

Crayons
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I like crayons. Crayons are neat. Little crayons are fun to color with, but I like the really big ones like *Kid's First Washable Crayons*. Those are the ones with the really cute names like Kitty Cat Black and Bunny Brown. A couple of days ago I wrote a letter to Emily with my big Crayolas. She didn't say anything about it though. I mean I know she appreciated the note, but she never mentioned the pretty colors. Hmm. I wonder if she noticed. I signed some yearbooks with my big crayons, too. Big crayons are awesome.

I think the national bird should be Birdie Blue and the national pastime should be coloring, which is such a better activity than baseball, which calls for no creativity, action, or bright colors. We should support something much more beneficial. For example, you can even eat crayons. What more could you ask for? And the eight color box... That's the basis for modern civilization. Can you imagine what our world would be like without those eight standard colors? Black, brown, red, yellow, blue, orange, purple, and green. We base our lives on these eight colors. Imagine what would have happened if some maker of crayons hadn't picked those eight colors. It could have just been two, black and white. Then what? Civilization would

be one hundred years behind what it is now. What if they had picked maroon, cyan, gray, peach, tan and gold. Reality as we know it would be completely warped. Then there is the 64 box. What if that was all we had? Well, nobody could name all 64 colors. It's just too much for a kid's mind. And imagine a box of 64 Jumbo Crayons. There's no way to get that into your pocket so they'll melt when your mom puts those pants you never liked anyway into the dryer. So the 64 box always ends up in about 120 pieces and you lose half of them and can never find real colors like red and blue for all the red-blue, crimson, Indian red, sky red, bluish bronze, etc. Of course, it did have the crayon sharpener, though, which was an excellent addition. I really like the crayon sharpener. I need one for my big crayons because they lose their points really fast and so they make really big lines and it's hard to get more than twenty words on Emily's notes. But that's OK, because I really don't have much to say to her. "Write big, write less," I always say, but you know, you've got to really love somebody to bring out the big crayons for them. I love my crayons.