

The Blue Grumpkin



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Autumn was a season known for its warm color palette—reds, browns, oranges, and yellows.

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And then there was Julius, the blue grumpkin...

Julius didn't mind
being different.






But he did mind being put on display
with all the orange pumpkins.



Julius felt like Halloween should have been his night. He could be his natural pumpkin bucket self while everyone else wore a costume.



Julius wanted to know why his mom made him blue when his sister got to stay orange. She said she wanted everyone to know he was "special."




One lady gave me a
bottle of probiotics.
Everyone thinks I
have allergies.

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Last year, Julius's best friend got loads of candy. Julius got 32 plastic spider rings, three toothbrushes, a yo-yo that didn't work, and an existential crisis.



Julius was less-than-thrilled about the prospect of running into his classmates from school. Being different was a hazard, and wearing his difference made it downright dangerous.



Hey little buddy.
Why are you
so blue? That's
unusual...

This is an ironic
attempt to relieve me
of the burden of
communication.

