

Moriah Hogans

Age: 14, Grade: 9

School Name: Dothan High School, Dothan, AL

Educator:

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Palette Of Lies

Blue takes a toll on a person. I dread the day, where, in an attempt to lighten the weight of silence as we sit on a bus, a stranger inquires my favorite color. In a society painted with pigment, where blood mingles in The Artist's palette, I will always answer blue. The stranger knows this too, and in all honesty, the question was only a formality. She nods, and the silence is instigated once again.

In this world, God is The Artist, and we are his canvas. He picks a color for each of us, and that is the color we are expected to live by. Mine is blue. Blue as in the oceans and the skies and the blonde girl's eyes. Though when the blue seeps into my brain, it is blue as in the bruises and the tears and my lips as this life squeezes the air out of my lungs.

I find myself watching, wincing, as the old ladies and men fall onto their broken knees, arms shaking in the cool wind, praying to a blue expanse. Are these the fragmented beings that I call my people? They pray, beg, believing that the artist will paint them a future-- a future where they will be here again, praying until they crumble into blue dust blown away by the wind. When one dares approach me, I brace myself to answer the question that rolls off the tip of her tongue as easily as the lie rolls off of mine. "What is your favorite color?" I lie under their sky. Blue was never my favorite color.

When I reach the ocean, I grimace at the water swallowing my feet. I panic, wasting a second of my existence, before I remember that my feet cannot choke. I hear a boy splashing in the currents behind me, a laugh bursting out of his mouth. I suppose he is happy.

"What is your favorite color?" He yells across the water, giggling in between his words.

"Blue!" I shout back, kicking the sand and watching it swirl around my ankles.

The ocean crashes, indignant, and I know it will tell The Artist of my lie.

I have pondered over the course of my living, and I have come to an ever-evolving conclusion. I must be a god, for I am an artist as well. In this world of colors and blood, I have created my own palette, one where blue does not exist as a primary color. I paint galaxies with this palette, pigments upon pigments of my own making.

I stop painting for a moment, brush hovering in midair, as I remember that I must rule this galaxy that I have created. "Ah, It's not so bad," I think, watching in relief as the blue sky finally succumbs to the deep purple of the night. Planets reflect in my eyes, and stardust coats my lips. I am a god, and a god's favorite color is purple- the color of existence.

But then day comes and I realize, as blue coats the morning and the sun blinds my pride-- I am not a god. I am simply an artist that loathes the color blue.