

# *Crayoland*

*Once upon a time in the village Crayoland there lived a community of bright and brilliant crayons who spent their days offering color to folks in dark and dreary existence. {Not to demean the neighboring Ticonderogaland, for everyone has a special purpose, but the #2's just couldn't match Crayoland when all was said and drawn.}*

*Crayolandians grew up longing to display their radiant, colorful DNA as a partner in the hand of the artist, be it a renown Master or a mere child. If this is new to you, one might view a crayon's life is to lounge in a luxury box accompanied by an occasional roll across the paper. It is no simple craft to remain sharp, consistent, vibrant and most importantly, keep yourself together. It was not uncommon to see a villager break under pressure.*

*It happened to Mr. Brown.*

*As eager as Crayolandians are to be picked for a purpose, they can't choose the chooser. A gruff, hasty artist with a swift jib and a fast jab pressured Brown enough to snap him in two. As we all know, broken crayons are most troublesome to use, even if it's our favorite color. A tool with a flat side on one end and hard to hold, small tip side covered by now bothersome torn paper is seldom worth the effort.*

*Brown was thrown aside. As it goes in most villages of crayon and creation, the broken ones gather the jeers of peers. They called him "Busted Brown" and "BB" for short, and worse, they demeaned him with "Little Brown". All the color was drained out of the once proud Mr. Brown.*

*One day a master artist came to Crayoland looking for the perfect color for his project. His reputation preceded him. The village was bursting at the box. The sharpener had a line down Rainbow Drive. He searched and searched among the tall, full, bright colors but did not find the particular color he desperately needed. "Is that all?" he inquired. He noticed off to the side, away from the others, peering between the full crayons, two piece Little Brown.*

*With a confident smile and an endearing wink, the artist picked up Little Brown with his strong, soft hands. He placed both pieces side by side and pulled from the top down to the bottom. He took both ends from the middle and stretched them out as far as he could reach. Little Brown never felt so pulled, so pushed, so pressed. He thought he would crumble to pieces.*

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*When the master artist was finished he placed the exhilarated and exhausted Little Brown to rest in a lush green pasture beside a still creek. (One never assumes crayons need rest or refreshment.) Fully drawn but delighted, Little Brown watched the artist carry his project up a nearby hill. Right before Little Brown's eyes, as can happen in stories you make up, the picture became real. It was a tree of sorts, but in the most unusual shape with only two beams, one upright and one cross beam.*

*As Little Brown gazed in wonder, quite unaware of the entire village crowded behind him, a prison guard soldier approached the two beam cross and carried it off to where everyone knew, but dared not admit. The Master Artist stood tall as he watched his handiwork disappear down the road. Little Brown pondered what might be the fate of undoubtedly the finest masterpiece he and the Artist had every created. Little Brown never felt more alive, more curious, more big, more together, more colorful.*