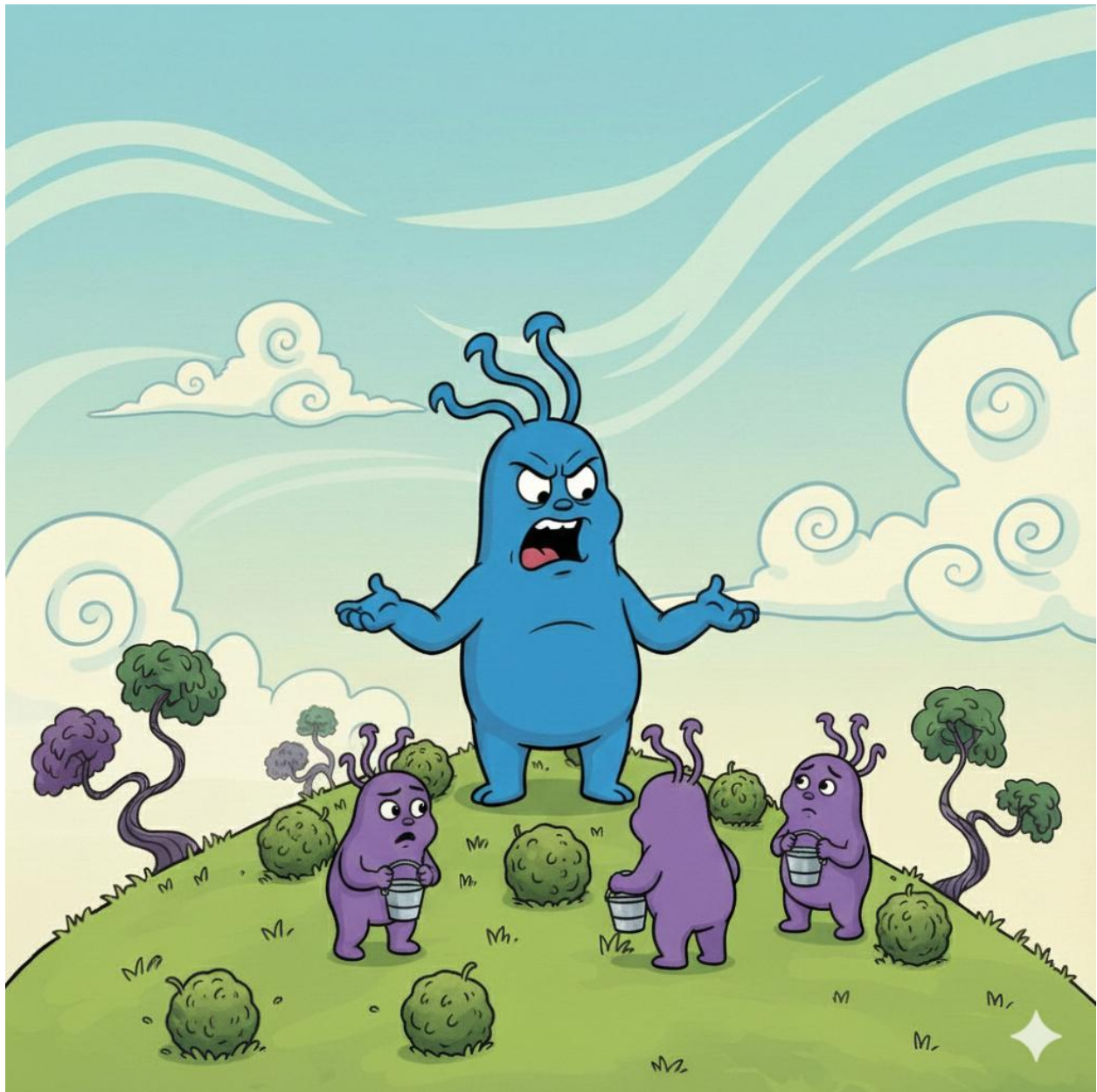


In a faraway world, on the Island of Splight,
Lived kind- hearted Splightians, charming and bright.
They were mostly all purple, except one was blue,
But nobody noticed or dwelled on his hue.

Each morning, the Splightians got up on their feet,
And they said to each other, not missing a beat.
"The sun's shining bright, now let's get a good start!"
So, grabbing their buckets, they each did their part.
They set off together to catch the day's sprugs,
These were little green balls that looked kind of like bugs-
Like cucumber tumbleweed blowing around,
A speedy green snack that did not make a sound.

The Splightians crossed streams, they went hunting in trees
Until they had backaches and pains in their knees.
Sprugs were tricky to trap, for they'd scoot out of sight,
But the Splightians, though tired, were cheerful each night.
For whether their buckets held many or few,
They'd each done their best, and they'd helped others too.

Their happy existence continued until,
Interrupting the peace came a voice loud and shrill.
"Look at me, I'm unique! Set apart from the rest!"
On that day, Blue decided that he was the best.
"I'm different, I'm special, I'm sure you can see!
The same as the rest? That's no way to treat me!"



They rest were confused as he ranted and fussed,
And they whispered, "What could he be wanting from us?"
Then the smallest one threw his arms wide as he said,
"You're no different than us! Are you out of your head?"

"How dare you!" Blue shouted, hot-headed with rage,
"Speak again, and I'll have you locked up in a cage!
Here I have been forced to pick sprugs, just like you!
But why should I work? I'm different! I'm Blue!
I will sit on this chair on this hill in the shade,
And you will all work, so that I can get paid.
I will sit on this hill, eating sprugs picked by you!
It's time now for making things right!" shouted Blue.

Some poor purple Splightians, small- minded and sweet,
Believed they'd been monsters, and awful to treat
Their friend Blue as they had- thinking he should work too!
How awful they'd been! Oh, what could they do?!

While some of the Splightians of purple could see
What Blue REALLY was doing, they figured that he
Would learn best on his own, from his own bad mistakes.
For the stubbornest ones, often that's what it takes.

So, they all gathered daily to give Blue a share
Of the sprugs they had caught, as he sat in his chair.
For awhile, on his hill, Blue was happy, he thought,

Eating buckets of sprugs that the purples had brought.

But as greediness grew like a weed in Blue's heart,

He demanded more sprugs than he had at the start.

"Don't be lazy!" He yelled, as the purples grew sore,

Working harder and faster than ever before.

But still, they were joyful, they worked with a song.

As he listened, Blue squirmed in his seat. *Am I wrong?*

They have friends, while I'm lonely. What could this all mean?

But he kept eating sprugs like an eating machine.



Things continued like this, until who should stop by,
But the small purple Splightian, that brave little guy.
He came on Blue's birthday and brought him card,
And he said, "Isn't life on a throne pretty hard?
Why, you must be lonely up here on the hill.
All the rest of us live, but you sit up here still."

Eyes widening in shock, Blue accepted the gift.
"You brought this for me?" Blue straightened and sniffed.
Then Purple replied, "We're created the same.
"I wish you would join us and drop this whole game.

Blue squinted. "So, you know a much better way?"
Purple sighed. "If you'd rather, I'm sure you can stay."
He wiped at a tear, then he turned 'round to go
Back down where he came from. But Blue shouted, "No!
I'm lonely, I want to go back there, but how?"
"I'll go with you," said Purple, "There's no time like now!
We'll find all the others, it won't be that scary."

So, scooping up all of the sprugs he could carry,
Blue went to the place where the rest of them stood,
And he finally told them the things that he should.

"I've brought back the sprugs, they were yours all along.
And to think being Blue made me special was wrong!

I'm ashamed, and I'll go where you tell me to go."

He held his breath, waiting, his head bowing low.



For what felt like a day, no one uttered a word,

Until, finally, one tiny voice could be heard.

"Here, Blue, for gathering food." A small hand

Reached up with a bucket. "All over the land,

There are sprugs to be picked, and I truly don't think,

That they care if you're blue, green, or polka-dot pink."

So now if you ever swing by Island Splight,
You'll be met with a peaceful and heart- warming sight.
Now they all work together; Blue knows he belongs,
He's back hunting sprugs, and he's leading their songs.

