

## **Black and White World**

Bridget Baxter lived in a black and white world. Her stockings were black and white striped, her school uniform was black and white checkered, and her father's automobile was black. Her hair was an odd shade of gray and so were her eyes, ears, and feet.

It seemed that Bridget was the only one in her world who noticed the problem. Everything seemed boring and mundane in shades of black and white. Bridget dreamed of something more. She fantasized of a world in color, even though she couldn't explain to anyone exactly what color was all about.

"It's just different," she told her grandmother one morning over a cup of foggy tea with a lump of colorless sugar and a slice of uninspiring lemon.

"It's uplifting and wonderful. If only I could show you the ideas I have in my head."

"I thought the same thing when I was your age too, Bridget," her grandmother told her. "It's best to focus on your homework, dear, and get your head out of the clouds."

That night, Bridget attempted to focus on the black and white pages of her books, but she failed. Instead, she slipped outside where the sky was the cheerless color of ashes and walked across the empty pastures and paddocks. Bridget disregarded her surroundings until she was completely lost. Then she noticed a black-caped woman waiting in the middle of her path.

"Are you the one that's looking for something more?" the woman asked. Bridget was about to deny the truth when she saw something around the woman's neck that caught her attention. It was a COLOR that Bridget had never seen before.

"Do you like it?" the woman asked. She pulled back her hair and showed Bridget her necklace. Then she stopped abruptly and held an intricate box out to Bridget. "Take it," she said. The box was filled with colorful beads of all different shades and hues.

"Go on with you now," the woman shouted, "and share your gift."

Bridget swung around and then turned back. "Thank you," she shouted, but the woman had already vanished and the pasture was black once again. Bridget clutched her box with excitement and ran all the way home to show her grandmother.

