



My name is Brown.

I spend a lot
of my time in a
pencil box with
a bunch of
other colors.

We are all different. Some of us are sharper than others.
Some of us are long and others are short.
And then there's Red. Everybody loves Red.
She's been sharpened so much that now she's stubby.

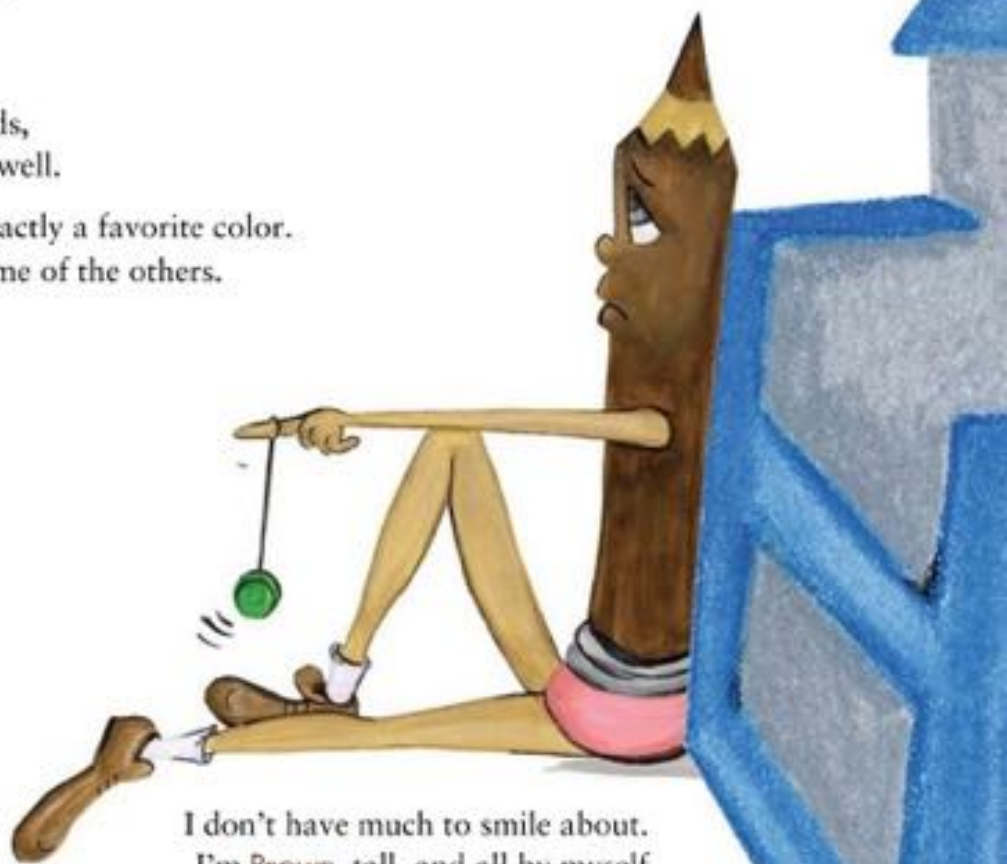




We are all supposed to be friends,
but I don't feel like I fit in very well.

First of all, I'm Brown ... not exactly a favorite color.
I don't get to color a lot like some of the others.

I'm the tallest pencil in the box
because I rarely need
to get sharpened.



I don't have much to smile about.
I'm Brown, tall, and all by myself
... that's me!



I wish I could be like the
other colors:

Black looks out for all of us.

Yellow always does what's right.

Purple has hopes and dreams, and

White won't let us fight.



Dark Green is very trustworthy.

Pink listens to everyone.

Light Green is always honest, and

Orange just likes to have fun.

