One

አንድ

By Kathryn Otoshi

የከትሪን መቶሃ ይበር;

Blue was a quiet color.

አንወ ይፋ ጊዜ ያልሆና ይበር፡፡

He enjoyed looking up at the sky,

ውሃ ይታ በማየት ይደሰተ፣ ይበር፡፡

floating on the waves,

ልይ ይልያት ይልያት ይበር፡፡

and on days he felt daring...splashing in rain puddles.

ውሃ ይለ ይላት ይላት ይላት ይለ ይላት ይለ ይላት ይበር፡፡

Every once in a while he wished he could be more sunny like Yellow.

የከትሪን ያስ እንወ እንወ አን በማለ ይህ ይናወ ይምህ ያውሥ ያውሥ ያበር፡፡

Or bright like Green.

ወይም እንወ እንወ እንወ እንወ እንወ ያውሥ ያውሥ ያበር፡፡
More regal like Purple.

Or outgoing like Orange.

But overall, he liked being Blue...

except when he was with Red.

Red was a hot head. He liked to pick on Blue.

“Red is a great color,” he’d say. “Red is hot. Blue is not.”

Then Blue would feel bad about being Blue.

Sometimes Yellow comforted Blue. “Blue is a very nice color,” she’d say.
But *Yellow* never said that in front of *Red*. She never said, “Stop picking on *Blue*!”

*Green*, *Purple* and *Orange* thought *Blue* was nice too, but they never told *Red* to stop either.

Every time *Red* said something mean and no one spoke up, he got bigger and bigger and bigger…

bigger

and bigger…

and bigger…
Soon **Red** grew so big that **everyone** was afraid of him. **No one** dared stop him. **Red** picked on **all** the colors.

Then everyone felt...a little **blue**.

Until **One** came. He had a different shape with bold strokes and squared corners.

He was funny. He made the colors laugh.

**Red** saw this and got very hot. “Stop laughing!” he told **Yellow**. “Stop laughing!” he told **Green**. “Stop laughing!” he told **Purple** and **Orange**. And they did.

**Red** rolled up to **One**. “Stop laughing!” he told him. But **One** stood up straight like an arrow and said, “**No.**”
Red was mad, but One wouldn’t budge. So Red rolled away.

One turned to the colors and said, “If someone is mean and picks on me, I, for One, stand up and say, No.”

Then Yellow felt brave and said, “Me TWO!”

Green agreed and said, “Me THREE!”

The Purple became FOUR.

And Orange became FIVE.

Blue saw the colors change. He wanted to count.
Red grew red hot. He felt left out. He grew hotter and hotter and HOTTER.

Red raced over the Blue and said what he always did. “Red is HOT. Blue is NOT.”

But this time Blue stood up tall and became...SIX! “Red can be really HOT,” he said, “Blue can be super COOL!”

Red blew a fuse

and tried to roll over Blue!

But everyone took a stand and said, NO!
Seeing them standing tall, made Red feel

Very...

Very...

Very small.

Then Red turned even redder, and began rolling away.

Blue called out, “Can Red be hot...AND Blue be cool?"

Red stopped in his tracks.
“Red can count too,” said One.

“ወንሩወንሩ ከሆነ ከንስ ከስ. ወመስክር ይታለለ” ከስ ከስ::

**Red** rocked and rolled and turned into...SEVEN!

ወንሩወንሩ ከሆነ ከንስ ከስ ከስ:: ይታለለ እና::

“EVERYONE COUNTS!” they shouted.

እንክ ወሆኔ ይታለለ ከስ ከስ ከስ:: ከስ::

Then **Red** laughed and joined the fun.

ወንሩወንሩ ይታለለ ይታለለ ከስ ከስ:: ከስ::

Sometimes it just takes **One**.

እንክ ወሆኔ ይታለለ ከስ ከስ:: ከስ::