

The Grey Park

Once upon a time in a world of grey, there lived three colourful children. They lived in a colourful house, the only colourful house in all of Greytown. Everyone else was grey, not only on the outside but on the inside too. They had no dreams, no ambitions, no imagination. However, these three children had the biggest imagination you could dream of. Their names were Hodgkin Fisher - he is the most athletic and adventurous. Then there is Peterson Pink - he is the kindest and most imaginative. Finally, there is Liliana Lilac - Peterson's sister and the smartest and bravest of all of them.

They went to school with all the other grey kids in a grey classroom and a grey teacher. They learnt grey, boring things and played grey, boring games. The other kids would jeer them, saying, "I feel so sorry for you, I can't imagine being colourful." That was the truth; they couldn't imagine anything. "You would be so much happier grey." Hodgkin, Peterson (Peter for short), and Lilian all were perfectly happy being colourful. Lilian also noticed that the grey kids sat alone staring at their food but still smiling. She thought this was odd but couldn't help wondering, would it be good not to always have people relying on you? Would being grey answer those mind-aching questions? Would being grey let her finally fit in?

She decided she wanted to find out, so they asked the librarian (who was grey) where they could become like her. She said they had to go to the greyest area of town, the park. There they had to banish all imagination from their brains and eat the flower of grey. She handed them a flat, monotonous 'thing' that resembled something of a flower. "But I warn you," she said, "I was once colourful and I did the same thing; now I can't imagine anything but the world we are in. Whether this is good or bad, it is up to you." She went back to her computer, clearly signalling that her audience with them was over.

"Should we do this?" asked Peter. To him, never imagining anything seemed a big price just to get rid of their colour. "But if we never do it, we'll never know," said Hodgkin. "Let's vote," said Lilian. "All in favour of not turning grey, put up your hand." Only Peter put up his hand. "Okay, all in favour of turning grey, raise your hand." Hodgkin and Lilian both put up their hands. "Sorry, Peter, it seems we are heading for the park."

They called over a taxi and got in. A flash of concern flickered across the drivers grey face when they asked for the park but was quickly replaced by a smile. They drove through the dirty, grey city silently in anxious anticipation. In a couple of minutes, their lives would change.

They arrived at the park, if you could call it one. You really couldn't call it anything. It was nothing. Just grey. They stepped out onto what they thought was dead grey grass. Peter shivered. There was something about this place that made him uneasy. Maybe it was the fact that there was no wind, but the grass still swayed. Maybe it was the fact that the sun was shining brightly, but there was a big shadow looming over them. He knew there was something wrong.

Then he realised he couldn't imagine anything. His mind felt blank, his mind felt grey. He felt as if he was in a daze. He did not notice Hodgkin taking out the flower. He did not notice Lilian pulling off a pedal and stuffing it in her mouth. He did not notice Hodgkin doing the same thing. He only noticed his two best friends turning grey. "No, guys, stop!" exclaimed Peter. But it was too late. They couldn't remember him or each other.

As if in a trance, they walked to the footpath and parted ways. Peter was hopelessly alone. He slowly started walking towards the bus stop wondering what he had let his friends do. He arrived at home and saw Lilian sitting in their room. When she looked up Peter did not see sparkling eyes gleaming with adventure. He only saw two sad clueless eyes that looked like shattered mirrors analysing him. "Do I know you?" She said. Peter said that she was his sister and she used to look like him. She just frowned.

"Help" Peter said collapsing on the spot.

When the next day came Lilian seemed to recognise her brother and she seemed to somewhat recognise the name Hodgkin Fisher. She did not however remember being colourful. Peter started telling her a story. He didn't think it would work but he tried anyway, adding so much detail that he forced the image into her mind. He spoke about knights and dragons and princes and princesses. As he told her it looked as though she was trying to get to an old piece of memory locked inside her brain. Her mouth twitched and a smile slowly pulled across her face. She added along to the story making it more interesting than ever. As she imagined the endless possibilities colour started spreading across her body returning the gleam to her eyes. She returned to a vibrant beautiful shade of lilac. Lilian reached over and hugged Peter. "Thank you" Lilian whispered in his ear. "Lets go find Hodgkin."

They walked out of their unit and entered the unit next door. "Peter" said Lilian. "Did you hear the story of a mouse who didn't like cheese?" "No, why don't you tell me" said Peter. They walked to Hodgkins room and started telling an elaborate bizarre story. They started to see a change in Hodgkin he started looking a bit green in the face not because he was sick but because he was turning back to his original colour. He started chiming into the story which added a smile to his face. Finally he was a vibrant green very happy kid who embraced his friends thanking them with all his heart. The three friends never wished to be grey again and tried to spread colour wherever they went. Now they listen to Peter knowing that his judgement is best.

The end