



**SELF- LOVING COLORS AND BLACK**

## Self- loving Colors

A new day was beginning in the land of colorful pastels. The sun took its place in the sky and was smiling at the colors of this country with all its sincerity. Later in the day, just before the young colorful markers were preparing to leave school and head home, Mrs. Rainbow asked her students to prepare an assignment for the next day. She asked the colorful markers to think about what a child could draw using them. Mr. Rainbow also divided the markers into groups of four for their task. Yellow, Blue, Green, and Black were in the one group together. After school, these four friends sat somewhere and started doing their homework. They all looked very excited. A few minutes later, everyone except Black started to do their homework. Black couldn't find anything that he could draw for a child.

Yellow exclaimed loudly: "ALMOST DONE ! a child could use me to draw the sun, the source of heat and light."

Blue continued, "By using me they could draw lakes, rivers, and the sky."

Green said; "Children can use me when they paint the grass, trees and the Earth."



Black still had no idea what he could help children to draw, so he sadly left his friends. After going home, he thought about this assignment until he went to sleep. But he fell asleep without writing anything. That night he dreamed that a child named Max was drawing. Black and all of his friends were there too. In the picture, the river was painted blue, the birds were painted yellow, and the flowers were painted pink in his dream. But there was no black. Max didn't even have a black color. When he woke up he was unhappy and still couldn't find anything for the homework. He felt worthless and different. He thought he was not like his friends.

After going to school, he sat quietly and listened to what his friends said. Everyone except him wrote very beautiful sentences. He told his teacher that he could not do his homework. He was a little embarrassed because he was afraid that his friends would make fun of him. He told his friends that he could not do his homework because he was the ugliest color for a child and no child liked black.

The teacher asked him; "Why didn't you ask for help from your family?"

"Because I was afraid that my family wouldn't love me and they'd make fun of me." Black replied.

Black waited for his friends to make fun of him, but no one laughed at him.

Mrs. Rainbow then said; "Everyone may feel different from time to time. You can think that nobody needs you. However, our family and friends don't simply like us because they need us. Might we make for a brighter rainbow with all of our differences?"

Black was relieved thanks to his teacher's word. After this conversation, he started to think about how special he was. Black was smiling now. When he came back home that day, he was no longer thinking about the assignment. He knew that every color was very valuable. In his dream, he saw the boy named Max again. He was drawing a wonderful rainbow on an empty canvas. All Black's friends were smiling at him on the rainbow. He smiled at them. Just then, Max took out a black marker from his backpack painted the rest of his canvas all black. It was looking so beautiful with a smiling rainbow in the middle of a black page. All the colors were together and happy, and Black made them all shine more brightly. When Black woke up in the morning, this unique picture was still on his mind.