



Mama thought for a minute, and then she
whispered, “Why, Julian, I love you the bluest!
I love you the color of a dragon fly
at the tip of its wing.
I love you the color of a cave
in its deepest, hidden part
where grizzly bears and bats curl up until night.
The mist of a mountain.
The splash of a waterfall.
The hush of a whisper.”

The breath in Julian’s chest grew and grew
and grew until he couldn’t hold it any longer.
Then it came out in a long, velvety sigh.