

WOOLLY TANGLES.

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Grandma's knitting basket was quite a mess. She is making an afghan for Nina, to throw over her feet, when she watches TV. She makes small square pieces with wool in many colors. She crochets them and she matches the colors in a wonderful way. The yellow after the blue, the orange after the brown. All these little squares are beautiful. Yet, no two are the same. Then Grandma, takes all these small squares, and attaches them to each other with dark blue wool. There are wool balls in all colors in Grandma's knitting basket. Small and big balls, in all the colors of the world. So far, so good.

But, Calico, the cat woke very early and as she was in a playful mood, she started playing with the wool balls and she made a tangled mess of them.

"Oh, my!, where is my end?" cried the yellow ball, when it woke up.

"Your end is here, with me" said the green ball - "But where is mine?"

"Oh, don't you pull so hard, it hurts" moaned the red ball which was entangled between them.

"I was nicely and tidily would, when I went to sleep. How did I get so tangled up when I woke up?"

"It's all the green ball's fault" said the brown one, which always liked to make trouble.

"Why? What did it do?" asked the violet ball.

"I heard it last night, having a fight with the yellow ball. And they exchanged some very bad language as well."

"Really? What did they say? What did they say?" asked the white ball, which always pretended to be as naive as a white dove, but still liked to get involved in everything.

"Well, the green ball was saying that it saw the yellow ball, stealing color from the Sun. And the yellow ball, accused the green ball of stealing color from the grass. I didn't really believe any of this nonsense. But... they were also talking about you."

"I can't believe it. What did they have to say about me?" asked the white ball, annoyed.

"They said, that you have no color at all. You are not a color, you are an absence of colors."

"Oh, yeah? I'll show them" said the white ball and unwound its thread as far as it could.

"Hey, Where do you think you are going? Can't you see we are trying to untangle ourselves?" Scolded the red ball. "Stay put, or I'm going to cut your thread".

"You better try" answered the white wool and uncoiled itself more.

"What's going on, here?" asked the yellow ribbon.

"How dare you talk to me, you dirty liar" hollered the white ball.

"Whom are you calling a liar? Call your sister that, not me."

"I have no sister"

"So? call your aunt a liar then."

"Hi, Hi, have you forgotten that the white ball is an orphan? It was born in an orphanage" smirked the blue ball and burst out laughing.

The white ball attacked the blue ball, the yellow attacked the green, The brown attacked the red, the black attacked the violet one.

"Oh, granny, look what a racket goes on in your knitting basket" cried Nina, very upset. But in a while she found the spectacle quite enjoyable and she joined in, throwing the wool balls at Calico. Calico got so entangled in the red, yellow, blue, violet, white wool thread and she became so much more colorful.