



## My New Color

Alma's father doesn't let her do what she wants because she is a girl. When Alma asks to repaint a wall in her room, he says that he and Alma's brother will do it for her. Will Alma get to make her room look the way she wants?



My New Color  
Sekar Ayu Adhaningrum

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# Let's Read



**The Asia Foundation**



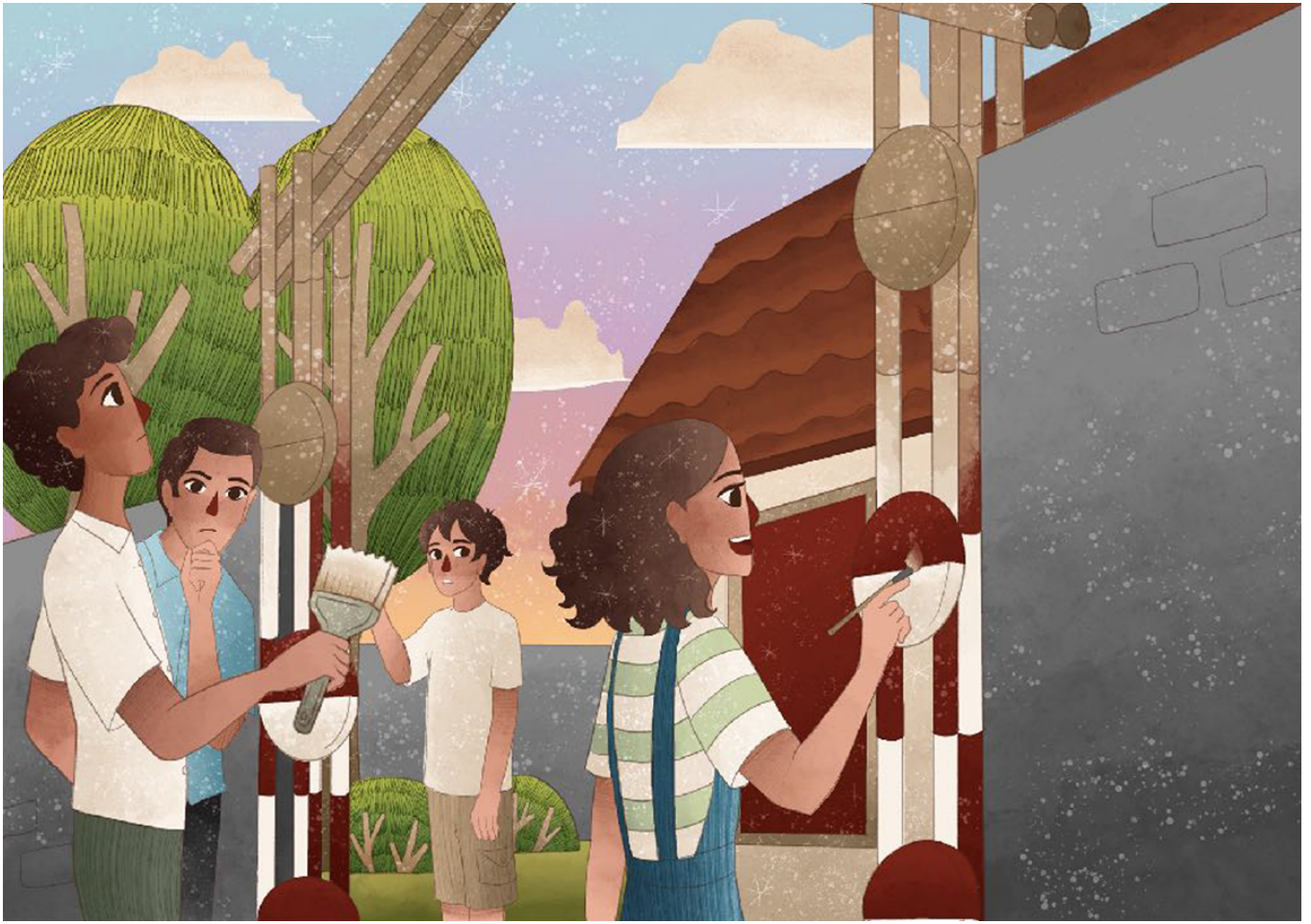
Hurray! It's time for vacation! We're going to the beach. I actually prefer hiking on mountains, but that's okay. The beach is also fun. Swimming, surfing, riding Jet Skis — what else?



Unfortunately, I am only allowed to play in the sand. “It’s too dangerous for girls to play in the sea, Alma,” says Daddy. As usual, I am not allowed to do what I want.



Dear Diary, My vacation was boring. I could only play in the sand. Daddy always says girls cannot do this, girls cannot do that. Doesn't he understand that I have my own desires?



Indonesian Independence Day is coming. People in our neighborhood are busy building a colorful gate to celebrate. I am happy to be involved. The paint splatters on my face and shirt. It's okay. I can clean myself up later.



“What are you doing, Alma? It’s very hot.” Suddenly Daddy is here. “I want to help paint this gate,” I say. “No, no. Please just go home and clean your face.” Huh. As usual, I am not allowed to do what I want.





Dear Diary, I tried to paint the gate for Independence Day. It was very fun. But I only got to do a little before Daddy told me to go home.



I can only watch the excitement of painting the gate from my room. Hmm...If I can't paint the gate, maybe I can paint my wall. I've been thinking about changing the color of my wall for a long time. I don't like the current pink.



“Why would you change that? Don’t you girls like pink?” asks Daddy. I shake my head. I want to change the color. “Okay, next Sunday your brother, Yodi, and I will paint your wall. What color do you want?” I actually want to try painting it by myself. But it’s okay, as long as my wall is not pink anymore.



Dear Diary, My wall will soon be a new color. Which color should I pick?  
Yellow or blue?



Finally, today is Sunday. I have been looking forward to today all week.



I wait for Daddy and Yodi, but they do not show up. I look for them and find them in the garage. "Please be patient, Alma. I am still teaching Yodi how to fix the broken chain on this bike," Daddy says. "So I can help you if someday your bike's chain breaks," adds Yodi.



They take a long time. Fine. I decide to try to paint by myself. Mixing colors is always fun. I start with blue, yellow and red. Soon I will have purple, green and orange.



Suddenly Yodi appears. “Hey, why didn’t you wait for me? Do you think you can do that? Let me do it.” “I can do it myself!” I shout.

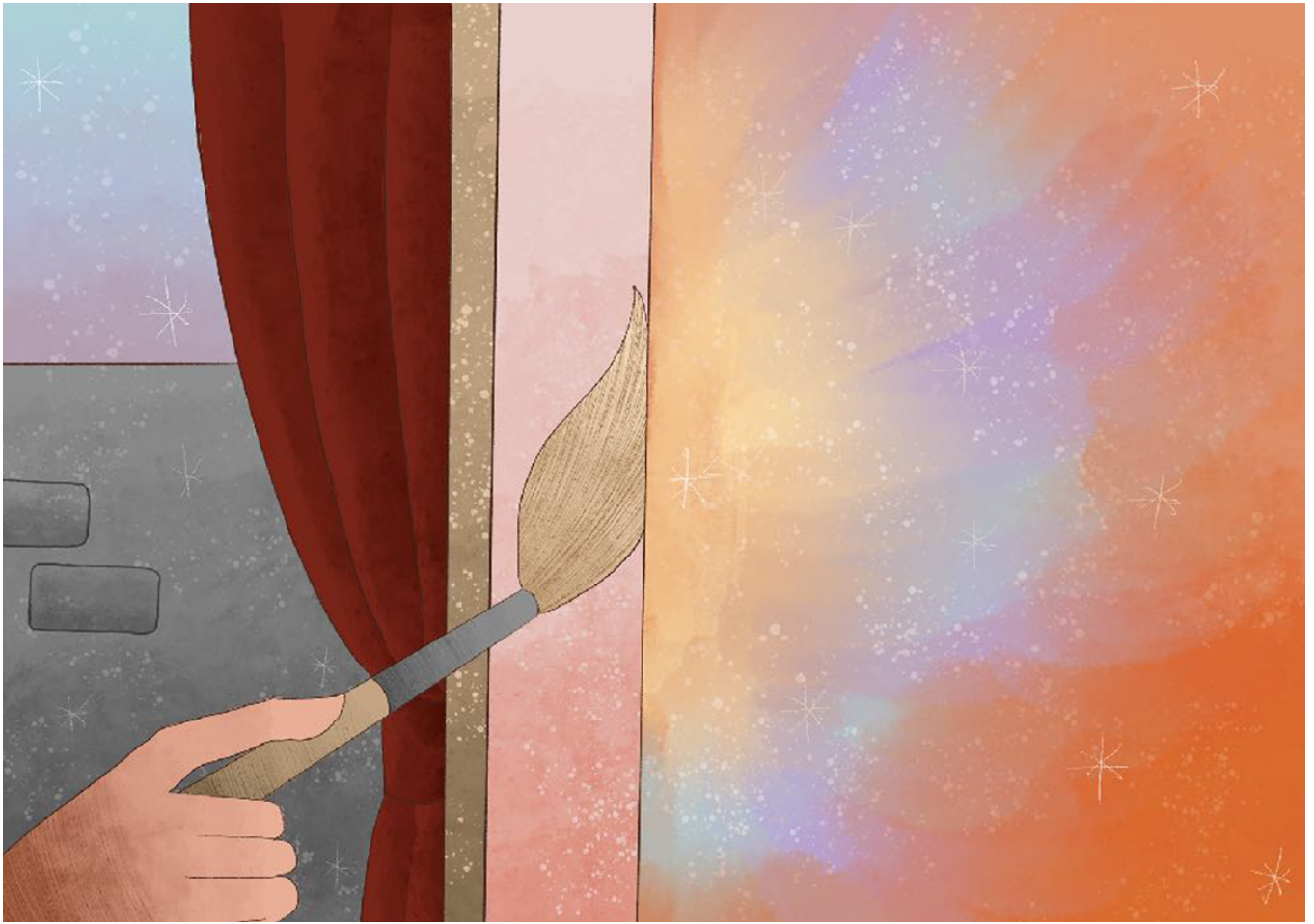




“See, your color looks uneven,” says Yodi. “No!” I reply. “This is not bad. I will even it out. That’ll be easy!”



Done! But only the bottom half. I cannot reach the higher part. I think I will leave it as it is. The combination of pink and orange is nice.



I don't want my wall to be plain, though. I want to play with shapes and colors. What can a triangle be? Where should I put some circles of different sizes?



“Alma, what are you doing? Those shapes are not clear,” Yodi says. “This is my own creation,” I reply. “Just wait and see. This will be great!”



“Here, let me paint for you!” says Yodi impatiently. “No! I want to do it by myself.” I look around my room. It is so messy. The paint has splattered everywhere.



Mom comes! She tells Yodi to clean up the mess. "Do you want to paint with me, Mom?" I ask. Mom nods with excitement. "What can a triangle be?" she asks. "Oh, I know! I also know what circles can be. What do you think, Mom?"



Suddenly Daddy shows up. “Wow, your wall is cool, Alma,” he says. “I didn’t think you could do this. It is not finished yet, is it? Do you need help?” Just in time! Daddy can paint the higher part.



“Alma, can I join in painting your wall?” asks Yodi. “What is your idea?” “How about stars? I can make stars. What do you think?” “But I already have stars,” I reply. “I will make more stars!” Yodi says happily.





Perfect.



I am so happy today. My wall finally has a new color, and half of this is my own work. I thanked Daddy, Mom and Yodi for helping me. Look at this. What do you think of my new colors?



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