**The Artists Palette**

***by Susan Perrow © 2022***

***This story was written to address the following question - ‘How to stop the seeds of hatred***

***from multiplying?’ It is included in a collection of therapeutic stories translated into Ukrainian and distributed by Didi Ananda Devapriya (Amurtel) to Internally Displaced Persons (IDP’s) in Chernivsti, Ukraine. The book was printed with funding from CARE France in partnership with SERA Romania,***

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The artist paused for a moment, paintbrush in one hand and her colour palette in the other. There was a blank canvas on her easel, and she needed some time to think before making her first brush stroke. This new painting was important - she had been asked to create a picture for World Peace

The colours were excited. What would the artist paint, they wondered? Many birds in a tree, butterflies in a garden, a rainbow after a storm, children dancing in a circle. This last theme was their favourite… oh how they loved to share their colours in a scene of children dancing with their friends.

The colours were friends too, in an unusual kind of way, and most of the time they worked (and danced) very well together. And like friends, each had their different personalities. There was strong Red, courageous Orange, joyful Yellow, kind and loving Green, peaceful Blue, and quiet but very wise Violet. And many other colours in between … too many to count…colours of the earth and colours of the sky, colours of the night and colours of the day, colours dark and colours light.

On this particular day, the artist had paused for longer than usual, and the colours were getting a little restless. Especially Red that never liked to stay still – it liked to be on the move and use its power and strength! Red soon became impatient, then Red became annoyed, then Red became hot and angry!

As Red became hot and angry, the colour palette was also heating up.

Then something uncomfortable happened. With the heated palette the individual paint colours began to slowly soften and spread out. Slowly, around the edges, each one was losing its purity, its clarity.

The colours were not happy with Red. If you could have heard them talking, they were using hate filled words. But this couldn’t help them, and soon they were merging with each other.

After some time, the artist felt the heat in her hand and looked down at the palette. She realised she needed to do something quickly, or she wouldn’t be able to use these colours for her painting for World Peace!

She dipped her brush into a jar of clean water and slowly cleaned around the messy edges of each colour, rinsing between each one. Then she placed the palette on the windowsill, where the breeze could keep it cool until it was ready to use.

After some time, all was ready. The colours were clear and bright, and the artist’s thoughts were clear and bright. She lifted her brush in one hand, her palette in the other hand, and began her work.

What do you think she painted?