

Thibaut Rassat

Eugene the Architect

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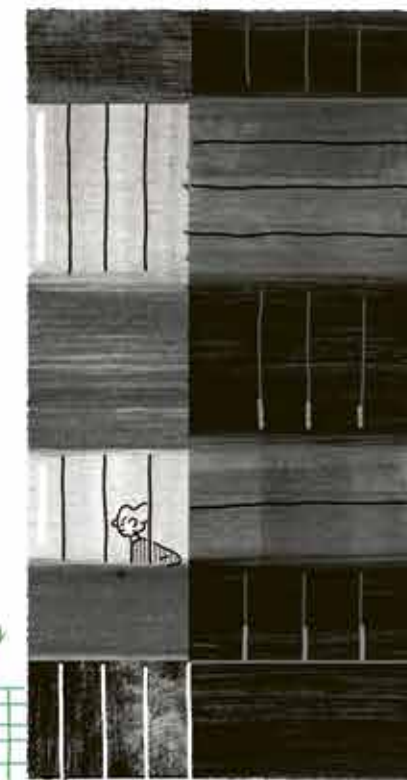
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At 45 Pythagoras Road
lived a man named Eugene.
He didn't really like very many
things, but he loved buildings.



Eugene was an architect ...
a rigorous architect and,
some would say, a bit of an eccentric.
Actually, most people thought
he was a little bit crazy.
He preferred to stay at home
in his high, angular, dark house.

"This city is too chaotic,"
he used to say.



Everything was very neat and tidy at Eugene's house. Everything was organized from blackest to whitest and from smallest to largest.



He liked books, knick-knacks, and other gizmos ... things that could be ordered, classified, and put away.



Because he was an architect, Eugene designed buildings. He was particularly proud of his latest creation. It was a very tall building that was perfectly designed. Everything was absolutely straight, and all the windows were absolutely square.



"I would feel a lot better if all the buildings in the city were built like this," he said to himself.



On Fridays, Eugene had to leave his tidy home and travel to the other end of town. His beautiful new building was under construction, and he needed to inspect everything at the building site.

"Oh, hello Eugene!,"
the construction workers shouted.
"You've arrived earlier than usual!
We haven't had time to clean up."

And it was true. What a mess!
Eugene almost tripped and fell over
backwards because there were
all kinds of things on the ground,
everywhere. EVERYWHERE!
Nothing was put away. It was so hard
to keep everything under control!

