

Transcript for Story On Podcast: Persimmon of Orangetown - Inspiration

Chapter 1: Opening

Hello friends and welcome to Story On! I'm Laura, your host and I am so glad that you are able to join us here today.

So today, we are talking about inspiration!

Have you ever gotten an idea in your head and you just couldn't stop thinking about it??

I had an idea for a story last week and it's been on my mind ever since!

It was so stuck in my head that I had to change my plan for today's show, because I was just so inspired by this story idea!

Let's talk about inspiration. What is it? Where does it come from? What does it mean to be inspired??

Well, inspiration is a wonderful thing that gets you excited about an idea. It usually makes you want to take action. Like in my case, it made me want to write and share a story with you!

When it comes to storytelling, inspiration can come from all kinds of places. It could come from a song, a game you play with friends, a favorite movie or book, or even a toy....anything that sparks your interest and makes you want to tell your own story!

Now I'll tell you guys about what inspired me to write today's story.

So there is a fantastic Canadian author named Sheree Fitch, whose stories and poems I've enjoyed since I was a kid.

I really love her poems. They're playful and silly.

In her book called *Toes in My Nose*, is a wonderful poem called Mable Murple.

I'll read it for you now.

*Mabel Murple's house was purple
So was Mabel's hair
Mabel Murple's cat was purple
Purple everywhere.
Mabel Murple's bike was purple
So were Mabel's ears
And when Mabel Murple cried
She cried terrible purple tears.*

What do you think of that poem? I just love it and I often get Mable Murple stuck in my head.

So, last week, I was inspired to write a story after thinking about Mable Murple.

Let's get to it!

Now, time for the story!

[fading chimes]

Chapter 2: Story

This is *Persimmon of Orangetown*.

Ok, so is the story of Persimmon and the day her whole world was forever changed.

This is an unusual story because it happens in a place very different from where you and I live.

You see, Persimmon lived in a little village called Orangetown.... on a little farm with her mom, dad and big brother and all their animals. They had cows, pigs, horses and chickens.

It was a pretty boring and ordinary place. Your regular small town kinda deal. Not much going on. Lots of empty space, lots of trees, and farms, and not that many people or buildings. Everybody knew everybody. Life was pretty calm and ordinary.

Oh, I mean except for that everything was orange. I mean, EVERYTHING was orange. The sky was orange. The grass was orange. The people were orange. The animals were...you guessed it, orange.

They didn't have any other colors there. The people in Orangetown had never even SEEN any other colors. No one even knew that other colors EXIST!

So make sure that you remember that when you're imagining this story. Only orange allowed. Just go ahead and erase all those other colors from your mind.

Yes, even your very favorite color. You won't need it for a while.

Ok, so Persimmon had this super cute little cuddly kitty named Pumpkin.

Pumpkin followed Persimmon everywhere. She was a happy little kitty with long, fluffy grey fur. No! Her fur wasn't grey! It was orange!

That was a test. Did you pass it?

Persimmon, for the most part, was a regular, happy kid.

She loved animals, reading and had a very intense love for mac and cheese with a side of ketchup. I swear she would eat it all day, every day if her parents would let her....

Anyway, on this particular day in Orangetown, Persimmon got up at the crack of dawn because it was her turn to feed the animals.

After finishing, she went to sit under her favorite oak tree. She leaned with her back against the giant tree and Pumpkin sauntered over with her crooked little tail sticking in the air. Pumpkin lay down right next to Persimmon, purring cheerfully, and rolled over, wanting Persimmon to rub her fluffy little belly.

Persimmon happily petted her softly. "Hi little kitty. You're so cute! You're just so cute!" she said lovingly as she bent her head down close to Pumpkin's face.

That's when she noticed something odd about Pumpkin's front left paw. Like super duper unbelievably bizarre.

Unlike anything she'd ever seen before!

Persimmon was stunned and perplexed as she gently lifted Pumpkin's leg and pulled it in for a closer look.

(Persimmon): "What in the fried tomatoes is on your paw!? That's...that's not orange! That looks like....A WHOLE DIFFERENT COLOR!?"

Persimmon touched Pumpkin's paw and was even more shocked when some of the color came off and smudged onto the tips of Persimmon's fingers.

"Gasp! Whoaaaaa! Now it's on ME!" Persimmon was astounded. "Is this real life? Am I dreaming???" she whispered.

She pinched herself to check. It hurt! "Youch! Guess it's not a dream then?"

She looked closer at the color on her fingers, and on Pumpkin's paw. It was the most incredible and beautiful sight she had ever seen.

"I could just stare at this forever!" she said, her voice full of admiration.

Just then, she heard footsteps. Someone was calling her name.

"Persimmon! Persimmon! Where are you?"

She knew exactly who it was: Tangerine.

You knew his name had to have something to do with the color orange, didn't you?

Anyway, Tangerine is her big brother. Only by a year, but to him, it must seem more like a million years. Tangerine is always trying to boss Persimmon around and tell her what to do and where she should be.

Ugh, he would definitely want to take control of the situation if he knew what she'd just found. She did not want that to happen.

She was the one who found the color. Not him. This was her mystery and she wanted to be the one to lead the investigation. Persimmon knew that she needed

more time before she got anyone else involved. Especially a bossy pants like Tangerine.

She heard the footsteps getting closer. "Quick! Hide your paw, Pumpkin!".

Persimmon rearranged herself and Pumpkin so that *the color* was hidden.

Tangerine appeared in front of the tree. "Whatcha doing sitting here, Persimmon? You're looking mighty relaxed for someone on animal duty this morning.... don't you have work to do?"

Persimmon smiled sweetly, "Already fed the animals, Tangerine. Now I'm just sitting and relaxing with Pumpkin here for a minute and I'll get back to work. I know YOU'VE been working hard the last few days busting your butt on the farm. Why don't you go back inside and take a rest? Maybe... read a book, play some video games or something? I mean, you deserve it after all! I can handle everything out here."

Tangerine paused, surprised. Persimmon wasn't usually so agreeable. In fact, she was pretty much ALWAYS disagreeable, especially when she felt that he was being bossy, which he knew he kinda was.

He narrowed his eyes at her. "Are you sure?" he asked, cautiously.

"Yep! Piece of cake! I got this," she answered, trying to act casually. *Please leave, please leave, please leave.* She desperately tried to will Tangerine back inside with the power of her thoughts.

To her relief, he slowly turned and began walking away.

"Ok, uhhh if you say so....but I'll be inside if you need anything..." he said, before disappearing out of sight.

Persimmon relaxed. She let out a big sigh, "Phew. That was close!"

She looked again at the color on her fingers. "What does this mean!? Where did it come from? Are there even MORE colors out there?"

She stood up, looking around at the farm land surrounding her. Orange, orange and more orange.

Now that she was thinking about the possibility of other colors, the orange landscape looked ridiculous. Too bright and obnoxious. It kind of made her eyes hurt.

(Persimmon): "What other colors could be out there? And where can we find them? Hmmmm, I found a color on you paw, Pumpkin. That means you must have stepped in it somewhere. But where!? It can't be far from here. You stick pretty close to home. Let's start by checking all your favorite places! One at a time, then go from there."

Pumpkin let out a long, drawn out meooooowwww as if to agree.

(Persimmon): "Come on, Pumpkin. We've got work to do".

The two walked toward the barn. Pumpkin spent a lot of time in there. It's where she liked to do two of her most favorite hobbies: napping and bathing herself.

It's pretty cozy in there with lots of straw everywhere and she seemed to like the company of the other animals.

Just so long as Clementine the cow wasn't around. Those two did NOT get along.

Persimmon felt hopeful as she pushed open the old, heavy door and she and Pumpkin walked into the barn.

"If I were a wonderful new color, where would I be??" she wondered as she scanned the inside of the old barn.

She took a deep breath, "Mmm barn smell. It's stinky, but pleasant at the same time. How that can be is one of life's great mysteries."

She looked at Pumpkin who was having a nice stretch. Simply entering the barn seemed to have made her sleepy.

Persimmon watched to see where she went. "Maybe she'll lead me right to it!" she waited, expectantly.

Pumpkin slowly sauntered over to the horse stables and casually rubbed her back against the gate.

“Do you want to go in there, girl?” Persimmon asked, softly. Pumpkin meowed in reply and looked up at the gate, waiting. “Ok! Here we go!” Persimmon excitedly opened the gate and stepped into the horse’s stall.

The two horses whinnied and neighed as they greeted their guests. Pumpkin purred in response.

Persimmon quickly walked around the stall, head down as she carefully looked for any signs of *the color*.

She felt a squish under her shoe. “Ugh! Horse poop! Grrreat!” She dragged her shoe on the floor, trying to scrape it off as she continued to search the stall.

She sighed, disappointed. “Just orange...with some poop for a bonus,” she said sadly. Pumpkin headed for the door. “You’re right, Pumpkin, lots of other places to check,” Persimmon was really talking to herself, trying to stay positive.

She blew the horses a little kiss on her way out. “Where to next Pumpkin?” her voice trying very hard to be hopeful.

Pumpkin quickly scurried to the other side of the barn and stood in front of a little door. “Hmmm. The supply closet, eh? There’s lots of random stuff in there....” Persimmon braced herself. Would she find a clue in here?

She slowly opened the door. There was a whole lotta crud in there. Various cleaning supplies, shovels, pitch forks, different types of grains, a bucket seemingly for every day of the week, and lots of other things too.

Things that didn’t even make sense to have in a barn. Like why was there a giant, rusty barrel in there? She’d never seen anyone use it. Also, what’s the point of having a poster of a fancy old car in there? Who even sees it?!

Looking at the shelves, she sighed. Boxes. Tons and tons of repurposed old boxes in varying sizes. Who knew what would be in there! This could take forever.

She picked up an old shoebox, and opened it cautiously. It was filled with a bunch of different sizes of screws, nails, and tools. Hammers, screwdrivers. Even a small little hand saw.

But everything was orange. No sign of the other color in there. Persimmon put it back down.

“Don’t overthink it. Follow your gut,” she encouraged herself. “There has to be a clue. There has to be! I just need to find it...somewhere.” She bent down and looked under the bottom shelf. “Is that...? Could it be??”

She pulled a flashlight off the door where it was hanging and got down on all fours. Shining the flashlight into the back right corner, at the very back of the closet under the shelf, she saw it. *The color*. It was mixed in with the straw.

“Pumpkin! I see it!! It’s right here in the corner of the closet! This must be where you found...”

A head peeked in behind her, trying to see what she was looking at.

“What’ve you got in there, Persimmon??” It was Tangerine! He must have come back in to check on her and she was too busy digging around in the closet to have noticed!

He pushed past her and got down on his knees as he peered into the corner.

She stomped her foot quietly. Shoot. Shoot shoot shoot.

Tangerine stood up slowly. He was rubbing his fingers together, awe-stricken. The color was smudging around on his fingers, just as it had hers.

“Persimmon, what! Is! This!?? This isn’t orange!? It’s....another....color!? How is this possible! What is going on!?! How did this get here!?” Tangerine was dumbfounded.

Persimmon held up her fingers where the color remained smudged from earlier, her face serious. “I found it this morning, on Pumpkin’s paw,” she admitted. “I was going to tell you, I just wanted to see what I could find out on my own, first...”

Just then, there was a commotion behind them. The sound of a scuffle on the wooden floor. Meowing and hissing, and a long, loud moooooooo! Clementine. Tangerine must have brought her in the barn.

Persimmon ran toward the sound just in time to see Pumpkin dart out the barn door as quick as lightning. Persimmon leapt out of the barn, landing with a thump on the dusty ground, searching desperately for any sign of Pumpkin.

Last time Clementine and Pumpkin had a run in, Pumpkin had disappeared for a whole entire day. Persimmon had been so worried, wondering if she would ever see her again. She didn't want that to happen again. She had to find her before she got too far.

This color business would have to wait! Nothing was more important to her than that cat.

Persimmon scanned the orange landscape all around her. It is really tootin' hard to find something when everything basically looks the same!

There, in the distance, she saw a teeny tiny figure traveling quickly down the driveway. Pumpkin!

Persimmon hopped quickly on her bike and sped down the driveway, wobbling slightly as her tires spun on the loose dirt road.

She didn't dare take her eyes off Pumpkin. She may not be able to spot her again.

She heard a loud and long, "Pummmmpkinnnnn," being called out behind her. Tangerine. He was on his bike too.

He caught up to Persimmon. She glanced at him quickly. He gave her a sympathetic look. He knew how much she loved that cat.

(Tangerine): "Don't worry, we'll find her. And we'll figure out the color thing. Together." Aww shucks. Look who wasn't being an annoying big brother, after all!

Persimmon blinked back tears, gave him an appreciative smile and nodded quickly. Then she refocused on Pumpkin, trotting along ahead. She was at the road now. She turned and began running down the edge of the road.

“She’s going towards town! We’ll get her. We’ll get her,” Tangerine reassured his sister.

Man, that cat was fast. But, they were able to stay close enough to keep sight of Pumpkin. But it wasn’t easy. She didn’t so much as stop even for a second.

She just ran right down main street, past the grocery store and the school.

Persimmon and Tangerine panted heavily. She was taking them on quite a chase.

“Where is that dang cat going!? And how is she not tired!? What have you been feeding her!?” Tangerine was struggling to keep up.

“I have no idea! But doesn’t it seem like she’s leading us somewhere!?” No sooner had Persimmon uttered the words, did Pumpkin make a sudden turn off the road.

She crossed the parking lot of the local gas station and ran straight towards a...phone booth?

Ok, let me explain. So a phone booth is kinda like those sheltered bus stops that you see in cities. But instead of waiting there for the bus, you step in to use this huge old phone. They were everywhere long ago before most people had cell phones. So yeah, ancient history. Anyway, all you need is a quarter and you can use it. The really fancy ones even take credit cards.

So, Pumpkin ran right in the phone booth (the door was open) and she sat down, seeming to wait for Persimmon and Tangerine to catch up.

They hopped down and hurriedly threw their bikes to the ground. No time for kick stands. They slowly walked over to the phone booth.

“Careful, we don’t want her to take off again!” whispered Tangerine.

“It’s ok girl. No need to be scared. Let’s just go home and you’ll never have to see Clementine again, ever, ok?” Persimmon said gently as she slowly walked towards Pumpkin.

Pumpkin sat up taller as Persimmon got closer. She looked up at the phone and let out a loud and forceful meow. Persimmon stopped, puzzled. It seemed like Pumpkin was trying to tell her something.

“Do you want me to pick up the phone, Pumpkin Pie??” she asked. Pumpkin purred loudly. “Guess that’s a yes.”

Persimmon stepped into the phone booth and picked up the phone. She slowly pressed it against her ear. “It’s ringing!” she whispered excitedly to Tangerine, who was waiting exhausted, and sprawled out in the grass next to the booth.

He gave an unenthusiastic thumbs up.

Pumpkin now seemed indifferent. She began cleaning her paws and yawned. Persimmon’s heart pounded as she waited. Would someone answer???

Suddenly, there was a click on the other end of the line. “Hello?” said an unfamiliar voice.

“Hello! Who’s this?” Persimmon asked, excitedly. Who was on the other end of the line!? Did they have any answers??

(Kid): “BOO!!!”

It sounded like a little kid?

(Persimmon): “Boo? Boo who??”

(Kid): “Whatcha cryin about?!?”

Persimmon was puzzled.

(Persimmon): “...huh? I have no idea what just happened there. Anyway, ‘BOO’....I’m calling from Orangetown. Have you heard of it?”

(Kid): “No, but I like to eat oranges. Mmmm delicious and nutritious.”

Persimmon took a deep, calming breath.

(Persimmon): "Listen, I'm calling from a small town called Orangetown. Everything around here is orange. We don't have any other colors at all. Then, today, out of nowhere, I found another color on my cat's paw! So there are more colors out there and we are trying to find them! Do you know any other colors?!"

(Kid): "You only have orange?! Yikes, you're missing out! We have like a million colors. Red, blue, black, pink, purple, white, yellow, orange, and a whole bunch of shades of each of those colors. You gotta find more colors. Only orange sounds like a headache waiting to happen."

Persimmon had been listening, stunned. So many colors!

(Persimmon): "That sounds incredible! Any idea where we could find more colors!?"

(Kid): "Have you tried an art supply store? There's always tons of colors in there."

(Persimmon): "An art supply store??"

(Kid): "Yeah, they always have lots of paints and crayons in all the colors of the rainbow there. Anyway, I gotta go. It's my turn to hide in hide in seek! Good luck in Bananatown."

[click]

Persimmon hung up.

(Persimmon): "Well, that was confusing. Kids, am I right?! Hey, Tangerine! Have you ever heard of an art supply store?!"

Tangerine had somehow fallen asleep and was snoring loudly. Persimmon knelt down next to him and said his name loudly in his ear "Tangerine!" That got his attention.

He sat up, looking confused as he took in his surroundings. "Right. Runaway cat. And mysterious color mystery," he murmured. "What's that you were asking about? Some kind of supply store?"

(Persimmon): "An art supply store! Some kid named 'Boo' on the other end of the phone said they have like a million colors where she is! And she said art supply

stores have lots of what was it...Prayons and caint? No...that doesn't sound quite right....crayons and paint? Was that it??? Anyway, do you know of anywhere we could find art supplies?"

Tangerine jumped to his feet. "Art supplies....hmmm I've never heard of such stuff. But the word *art*...that sounds familiar. Where do I know it from....? Got it! There's a weird, abandoned store in behind the library! It's called something like 'The Amazing Art Store.' I never really paid it much attention before now! Should we go check it out!?"

Persimmon didn't answer. She was already picking up her bike and gently placing Pumpkin in the basket at the front. Pumpkin almost looked to be smiling as she slept peacefully.

Persimmon paused and looked back at Tangerine. "Coming or what?" she asked.

"Ummm cha! Wouldn't miss it!!! Let's go!" he responded, excitedly.

Minutes later, they had pulled into the parking lot at The Amazing Art Store.

There clearly hadn't been anyone in there for a very long time. The windows were covered with a thick coat of dust and dirt.

The kids tried to peer in but couldn't see anything. There were cobwebs in the corners of the windows, even on the outside.

They walked over to the door. Persimmon gingerly put her right hand up to the doorknob. Her heart was racing. Could this be the beginning of a whole new, colorful world!?

She turned the doorknob and much to her surprise, the door swung right open. It was unlocked. She and Tangerine exchanged shocked looks.

They stepped slowly inside, ducking to avoid the sticky spiderwebs that seemed to be everywhere.

Tangerine let out a moan. Everything was orange. This is not what they were expecting. "Sorry, sis. Looks like just a bunch of tired old orange in here..." he said sadly.

“Nope! Not giving up just yet,” Persimmon replied. She took a few steps further into the store and looked around.

Seeing a sign that said Paint, she turned down the aisle.

She reached out and picked up a bottle of this so-called paint. It looked orange. But then, she rubbed on the front with her finger. The orange came off and revealed...another new color!

This one was brighter than the one she'd found on Pumpkin's paw. She let out an excited “OMG!” And read the label. “Y-E-L-L-O-W...yelllllow...Tangerine! Look! Another color! This one's called yellow!”

Tangerine ran over and quickly picked up another bottle. He wiped the dust off with his shirt. Another new color. “B-L-U-E...blue! This one is blue!!!” he said, eyes wide.

They continued wiping bottles and revealing color after color after color. Soon, they had discovered all the colors that the little girl had mentioned.

Suddenly, a bottle of each of the six colors began to float in the air to form a straight line: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple.

“What is happening!?” yelled Persimmon.

Each paint bottle began to shake wildly and a flash of light burst out of the top of each bottle. Persimmon and Tangerine hugged each other tightly and closed their eyes.

There were a lot of loud noises. Whooshing, swirling, gusts of wind. Then, a high pitched ringing sound as the air calmed. The ringing faded quickly away. Everything was suddenly calm and still.

The two stood, holding each other with their eyes shut tightly. They loosened their grip. They began to let go of one another.

“What. Just. Happened!?” Persimmon said as she cautiously opened her left eye. She gasped at what she saw.

“Colors!!! Colors everywhere!” Tangerine said as he laughed gleefully. He’d taken the words right out of her mouth.

Looking around the store, the two were overjoyed to see it had completely transformed. It was no longer totally orange.

In fact, the walls were now a pale yellow. The floor was a pretty bright blue. The store was filled with colorful art supplies and the words and prices displayed throughout the store were written in words of varying colors.

“We have to show everyone!” shouted Persimmon, as she reached beside her for Tangerine’s hand.

That’s when she noticed his skin was purple. She looked down at herself. She was also purple.

As they turned to face each other, they laughed and jumped up and down happily. They linked hands and they burst through the door.

When they stepped outside, they could not believe their eyes. Everything was different out there too.

The landscape, the buildings, the ground, the whole world was no longer only orange.

The grass was pink.

The sky was yellow.

The roads were white.

Persimmon excitedly ran over to a flower bush close to the library.

Yellow, brown and pink flowers, surrounded by purple leaves.

“It’s all so gorgeous!” she yelled, in disbelief. “Who knew the world could be so stinkin’ beautiful!?”

She smiled.

The End

Chapter 3: Discussion

Well there. Persimmon and Tangerine got the colorful world they were looking for.

I had so much fun writing this story inspired by Sheree Fitch's poem *Mable Murple*.

I decided to make this world orange, because I thought that would be a really intense color to be surrounded with all the time.

I tried to think of a rhyming name for Orange but I just couldn't come up with anything that I liked. Orange is a tricky word to rhyme with!

So, I decided to create names that were related to the category orange, instead. And, since this is a world different from ours, I wanted it to keep looking different, even after it was colorful.

Before we go today, I asked a fellow storyteller to come by and talk about what inspires her!

(Laura): Hi! Would you like to say your name and something special about yourself?

(Maslan): Hi I'm Maslan and I love climbing trees because it's so adventurous.

(Laura): Oh, fun! Hey Maslan, today I shared a poem that inspired my story. Where do you get inspiration when you create stories?

(Maslan): I look into my life and figure out which would be more exciting. Like when I slide down a giant slide that was like really big or I jump off the high dive or something like that and then I add details. Like pretend like the top of the slide was covered in fire so I had to get out into the water quickly or that the high dive board was burning so I had to jump off really quickly or something like that.

(Laura): Oooh a burning slide! That sounds like a very exciting idea for a story! Thanks for sharing with us today, Maslan! Bye!

(Maslan): Bye!

Today I would like to say a special thank you to Audrey for being the voice of the kid on the phone.

And I would like to give a big thank you to Maslan for telling us what inspires her to create stories.

We hope you'll all come back and listen again soon.

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