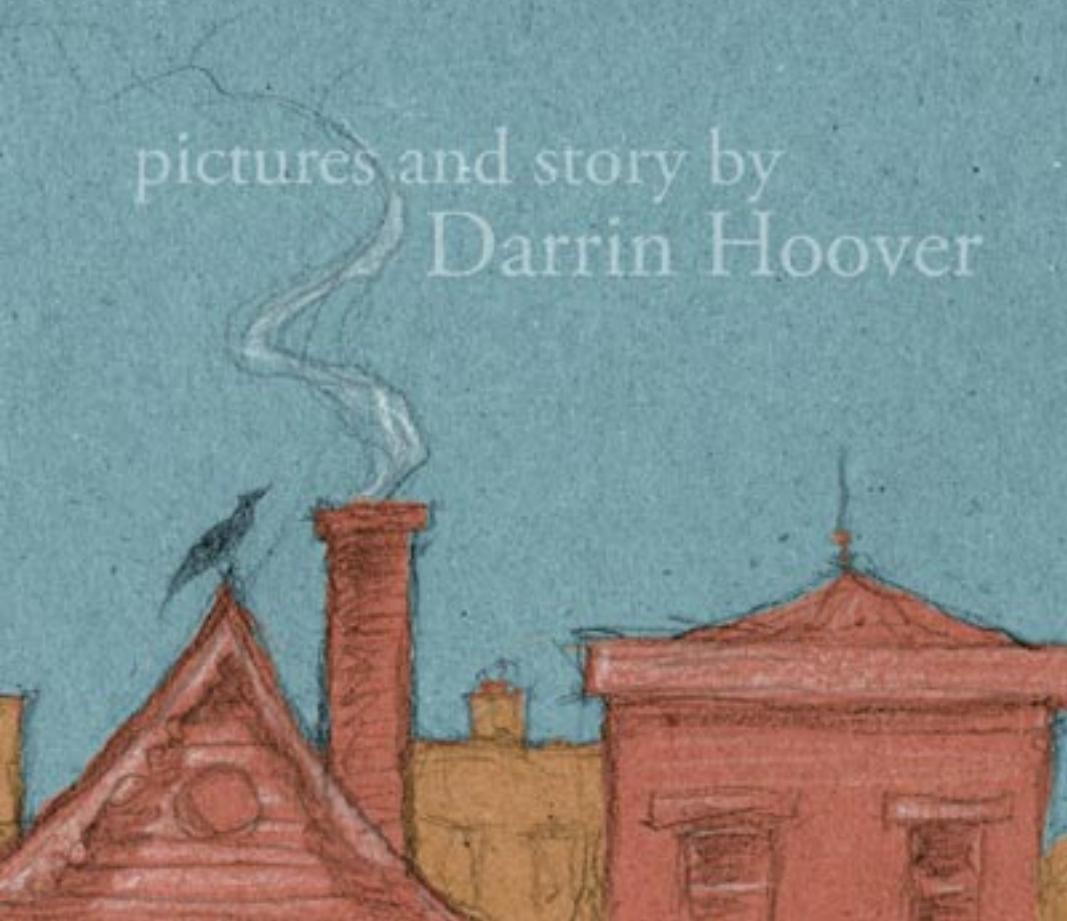


The  
AMAZING  
MACHINE  
of Phineus Keen

pictures and story by  
Darrin Hoover



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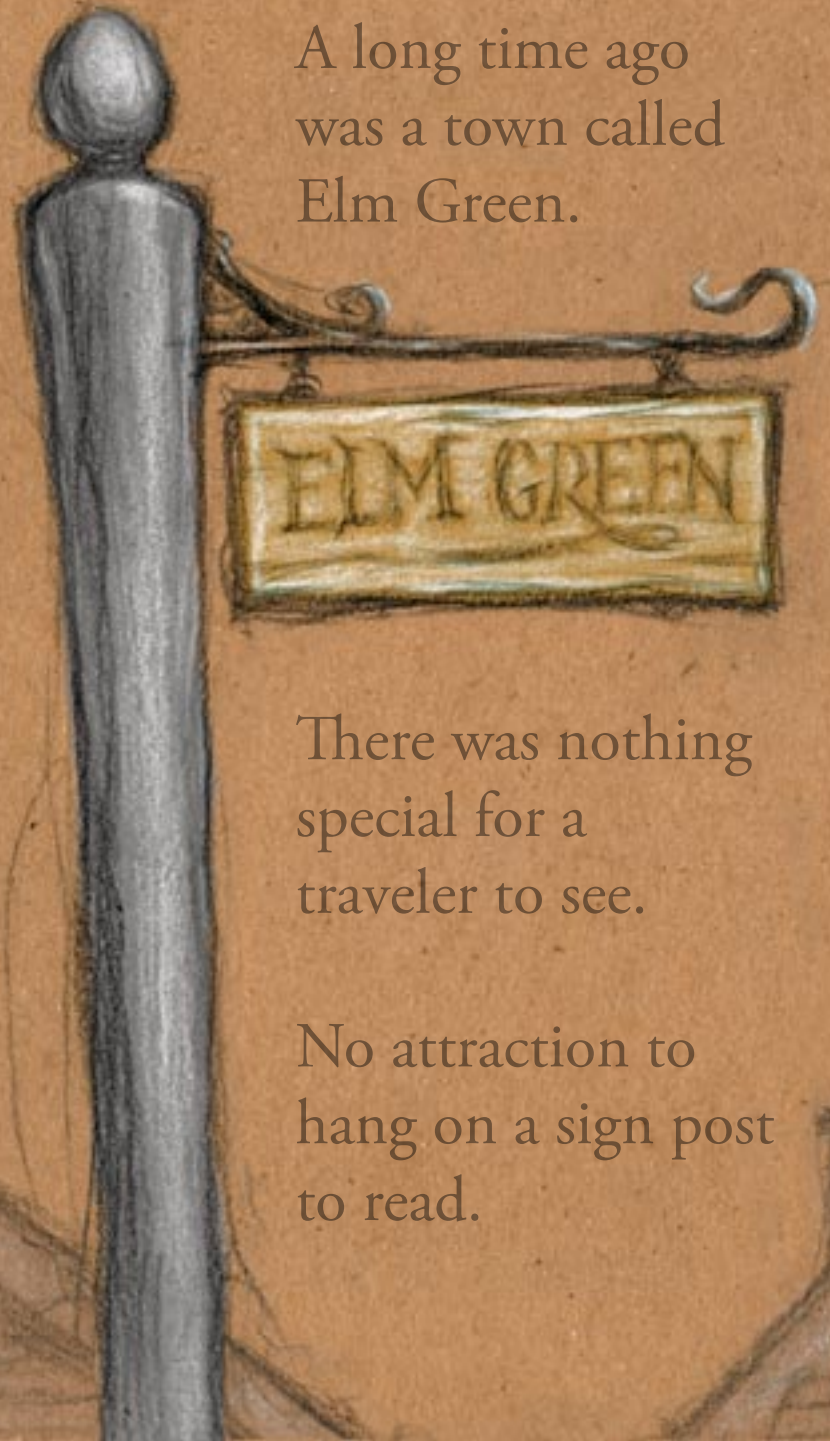
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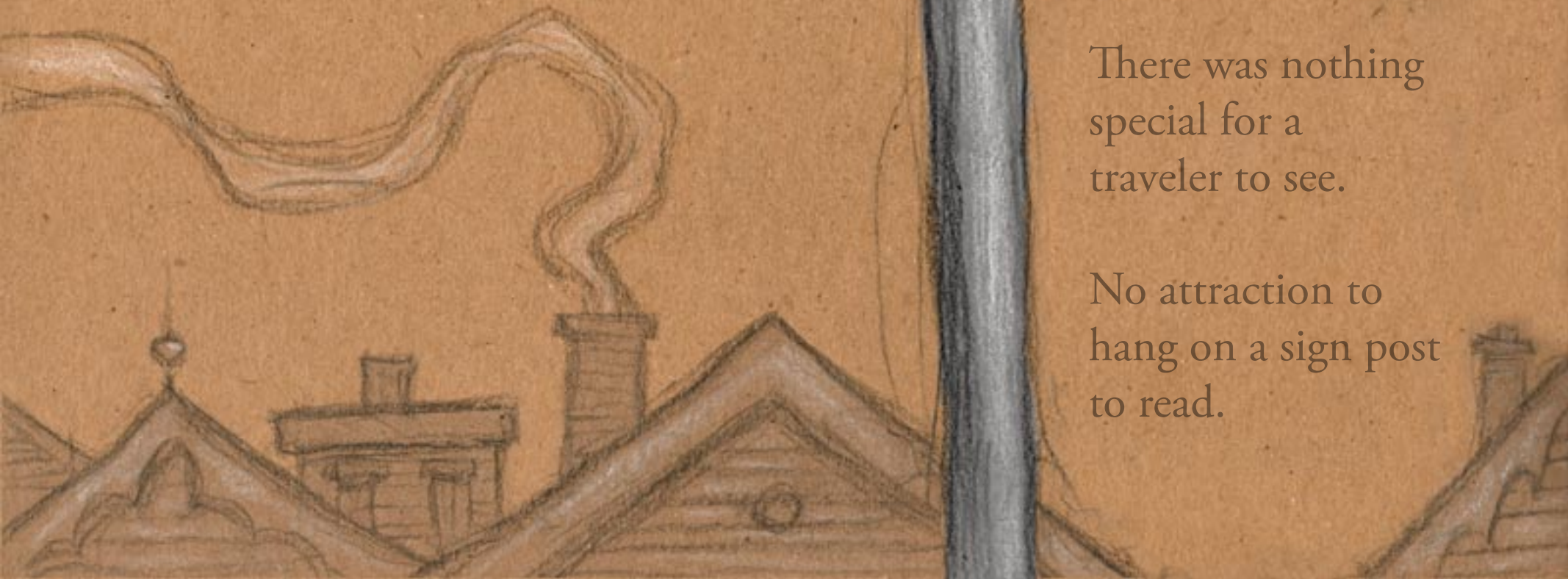
The Amazing Machine  
of Phineus Keen

A long time ago  
was a town called  
Elm Green.



There was nothing  
special for a  
traveler to see.

No attraction to  
hang on a sign post  
to read.





In an old wooden house,  
that was cold,  
and did lean.

Lived an odd sort of man  
named Phineus Keen.

He pounded all day,  
He worked like a bee.



He wrote through the night,  
with a candle to see.





The town's folk were mean  
to Phineus Keen.

“You're wasting your time  
on your silly machine!  
You are the laughing stock  
of Elm Green!”



A curious boy  
walked into his shop,  
when he arrived all working  
did stop. "I can be your  
assistant, nothing I'll drop!  
Maybe with me,  
new ideas will crop!"

Phineus thought, "Yes, I agree!  
and he walks, and he talks,  
and he looks much like me!  
Except shorter, much shorter,  
'bout up to my knee!"

An apprentice in training,  
a small one indeed.

“Is there anything that you need?  
To be a great helper,  
to this I agreed!”





His new little friend showed up everyday. Inside the shop, both working away. Phineus pointed, "Tomorrow's the day! We'll go up, blue sky or gray..."

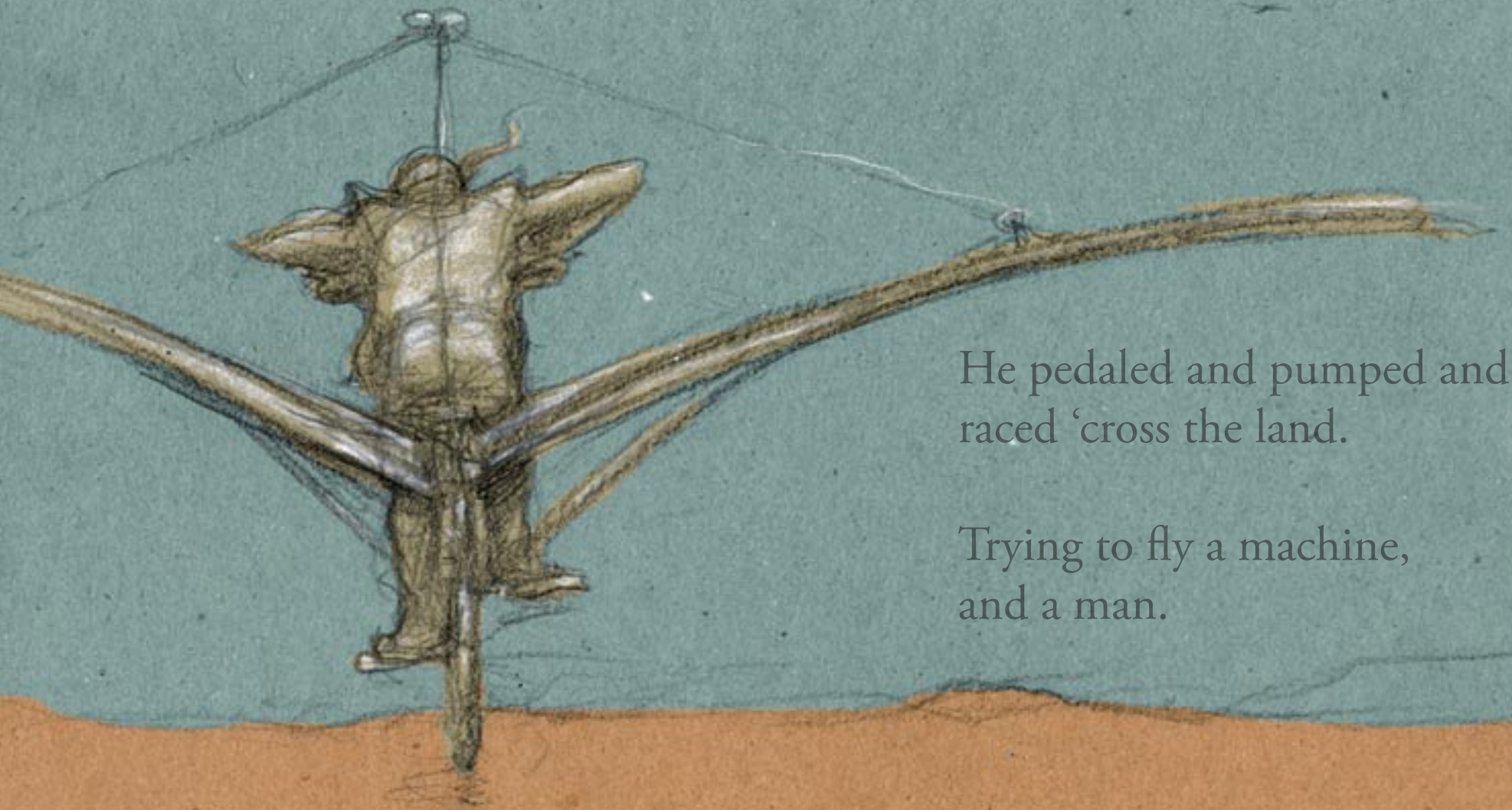
"...Up over the little town of Elm Green. It will change what they think of Phineus Keen. No more words that are mean..."

"...Only kind things to say, A genius has come today!"

"Maybe I'll fly one day!"

⋮






He pedaled and pumped and  
raced 'cross the land.

Trying to fly a machine,  
and a man.

The wind  
as it blew,  
whistled  
a song  
as a band.






He  
thought  
the  
entrance  
to town  
would  
be grand.

His  
ride would  
not be long.

**AAAAHHH!**



o o o w!

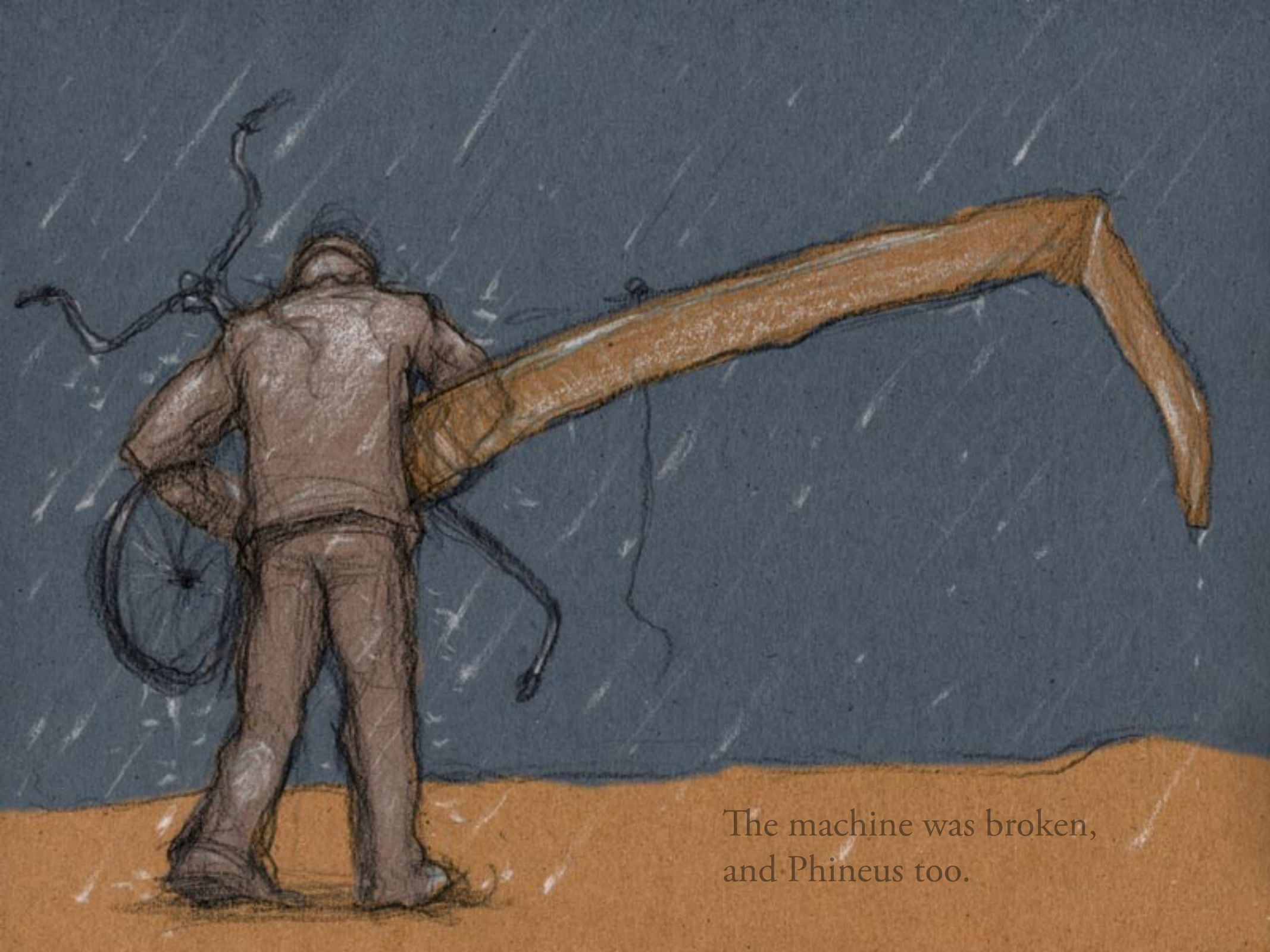
Something  
went very  
wrong.

“You are a fool!  
You fail, that’s your rule.

With chickens you belong.  
Phineus Keen, move along.”

**Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!**





The machine was broken,  
and Phineus too.

Saddened he said,  
“I know what I’ll do.”  
His book of ideas,  
on its pages he drew.  
Out the door he threw,  
into a puddle of goo.





Lying  
in bed,  
he  
became  
very ill.

A kind  
of sick  
not fixed  
with  
a pill.



On the next morning,  
who came up the hill?  
A tiny helper with duties to fill.  
He stopped and stood very still.

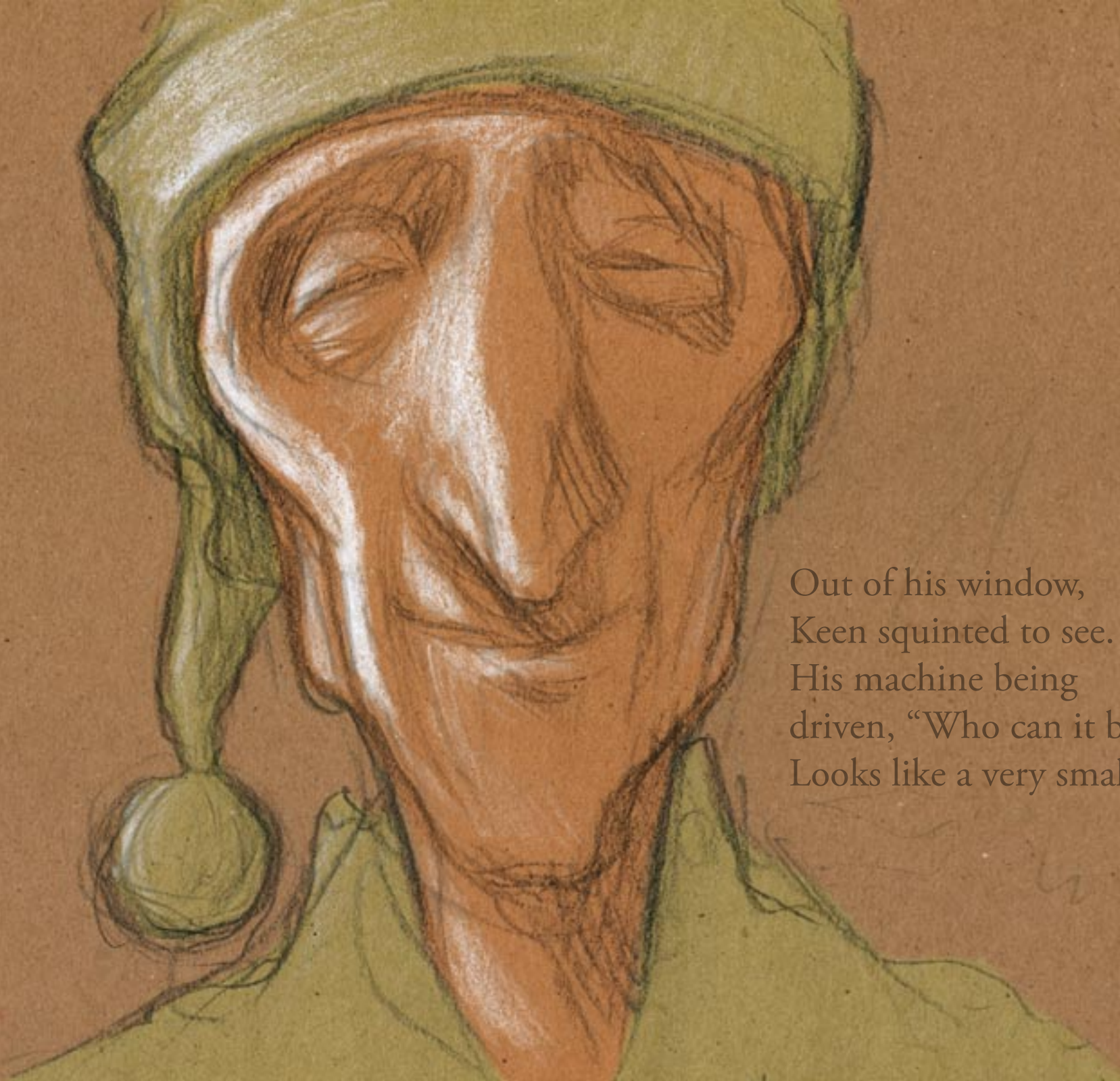
Down below, just by his shoe,  
was the book in a puddle of poo.  
Stared at pages, reading it through,  
“Now I know what to do!”

“A machine plus a man,  
it had too much weight.  
A boy instead, this will be great.  
I must hurry and not be late!  
History’s Mr. Keen’s fate.”



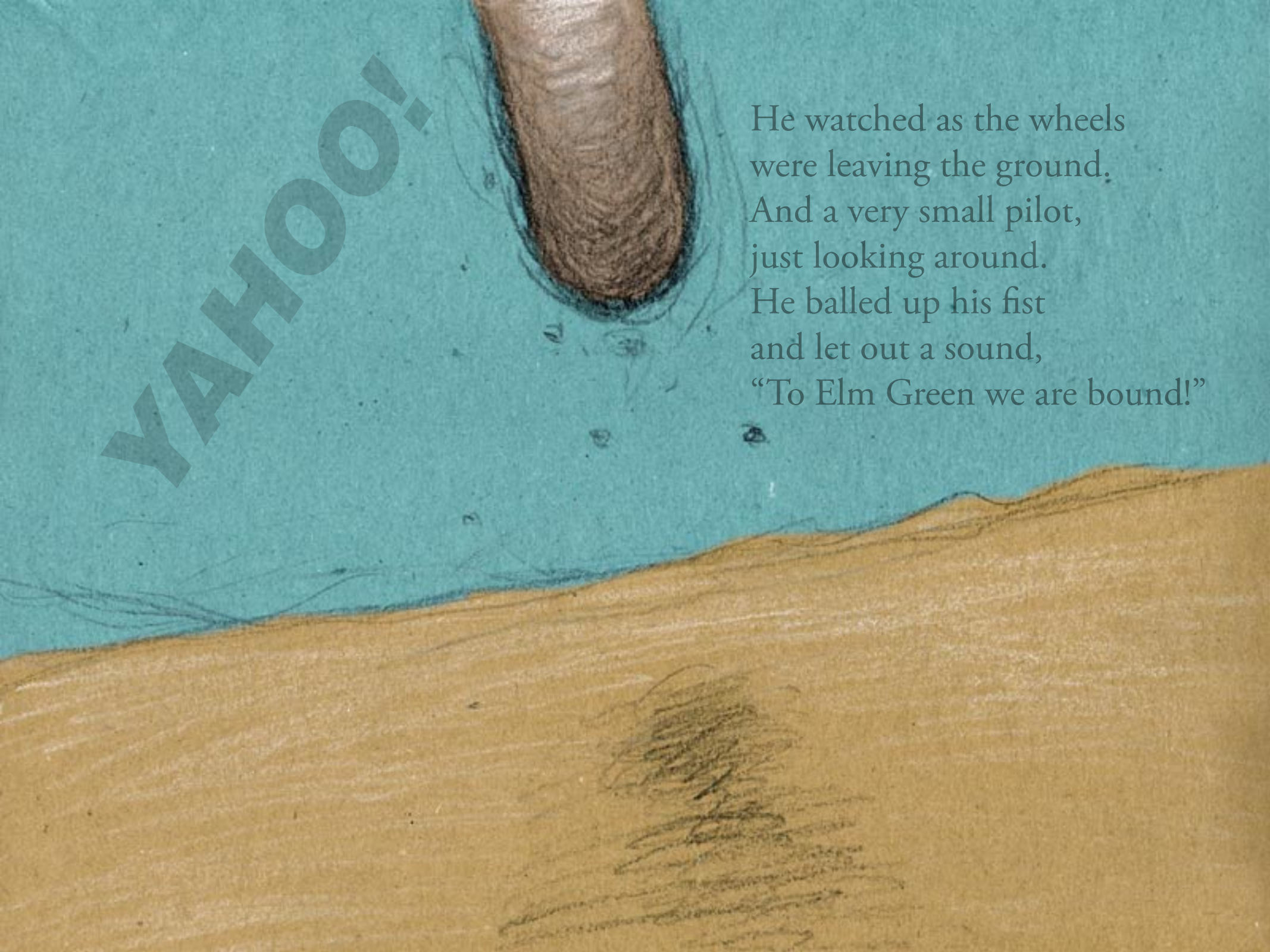


He pedaled and pumped,  
He knew what to do.  
The pedals he barely  
reached with his shoe.  
On his tongue he'd chew.



Out of his window,  
Keen squinted to see.  
His machine being  
driven, "Who can it be?  
Looks like a very small me."

YAHOO!

A child's drawing on a piece of paper. The top half is a solid blue color, and the bottom half is a solid brown color. A brown, textured finger is drawn pointing downwards from the top edge. The word 'YAHOO!' is written in large, bold, grey letters across the blue area. To the right of the finger, there is a paragraph of text in a serif font.

He watched as the wheels  
were leaving the ground.  
And a very small pilot,  
just looking around.  
He balled up his fist  
and let out a sound,  
“To Elm Green we are bound!”

His squinting turned  
to gasping with glee.  
He scrambled for  
his glasses to see.



ooooo!

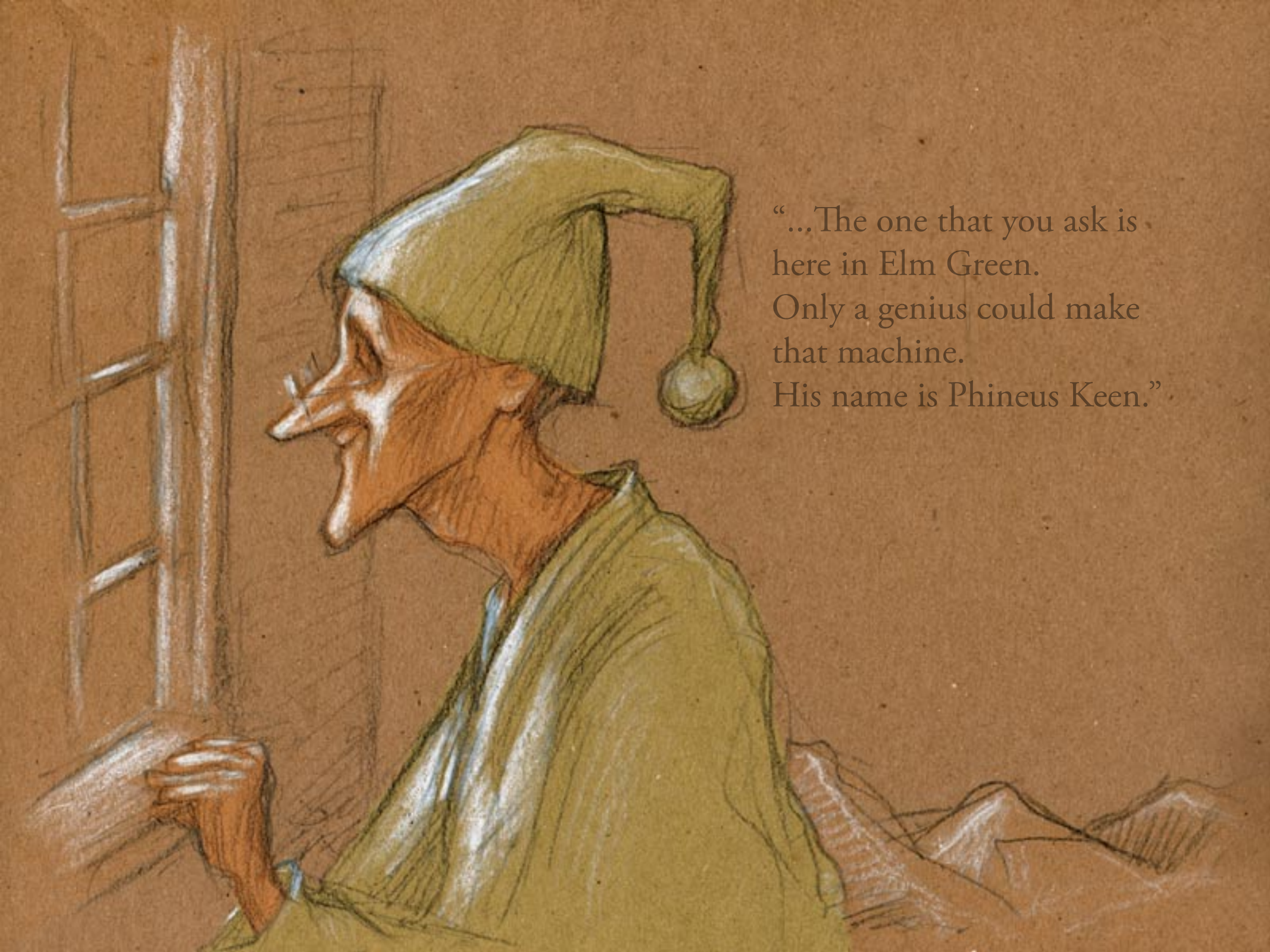
All of Elm Green,  
they gazed at the scene.  
One watcher asked,  
“Who made that machine,  
its design so light and lean?”



The answer was quick  
from one standing by,  
“I will tell, the who and the why,  
a machine is floating on high,  
way up in our sky...”





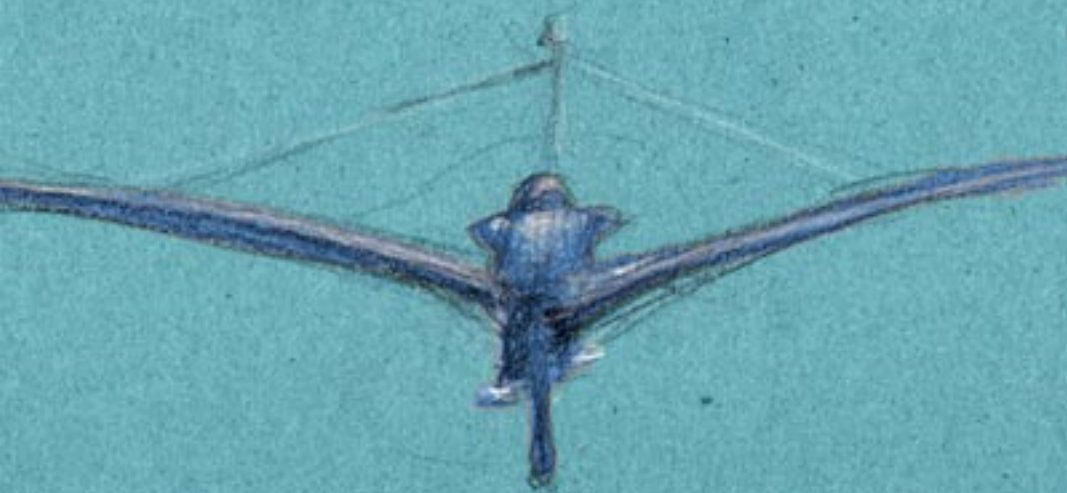


“...The one that you ask is here in Elm Green. Only a genius could make that machine. His name is Phineus Keen.”

Now there's a sign  
that hangs in Elm Green.  
A traveler will ask,  
"What does this mean?"

They point to the sky,  
"That is Phineus Keen.  
He made an amazing machine!"





The End

