

Blue

Gary Yang

‘What’s your favourite colour?’

I’ve always loved the colour blue. Not any old blue, mind you. But deep blue, dark blue. The sort of blue that you can lose yourself in, that seems to stretch on forever. If you ever go out into the countryside, away from the harsh noises and sharp lights of the city, and look into the night sky, you’ll know what colour I’m talking about. It’s the impossibly deep blue that stains the space between the stars, that stretches to unfathomable depths, that is always just out of your reach, the colour most people dismiss as ‘black’ that I love so much.

‘Orange,’ I would reply. Too many people liked blue.

Her dress was blue, the first time I met her. Not exactly the right type of blue, but close, and it looked nice on her. It was at some party, a typical teenager party, where we loudly celebrated in drinking and music, rebelling against society, authority and most importantly, our parents. It was pretty tame as parties go, the potheads were quietly puffing away in a corner and people were not yet drunk enough to do anything too stupid, but it was still large and noisy enough to make me feel anxious. I hated crowds and techno, so it baffled me that I somehow found myself there, away from my precious sketchbook and computer. My friend who had forced me to come immediately made a beeline towards the alcohol when we arrived and got smashed, leaving me alone as he hit on some petite girl with disproportionately large tits. It was then I saw

her, me sitting by myself and clutching a Vanilla Coke, and her, blue dress standing out against a sea of miniskirts and jeans with an expression on her face that was both slightly puzzled and also amused. I could tell that she had been unwillingly dragged to the party by a friend as well, although observably she had considerably more social aptitude than me. She smiled and laughed at the right moments in conversations while I sort of hung around people I vaguely knew. It was only by watching her closely that I could discern her true disinterest in those around her. To me, it seemed as though I was surrounded by cardboard cut-outs who were brought out of the basement and put up as a part of preparation for the party. They only existed for these periods of time, before they are packed away and stored, ready for the next one. She was the only real one except for me. Perhaps it was the fantastic boredom I sensed coming from her, telling me she felt the same way about these people as I did. Or maybe it was because of that dress.

‘Do you believe in destiny?’

Over the next hour or so we found ourselves gradually drifting towards each other, until inexplicably I found myself talking to her. It seemed unfathomable that I, a social misfit, was talking to a pretty girl at, of all places, a party! It was almost miraculous. No, not miraculous, I told myself, it was coincidence. Miracles don’t happen and fate doesn’t exist. Everything is merely the outcome of chance, the consequence of millions of microscopic reactions taking place around us, the result of our conscience and unconscious decisions.

We chatted for a while about nothing in particular, our conversation wandering and meandering. We talked about school and the stress that comes with it, my interest in drawing and her interest in music and of course the unfortunate chain of events that brought us there. We shared a dislike of tomatoes and reality television and found out that we had gone to the same kindergarten. It was sort of hard to hear each other over

the constant doof-doof-doof of the music so we went outside. It was quieter there but also colder, and we sat down next to each other on the porch and continued talking. Our breath came out in clouds of mist and I imagined that it was our conversation, frozen by the cold. I was strongly aware of how close her body was next to mine, only several centimetres of air and two layers of clothing between us. We talked for a little while longer before we lapsed into silence. It was only then that I noticed that we were alone together and she seemed to notice it too. She smiled and leaned towards me, as if she was going to tell me some great secret. Instead, she asked: 'Do you want to come with me?'

'Are you a romantic?'

I don't understand people's obsession with eyes. I don't believe they are 'windows into one's soul' or any of that stuff. You can't tell a person's character from their eyes any more than you can tell from their feet. They're just tissue, tissue that detects and responds to light. Romantic bullcrap like that annoys me. But she did have beautiful eyes.

We left the party discreetly, going around the house. She led me to her car.

'Get in,' she said, flashing that smile at me again.

I paused. 'I barely know you. You could be abducting me for all I know.'

'But I'm not,' she replied, the expectant smile still in place.

I mulled this over.

'Fair enough,' I said and got in the car.

She drove unhurriedly and with obvious purpose. It was perhaps 20 minutes before I realised something.

'Hey, where're we going?' I asked her.

'To the countryside,' she answered, as if it was obvious.

'Why?'

'I want to show you something.'

‘What is it?’

She laughed, and it filled the space between us. She looked at me, not caring about the road before her and said, with her eyes sparkling, ‘I want to show you my favourite colour.’

It must have been fate.



Gary Yang wrote this in 2012 when he was a student at Viewbank College in Victoria.