

Pick Me

Pick me. Please pick me.

Look at the colors in that 256 color box, all of us with our heads pointing straight up into the air. Ready for action. Then rub your fingers over our heads. Feel the specialness of the material used to create us.

Then pick me.

Don't pick the red one. He always gets picked. Same with the dark blue one and the sunburst yellow. Everyone knows of them...they keep forgetting me.

I get used from time to time for what I am supposed to be used for...but sometimes babies mistake me for a Tootsie Roll! Ouch! Back to the sharpener I go!

My color is good in a lot of things, for I am the color of one-fourth of the mass of the earth. I am the color of a third of the world's population, give or take several million. No...don't pick the black one. She gets used a lot, mainly out of pity or when someone needs to emphasize something.

So pick me already! What are you waiting for?

The white one and that grey one gets used occasionally, but since the surface most of the time is white or beige, it makes little sense to use them.

The same goes for those "fruity colors". You know, the ones that sound nice -- like bluegreen. Peach. Rose. Tartan green. Plum. Banana.

We -- all the rest of the colors -- voted them out of the box. Why have colors that seldom get used?

But they keep coming back in, taking up space.

You know that over in that 16 color box -- they aren't there. Just us IMPORTANT colors. Well, the white one and the grey one are over there too. Like I said, we tried...

I am the color of the majority of the center of eyes in the world. Starlight blue or sky blue is a nice color for eyes, don't you think?? But most of the people in the world have my color eyes. No. Not "changable eyes" as in those blue-grey eyes which change to blue one day and greyish under different lighting.

Or when the gals apply makeup to their faces.

I'm the color of warm cocoa. Of coffee lightened with a bit of milk or those silly pouches of "lightner". I am the color of most cardboard boxes and crates.

Well, a little lighter sometimes...

Unfortunately, I'm also the color of excrement and the butt of jokes dealing with that fact. You know, the ones that start out "you know why you're that color?

Because you're full..."

I'll let you finish the sentence there. But hey...it has to come out SOME color!

I am the color of a lot of train boxcars, full of hobos and transient people and things making their way from one point in the world to another.

The color of beef broth. That's the ticket! Dark and thick, used on "smashed potatoes" and meat loaf. On those golden yellow noodles and that brown rice.

Okay. It's smothered over that white rice too.

You've got to use me. I'm important. You didn't read that, though.

I am a warm color. My colored blankets keep a lot of people cozy on late evenings and fur from many animals colored in my friends' shades have also protected people from the elements.

My name is so familiar that many generations of people have my color as their last name. In Germany, a maker of coffeemakers and small electrical appliances use my color as their name. In Asia, my color is a color of royalty.

Not that high and mighty purple. She gets used a lot too -- because the robes and crowns of kings and queens are purple. No, I get used because I am more down-to-earth.

I am of the earth and the color which most matches the earth's color.

Pick me...brown.