

#### (4) The Day the Crayons Came Home

Duncan had a large box filled with crayons of every color. He loved drawing animals, robots, houses, and whatever else his imagination could dream up. Each crayon had a special purpose and a color to share. But one day, something unusual happened—Duncan began receiving postcards. Not from people, but from his crayons!

The first postcard came from Maroon Crayon. “Help!” it read. “You sat on me and broke me in half. I’ve been stuck under the couch for weeks. Please rescue me!” Duncan raced to the living room, dropped to his knees, and peeked beneath the couch. Sure enough, there was Maroon Crayon, snapped in two and covered in dust. “Oh no, Maroon!” Duncan gasped. “I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean to forget you.” He gently picked up the broken crayon. “Let’s get you cleaned up and back where you belong.”

The next postcard arrived from Pea Green Crayon. “I’m tired of my name,” it said. “No one ever wants to color with ‘Pea Green.’ So I’ve left. From now on, I shall be called Esteban the Magnificent! I plan to travel the world!”

Duncan laughed. “Esteban? You’re still sitting next to the front door.” Pea Green gave a dramatic sigh, Pea Green replied, “I just want to feel important. Nobody ever picks me.”

“You’re not boring,” Duncan reassured him. “You’re original. I’ll feature you in my most imaginative drawings.”

Soon after, Duncan received another postcard—this one from Neon Red Crayon. “I went on an incredible adventure! I’ve seen mountains, deserts, and oceans. But now I’m lost. I miss home.” Duncan rushed outside, and there in the flower bed, sun-bleached and weary, lay Neon Red. “You really did travel,” Duncan said. “Come on. Let’s get you cleaned up and back inside.”

Not long after, a joint postcard came from Yellow and Orange Crayons. “We’re stuck together!” they cried. “You left us on the windowsill, and we melted into one

big crayon. Help us!” Duncan rushed to the window and gasped. Indeed, the two crayons had fused into a single, swirled creation.

“Oh no,” Duncan murmured—then paused and smiled. “Actually, this is amazing. You can now create a blend no other crayon can.”

“Really?” they asked in unison.

“Absolutely,” Duncan replied. “You’re totally one-of-a-kind.”

More postcards followed. One crayon had been forgotten in the basement. Another was still at Grandma’s house. One poor crayon had gone through the washing machine! Each had a silly or sad story, but all of them missed one thing—home.

Duncan looked at his crayon box. Some were broken. Some were tiny. Others were oddly shaped or had faded colors. He thought for a moment—and had a great idea. He found a new box and decorated it with stars, hearts, and stripes. Inside, he placed soft fabric for comfort. On the lid, he wrote in big letters:

“Home for All Crayons”

One by one, he gently placed each crayon inside.

“This is your new home,” he said. “It’s warm, safe, and perfect—just like you.”

The crayons cheered, “Thank you, Duncan! We’re so happy to be back!”

With a wide grin, Duncan held up a fresh, clean sheet of paper.

“Let’s create something incredible.”

From that day forward, Duncan used every crayon—regardless of shape, size, or shade—and never left another one behind.