© for the original Canadian edition: 2020, Thibaut Rassat
and Les Éditions de la Pastèque, Montréal
Published in agreement with Koja Agency
Title of the Canadian edition: *Mauvaise Herbe*
© for the English edition: 2021, Prestel Verlag,
Munich · London · New York
A member of Pengin Random House Verlagsgruppe GmbH
Neumarkter Strasse 28 · 81673 Munich

In respect to links in the book, the Publisher expressly notes that no illegal content was discernible on the linked sites at the time the links were created. The Publisher has no influence at all over the current and future design, content or authorship of the linked sites. For this reason the Publisher expressly disassociates itself from all content on linked sites that has been altered since the link was created and assumes no liability for such content.

Library of Congress Control Number: 2020946016
A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Copyediting: Brad Finger
Project management: Melanie Schöni
Production management and typesetting: Susanne Hermann
Printing and binding: DZS Grafik d.o.o., Ljubljana
Paper: Tauro Offset

Our production is climate neutral
ClimatePartner.com/14044-1912-1001
Print product

Prestel Publishing compensates the CO_2 emissions produced from the making of this book by supporting a reforestation project in Brazil. Find further information on the project here: www.ClimatePartner.com/14044-1912-1001

MIX
Paper from responsible sources
FSC® C106600
FSC www.fsc.org

Penguin Random House Verlagsgruppe FSC® N001967
Printed in Slovenia
ISBN 978-3-7913-7458-1

www.prestel.com

Thibaut Rassat

Eugene the Architect



PRESTEL
Munich · London · New York

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

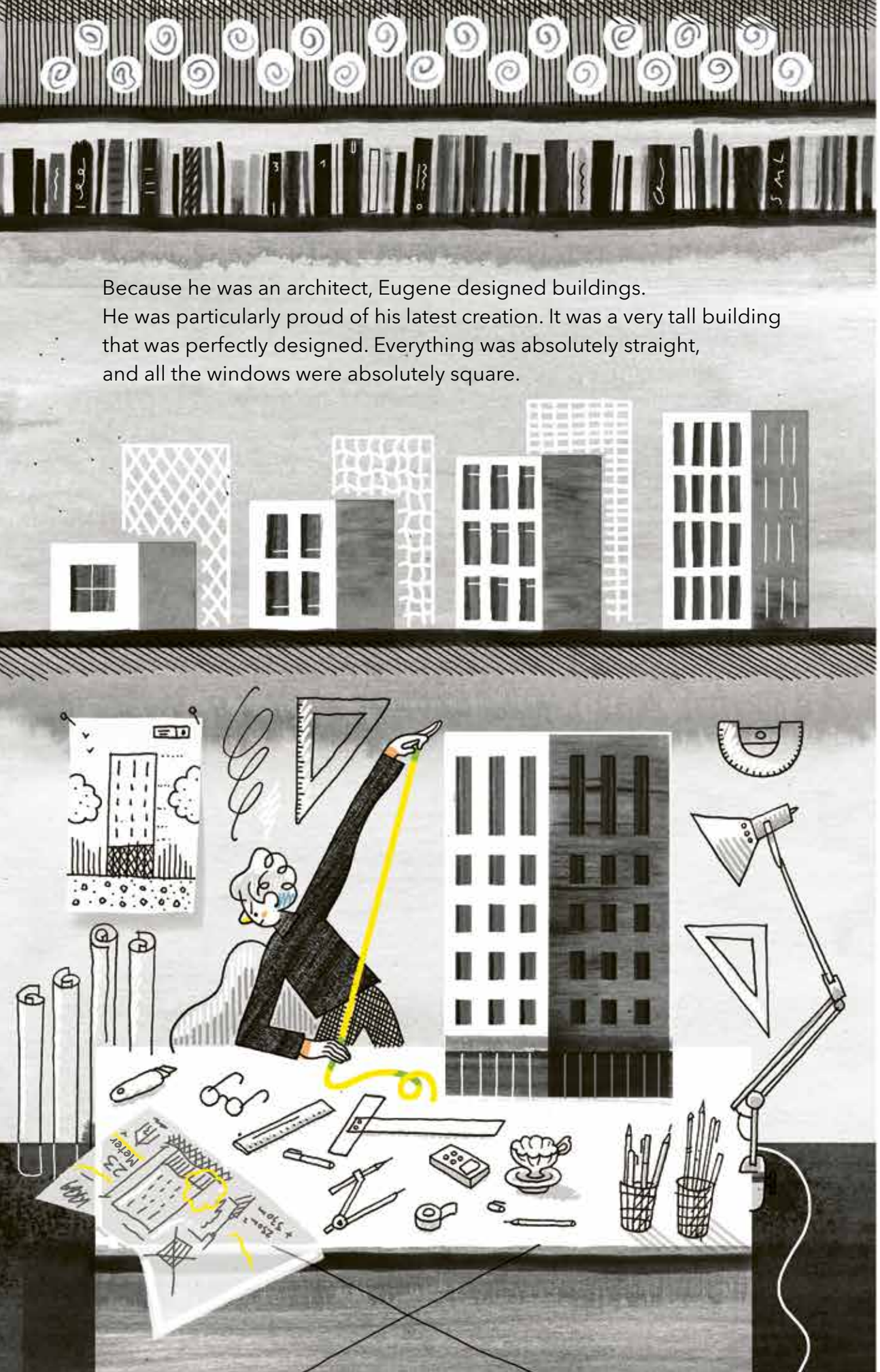
Eugene was an architect …
a rigorous architect and,
some would say, a bit of an eccentric.
Actually, most people thought
he was a little bit crazy.
He preferred to stay at home
in his high, angular, dark house.

"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.

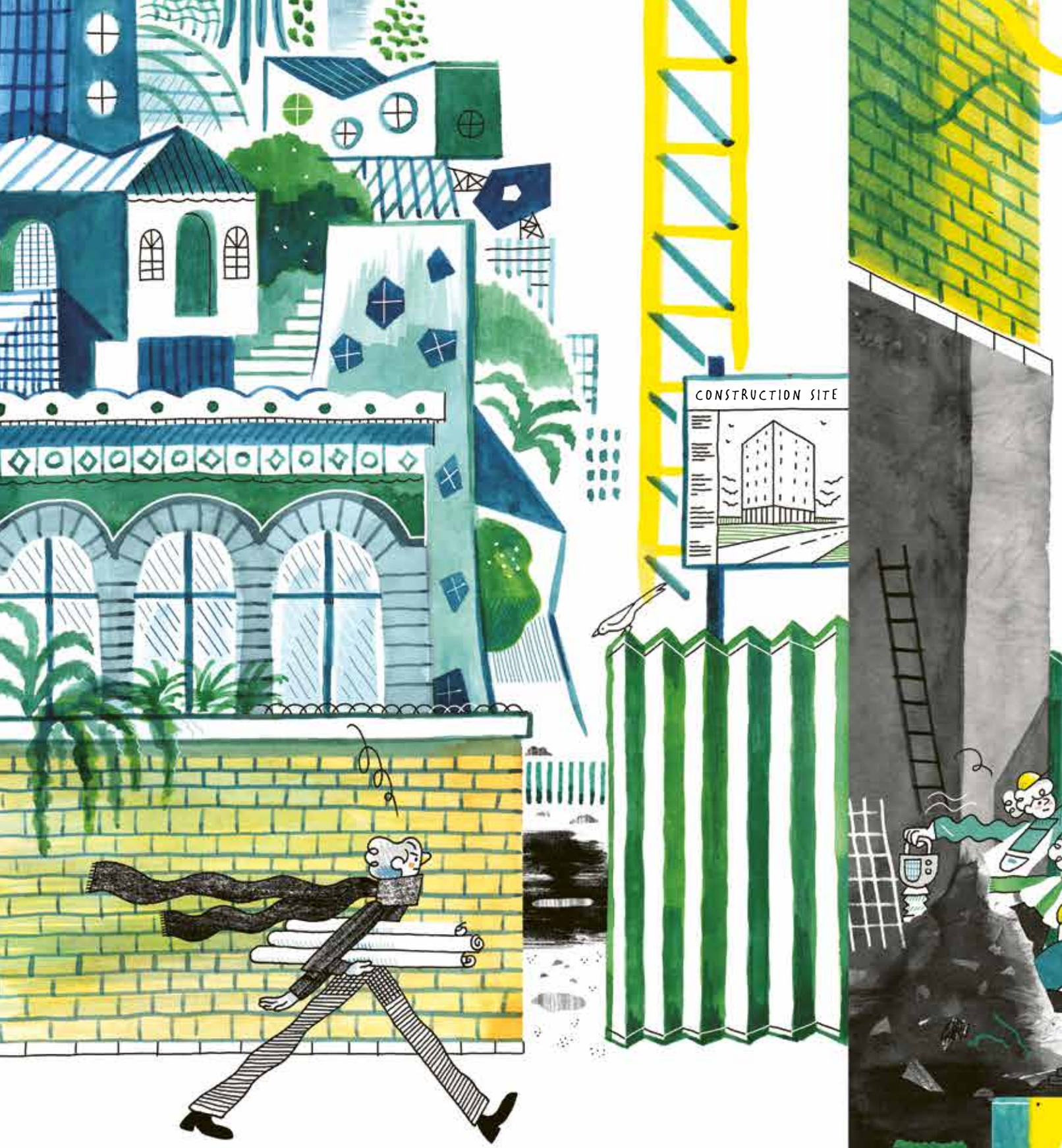
He liked books, knick-knacks, and other gizmos … things that could be ordered, classified, and put away.

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!

