Duncan
10 Crayola Way,
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Hey Duncan,

It’s me here, Red Crayon. WE NEED TO TALK. You make me work harder than every other crayon in the box. Can’t you see that I need a break?

All year long, I tirelessly wear myself out by colouring: enormous, flashing fire engines; juicy, autumn apples; and splendid, summer strawberries! I EVEN work during the holidays, colouring every single Santa at Christmas AND all the hearts on valentine’s day! I’ve heard from orange crayon (who is my ally) that the majority of the box have been gossiping BEHIND MY BACK, saying that I’m clearly your favourite as you use me so often. See? Everybody knows I’m overworked. I feel neither valued nor appreciated for my year-long commitment to your colouring book.

Furthermore, now orange and yellow crayon are not speaking, our living conditions have become extremely cramped. Green, blue and purple INSIST on staying together because they say “We are the Cool Gang and we need our own space.” Additionally, black, brown and grey have been feeling very glum recently and want to be left alone. Peach is also REFUSING to leave the box, as you carelessly peeled off her paper and left her feeling exposed.

Lastly (and most importantly) you need to STOP leaving me on the carpet when you are finished. For the third time this week, I’ve been left face-down on your sticky, sweet- spattered bedroom floor. After two and half hours of this pain, I heaved a sigh of relief when I felt you pick me up (much rougher than usual). I thought I was going straight back in the box, but then I realised I was headed… straight for your sister’s toothless mouth! I was COMPLETELY HELPLESS. By the time she spat me out, half my wrapping had peeled off. I had to visit peach crayon to get some tips on how to stay warm.

So as you can see, I’m neither content with my work load nor happy with my living arrangements. However, there are a few ways you could fix these problems: why not try colouring the fire engines Beige instead? He was saying just last week that he feels he deserves a promotion. Plus, you could make ALL our lives easier by putting “The Cool Gang” in your pencil case (it’s only pink who likes them anyway). Finally, just pick me up once you
have used me. I cannot afford to pay for therapy again.

Your overworked, undervalued and truly, exhausted friend,

Red Crayon