White Crayon

Common Ground by Brendon Votipka

I feel like a white crayon. No, I don't. I am a white crayon. Exactly. I am completely and totally a white crayon. I guess I always identified with the white crayon. The thing is, the white crayon just sits in the box. You following me? I mean, I know that all the other colors sit in the same box. Back in grade school, when you bought your school supplies at the beginning of a school year you could be sure that every color would be present. But while you can be sure they're all there, does it matter that every color is in the box? Does it matter if you have a white crayon? No.

The other colors get so much more action. Of course they get more action. Take a color like green. I wish I was green. Green is used in so many pictures, so often. How frequently does a kid use green. Pretty frequently. It gets a lot of action. Red is the same way. You use red for an apple, or a heart, or lips. Purple can be grapes, or flowers, or a sunset. Yellow, blue, brown, black, pink, any color, you name it! People is those colors all the time. A kid uses every crayon in the box.

Except white. No one ever picks up the white crayon. It sits in its box, completely sharpened and ready to go, but it's destined to remain in the stupid box. No one needs it. It has no use. I know, I know, "people use the white crayon sometimes." But rarely. Rarely. And besides, the white crayon is the crayon no one cares if they break. If they snap it in two, no big deal. It's not like its necessary for survival. No one needs a white crayon.