

A Colorful Man

By ReadWorks

Mr. Tucker talked about colors all the time. "That sunset was raspberry-red!" he said to his wife in the evenings. Or, "What a honey-yellow morning it is!" He liked to look for all the different shades of green in his garden: moss green, which was dark and brooding, and parrot green, which was bright and loud. His wife planted fruits and vegetables in their garden, but Mr. Tucker was more interested in the leafy plants, the bushes, the hedges, and even the weeds that grew in his garden. "So many kinds of green!" he said to his wife after watering all the plants. "I counted at least twenty different shades of green!"

"Well done, dear," Mrs. Tucker said. "Now can you please count twenty dollars and go to the grocery store for some ingredients? I need to make dinner!"

With a smile on his face, Mr. Tucker left at once. He enjoyed trips to the grocery store because of all the colorful cans and boxes in each aisle. Fruits and vegetables, too, shone in their bright skins. They were never just one color: carrots were orange, but also had bits of yellow and brown in them. Bananas were yellow and black; apples hid oranges and purples inside their reds. Mr. Tucker would walk through each aisle of the grocery store and soak in all the colors around him. Mr. Tucker stared and stared. Then he sighed.

"I wish there was a store full of colors that I could spend all my time in," he muttered.

He bought everything on his wife's grocery list and came home. When he walked into the house, Mrs. Tucker noticed the sad look on his face.

"What's wrong?" she asked him. "Did something happen at the store?"

"No, nothing happened. I felt a little sad when I left the store, that's all," Mr. Tucker replied.

"Why?" his wife asked him. "It looks like you had fun at the store. I can see that you picked out the best items. Look how golden this corn is!"

"Thank you," Mr. Tucker said. "I did have fun in the store. So much so that I wish I could have spent more time in there. It's so full of color!"

"I see," Mrs. Tucker said. "Well, cheer up, because I'm going to cook this corn on the cob, and we're going to have ourselves a delicious dinner!"

The next day, Mr. Tucker was on his usual morning walk through the neighborhood, saying hello to everyone, inspecting the colors of the trees and flowers he passed, and admiring the beautiful fur coats of all the dogs being taken on their walks. It was another day of color for Mr. Tucker.

"Good morning, Mr. Brown," he called out to one of his neighbors. He liked Mr. Brown very much because, well, you guessed it: his name was a color!

"Mr. Tucker! Just the person I wanted to see!" Mr. Brown replied. "My wife and I are moving out of this town, and I need someone to take over my shop. You're the perfect person for the job! Would you be interested?"

Mr. Tucker was happy that Mr. Brown had thought of him, but he wasn't quite sure why. "I would like to help, but why am I the perfect person?"

Mr. Brown laughed. "Because it's a paint shop, Mr. Tucker! I need someone who knows his colors!"

Mr. Tucker was thrilled. "I'll take it over right away!"

Mr. Brown was relieved when he left town, because he knew his paint shop was in good hands. Sure enough, Mr. Tucker kept the paint shop open for twenty more years, and got to talk about color all day, every day.