Who Is My Neighbor?

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Once there was a town where only Blues lived. There were Navy and Indigo, Aqua and Sapphire, Powder Blue and Midnight Blue. They planted irises and forget-me-nots and feasted on blueberries and blue cheese. They sailed on blue waters. Blue jays perched on branches, and brilliant blue cracker butterflies shimmered. The Blues thought they were the coolest colors!
The Yellows lived in a different town. There were Gold and Bronze, Lemon and Mustard, Canary and Pale Yellow. They planted sunflowers and daffodils and feasted on bananas and butterscotch pudding.

They traveled on yellow brick roads. Goldfinches perched on branches, and busy yellow jackets buzzed. The Yellows thought they were the hottest colors!
The Blues and the Yellows did not like one another very much.

Be careful of the Yellows.
We are better than they are.
They are not our neighbors.

They warned their children not to go near the others.

Be careful of the Blues.
We are better than they are.
They are not our neighbors.
For years, the Blues said there was no such thing as a good Yellow.

And the Yellows said there was no such thing as a good Blue.
One day Midnight Blue put on his best blue helmet and got on his blue bike. He loved cruising under the bright blue sky and passing by the tranquil blue lakes, singing a bluegrass tune. Then, out of the blue, someone passed by so close to Midnight Blue that he lost his balance.

_Bump! Thump!_
Midnight Blue tumbled to the ground. His knees started to turn black-and-blue. Midnight Blue needed help.
Along came Navy. Navy will help me! Midnight Blue thought. But Navy was afraid. She wondered, Maybe someone made Midnight Blue fall, and maybe that person is still around! So Navy pretended not to notice Midnight Blue.

Midnight Blue was surprised. Why hadn't Navy stopped to help? After all, Navy was his neighbor.
Along came Powder Blue. *Powder Blue will help me!* Midnight Blue thought. But Powder Blue wondered, *Did Midnight Blue get in a fight? Is the other person still around?* He was afraid, so he pretended not to notice Midnight Blue.

Midnight Blue was surprised. Why hadn't Powder Blue stopped either? After all, Powder Blue was his neighbor.

"Neither Navy nor Powder Blue is true blue."
Along came Lemon. Oh, no! A Yellow! thought Midnight Blue. A Yellow will only make things worse. Maybe this Yellow will steal my books!

But Midnight Blue wasn't the only one who was scared. Lemon worried about helping a Blue. What if that Blue wanted to trick her? What if that Blue jumped up and took her bike? Maybe she should just hurry by.
But Lemon didn’t hurry by. She decided to help. She didn’t steal his books; she picked them up.

She lifted Midnight Blue from the dirt, handed him his helmet, and helped him get on the back of her bike. Then she took him to her doctor.
While they waited, Lemon gave Midnight Blue a butterscotch cookie. It was broken but still delicious.

Midnight Blue said, “You’re a good Yellow, not like the others.”

“Most Yellows are good,” Lemon said.

“So are most Blues,” Midnight Blue said, and he smiled. He pulled out a small bag of blueberries and gave some to Lemon. They were a little squished but still yummy.
When Dr. Gold came out, Midnight Blue was still a bit frightened. Dr. Gold was another Yellow. But Dr. Gold smiled at him. She shined a light into his eyes, checked to make sure nothing was broken, and put a bandage on each knee.

Good as gold!

Midnight Blue turned to Lemon and said, "Thank you for helping me. I would like to be your friend."

Lemon nodded. "Of course! A good friend!"
When Midnight Blue returned to his town, he told all the Blues what had happened. It was not at all what they expected to hear. He said, "Lemon did not pass by. Lemon did not look the other way. Lemon helped! And Dr. Gold did too."

The Blues thought, The Yellows do not look like us or eat the same foods, but maybe the Yellows can be our friends.
When Lemon returned to her town, she told all the Yellows what had happened. It was not at all what they expected to hear. She said, "Midnight Blue wasn't mean at all—he was thankful! He shared his blueberries—so sweet. From now on, we are going to be friends."

The Yellows thought, The Blues do not know our songs or grow our plants, but maybe we can help the Blues and the Blues can help us.
From that time on, the Blues and the Yellows began to say, "Maybe we don't have to look alike or even live nearby. Perhaps we will like hearing new songs and tasting new foods. We might like making new friends! Maybe we can all help one another!"