

'I am not speaking to the orange crayon, Duncan. Can you please tell him that I am the REAL colour of the sun?'

Who am I?'



'Duncan, I love being your crayon because you use me to draw dinosaurs, frogs and trees.'

Who Am I?'



'Work, work ... WORK! That's all I ever do. Drawing hearts, roses and spots on noses. Duncan, surely you agree it's time I had a Sunday morning nap in the box?'

Who Am I?'



'I hate being used to draw the outline of things all the time. It's not fair! Can you please think of something that you can use me for that is just my colour?'

Who am I?'



'Duncan, you have got to help. I'm tired of people not knowing my name and calling me light brown and tan. Do you honestly think colouring turkey dinners every Wednesday is exciting?'

Who am I?'



'Duncan I am worn out colouring all those HUGE animals. Every day I grow smaller and smaller. Can you give me a break and use one of the other crayons to colour the hippos?'

Who am I?'

