

THE COLOR BROWN

By Jeannie Serpa

His brown hair is neatly trimmed. He arrives at my door in his brown uniform: brown shorts in summer, brown trousers in winter. His suntanned hands deliver a brown cardboard carton. I thank him as he dashes back to his brown truck. "Have a good day," he calls, as he speeds up the hill while he gulps his brown coffee from a Starbucks paper cup. A brown trail of dust follows in the truck`s wake.

Fashion experts tell us that the biggest color this season is chocolate brown; my UPS man is so "in". Decorators warn us never, never to carpet a floor with brown. "Too depressing", they say. "It pulls the spirit down." But these brown clad men everywhere are cheerful and pleasant, perhaps trained to be so. They defy this psychological interpretation of the color.

The doorbell rings. Today he hands me an extra large carton. "This must be my new winter coat!" I exclaim. I thank him as I make a mental note to remember him this Christmas. Excitement reigns as I tear open the package. I`ve ordered a bright red car coat-the most cheerful color in the catalogue. I can`t wait, and rip away at the packing.

Oh!

The coat is brown.