTO É UNA CADEIRA?

Esas das muplikas



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.

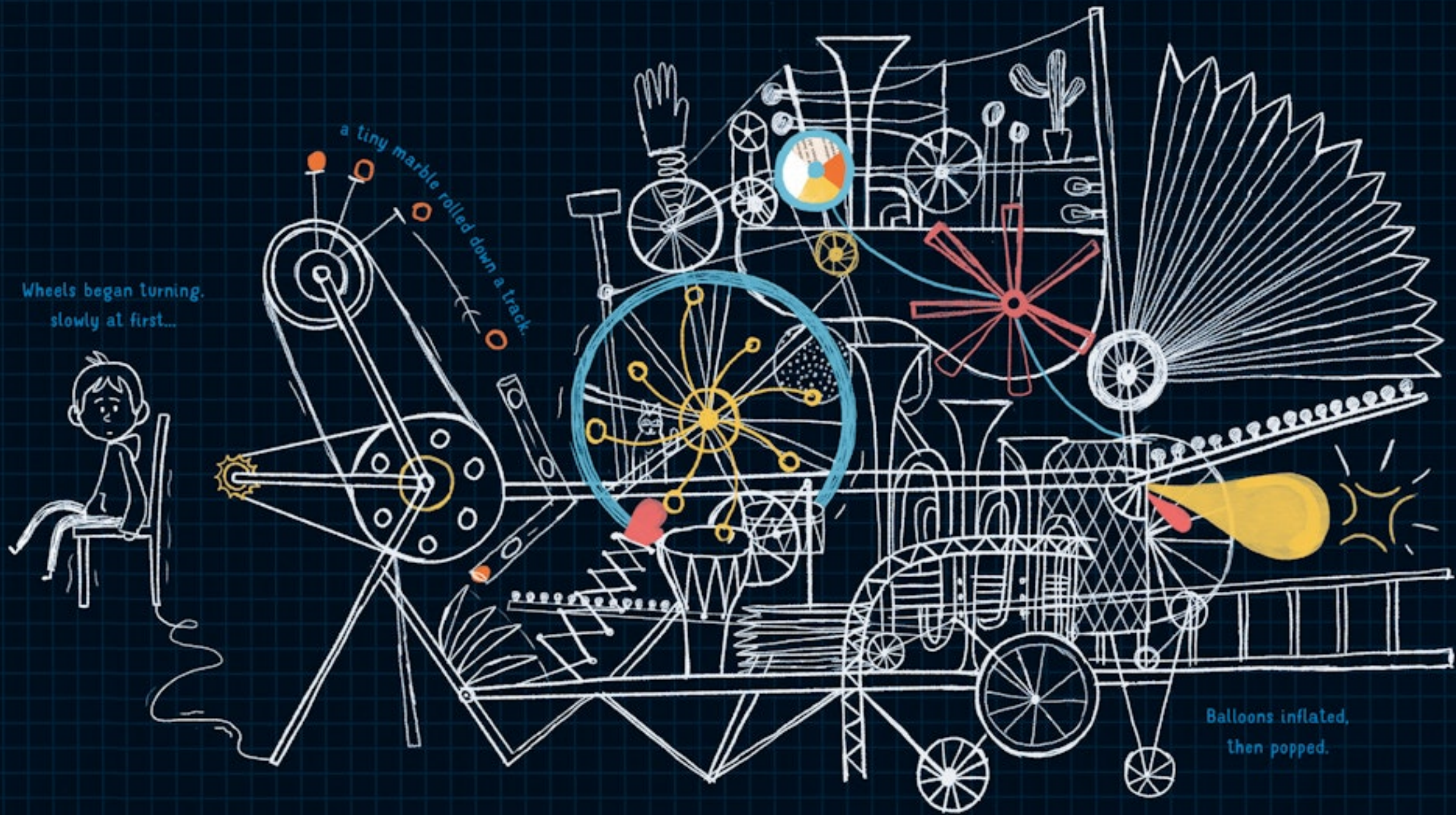


BANG!



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

Wheels began turning,
slowly at first...



a tiny marble rolled down a track.

Balloons inflated,
then popped.

Drums played and horns honked.



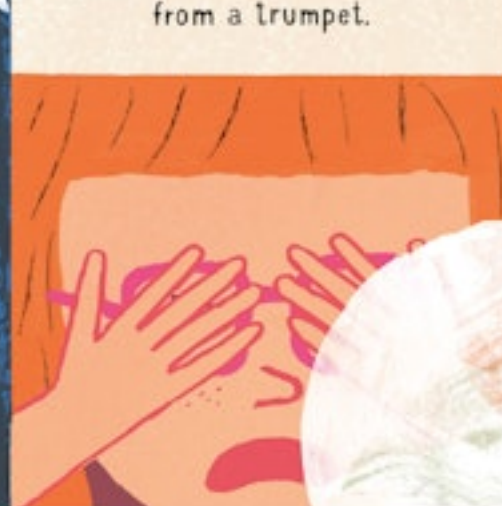
Plates fell to the floor and smashed.



Confetti rained from a trumpet.



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





And then, the machine fell apart.

The wheels and the marbles.

the drums and the horns...

everything crashed to the ground.

A long, lamenting sound signalled
the end of it all...

The museum guide came running in.
Then he stopped. And looked.



Henri's heart thumped in his chest.
He closed his eyes and wished he could
disappear forever into the blue painting.



“Congratulations,”

the museum guide cheered.

“Finally, someone sat on that chair! The artist has been waiting for this moment for more than thirty years.”



Now Henri was even more confused.
“I thought that art was something serious?” he asked.

"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.

"How does The Machine make you feel?"
The museum guide asked.

"It makes me want to giggle."
Henri said.

PARRPI!





