

Chloé's Colour Constellation

Chloé is a little girl who loves colours. All the colours, every colour, each and every one of them.

When she wakes up every morning, she feels yellow. Yellow is for bright new days, full of possibilities, activities, and friends at school.

Chloé's room was painted a sunny shade of yellow, her bedspread adorned with cheerful sunflowers that matched perfectly. As she skipped through her morning routine, the colour seemed to radiate from her skin, infusing everything she touched with its vibrant energy. With each step she took, the world around her seemed to come alive in a golden glow, as if the very essence of happiness had taken hold of her small frame. Today was going to be a day filled with laughter, learning, and endless adventures in the land of yellow.

As the day continued, Chloé's yellow energy began to shift into a bright orange. She could feel it in her heart, pulsing with excitement as she skipped towards the school bus stop. The familiar faces of her friends greeted her, and together they chattered and laughed as they made their way to school, ready to face the day with warmth and kindness to others and to themselves.

When it was Chloé's turn to present her favourite book to the class, she felt a mix of nervousness and determination. Her heart pounded, and her hands felt cold. She glanced at her book, then at the sea of faces watching her. A hint of grey clouded her thoughts. What if she forgot her words? What if everyone laughed?

Remembering the courage that her pink crayon inspired, she put on her favourite pink hair ribbon and stood before her classmates, feeling both strong and vulnerable.

As she spoke, she felt pink warmth spread from her head to her toes. She stumbled once but kept going, her voice getting stronger. Her enthusiastic presentation captivated the room, her classmates were fascinated by the presentation and asked a

lot of questions. Chloé answered each one of them with pride and confidence, emanating pink. This situation taught her that it's okay to feel both brave and anxious at the same time because courage wasn't about being fearless; it was about facing your fears head-on.

Later in the day, as dark clouds gathered and thunder rumbled, Chloé felt frightened. To soothe her fears, her mother suggested they drink hot chocolate and paint together, choosing calming shades of blue. As Chloé painted a calm ocean sipping on her hot chocolate, she felt the soothing effect of the blue, even though some of her worries remained.

And that was okay.

Chloé learned that it was possible to feel both calm and scared at the same time. Just like how different shades of blue could come together to create a peaceful painting, our emotions can also coexist within us without cancelling each other out.

As the day went on and the sun began to set, Chloé noticed the grey sky, and a sense of unease returned. The outside world along with the garden, once vibrant, now looked dull in the fading light, and Chloé felt out of sorts. Instead of reaching for her paints again, Chloé decided to do something different. She put on her jacket and stepped outside, feeling the cool evening air. She wandered into the garden and sat by her favourite sunflower, now slightly wilted after the day's storm. Chloé gently picked up the fallen yellow petals, then noticed other flowers scattered around—pink petals from roses, purple from the lavender, and even the small white petals of daisies. She gathered them all, one by one, and placed them in a small jar she had brought with her.

As she collected the petals, Chloé reflected on her day: the burst of yellow in the morning, the boldness of orange with her friends, the courage she found in pink, and the calm yet complex blues she painted. She realised that just as these petals had once been part of something beautiful, her mixed emotions were pieces of her whole self—each one valuable and meaningful, even the grey ones.

Chloé took the jar of petals inside and set it on her windowsill, and as she snuggled into bed, she glanced at it. It glowed softly in the light of her lamp, a mix of yellows, pinks, purples, and quiet greys. She realised that she didn't have to force everything to be bright or cheerful; it was okay for things to change and for emotions to blend. With this understanding, Chloé drifted off to sleep, knowing that every day would bring its own set of colours, and she was ready to embrace them all.



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