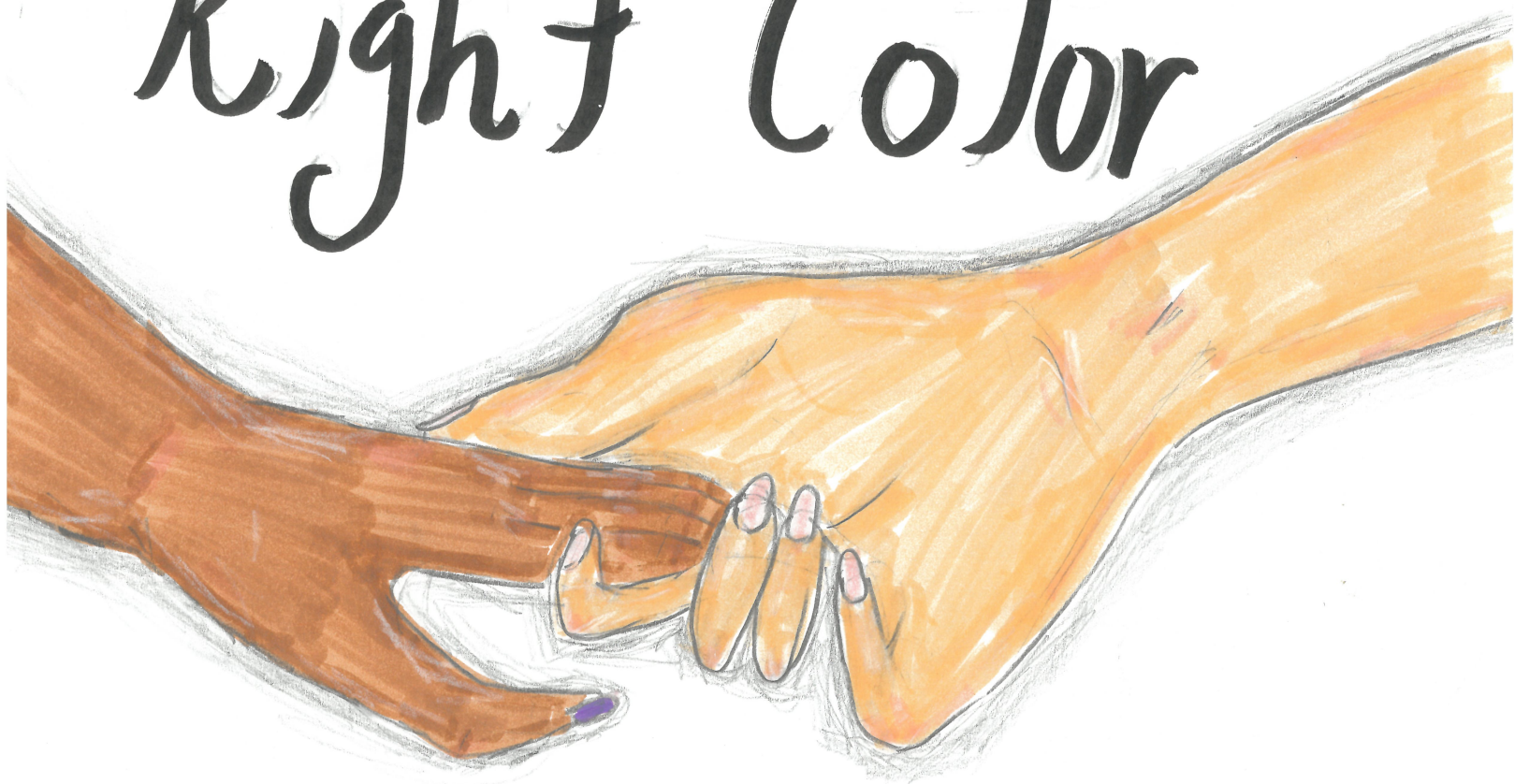


Finding the Right Color



In this world, everyone is the same colors.



Everyone is in



Black



and



white.

But not me.

I'm in
color.

ME →



My name is Opal, and I'm one of the few colored people in this world.



Ever since I was a little kid, people always pointed out my colors.



I never really cared.

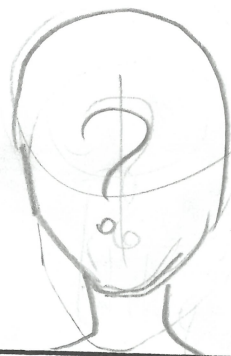
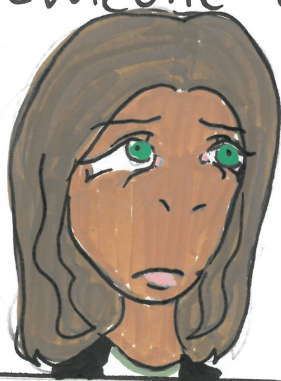


It's their loss that they're boring!

The thing is...

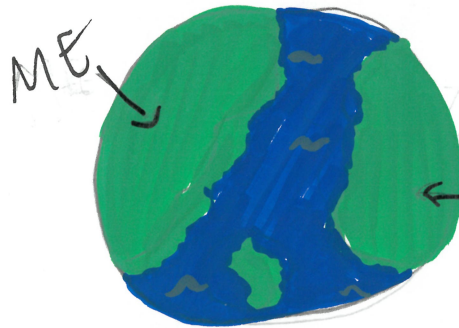
I've been feeling really lonely these days...

I just need someone who is colored...



like me.

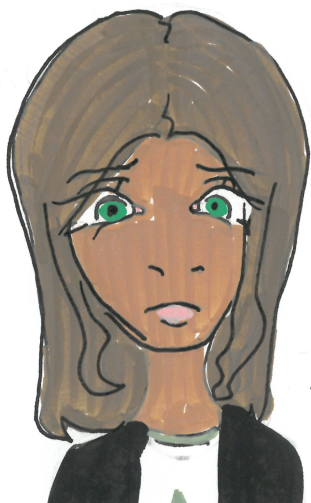
There are a few other colored people...



← THEM

on the other side of the Earth.

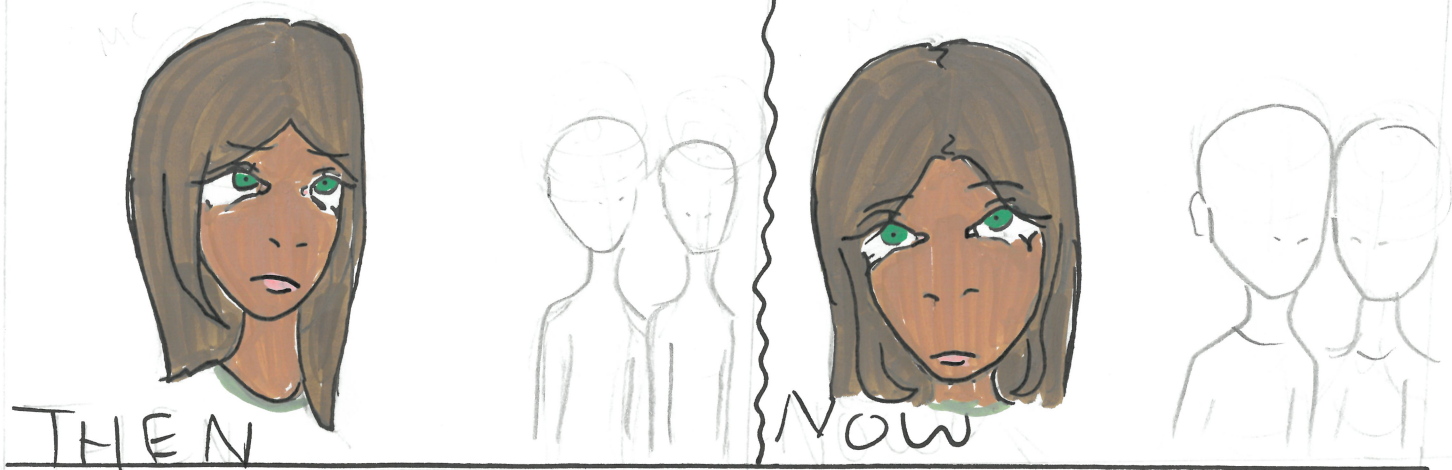
Maybe I'll meet someone colored...



I doubt it though.



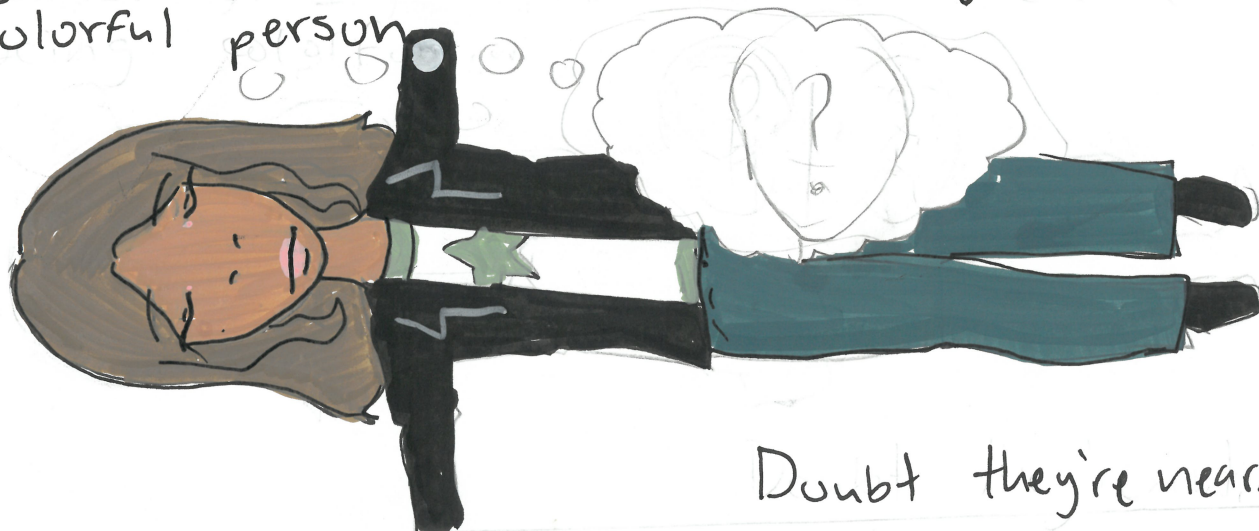
I was (and still am) always the loner.



I get bullied, I'm always the second option,



Sometimes I dream about meeting another colorful person



Doubt they're near.



Anyways-



What the-
SERIOUSLY!?

Are you
okay?



Do I look
okay-

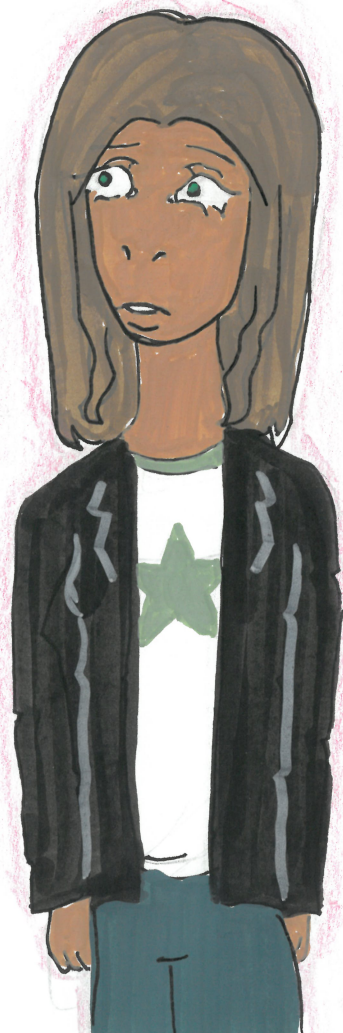


"WOAH..."

Who are you?



My name is Chris.

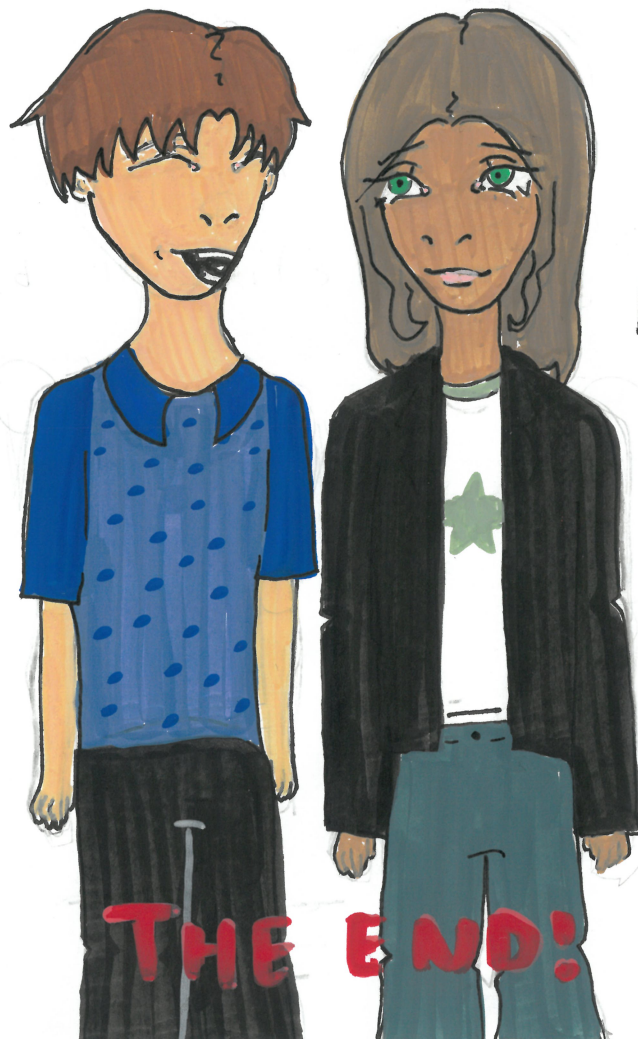


Over time, Chris and I became friends.



I guess the moral of the story is... find the right people. And that it's okay to be different...

but that's
corny...



and not different,
like us.

THE END!