

Red and Blue Make...

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Once, in the distant present, the ideals of purple began to fade away from the world. Those whose words burned with scarlet passion, with the violet virtue of liberty in their hearts and minds, were quickly silenced by the laughing heads on the infonetworks. The major factions embraced blue and declared those who did not follow blue insane. Paul watched forlornly as this happened. For two centuries, Paul had thrived on the warmth of purple. Purple had permeated his very being, his very soul. Without purple, Paul was lost. He searched the wide expanses of the world for purple. Paul traveled through the liquid deserts, the concrete forests, the chocolate rivers, and

found no signs of purple.

At this, Paul fell to his knees and cried out, "Purple is liberty! Purple is gone and with it so am I!"

Then, for a while, Paul could feel his shoulders lighten. The red, passionate red, that had given him so much joy, trailed away from his nostrils, mouth, and ears as crimson smoke, leaving his heliotrope soul blue. Paul returned to the concrete forest and became one with the moving corpses. Paul settled down and got a job filing papers for other moving corpses. He would talk with the moving corpses about his boring blue life in the concrete forest, he would go home in his boring blue automobile, and he would sit in his boring blue aluminum sided home and wait for the world of blue to fade.

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It has been twenty years since Paul experienced purple. Now with little Paul Jr. all grown up and off to college, Mrs. Paul and he were alone. Paul could not help but think about his younger days. Days spent in purple. He could feel his bones becoming brittle, his gut becoming big, his world becoming small. Paul takes a sharp knife from his kitchen. He enters his garage and opens a can of blue paint. Paul cuts his wrist and allows the red to flow into the blue. The red, vibrant red, envelopes the blue, and from the struggle emerges a bright

fuchsia. Paul goes out and paints his blue car purple. He paints his house purple, the floors purple, the streets purple. He eats purple foods and drinks purple waters.

Paul leaps up onto his purple vehicle and declares to all, "You moving corpses who would live your lives in the present and spend eternity in apathy! Come, enjoy purple with me!"

The moving corpses protested what they saw as loud and obnoxious behavior. Everyone Paul talked to saw purple as an antiquated notion, something that needed to be destroyed to protect the world from terrorism.

Paul said to them, "Don't you see, you who are without souls? By removing purple from your lives, you bring down the very principles this nation was based upon!"

At this, the moving corpses sneered and declared that blue was better than purple or accused Paul of being unpatriotic or a terrorist. Paul would laugh at this, his humor failing to reach the moving corpses. Mrs. Paul's face sinks as she watches her husband speak of purple. She screams at him to think of his son, of his family, of her.

Paul says to her, "Feelings? You moving corpses have no feelings! You who would sign your rights away, who would allow impassivity to overtake passion. I say that you moving corpses cannot feel until you experience purple!"

Tears run down Mrs. Paul's cheeks. She tells Paul that he has lost his mind.

Paul replies to her, "No, Mrs. Paul. I am the only sane one left on this blue planet."

Mrs. Paul packed her things and left in a blue taxi. Paul sat on the hood of his purple car and watched the blue taxi drive away. Paul knew then he had to breathe life into a land without any. He wrote to the editors of the concrete forests' infonetworks, he started appearing on their shows as a quaint little person with quaint little views. He was bullied on the air by the laughing heads who blew hot air into Paul's face and scoffed at everything that wasn't blue. But appearing on those shows had one unexpected side effect that the editors never intended. A violet spark was lit in the minds of the moving corpses. Soon, the crimson smoke flowed back into their bodies and the moving corpses in the concrete forests declared purple was just, purple was righteous, purple was life. This message spread throughout the concrete forests, igniting the stone timber in beautiful, purple flame. Once Paul reached his indigo plateau, he felt calm and content and others did as well, for they were no longer moving corpses but human beings.

The ones who ruled did not see in purple, however. As Paul and his comrades celebrated their victory, no one noticed the

guns that started to melt through the trunks of the concrete trees. The thunder echoed throughout the forest. The crowd screamed as five of their own crumpled over and their red, martyred red, flowed throughout the forest floor.

Paul shouted, "Defend yourselves! We must not falter!"

But the humans did not know how. They had trusted in blue so long that they had forgotten how to fight for their lives and had surrendered their weapons willingly long ago. The guns stopped firing. Faceless soldiers and smoke belching tanks came into the streets through the blue walls. Two soldiers restrained Paul and the others marched on. As Paul struggled to break free, the tanks aimed and fired at the concrete trees that held the homes of thousands. The stone timber ignited by purple groaned under the force of the blasts. Hundreds fled from the branches of the stone trees as they tumbled to the forest floor. A soldier threw down one of the survivors, a woman with her child, and crushed her skull with the blue steel sole of his boot. The child trembled, but not with fear. He picked up a piece of the burning stone timber that was once part of his home and hit the soldier just above his eyeless sockets. The soldier let out a feral howl as he fell to the ground, his blue blood leaking out of his wound. The child picked up the soldier's weapon and charged at the battalion of faceless men, screaming

his sorrow away. The soldiers opened fire and allowed the child's red to flood the streets. The red, volcanic red, burned through Paul's veins as he watched. His attempts to break free intensified but he knew in his heart it was futile.

Paul was arrested by the faceless men and accused of being a terrorist and a traitor to his beloved nation. He was taken to a poorly lit room with only one blue light. There, Paul's legs were secured to the floor so he could only stand. An eight foot tall interrogator entered the room. Paul stared at what clearly was once a man but had since been warped into a predator. The interrogator spat at Paul and lit himself a cigarette, which he sucked long with his blue lips. The interrogator asked Paul what his purpose was.

Paul smiled. "To never break," he says.

The interrogator frowned at Paul. He warned Paul that he would have to do something drastic if he did not cooperate.

Paul stood resolute. "Purple will never die."

The interrogator's navy blue eyes turned to ice. He put out his cigarette on Paul's eye. The fires burned but Paul did not scream, he kept his smile.

"Your flames may burn my flesh, interrogator, but not my will."

The interrogator's expression did not change. He says

nothing as he leaves Paul alone in the room. The blue light became noticeably brighter, and the room noticeably colder. Ice formed on the walls and Paul was left to stand for days. Yet Paul never wavered.

A week passed before the interrogator returned. He came in with a cup of coffee and a lead pipe.

Paul laughed at him. He said, "Are you here to burn me again, interrogator? We've already proven that won't work!"

The interrogator gave Paul a smile colder than the room, his crystalline teeth shimmered like icicles. The interrogator set his blue coffee mug down and wound up to bat. He hit a double on Paul's chest. Ribs turned to dust on impact. The red, living red, was coughed up by Paul and dribbled down his chin. Paul felt the crimson smoke build up in his lungs, waiting to be expelled. Now it was the interrogator's turn to laugh. He moved in closer to Paul. He said to Paul he could feel him fading to blue once more, he could see it in his eyes. The interrogator then moved in even closer so that his icy stare met Paul's increasingly blank one. At this sudden change, Paul became alert once more.

"You shouldn't have done that." Paul said.

Before the interrogator could respond, Paul bit the monster's nose clean off. The interrogator's howls could be

heard throughout the concrete forest as he fumbled in pain for the exit door.

"You can never destroy purple!" Paul shouted, "You will never win!"

Paul's actions outraged those who ruled. Paul was brought before them in a temple of law desecrated by blue. Before Paul sat all who ruled the nation, their eyes shrouded in thick blue fabric. A fly lands on their podium and is quickly swatted.

They say to Paul, "Confess to your treasonous acts!"

Paul smirks at this, and said: "No, Mr. President, Senators, Congressmen, and Justices! No, it is you who has committed treason! You who would only see in blue and not purple. For you, blue is power! Purple is liberty! Our nations' sacred documents are written in purple ink! Yet you would trample over them and declare them blue! You are the ones who will bring the end of our civilization, not I! And the only way purple will be able to overcome your vile nature is to bring you down for good!"

The President, Senators, Congressmen, and Justices release a chilling laugh. They say to Paul, "You won't be able to do anything to us! Look at how the moving corpses enjoy their infonetworks, wallow in their numbness, and think only of this day and this day alone! They wouldn't realize purple is gone

and some don't even think there was purple to begin with! You are a petty little man, Paul, who lives in the past. The future has only room for one voice, not many!"

Two more flies land on the podium and are swatted by one of the Justices. The guards move to grab Paul.

Paul says to the rulers, "Very well, kill me if you must. But before you do, I have one last request! Look at me with your own eyes, not through those veils!"

The President, Senators, Congressmen, and Justices turn to each other. Another fly lands on the table but no one swats it. They turn back to Paul.

"Very well," they say, "We shall grant the wish of a dead man."

The rulers lift their veils. They gaze at Paul with their hollow sockets as he requested. As they stare at him, blue maggots come out of holes leading to their brains. The President takes one of the blue maggots from his socket and eats it. His smile of content makes Paul feel colder than absolute darkness. The rulers grin at Paul's displeasure.

"Away with you, Paul the Betrayer, to the depths of azure!"

Paul was brought to a great clearing in the concrete forest. There, hundreds of thousands came to cheer for the death of Paul the Betrayer, Paul the Terrorist, Paul the Thinker. All of the

infonetworks were well represented in the crowd and fixed their all-seeing eyes on the platform as Paul ascended. On the platform rested four motorbikes, howling for blood, with a chain attached to each bike. Paul's arms and legs were shackled to each chain. The motorbikes roared and set forth on their bloody business. The sight caused the crowd to scream with hysteria, demanding the blood of the betrayer. Paul's body was lifted into the air as it was pulled by all four motorbikes. The wheels spun voraciously and blue sparks started to fly from their exhaust pipes. Paul laughed as the motorbikes continued to pull.

"Fools!" he shouted into the crowd, "As long as purple lives, so wi-"

Paul's body was torn in four. The moving corpses swarmed over him and continued to rip apart his flesh as their blank hearts filled with the only emotion they could feel: hatred. The ones who ruled celebrated their victory over purple and the world faded to black.