

Aytül Akal

COLOR FREAK

SUPER KIDS-1

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Author's BIO

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Publications' INFO



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Illustrator's INFO

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METE

- Believes that everyone has a skill that makes them special, yet he can't find his own
- Reads a lot, and doesn't want people to know about it
- He and his bro Tuna have been friends for a very long time
- Has plenty of creative ideas

ASYA

- New kid in the school
- Draws people's attentions with her odd behaviour
- Has a unique awesome skill
- A master of unveiling Mete and Tuna's secrets



TUNA

- Has a very special skill, yet he himself doesn't know of it
- Likes to read, just like Mete
- A bit of a gourmand
- Loves soccer

There is a loony in the classroom

“Your words are multi colored...”

I took my eyes away from the **lady bug** that stood on the tip of my finger, and looked in awe at the girl who had come to the class a few weeks ago. She had two eyes, two ears, a mouth, a nose... seemed perfectly normal, yet there was absolutely something **weird** about her.

In my experience, newcomers always had trouble in adapting to the school for a long time. They would quietly sit in their corners, and wait for a kind hearted student to take notice of and start a friendship with them.



Yet this girl has been talking to everyone quite cheerfully since her arrival, and asking them questions like she was the one who was deciding whether to befriend people or not. Not only that, she was also commenting on people's conversations. She obviously didn't know what it meant to be a newcomer.

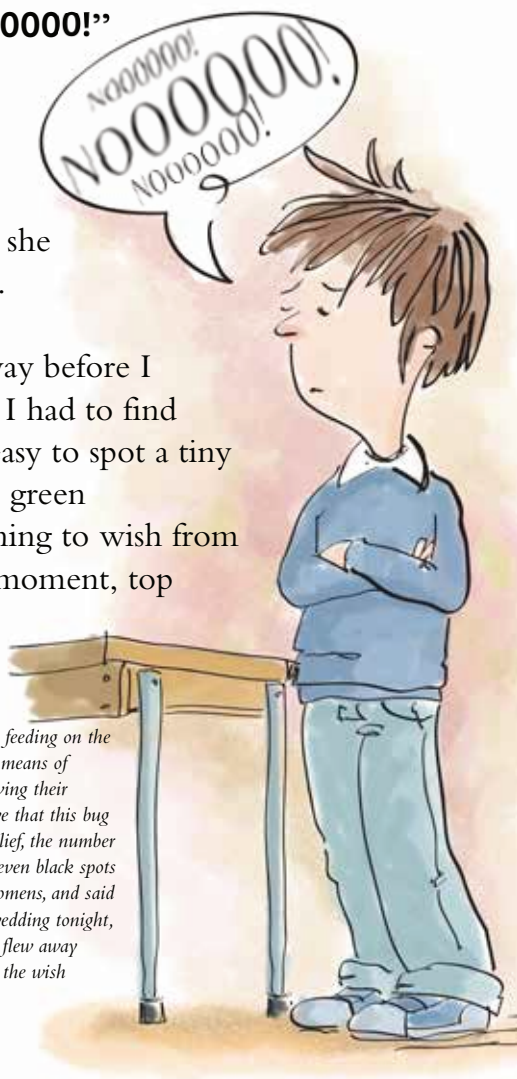
When she noticed that the stupid expression on my face had no intention of changing, she felt the need to speak further:

"I mean when you talk... your words seem dance with colors. The others don't have so much different tones in their words."

'Houston, we have a lunatic here,' I thought to myself. Colors, dances! The headmaster should start testing the applicants' IQ levels before admitting people into the school...Why would he even accept new people into our community just like that, with a snap? If the headmaster had asked me "Shall we take this student in?" and the teacher had minded to take for my opinion saying "Would you be OK with it if she took a seat at the desk next to



yours?” I’d reply a big **“NOOOO!”** with all my heart, and in certainty. When she had begun to peak some nonsense about colors while standing beside me, she had interrupted my riddle. The lady bug opened her wings, and **up** it flew away before I got to make a wish! Now I had to find another one. Like it was easy to spot a tiny red spot amongst so many green grasses... What I was planning to wish from the lady bug was, for the moment, top secret. Everyone was going to hear of it when



***The ladybug riddle:** In ancient times, this bug, feeding on the aphids, came to the help of farmers who had no means of fighting the aphids that ate their crops, hence saving their harvests. The farmers eventually started to believe that this bug brought them luck. Also, according to another belief, the number seven brings fortune, and since lady bugs have seven black spots on their backs, people believed them to be good omens, and said this riddle; “Fly fly my lady bug, there’ll be a wedding tonight, so your mom will buy you a clog...” If the bug flew away while the riddle was being said, this meant that the wish would be granted.*

it became true of course. I'd probably be on the TV at that time anyway.

"There he is, I present you, the kid who can move a gigantic table with a single glance!"

If not, it would be something like this:

"The genius boy who can multiply and divide fifteen digit numbers with a snap!"

Or the anchorman, who'd be amazed by my skills, would introduce me with a wide open mouth, saying:

"Aaaaand here comes the kid who can see behind walls!"



A little bit of patience... I was surely going to find it. There was something special about me, definitely, but what? Ahhh, if I could just figure it out...

“Looking for a lady bug?”

Whoops! Could she have mind reading powers? Bah, if that was the case, she'd long before be angry to me due to hearing all my unpleasant thoughts about her, and would have left already. But nooot, she had to stand above my head and drive me crazy with her questions.

“None of your business!” I snapped at her angrily. Meanwhile, I was secretly eyeing the grasses for finding a red spot without making her notice. All of a sudden she said, “Do you believe ladybugs grant wishes?”

I noticed the hidden grin on her lips. Such a jerk... Did she also know about the thing with wishes? It was not nice of her to treat me -a third grader- like a kindergartener.



I felt bad

“Don’t you?” I countered her attack by responding to her question with another question.

Let her answer it, like I care...

“They really do bring luck” she said.

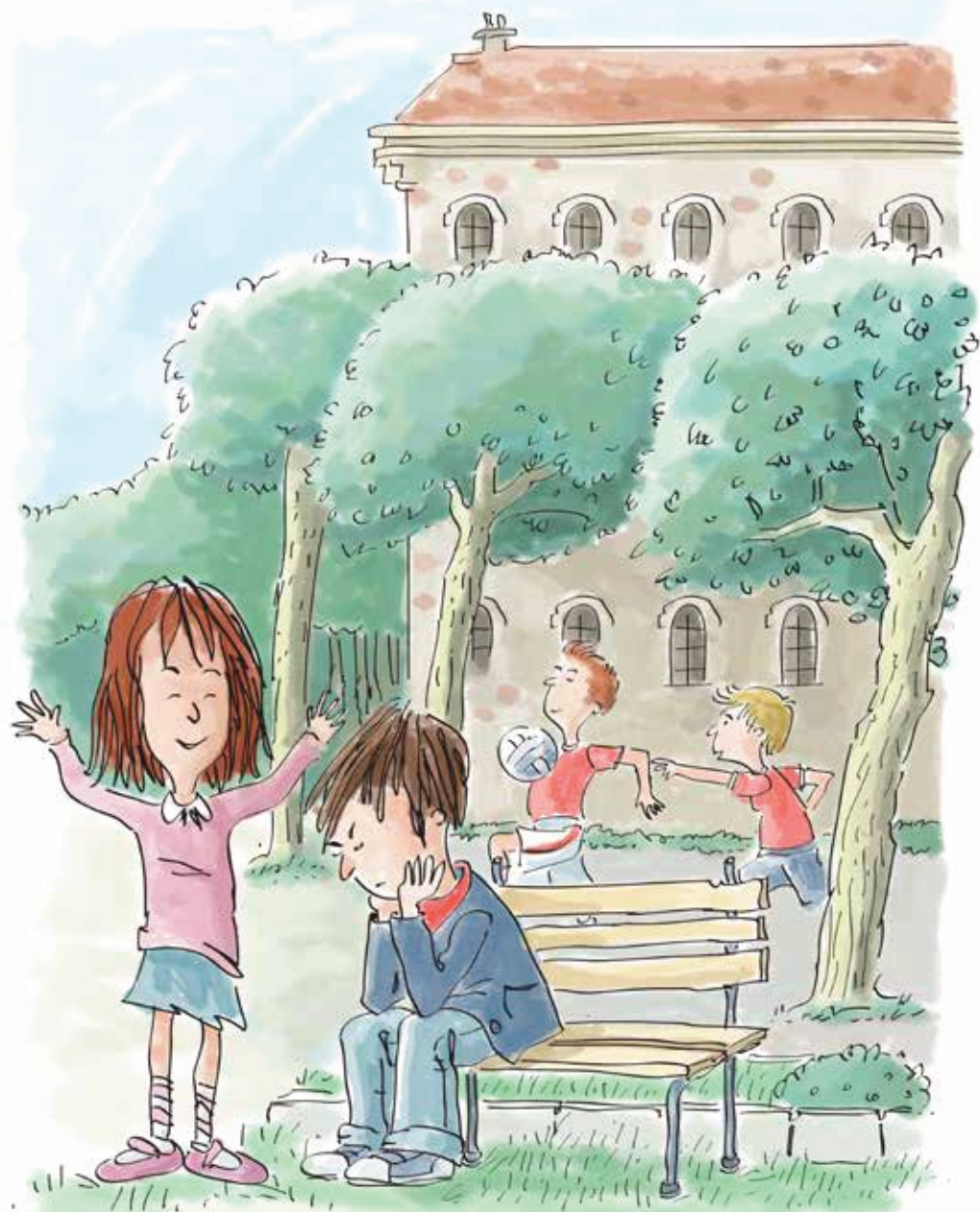
I stared at her face in shock.

“Is that a joke?”

“Nooo! I’m serious... They bring luck to farmers by eating aphids that harm plants.”

“Ow, and I thought...”

She must have noticed that I was disappointed, yet she didn’t mind it, instead began to further show off by proving her knowledge.



“They come in shades of blue and green as well.”

I couldn't admit defeat, so I retorted.

“I found a yellow one last spring.”

She carried on speaking as if she hadn't heard me.

“The blue and yellow ones live in tropical places though.

There aren't many of them here.”

“How do you know?”

“I read a lot, just like you. Novels, stories, poems, even researches.”

I frowned in a sudden. What did she mean with “*Like you?*” I never brought any of my books to class. Or could it be that... she moved somewhere nearby my house and **was**

watching me from her window?

watching me from her window?

watching me from her window?

As if driving me crazy at school is not enough, was I going to come across this nagger in my neighbourhood as well?



My whole life was becoming a nightmare...

I had to find a lady bug at once! Now my prior wish was going to be sending that girl back to wherever she had come from...

It didn't take long before she noticed that I was eyeing the grasses nonstop.

"We can look together, if you wish..."

When I saw that she wasn't hesitating a bit going down on her knees and crawling between grasses, I jumped down as well.

"Is it a secret?"

"What?"

"Your wish... Is it a secret? Can't you tell me?"

'She's sooo nosey!' I thought to myself.

A freak, nosey and jerk too...

Most of my classmates didn't read books at all, and they would make fun of me if they would see me with one, in my hands. So I read only at home, in secret. Even my bro Tuna had no idea that I was a total bookworm. It had only been few weeks since I'd met her, so **from where or whom did she learn it from?** I was dying to know... Or did our moms become best friends outside of my knowledge and were gossiping about their children among them?

Just when I began thinking to myself that my life couldn't get any worse than that, she suddenly stopped searching for a lady bug, and sat squat down on the grass crossing her arm on her chest. She muttered **in anger**, as if she was scolding me:

“Your voice radiate bright shiny colors when you speak in class, yet here, they are totally pastel. And just I was feeling happy for finding someone of my own kind... I don't understand the reason behind this inconsistency.





Taken aback, I almost fell down on my face into the midst of grasses.

“Someone of your kind? Who, me?”

“Yes, just as I said!”

As if! I crossed my arms and legs just like she did, and glared at her face.

“You’re a dreamy one!” I said.

“I may be, but not when it comes to this matter. Your words speak in your stead, Mete. You read books and and I know it.

What kinds though? Poems? Stories? Do you prefer adventure novels, or the horror genre?"

She lowered her tone of voice, and with a mysterious aura, asked the question that stroke the deathblow.

"Do you write poems as well?"

I felt bedazzled due to so many questions. She was not only a crazy freak, but was totally a witch



Yes, a
witch...

1. She must have been doing personality analyses by looking at her crystal ball or something. Yet, where was that magic sphere of hers?

Arguing with such a girl could have dire consequences. I wouldn't want to turn into a frog all of a sudden.



It was far better to come into terms with her, in order to keep the subjects of reading and the thing with lady bugs between us, so that I wouldn't lose all my street credit.

Before I could open my mouth, she whispered as if she was about to reveal a super classified secret. "It's so hard for me to make friends. The people

read, have colorful words, yet the ones who don't, have dull ones... I can't get on well with them."

I couldn't hold myself, and came bursting at her:

"Stop your yapping about colors! It's nonsense!

Words don't have colors!"

She shook her head understandingly.

"You are right, I should have explained it at the start."

"Explained what? That you are a lunatic?" I said, sardonically.

She didn't mind my words, and asked another stupid question.

"Colors don't dance around in your mind when I speak, do they?"

She was surely mad. And I was tagging along with that lunatic, sitting on the grass, and having a ridiculous girl talk during the lunch break, even though I could actually be playing soccer. I sulked, and she carried on talking when she noticed that I wasn't going to answer her:

She was so joyful while talking that even I felt like I could see the colors of her words, if they had any, like she explained to me.

“When people talk, a distinct color appears before my eyes for every sound they make and letter they use. I used to think that it was the same with everybody, that they all saw the colors of speech, yet it turned out to be untrue...”

Now, that took my interest!

“So you’re saying that you have a special ability...”

“Not exactly. They call it synaesthesia, two distinct senses interfering...”

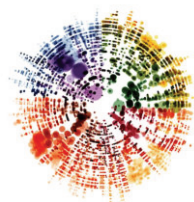


1. Coming across this super powered girl before I could find my own abilities was too annoying.

I said “Wow, lucky you,” while trying to hide my envy. “I’ve been trying to know whether if I have a special ability or not for many years... Haven’t found anything yet.”“Sooo, was this going to be your wish from the lady bug?”

She changed her mind on asking me further questions when she caught sight of my irritated look and returned to the prior subject.

“Mine is not an ability. It’s some kind of a **diversity...**” she said softly. “The doctor said that when a sense is stimulated, it automatically triggers another. That’s why I see all letters as distinct colors. And since people who read a lot have richer vocabularies, the colors of their words tend to be very lively, don’t read have dull and





So, our mothers were not friends then. There was another reason behind her nonsensical talks. I was glad to hear it. I smiled with delight.

“Name’s Asya, right?”

She smiled back.



We were just about to shake hands on it when Tuna **appeared** from nowhere, right beside us.

“Look here, good old Mete is having picnic here while we’re trying to defend our honour against the kids of 3-E... Where have you been, bro? We’ve been looking for you! Hasan is out of the game, and one of the teachers summoned Kerem. We lacked numbers in the game, and were defeated, obviously.”

We noticed that taken in surprise Asya and I continued our hand shake, throughout the entirety of Tuna’s nagging. We separated our hands in a rush.

After pouring all his anger in full rage mode, he then took notice of Asya, and frowned.

“Hmm, what are you doing, sitting on the grass?”

Before I could open my mouth, Asya jumped into conversation:



*"You've recently finished a novel, Tuna.
What was the title?"*

Tuna's eyes opened wide in terror, he was petrified. His tough guy attitude from seconds ago disappeared in a puff of smoke.

"I don't understand why you boys are shy about admitting reading books,"



said Asya. “It’s obvious, the colors of your words changed only recently. They weren’t like this at the start of the week.”

I watched it with pleasure as Tuna’s face changed colors. While having a hard time to hold back my laughs arising in me in silence, I said with a mysterious voice that was meant for intriguing him, “Don’t struggle. She understands.” Then I shut my mouth, having thought that maybe she’d prefer her secret to stay as a secret.

Asya smiled and extended her hand to Tuna. “Friends?”

Tuna shook his head without even noticing what he was doing, and grabbed her hand.

“In that case, listen to me...” said Asya. When the bell rang and brought the end of the break, Tuna was still trying to make sense of everything Asya had told him. He was so puzzled that while we were making our way to the classroom, he walked to the secondary school section, and bumped into one of the tall basketball players there, whom us third graders preferred not to mess with.

And I noticed a void at the place of my rumbling stomach. Then I realized that I had missed having lunch while seeking for lady bugs.



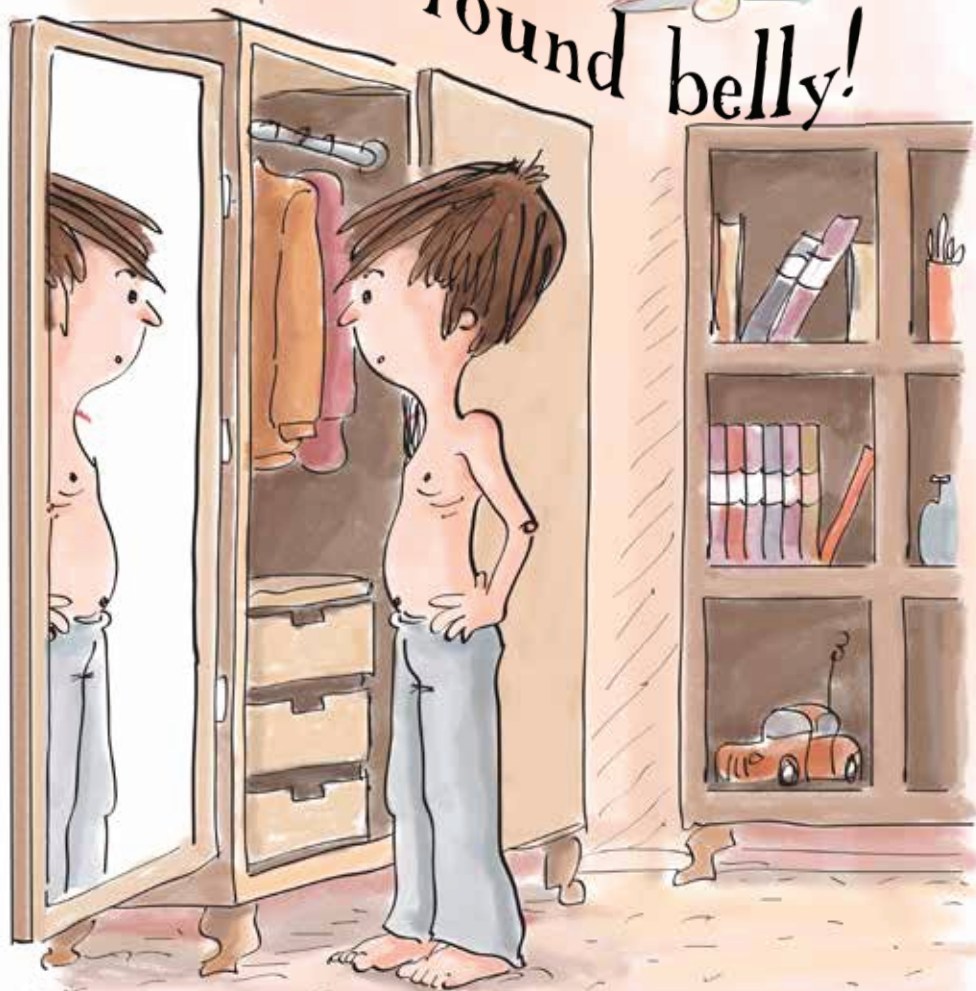
The Talent Hunt

Asya's tale had brought me hope. Even though her weird talent had no use for anything, it was at least something unique. I'm pretty sure that I had similar special skills. ~~But whaaaaaaaaaat were theeeey...~~

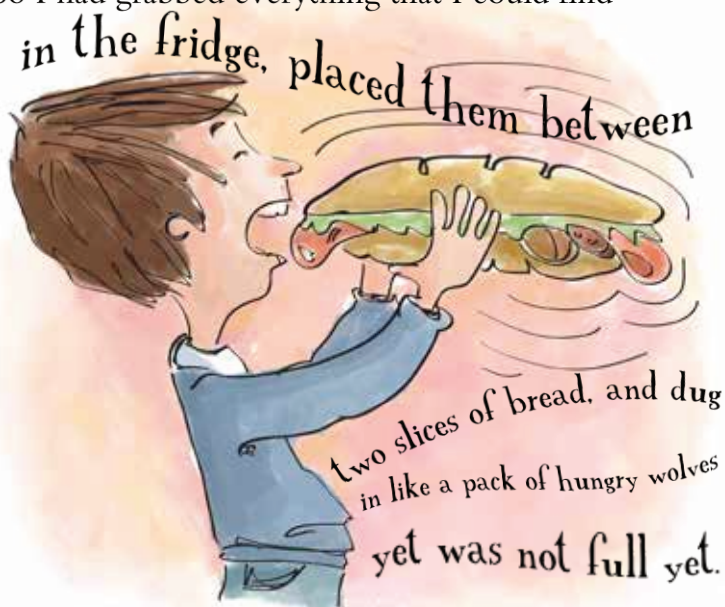
I took a look at the mirror beside my wardrobe and focused to see whether if I could see another world at a different dimension or whatnot. Nope, it didn't happen. There was nothing but the body of a skinny nine year old boy in there. An ordinary face, two average arms, legs...

Aaaand OMG!!!

A huge round belly!



Since I had skipped the lunch by accident, I had tossed my backpack at a corner in rush and had ran for the kitchen as soon as I returned from school. So I had grabbed everything that I could find



It would have been best to stop eating stuff right there, but could I say no to the smell of a chocolate cake? No sir, not me! I followed the scent, and as always, easily found the cake my mom had baked for her guests.



Mom's creative. She had it hidden inside her own armoire this time. Her dresses were going to smell like chocolate for a while now...

I cut myself a big slice, and pushed the cake from both sides to cover the gap that emerged. It looked like no one had touched it, and was only a bit tinier in portion when compared to its previous state. Yet my belly was surely going to give me away.

I immediately lay down on the floor and began doing sit-ups. Then something occurred to me: Maybe I was about to discover my super strength of my muscles while losing belly fat at the same time.

There was nothing special about my muscles either, obviously.



I was losing my patience. I looked at my reflection on the mirror.

“Tell me, who are you?” I asked.

“What’s your super ability?”

Yet no one answered!!!

Maybe there was a passage that led to another dimension in my wardrobe, and I was now about to discover it. I got into the wardrobe with excitement, and closed doors from the inside. Then I waited for an invisible door to appear, and show me the way to the passage of the new world. Nothing happened though. I just sat there in the dark for a long while, got bored, and got out.

Maybe I could fly?



I jumped on my bed's mattress with all my might, and dived directly onto the rug on the floor.

Mom came over hearing the noise I made.

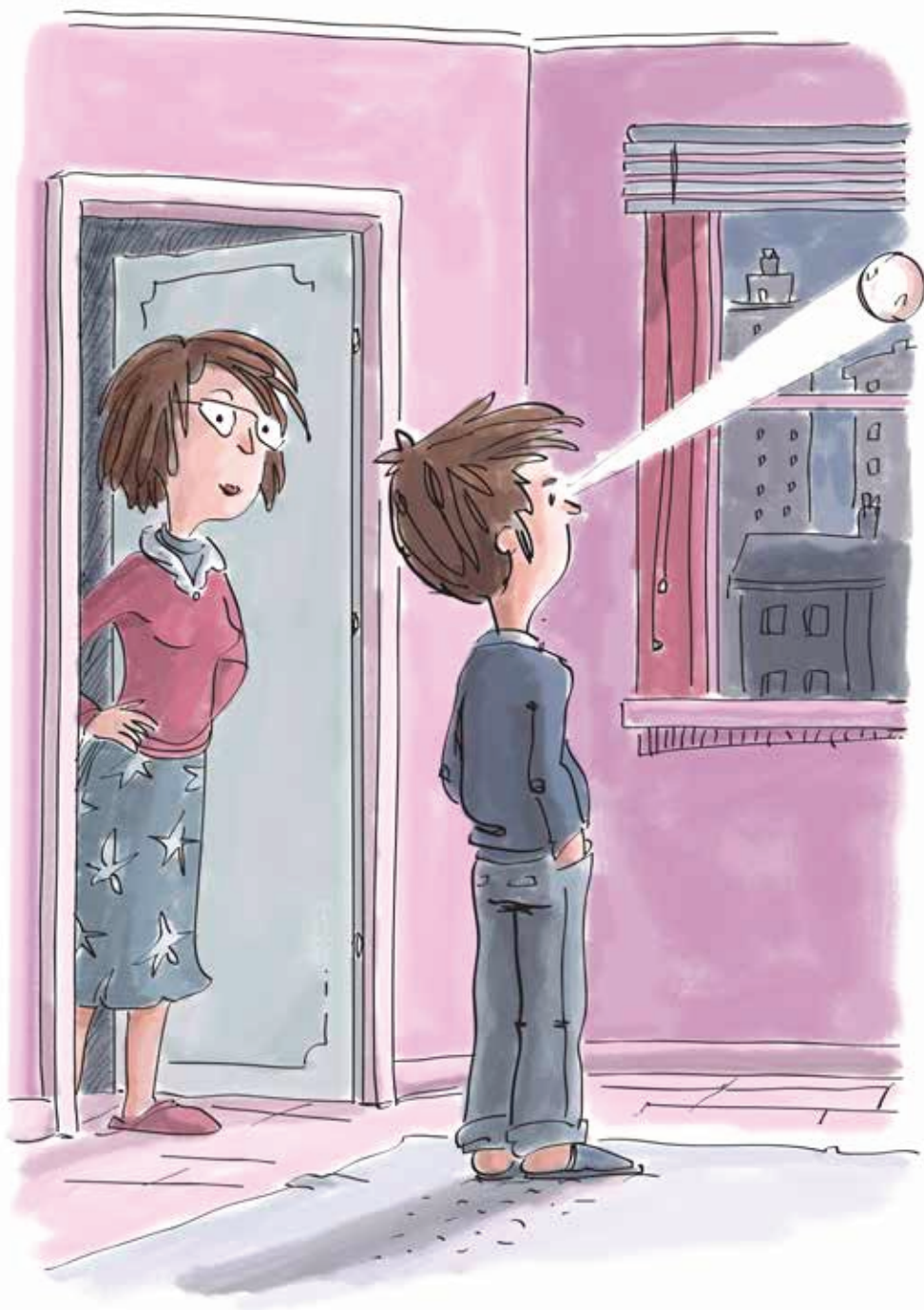
"What was it dearie, did you fall? Are you alright?"

I did my best to not let her see that I was squirming in pain. "Nope," I said. "I was just trying a new hip hop dance figure..."

It was dark outside. I turned my eyes at sky and looked at the moon as it rose from between two buildings in a distance. A silver colored, worn out soccer ball... Maybe I could move it with my eyes and pull it towards the earth... Or gather the scattered stars and paint them all green before putting them in a straight line...

U-uuuuhhh...

Nothing was happening despite all my efforts. The sky was still the way it always was.



Maybe the power in my eyes, if there was any, would show itself when I shut my eyes. So I closed them tightly to see if I could find my way in dark. I had taken only a few steps before hitting my nose to the wall, then began to **prance around** like a kangaroo in pain.

Discovering yourself
was such a painful
period...

Weird Stuff

Everything happened so fast. Our teacher's birthday was coming. In first grade, our parents had handed us a bunch of large and small gift boxes for being given to the teacher. Yet she refused them all without even unpackaging, and had us take them back. She didn't want us to buy anything for her, yet she hinted that letting her know how much we cared for her was still in our power. The previous year, everyone in the class had drawn pictures of her. We put our names and the date on the papers, then placed them all on her desk. She was delighted, said she couldn't ask for anything more, and that she was going to keep and cherish them forever.