

Even the classic fairy tale is not sacred. Seven identical construction kits distributed to seven Belgian architectural whizz kids. A proclamation is made: 'Create us a house'. No references to beds, gingerbread or glass slippers. The results tell their own tale...

the seven little architects

*Once upon a time, there were seven little architects.
One day, they went out to build their own houses.*

The first little architect built his house of boxes.

The second little architect built his house of air and bricks.

The third little architect built his house of air and bricks and other stuff.

The fourth little architect built his house of bricks and bricks.

The fifth little architect built his house of bricks and bricks and bricks.

*The sixth little architect built his house of bricks and bricks and bricks
(raw bricks)*

The seventh— and last— little architect.

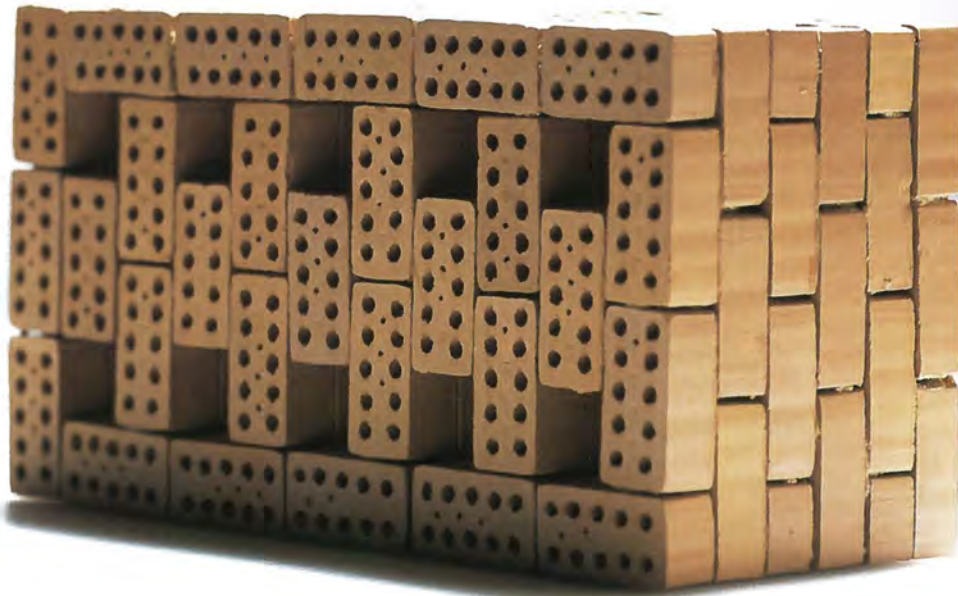
built his house of bricks and bricks and bricks and bricks.

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The big, bad wolf went up to the house of bricks and bricks and bricks. *'Little architect, little architect, let me come in'*, he said. But the fifth little architect said, *'By the ink of my rotten rotrin, I will not let you in!'* *'Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down'*, said the big, bad wolf. And he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down! (if you look at a picture of the fifth little architect's house, if we can call it so, you'll imagine it was not easy for the big, bad wolf to blow it down, as it was as solid as a brick; but as you have all understood by now, the big, bad wolf was not only big and bad, but he was also a good blower; all five little architects had hidden in the holes you see (which was easier for the first two architects who, as we remember, were already Frenchfries-shaped) and got blown out, and after having huffed and puffed and blown the house down, it took a while for the big, bad wolf to check under the debris to find out if, by any chance, one of the little architects had been buried alive). But all five little architects, blown out of the house, ran and ran and hid in the sixth little architect's house.