

The Gray BLAH



Written by Khadijah Fair

Joseph sat in his chair.

What do you want to
do today?

Nothing
I feel... **blah.**

Sigh...




An illustration of a young girl with short brown hair and an orange headband, wearing a green sweater, sitting on the floor and talking to a young boy. The boy is sitting on a brown armchair, wearing a yellow t-shirt and blue shorts, looking downcast. The background shows a lamp on a side table and a window with curtains. Three speech bubbles contain their conversation.

Blah?

What's blah?

Like... I don't feel like doing anything.

A woman with short brown hair and a red headband, wearing a green sweater, is sitting on the left and pointing towards a window. The window shows a boy in a blue shirt and dark pants being lifted into a green alien spaceship by a beam of light. Inside the spaceship, a boy and a green alien are visible. The boy in the room is sitting on a brown armchair, looking uninterested.

Are you sure?

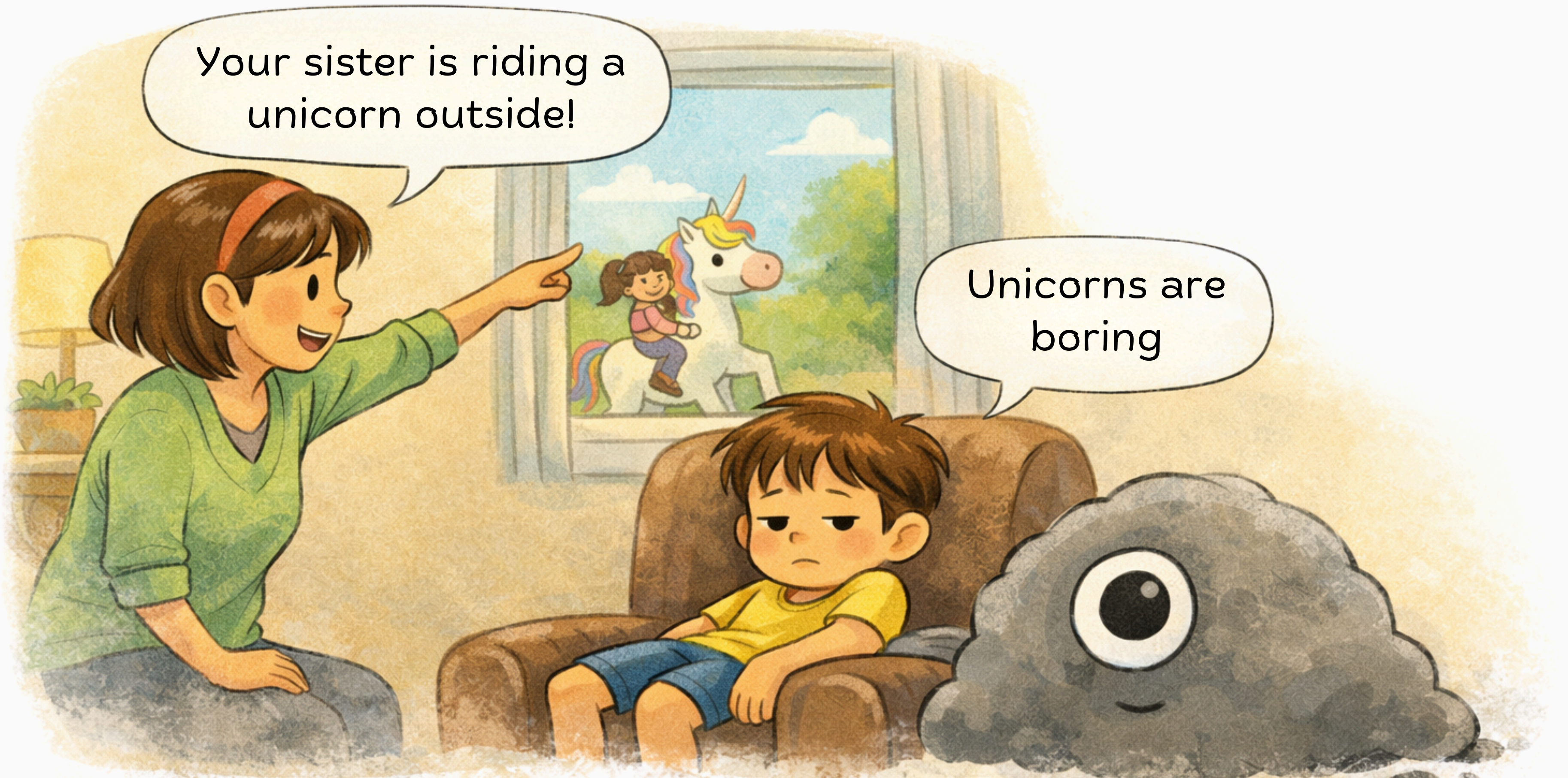
Your dad is being abducted
by aliens!

Eh, I'm not
interested

A small gray BLAH appeared by his side.

Your sister is riding a unicorn outside!

Unicorns are boring



The BLAH grew bigger.
Now it has two eyes.

I found a jet pack.
Want to fly?

No.



His mother put the jet pack away, and his sister came to the door.

Look at these cute and cuddly kittens!

Meow

No thanks.



The BLAH grew.

Look! A clown
with a monkey
on a tightrope.

Not interested.



The BLAH grew.

And grew.

And grew.

Until it swallowed Joseph whole.
now he was just a big Gray blah.



Joseph... Joseph...

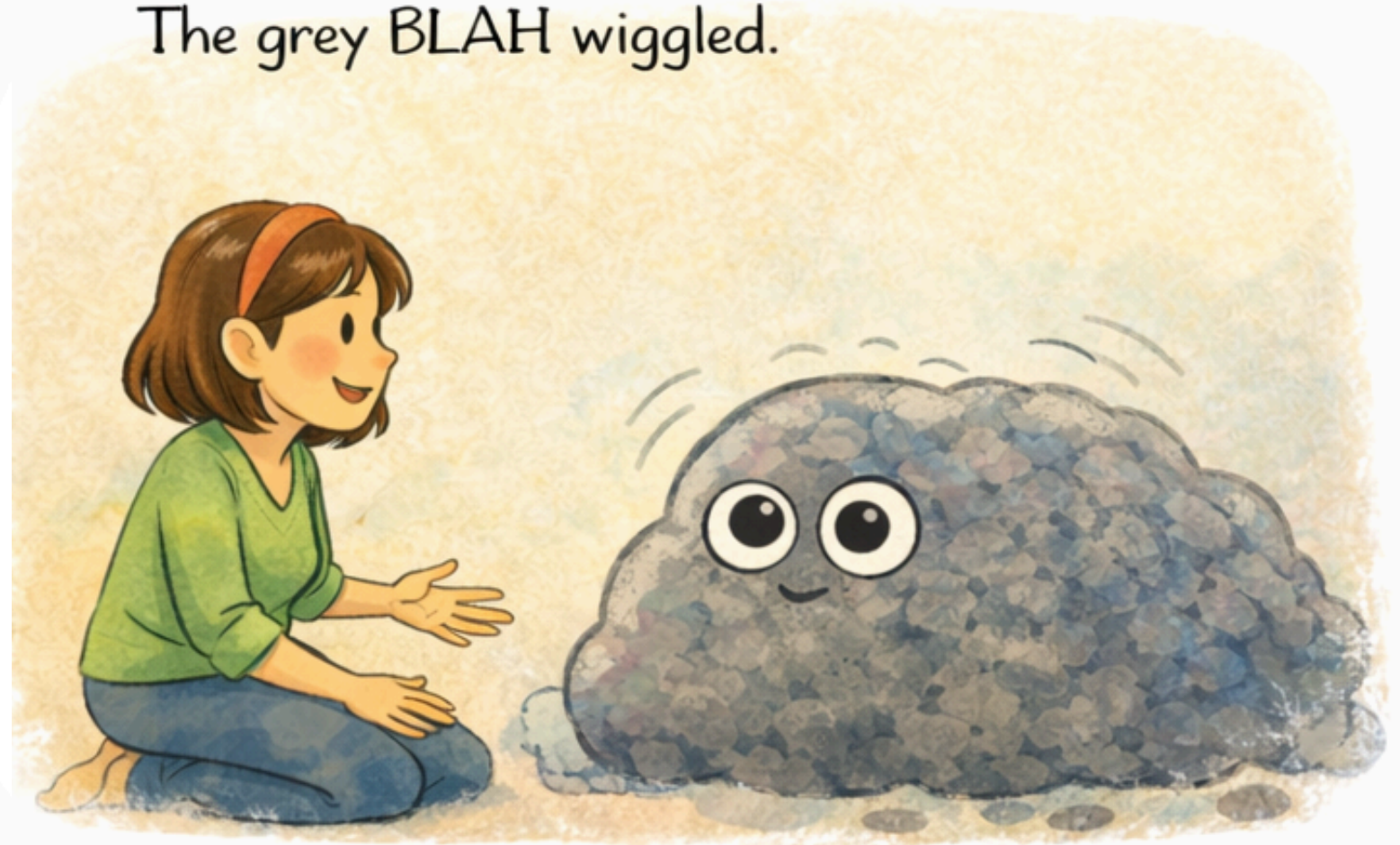
Joseph!



Mom knelt down.
Her voice was soft.



The grey BLAH wiggled.

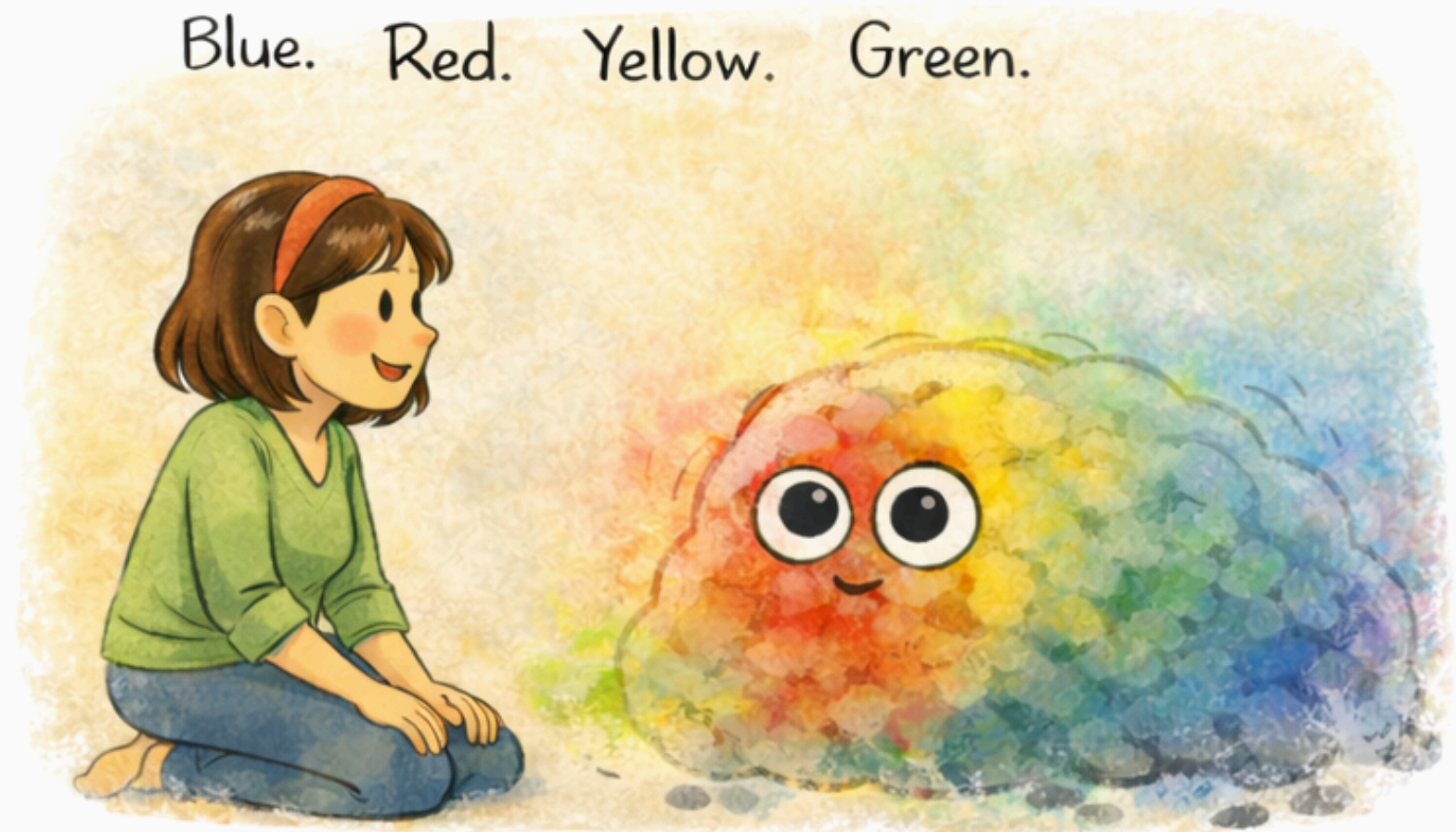


It changed colors.



Blue.

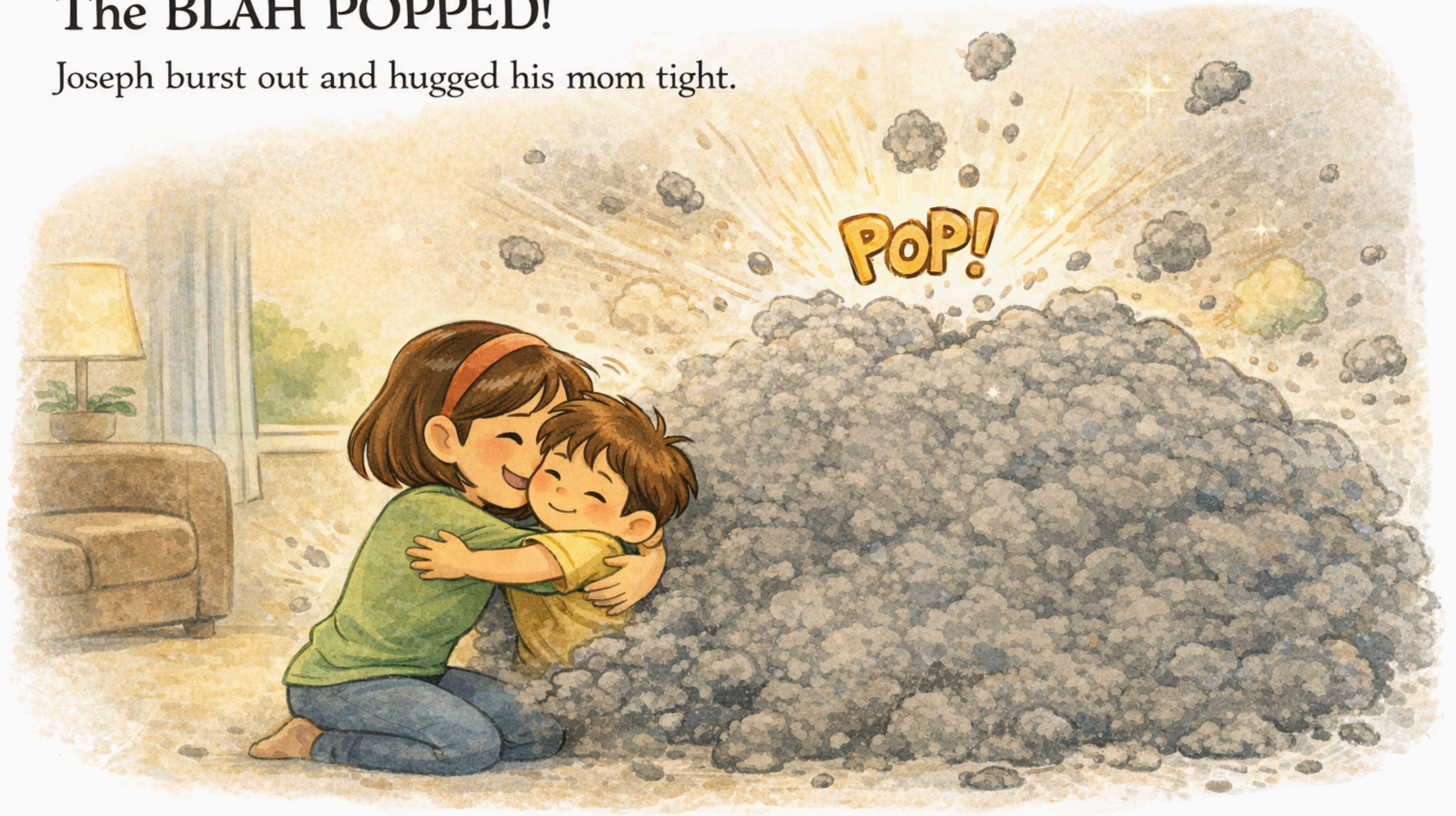
Blue. Red. Yellow. Green.



All the feelings were inside.

The BLAH POPPED!

Joseph burst out and hugged his mom tight.



“ I did want a hug,” he whispered.

Mom smiled.

“Feelings don’t like to stay hidden. They grow when we push them away.

It’s okay to feel them.

It’s okay to say what you need.”

Joseph took a deep breath.

The colors faded.

The BLAH was gone.

What do you want
to do now?

Maybe, we could
draw together.



The End.