

## 1er Prix

Journey to the Next World VII

Painting by Prateep Kochaba

Story by Jolie Snieders (3C)



“¡El arte está ahora prohibido! Por el nuevo rey de la Atlántida, los artistas tienen ahora prohibido hacer cualquier forma de arte.” This simple sentence, yet so very powerful, was announced on the morning of International Artist Day in Atlantida. Atlantida is no ordinary city like Paris or London but a city with all sorts of mythical creatures roaming the streets most known where all the best anonymous artists stay. But what happens when a vast city, filled with numerous art, spread all over suddenly goes as blank as paper?

### *Atlas's point of view the morning of the announcement*

Atlas is unlike any other person in this city, he is a human most known to wear a jaguar on him all the time. He loves to paint portraits of Van Gogh, his absolute favorite artist since he admires the fact that Van Gogh was also an artist who was ignored and underrated like him.

“I woke up hearing screams outside my window, it was as if I was still dreaming, having no idea what was happening. I rushed out of bed and quickly turned on the radio and that was when I heard the news. No more art. I for sure thought I was in some kind of ridiculous dream just waiting to wake up but sadly this was the new reality.

I went outside to inspect more about the situation but there was only madness on the streets. I spotted one of my artist friends, Aqua who was most recognisable with her beautiful sea coloured skin running straight in the direction of the palace savagely following a crowd of artists. Confused and intrigued, I followed them.

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I found out from my surroundings that all artists had gathered to start a revolution against the new king's order. There were plenty of artists all holding gigantic paintbrushes as weapons because I thought this was going to be a very violent revolution. Some artists took advantage of the situation and inspired it to make more paintings and artworks. For instance I saw this kid painting a blindfolded portrait of a girl with short curly hair. It was overwhelming having all these creators so close to me, so of course as my form of therapy and to calm my mind I pursued painting Van Gogh during that journey.

The revolutionaries reached the palace of the king. The new king's palace was empty, no decorations or exquisite paintings but blank. Every artist's facial expression was filled with disgust, they hated seeing such a dull place. They walked in with ease as if the king somehow interpreted their arrival. They entered the throne room where the king was sitting. The king stated: "¿Qué hacéis todos aquí en este hermoso día?"

The artists all knew very well that the king knew why they were here. So one artist called "Big Hand" who is most famous for painting gloomy paintings answered:

"Votre Majesté, vous savez très bien à quel point nous sommes furieux que vous nous ayez enlevé la raison de vivre, la joie de vivre, en d'autres termes, nos arts."

Aqua added softly and politely: "If I may your highness, we artists use art to express ourselves, showing our emotions is very difficult for us but through the strokes of our brushes on canvas you can easily judge how we feel. Take my friend Atlas, he paints the same way as Van Gogh with light brush strokes which show the precision and calmness in his paintings. Some of us even make a living by making art. You are depriving us from our jobs. Please consider and lift the ban of art as soon as possible."

The king answered surprisingly:

"Por mucho que odie el arte seré amable y les daré el derecho de continuar"

Everyone clapped with joy.

Unlike what Atlas had thought, the big paint brushes were just to show the importance of painting to most artists and were not planned to be used violently. The city went back to its glorious art days and all the artists were glad that the issue had been quickly resolved. Later on the King was convinced of the beauty of art and decided to redecorate his surroundings.

*Jolie Snieders*