

Purple, I like purple...

Since I can't seem to sleep (to be fair I did sleep away most of the day, and now I am bothered by my raw throat again) I thought I would blog a bit. Continuing in my countdown of the original 8 crayon colors I had in my first box of school crayons.

I had crayons before school of course, in fact I had my favorite crayon. I would take it with me where ever I went. Me and my purple crayon. I would use this crayon to write my name. For some reason, I liked to write my name. I'm not sure if this is the first word I learned to spell/read or whatever, but I wrote my name a lot. I wrote my name on bookshelves, pool tables, coffee tables, dining room tables, furniture, in cupboards, and of course on paper. I always wrote with my purple crayon. The funny thing is except for the pool table and paper, I never wrote where others could see. I wrote under tables and shelves, in cabinets and cupboards, on the back of the furniture. I would write my name in all of my 'places'.

I used the dining room table as a fort, I wrote my name. I would 'camp' under the coffee table, I wrote my name. I would hide in cabinets and cupboards and I would write my name. Kind of like "Kilroy was here" only I wrote my name.

Until we moved, my parents never knew how many places I wrote my name, and since we left the house, I'm sure they didn't find it in the permanent places in our old house. Mom removed all traces of my name from any place she found it. I'm glad she didn't make me do it. I still wonder if my name isn't out there somewhere in purple crayon still hiding after all these years.

And even when the [Crayola company](#) calls the color Violet, the crayon color has always been purple to me...