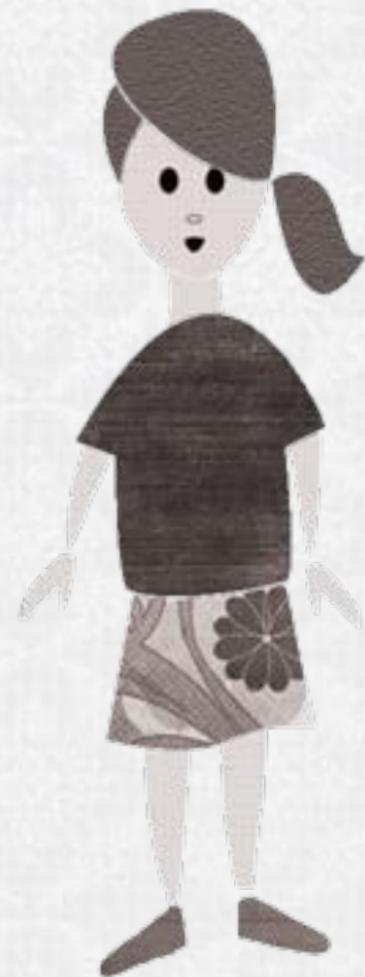


Once upon a time

[as the old stories go]

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



Fred was not so different from
you and me.

She chewed her pencil when she
was concentrating particularly hard.



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



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

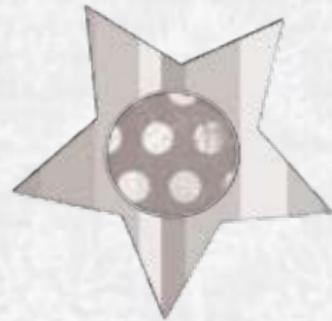


EXHIBIT A: THE TUNA MELT

Fred'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*.



The background of the page is a light beige color with a subtle, repeating pattern of stylized leaves and branches. On the left side, there are three stylized trees with dark brown trunks and circular canopies. The canopies are filled with different patterns: the leftmost one has a large-scale floral or leaf pattern, the middle one is a solid dark brown, and the rightmost one has a smaller-scale repeating leaf pattern. On the right side, a girl with dark hair in a bun, wearing a dark brown t-shirt and patterned shorts, is shown falling on her back. Her arms and legs are outstretched, and she has a surprised expression. The text is contained within white rectangular boxes with dotted borders.

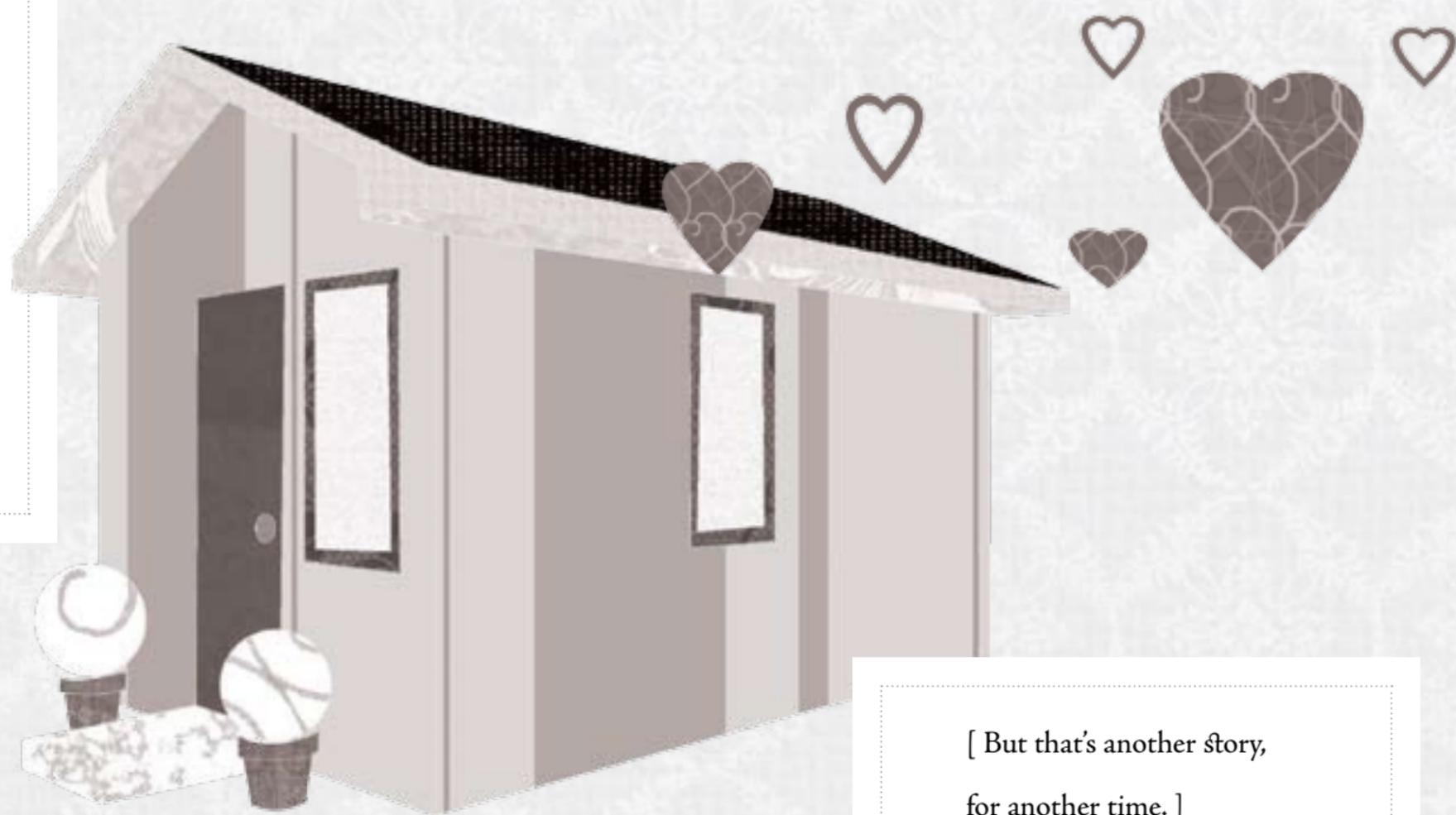
One day, Fred was walking
in the park, minding her
own business, when

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. “Hmm,” she thought, “How intriguing!”



Now, Fred wasn't exactly what you'd call *timid*. 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 a nutbar if you went around opening strange trap doors. Who knew what you'd find on the other side? So she decided to keep walking.



She didn't get very far. As she took her first step, the door cracked open, entirely of its own accord. And Fred saw something she'd never seen before.

Ever.

In her entire life.

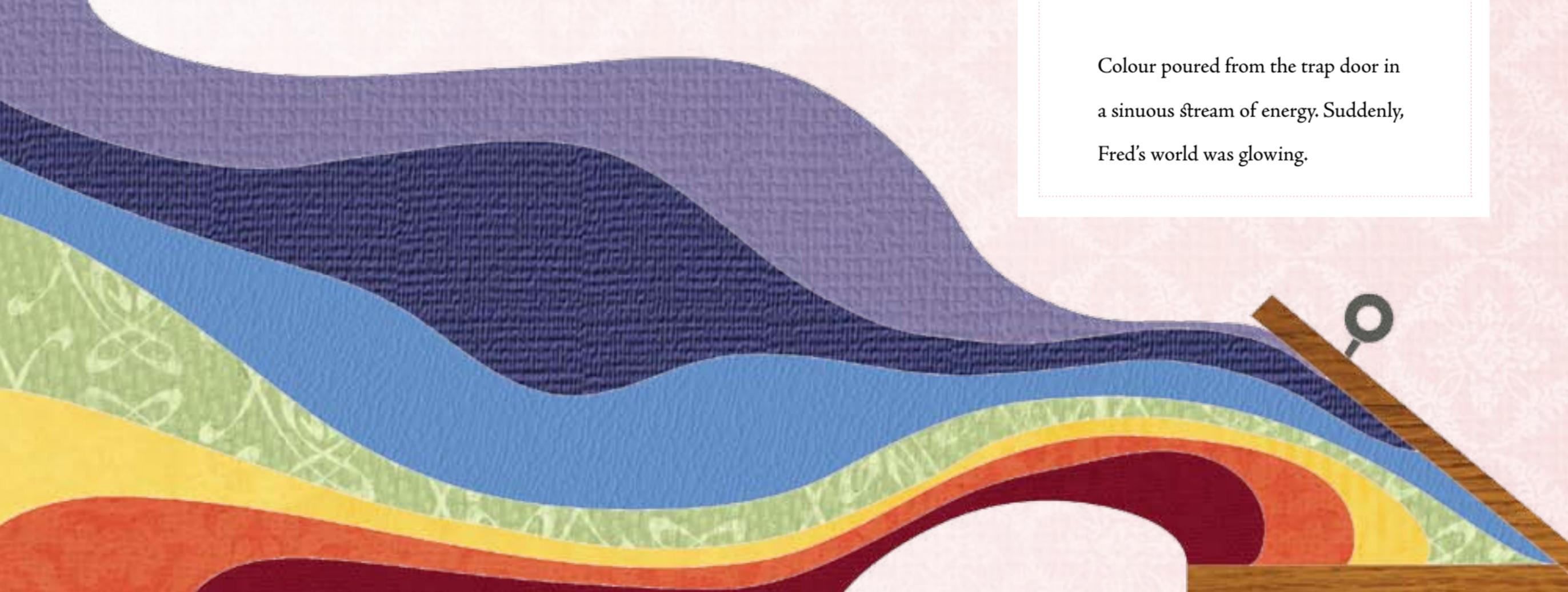


Colour.

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

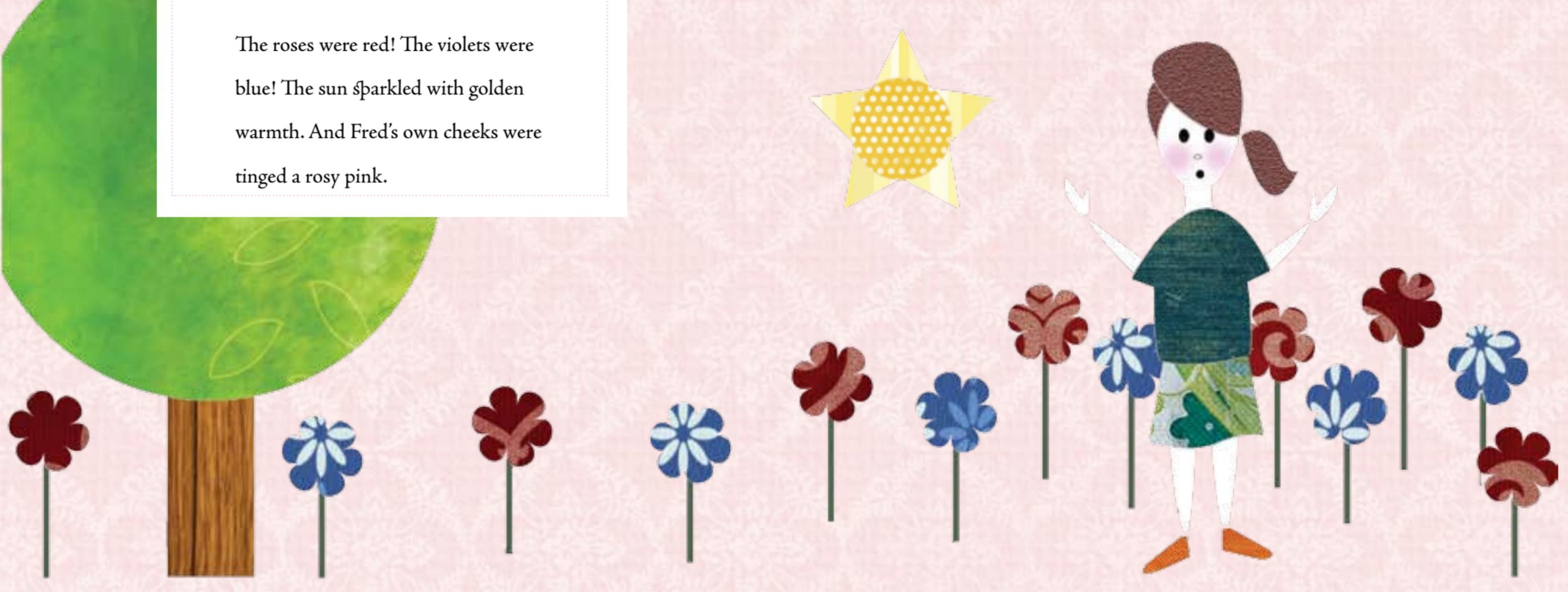
What was this wondrous magic? She had to see more. She grabbed the handle and pulled the door open an inch. And then another.



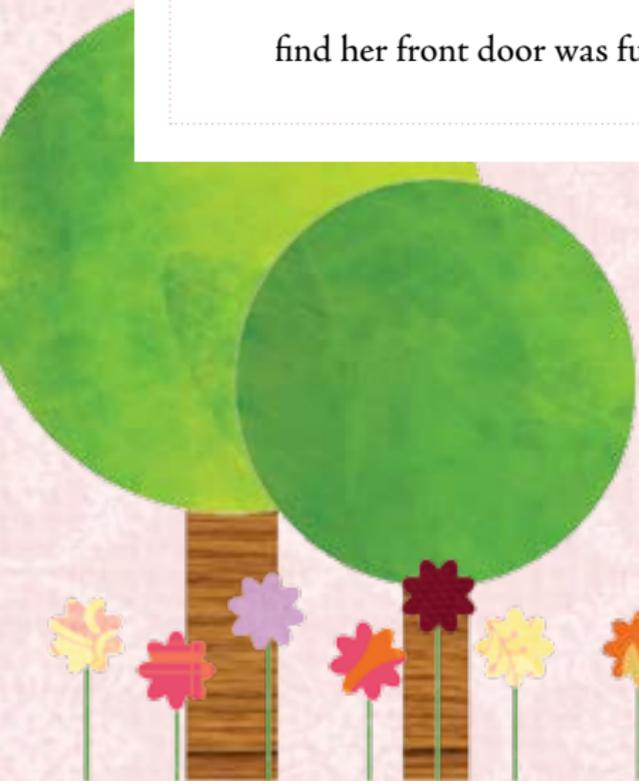
The illustration features a series of wavy, layered bands of color. From top to bottom, the layers are: a light purple band, a dark blue band, a medium blue band, a green band with a white floral pattern, a yellow band, and a red band. At the bottom, there are white and dark red shapes. On the right side, a brown wooden ramp descends from the top right towards the bottom right. A magnifying glass with a black handle and a circular lens is positioned on the ramp, pointing towards the green patterned layer. The background is a light pink color with a subtle floral pattern.

Colour poured from the trap door in
a sinuous stream of energy. Suddenly,
Fred's world was glowing.

The roses were red! The violets were blue!
The sun sparkled with golden warmth. And Fred's own cheeks were tinged a rosy pink.



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





Her settee was celadon.

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



Well.

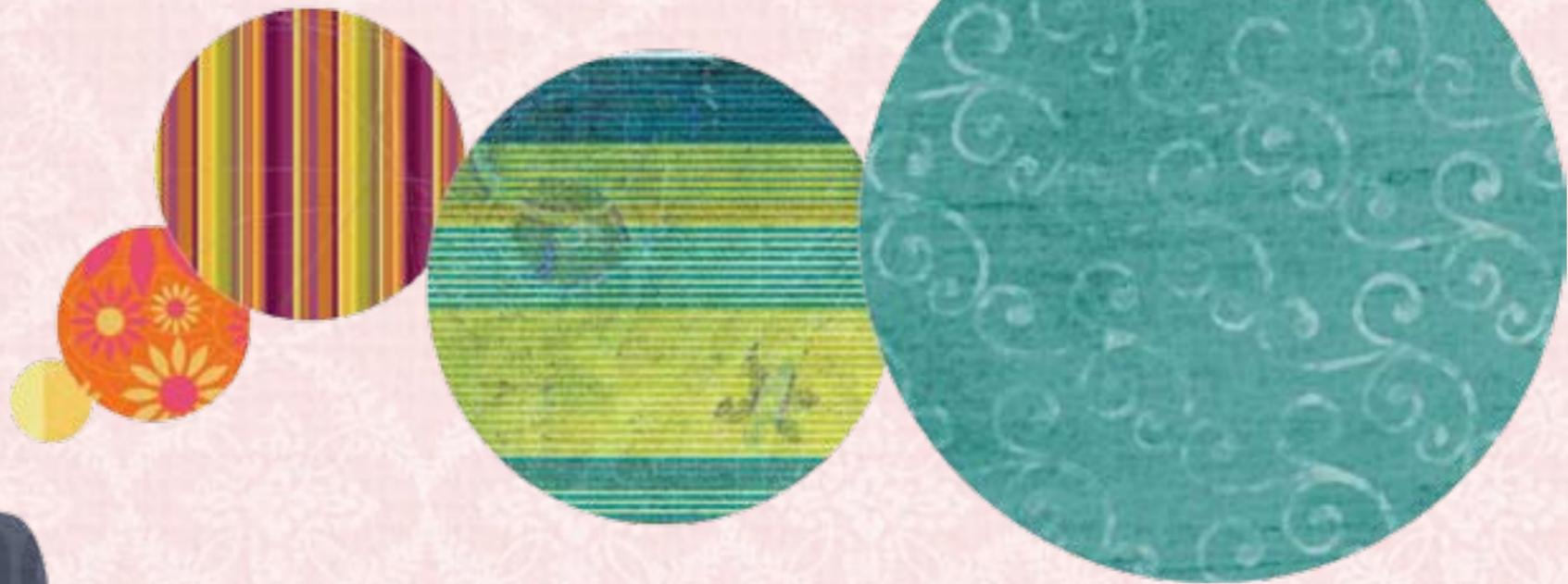
This changed everything.

Fred was positively giddy with excitement. Life, which up to now had been so...*grey*... was suddenly technicolour! She couldn't wait to see what new colours tomorrow would bring.



FRED'S HAPPY DANCE

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



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