

Just Another Ol' Box

Flash Fiction

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There are a couple dozen of us living here. Each of us were given our own room on respective floors based on our arrival. The first floor houses the Original Eight whereas the most recent additions are found on the third. Being ushered in with the second group of recruits, home for me is found on the middle floor. It wouldn't be a surprise nor strange to see everyone with the same clique every day and acting routinely every minute here. We all have a mutual respect for one another; no one would ever try to take another's place, job, or purpose. I have an understanding of who I am and what I'm meant for as does everyone else in this box we like to call home. But it hasn't always been that way.

I used to just see everyone for what they looked like both physically and emotionally. I never went out much so I've wandered the halls numerous times and drew up a picture of everyone by watching them go about life here: who they talked to, what interested them, where their faith was placed, why they were here, and how they felt about it. And I thought I had it all figured out. I could paint a portrait of clichés to honor my fellow housemates. Vividly capturing all they stand for and each quirk their definite personalities possess.

Boldly bursting bright, in the very first room, lives Red. He's practically the original of the Original Eight. Everyone looks to him with such definition. Some see the magnitude of power he possesses and aspire to achieve it themselves. For other's they see the impression he imprints and are simply inspired to push them to become just as meaningful. Red was designed as a template for who we can become. However all I notice is the aggression and rage he has, with every word of his running out like a rushing river rampaging around rooms revealing our regrettable flaws.

Across the hall from him you can find Blue drowning in Room 2. There's not a moment I can't catch Blue wallowing in tears. Passing by his room is like entering a symphony of

whimpering snuffles and staccato hiccups blended by broken breaths belting an ensemble of tears.

The Trip Trio tends to take rest in Room 5. There's the explorer of the gang, Orange and the youthful yearning spirit who plays as a travel log recording every step of his, Yellow. And the bearer of the room Brown who seemingly enjoys the company of Orange's and Yellow's because he gets his creative juices from their wide-eyes.

Lurking near the end of the hallway in the mysterious Room 6.5 is the insufferably secretive Green and indubitably definite Black. The undoubted pair leaves you feeling quite serene with an unnerving sense of loss.

Splitting Floor 1 and 2 is the inevitable couple, Purple and Pink, an ever going movie of insatiable love for all of us to view. Purple trotting the halls promoting his pride is luckily balanced by Pink's pricey powerless princess act. 'The Princess and the Pauper' floor 1 will say, but I prefer 'Two P's in a Pod.' Nevertheless, I'm not a fan of their flick.

The remainder of my floor is just the Mix of Six and Me. They're all nearly the same in appearance but so far in personality you wouldn't believe they all share similar origins. For starters, with a temper that closely resemble a solar flare is Red-Orange. Then his sister, who would happily venture out as far as the sun is Yellow-Orange. There's the shy and fearful brother sister duo Yellow-Green and Blue-Green. And the fifth member of the group whose both overbearing to us and overwhelmed by us is Blue-Violet. The last member is a competitive twin who was separated from his sister who was roomed on the third floor. In Room 16 is Red-Violet and Room 17 is Violet-Red. The rests of Floor 3 holds a batch whose intriguing personalities I've yet acquired a full sense of understanding to.

I skipped over Room 9, much like everyone else does because it belongs to me, White. I don't have any siblings here, though it's rumored gray and I are distant cousins. I don't have any friends really either. I have always felt so invisible and useless. I sat back and watched as everyone else had a chance to journey outside the box and return with such a relaxing sense of joy. But I remained here, hanging my hallow heart up and away knowing I wouldn't need anytime soon. That was until the day I first left.

I knew our home was kept in the cubby of a cute, creative creature about six years of age. And the cubby was in a colorful classroom in a K-8 Christian school. I wasn't too sure what that meant though. I knew that when the roof opened up one of us was bound to leave and return in a few, but that had never been me, until the day it was.

I remember it so vividly like it was an accident, but it wasn't. I was chosen. I was picked from the box and given purpose. I remember crashing tip down on a canvas where I could see that Red had already raced around. I saw that Blue, Green and even Yellow-Orange have tasted the adventure out here. Black had bordered the boundaries that I would fill in. Suddenly I got a feel of what everyone else had. I knew why they would always return with so much joy inside of them despite how they acted. I knew why they put aside the anger and depression, the mystery and pride, and the temper and competitiveness. It was seeing the bigger picture and how we all played a part in it. Lifting up from our masterpiece and taking in our home on a wider scale it all became so clear to me. See, I'm just a white crayon in a box full of color and I know how great the Lord is who provided me purpose? How much greater is the Lord, who can provide it for you?