

Once upon a time

[as the old stories go]

in a land far away,
there lived a girl named Fred.

**Pleased to
meet you!**



Freddy was an average sort of girl.

She chewed her pencil when she was
concentrating particularly hard.



She positively *loathed*
making her bed in the morning.



We won't discuss this
with my mother, OK?

And she firmly believed
that melted cheese
improved the taste of
any dish.



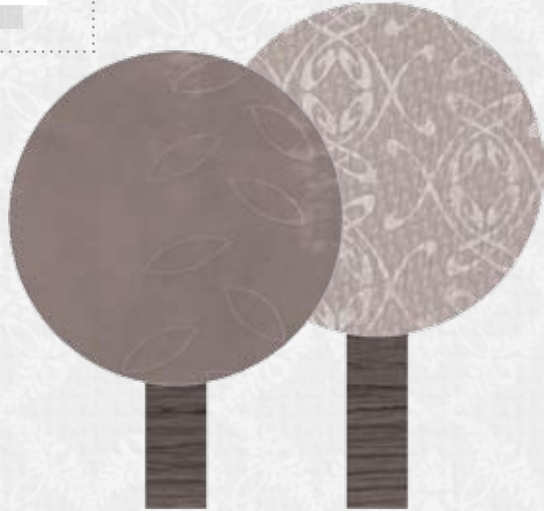
Freddy's days were predictable. She knew where she was going; she knew what she was going to do. She had much to be grateful for, but she wasn't exactly content. Her world felt so...*safe*.

She couldn't help it; she dreamt of more.





One day, Freddy was
walking in the park, minding
her own business, when



Yikes!



BAM!

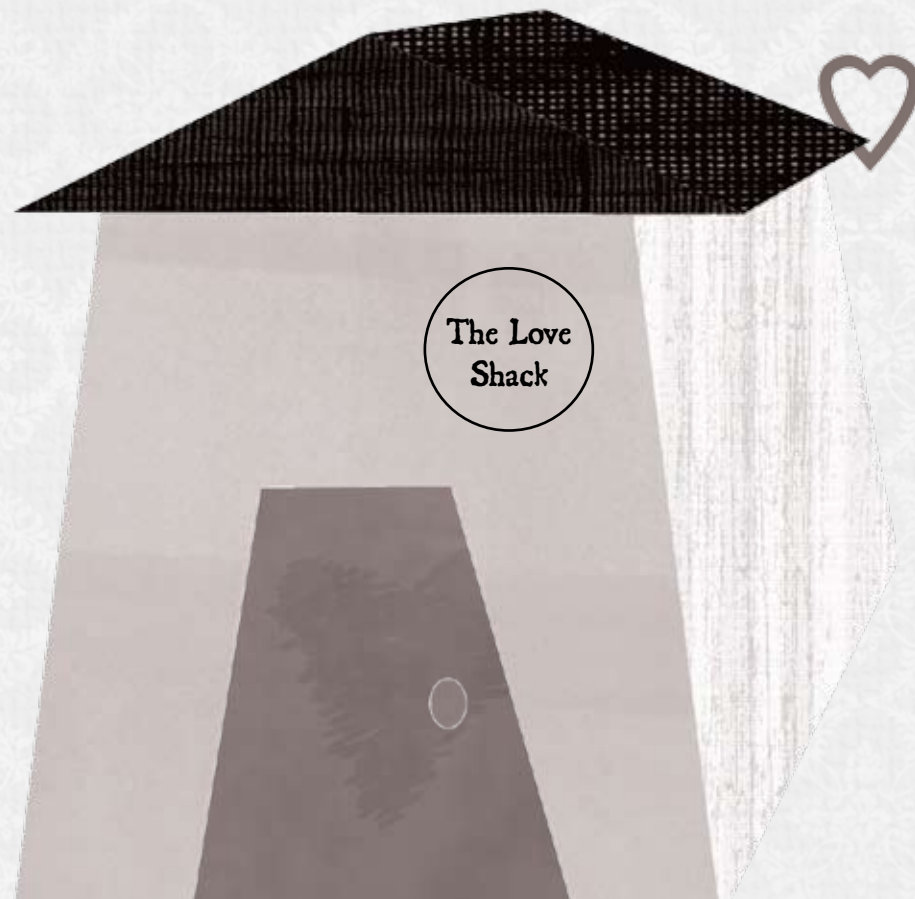
she tripped and came
crashing to the ground.

As the stars in her eyes cleared,
she could see a small trap door in
the ground in front of her.

She could have sworn it hadn't
been there before!

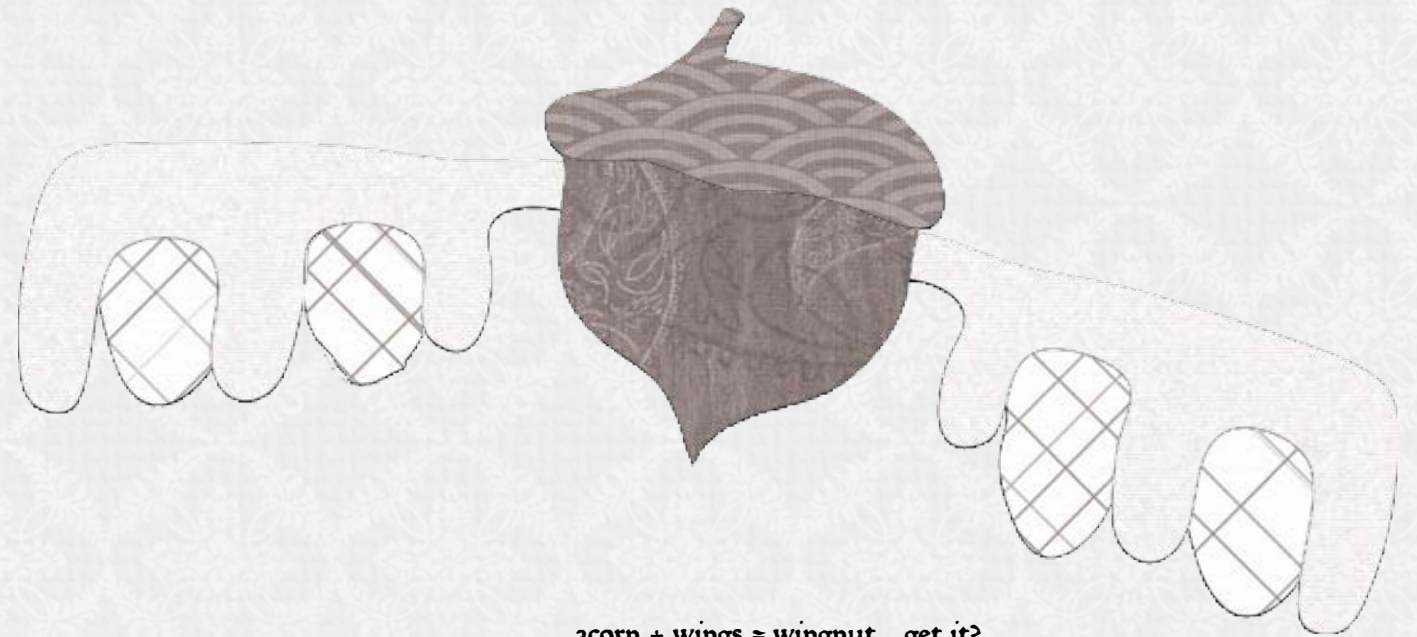


Now, Freddy wasn't a terribly timid sort of girl. After all, she had kissed Billy Trimmell that one time behind the shed even though his breath had smelt particularly strongly of sardines.



[But that's another story,
for another time.]

The thing is, even a brave girl like Fred knew people would think you were a wingnut if you went around opening strange trap doors. Who knew what you'd find on the other side? So she decided to keep walking.

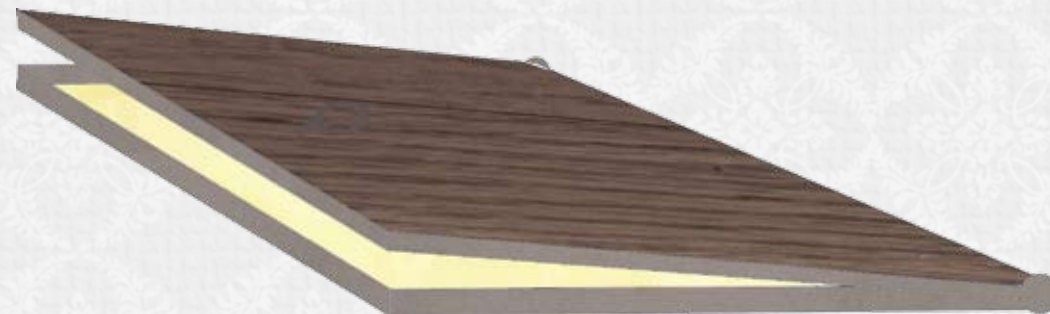


acorn + wings = wingnut... get it?

But, as she took her first step, the door
cracked open an inch, entirely of its own
accord. And Fred saw something she'd
never seen before.

Ever.

In her entire life.



Colour.

At first, it was just the teeniest, tiniest sliver of yellow
at the edge of the door.

Fred was entranced. What was this wondrous magic?
She had to see more. So she took hold of the door and
pulled it open an inch. And then another.



Colour spilled from the opening in a glorious jumble. Before she knew it, the sky had been painted the softest of blues. The grass was the freshest of greens. And Freddy's own cheeks were a rosy pink.



Colour continued to pour from the trap door in a sinuous stream of energy. All around her, Fred's grayscale world was glowing. The roses were red! The violets were blue! The sun sparkled with golden warmth.

She was positively mesmerized.



As day turned to night, Freddy finally headed home. Imagine her delight to learn her front door was fuschia!





Her settee
was chartreuse.

Her favourite cheese—which,
while undeniable tasty, had
always been a rather dodgy
shade of gray—was now orange.



Well.

This changed everything.

Fred was positively giddy with excitement.

Life, which up to now had been...*satisfactory*...
was suddenly an adventure! She couldn't wait
to see what new colours tomorrow would bring.



Freddy's happy dance

Freddy fell asleep that night with a huge smile on her face.



And, for the first time in her life,
she dreamt in colour.