

A World Full of Color

Kyla gently nudges me, licking my hand eagerly as she bounces on my white mattress, urging me to wake. "Hush, Kyla, just a minute," I whisper gently, reaching for my glasses on the bedside table next to me and gingerly patting her. I rub my eyes, prop my pillow upright, and get ready to get on with my day, just the same as always. As my vision clears, my heart catches in my throat and I gasp; my room, normally sheltering quiet shades of black and gray, is now swarmed with foreign yet vibrant and fluorescent shades.

"Dear me, am I seeing *color*?" I ask myself aloud, unable to comprehend how this is possible. I blink hard, making sure that this is real, and not some fantasy. "Oh my, how-?" I look to Kyla, the only other living thing in my apartment, who tilts her head sideways, her chocolate eyes glittering in the morning light. Full of excitement, I run to the window near my bed and press my hands to it, looking in awe at the things below my apartment. What once appeared to be a dreary London street with nothing to look forward to, is now bustling with liveliness and emotion. Hurrying to my computer, I spend a few minutes searching about the different color names, so I can spot and match the ones I see.

After memorizing the basic ones, I realize that I don't know how I gained color vision. Without a second thought, I schedule an appointment with Dr. Hoover, my greatest friend and the smartest scientist I know of. Dialing the numbers to his office, it takes all my might not to scream out that I can see color.

"Hello, this is Jean speaking from Hoover Medical Laboratory. How may I help?" asks his assistant.

"Good day, Jean! May I speak to Dr. Hoover? It's urgent."

"Sorry Sir, but Dr. Hoover said he's busy right now. Is there a message you want me to deliver later, however?"

"Yes, please tell Dr. Hoover that Sam's on the phone and that he's coming by in 10 minutes."

"Alright, will do. I don't know if Dr. Hoover will be free, but I will get your message across." She hangs up, and I rush to get ready, as I know John won't mind and never has much important work on Sundays.

I reach his office in exactly 10 minutes, and pull open the front door to his waiting area. John is sitting one leg crossed over the other in one of the cushioned lounge chairs, reading a book titled *Productive Offices: The Key*. He looks up as the bell jingles, and a wide smile spreads across his wrinkled, yet

humble face.

"If it isn't Sam," he beams, patting me on the back. "What can I do for you, and what was so important that I had to delay some of my work?" he adds, jokingly.

"John, you won't believe me, but I can see color!" I cry, unable to contain my excitement. John looks at me dumbstruck, knowing that this isn't a joke because I never lie.

"Tell me everything," he whispers, taking me into his laboratory. I sit down across from him at a small table and begin telling him all I know; that yesterday and every day before my life was devoid of color, as he knew, and today I suddenly woke up with the ability to see it. I described what the colors meant to me, how yellow was like my nostalgic childhood days and the warmth of my mother's embrace. How black was the slight sorrow and darkness even the most beautiful of souls obtained. And how white, the prettiest color in my eyes, represented the obvious; the truth and honesty humanity was sometimes blind to.

After I finish talking, I look at John, who is speechless. His eyes glisten and he sniffs. "Wow, your color descriptions are beautiful, Sam. I've never thought of colors in that way."

I smile, "Thank you, John- your help means a lot to me. Do you have any idea what might have caused this though?"

"Anytime. And no, not yet. I'll have to run several tests, but with the technology and test methods we have nowadays, it shouldn't take more than a couple of hours. " I nod, as he disappears to get out different devices and screens to analyze my eyesight. He instructs me on what to do, each device having a slightly different function.

After a small while, John concludes that no more tests are needed and that he will have to go work in his laboratory and see what the data he's collected links to. I watch him scurry about his laboratory, testing out different things. As I wait, I go on the web and search up any new colors that I can get my hands on. Gradually, my eyes begin to droop, and I fall asleep.

When I wake up, the color I see feels dimmer than before. I spot John pacing the room, creasing his forehead with his hand. His eyebrows are furrowed and he mutters something under his breath. "John, are you okay?" I ask. *It must have something to do with my results.* He jumps, startled that I'm awake.

"I'm fine Sam, but I-I'm afraid that the test results are.." his voice falters as

he struggles to find the right word. I lean intently at him, encouraging him to go on.

"Whatever the results are, it's okay, John," I say, meaning it with all my heart. "Even though it's a little disheartening to know that something's wrong, I can take the information."

"Alright Sam," he says, taking a deep breath. "The results show that your case is the effect of a randomly mutated chromosome, the exact one that you inherited from your parents and caused your color blindness. This has caused a blimp in your vision, causing you to be able to see color. However, this blimp only lasts for one day, as your cells are able to recognize that something has mutated through a very complicated cellular process. Quickly, they will and have already begun to work to restore your state before the mutation. I'm so sorry Sam, I know how excited you are that you can finally see color," he adds, looking ashamed.

Surprisingly, I don't feel much sadness, even though I wish my color vision would stay forever. "It's okay John, really it is. I'm privileged that this mutation has allowed me to see color, even if it means that everything will be back to normal tomorrow. Thank you so much for your help, I can't thank you enough." We hug each other, and then he asks me if I'd like to spend the night at his house.

I think to myself, and a sudden idea pops into my head. "John, you know what I'm going to do while I still have my colored vision? I'm going to do all the things I couldn't do without it, and savor the moment." He gives me a classic thumbs up, ecstatic about my idea. We say our goodbyes, and I rush off to find things that I could use my color to do.

After I've collected everything, I return to my apartment and get to work. My first order of business is painting a picture - something I've never done before. I paint with long, even strokes, humming as I work. Kyla rests her head on my lap and I realize that I'm much like her, in the sense that we both can't see color.

When the painting is finished, I let it dry, and stare at it proudly. It's a painting of kyla, except I used bright colors such as pink, instead of her brown fur. I occupy myself with the other things I bought for hours, until finally, I'm down to the last one.

It's a color-changing personality necklace, with a star shaped pendant that holds the color. I put it around my neck, and wait for some time as it slowly goes from a crystalline blue shade, to a neon green. It doesn't change after

that, so I grab the detailed pamphlet that comes with it and look for the color green. The description reads, "A green personality signals that the wearer is creative, tranquil, and imaginative. The color green also means that the wearer often sees more meaningful things behind the obvious. They are overall a colorful soul, who has many different qualities, and who appreciates our world full of color. "

I read the last few words again and again, because I couldn't agree more. I'm thankful to have had *a world full of color*.