

Alan John Peterson was a very trite man deep in his mid-20s. His attire was merely made up of a gray suit and a single maroon tie with meager spots upon it. He lived in a dreary city that could only be known as: Blandford.

There were exactly five seminal rules in the city of Blandford: ALWAYS be on time, be as clean as possible, eat only the healthiest of foods, and make sure your shoes are crispy clean—otherwise, there will be DIRE consequences. But the most important one of them all was: Work. Work until your bones ached and your fingers were foiled and bloody with papercuts.

Alan John Peterson existed purely to follow these five rules. He breathed just to appease his fellow ‘friends’ of Blandford. Yet he still felt that there was something more than this life of his. But he knew better than to question his foremen. So he just never did.

Another exhilarating thing about him was that he absolutely ADORED Mondays. And on this particularly rainy Monday, he was feeling rather cheery. He decided to celebrate this rare moment of bliss with a special breakfast. He paraded into the kitchen with a slight bounce in his step. He turned on the radio. A shiver went down his spine. Maybe the weather was just a little TOO exciting for his taste.

He hastened to turn it off, feeling suddenly very ashamed of himself for listening to such a scandalous thing as the radio. The city’s head did not approve very much of the radio. And who could blame him? There is far too much information on the radio! Heaven forbid that the citizens of Blandford’s brains actually expand! Just think of the foolish thoughts that could enter their undersized minds! *What if I DIDN’T shine my shoes today? What if there were other workforces where I wasn’t meant to file papers all day? What if I added a splash of COLOR to my clothing?!* The absolute scandal!

Shoving the disgraceful deliberation he had just made aside, he walked over to his beige fridge and opened it with a still-shaking hand. He scanned his fridge, which only contained the bare necessities: a carton of milk that was replaced every Sunday after church, a box of six eggs that only got delivered to each citizen every month... and that was about it.

He removed the box of eggs, suddenly feeling very exhilarated just at the thought of such an exciting meal. He gently put the forbidden item on the counter. Well... forbidden was a slight stretch. The carton of eggs was allowed, but it was not much appreciated. The story goes that a young child of six years had a single boiled egg for a snack and turned into a human-feasting, horrid, little, green goblin with bloodthirsty eyes.

But Alan, being the adventurer he is, decided to go against everything he was told and try it himself. Yes. It was a VERY special breakfast indeed!

He reached up into his highest cupboard and brought down a supremely dangerous thing known as a Lightweight Aluminum Stockpot. Ooooh. Shudders. With a quivering hand, he put it onto his built-in gas stove. He took an old wooden jug that had been passed down from generation to generation in his family and filled it up with boiling hot water from his ancient metal coffee pot he kept permanently glued to the stove. The only time he had EVER lifted the pot was when the minister came over and well... now. He filled the pot with the steaming liquid and plopped the egg in while his heart raced faster than a horse who was to be shot.

He shook his hands out, taking a deep, jittery breath in. When he assumed the egg should be finished, he took his single shiny spoon out from his silverware drawer that consisted of the following: his glimmeringly clean spoon; his sharp and feral, dangerous knife (he only used this object when he unwillingly had to butter a diet roll of brown bread); and his fork that he was DEATHLY horrified of. Forks are very wild and threatening devices. He believed all things sharp MUST be destroyed. The only reason he still had the bastardly inventions was because occasionally he couldn't un-jam his drawer and actually DID need the bloody thing.

He gently placed the squishy piece of exotic food onto his finest china. After all, a marvelous breakfast like this needs only the BEST! He crouched down in front of the counter and gawked at the peculiar gubbin. "Wow..." he whispered in breathless awe and anticipation. He pulled over his single dining chair to the table, which he had been using the other day to catch up on his reading, and brought the egg over too. Not ONCE did he take his eyes off the thing. He sat down slowly, staring at it so intensely that if the egg WERE alive, it would be IMMENSELY uncomfortable.

He lifted the spoon up slowly to right in between his eyes so he could get a better look at it. But then he started to feel awfully nervous. What if it really DID turn him into a gremlin? Better not eat it then. JUST to be on the safe side. Ah. The nice, good safe side. He put it down on the plate, feeling disgusted with himself for even CONSIDERING eating that wretched thing. He quickly threw the egg in the bin before anyone could see the unholy thing he had done.

He scrubbed the plate clean and dried it immediately afterward. He may have been a wimp, but he was no slob!

Alan hurried around his small flat to get dressed for another amazing day in the unforgiving thing known only as the workforce. But what the poor, unknowing Alan didn't know was that an unexpected surprise was awaiting him at a much farther distance from his home than he thought.

At the edge of a sapphire lagoon, in the deepest nook of the cozy green woods, stood a warm fiery cabin. Inside that cabin was a woman in her mid-20s whose birth name was 'Blue'. See, her parents were very 'unusual' people. They much preferred to live in the quiet woods where the only sound in the world was the charming chirping of a little blue bird named Bella than a bustling city filled with cars and smoke. In fact, because of that stunning blue bird Blue's mother had taken such an admiration to, came the name Blue for her darling daughter.

Sadly, Blue's parents died just as Blue hit the young age of 13. She has been alone since and developed an unnatural fear of Mondays. She absolutely DESPISED the rotten things. She was basically the human version of Garfield—except she was a vegan.

Blue was feeling particularly angry with the world that day because she wouldn't be able to go get her vegan casserole until late tonight when all the bad juju was gone. As much as her parents loathed the city, she loved it. She loved the loud sounds and strange smells. She often left the isolation of her cabin to explore it. Nothing was more fun than stepping in a murky puddle of gasoline on your way to the loo! Don't you agree? Well, probably not, but anyways.

But the ONE thing Blue loved more than anything was the color (surprise, surprise) blue! Pretty much the only color she WORE was blue! And her favorite food was BLUEberries too! She even liked the type of music genre called Blues! Blue just pretty much liked anything with Blue in the name. She spent half the day picking flowers and smelling the dirt. The other half of her day was spent experimenting with new styles for her short pixie cut. She had done it herself as a birthday present. She used an old bottle of BLUE dye she found under a floorboard! Such a gripping thing blue is! Ah. Blue.

When 8 o'clock hit, she finally decided that all the bad juju had been cleared. Hopefully... But enough of all that silly worrying! It was time to hit the city! Or more likely, the thrilling corner store known as: The Necessary Store. It was about as invigorating as anything got in the city of Blandford! And boy oh boy was it AMAZING!

The colorful aisles were filled with about ANYTHING that was gray! How shocking! It had MILLIONS and MILLIONS of varieties for food options! Everything from your plain sugar to dry potato! Ooooooh!

Blue made her way through the eerily quiet city of Blandford. She skipped the whole way there, her homemade denim purse bouncing along the way. She had put on her VERY best selection of blue that night. A pair of bland BLUE jeans folded up by the hems till just above her ankles. She had thrown on her favorite cyan shirt and her ratty old Keds she had had since she was 16. She had even put on her

blue beanie! She was CERTAIN that she would look her FINEST that night. After all, a prestigious shop like that only lets in the very best of the best! At least that was HER opinion.

She skipped into the dimly lit store with beige walls as far as the eyes could see. She hopped onto the frozen aisle section. A tall man with pearly white skin and dirt-brown hair stood there staring at a cereal box with the extreme intensity of a man who had bought the WRONG kind of cereal once and is now obviously scarred for life.

She tapped on his shoulder with an open-fingered, BLUE, gloved hand. “Excuse me sir, but have you perhaps seen where the vegan casseroles are located in this FINE establishment?”

The man practically jumped out of his skin in fright. See, this man was not particularly ‘social’. I mean! The last time he had someone over was the minister for coffee, and he had barely even said a word that day! And now, this STRANGE woman was speaking to him for NO good reason! Why oh why did the unforgiving world decide THIS day for her to speak to him? For this was the day that he was fired from his job. Yes. Alan John Peterson, the man who LIVES for rules, was FIRED!

“I-I um er... Cass-Casserole you ask? Um.... Well now.... I... er... I dunno... Um... well....” He stuttered anxiously as this short, vibrant woman beamed up at him. Before he could embarrass himself anymore, the woman grabbed his long, cold hand and dragged him through the shop laughing. “Now don’t you worry hon! We’ll find them together then!”

To his amazement, he turned even MORE pale. Here he was, running through a corner store with this vivid little blue dwarf! Wow. It was true. Unemployment really did change a man! He couldn’t help it. He actually laughed. He almost had a heart attack at the treacherous sound!

She ran through aisle after aisle after AISLE until they finally reached an old, run-down cooler. She rushed over to it, still holding the tall man’s hand. She let go and opened it with both hands with a great struggle due to her feeble size. She dug into it, searching for that dang casserole of hers. She dug so deep that she nearly fell in. Her bum and feet were sticking out like helium balloons as she pushed herself deeper and deeper into the depths of the frosty crate.

Alan just rubbed his hair nervously as he observed her strange movements. She seemed so... free. To Alan’s great, big shock (nearly causing him to jump back in fright), Blue jumped up in triumph holding the large casserole above her head like a trophy. “Victory!” she exclaimed in joy as she jumped gleefully up and down.

But then her heart broke. She looked up at the giant before her in sorrow. He looked so... worn and beaten down. She knew EXACTLY what he needed! A good ol' cheering up! She patted her limp and in her BEST babying voice said, "Does the grumpy giant need a nice warm dinner?"

This caused Alan to stutter and panic. Again. "I er... Um... Well... I don't see why not.... But... Er... Um...."

But Blue had other plans in HER noggin. Before he could ruin his 'reputation' anymore, she grabbed his hand, locking her fingers in between his, and started running out of the store. She heeled to a stop in front of the cash register, threw down a stunning, chestnut-brown acorn she had found on the ground a few days ago on a sunny Saturday, and fled again.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! THAT'S HIGH TREASON!" hissed Alan.

"I'm paying for my food! After all, Mother Nature's love is the BEST kind of reward!" she heartily laughed back.

She guided him all the way back to her quaint little home shielded by only the thickest and evergreen-iest trees. Alan was now thoroughly certain that she was insane. She suddenly came to a halt, her sneakers skidding against the grimy mulch she adored so much.

"WHAT!? WHAT?!" shrieked Alan, positive that they were going to die.

She slowly turned around, looking horrified. But Blue, being her, smiled so brightly she looked like the sun and said, "O.M.G! EEEEEEE!!!! I bet you've never had one of my famous salted caramel ice creams yet! First thing tomorrow morning, I'm taking you to the beach for an ice cream picnic!"

And so she did.

That night before, she had persuaded him to at LEAST stay for dinner! She had also convinced him to tell her all about himself. He told her about where he lived (The Dull Village), where he ate, WHAT he ate, his name (they only realized they hadn't introduced themselves about 2 hours too late), where he worked, and how he had come to STOP working there (he had accidentally spilled a drop of coffee on his shirt and EVERYBODY saw it—even the BOSS! He was so angry that he fired the poor sob!).

He also told her all about his dreams and wishes. But most importantly, his hopes. He was very timid at that time because he had never done this before. In the city of Blandford, it was illegal to even THINK about these... things. But he felt so... light when he was with her. She had even gotten him to stay the night because of the storm that was rolling back in!

But then she did the UNTHINKABLE. She said, “Now you just come here! You are the most dreary man I have ever seen! You need a splash of color!”

Color. Color. Color. The word echoed in his head. SPLASH OF COLOR?! She was a MAD woman!!! To his amazement, he turned even MORE pale. But then, much to his astonishment, he was actually quite impressed with the red scarf she had thrown around his neck. She had also lent him a brown leather coat. It had been her father’s, many years back. He looked in the mirror and admired the way he looked. He had his black pair of glasses set up high on his nose in a rare moment of fulfillment.

Feeling gratified with himself, he walked out into the warm kitchen where Blue was making BOILED EGGS! THE HORROR! AAAAHHHHH! But instead of... that reaction, he felt a surge of newfound fondness for audaciousness. He sat down, his chest puffed out, and took a brave bite of the... RED EGG?!

Alan jumped up, his mouth practically flaming from the sheer spiciness of the odd powdery thing on it. “WHAT IS THIS VILE THING?!?!?” he shrieked, slapping his tongue in repugnance.

Blue just laughed, folding over in double as she tried (and failed) to hold in her laughter. She clutched her stomach as if in pain. “It’s a little thing called spice, Alan!!!”

“SPICE?!” He screeched in trepidation. “YOU MAD WOMAN!!!”

After an EXTREME session of milk chugging, they eventually briskly exited the house and off to the beach they were! Since that day, Alan’s life turned from a bland gray to a beaming sunrise. Blue never once left his side. And she would stick with him till her dying day—whether HE liked it or not!

And that was the tale of how the tall white sheep known as Alan John Peterson turned into a one-of-a-kind fuzzy blue sheep!

The end