

The little yellow pencil

The little yellow pencil lived in a tin box with 11 other pencils. There were red and blue and pink and green. There were even orange and black and white among his friends. His friends were all long and beautiful but Yellow was short and stubby.

Yellow was always the first one out of the box when little hands reached in for a colour.

Yellow coloured the sun. Sometimes he coloured the moon too.

Yellow coloured flowers.

Yellow coloured doors on houses. Such a bright happy colour.

Sometimes Yellow wanted to rest. He wanted to be long like the other colours. Purple and Green were always long. Yellow was always getting his point sharpened and he became shorter and shorter. He was worried that one day he would disappear.

A little hand reached into the box. Yellow again. This time he was colouring the butter in the butter dish and some lemons on the table.

Another day then the little hand reached in, Yellow came out to colour in the long yellow hair of a little girl. Then he coloured her yellow dress and yellow shoes.

This time Yellow was not put back in the box. He was left on the table and forgotten.

Yellow experimented. He rolled back and forth a little. He rolled a little more. The he rolled a little more. He rolled all the way to the edge of the table. Just a little more and he rolled right off the table and onto the floor.

The little yellow pencil stayed still for a moment and then rolled towards the door. He rolled through the door and along the hall. Just then someone was taking the dog out for a walk and the front door was open. Yellow rolled out just behind the dog, making it bark in fright.

Yellow was outside. Yellow saw green grass and blue sky. He saw a pink bike and.... at the end of the path, a brown gate.

Yellow rolled down a step, down another and then along the path and under the gate.

Yellow was free.

Yellow lived happily ever after!