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**RED IS  
COMMUNISM  
GREY IS  
CHANGE  
YELLOW IS  
CAPITALISM  
WHITE IS  
THE END**

## **RED – IS THE COLOUR OF COMMUNISM**

It is the colour of the X written over the sign “freedom of speech”. It is the colour of hearts beating in a queue waiting for food. It is the colour of sharing. It is the colour of the tomatoes my grandma loved to eat. It is the colour of stories I heard about communism. It is the colour of the star on the hat that my parents wear in their old pictures. It is the colour of the stones that the Berlin Wall was made of. It is the colour of blood that flew through my country when the time came to say “goodbye” to communism. It is the colour of open mouths of people standing shocked.

## **GREY – IS THE COLOUR OF CHANGES**

Red started to fade, and it turned into black. Black as fear, black as the unknown, black as “what’s going to happen next?”

Black as a dark sky, sky calling for a storm. It’s the colour of the wire on the Berlin Wall. It is the colour of bombs that used to wake us up while we were hiding in basements during the war in Croatia. It is the colour of the shoes my mother used to wear to work every morning. I heard the echo of the sirens outside while I watched her climbing up the stairs in her black shoes. Black is the colour of a small toy car that my brother used to play with. He broke it one day while running into the basement. It is also the colour of the small radio we used to listen to. It is the colour that many people started to wear after the war. Not just as a part of their wardrobe, but also as a part of their soul. It is the colour of sorrow and funerals.

Then came white. White like clear sky, white like big, soft clouds. It is the colour of doves. It is the colour of hope. It is the colour of shining smiles on the day the Berlin Wall fell. It is the colour of the shirt my father wore on the day he came back home from war. It is the colour of the bottle of milk my mother gave us every evening before going to sleep.

Black and white mixed together and painted this time of changes, painted it in grey. Grey is the colour of buildings in my town. Buildings that look tired but that finally found their place. Grey is the colour of highways that connect us. Grey is the colour of the ground where the Berlin Wall stood. It is also the colour of the foggy morning after all the changes. The morning that brings new changes, new adjustment, new questions.

## **YELLOW – IT IS THE COLOUR OF DEMOCRACY AND THE COLOUR OF CAPITALISM**

It is also the colour of money, the colour of coins and the colour of the dollar symbol. It is the colour of an envious man, a man who wants more and more and is never satisfied. Yellow is the colour of the flowers that my mother planted in our garden when I was in the first grade of elementary school. It is the colour of smiley faces that were presented to us when people were talking about democracy and our new country. It is the colour of a question mark above my head, asking what happened with all those stories. It is the colour of candles that people light praying for better times during these years of crisis. It is the colour of flames in people's eyes while they are running for money and fighting for things. Because people today... they fight for things, they don't fight for people. Everything has a price on it. Even people. Their pride, their dignity...

Yellow is the colour of the paper that used to be white, it's the colour of forgetting. It is the colour of the stars in the night. Stars that seem so unreachable and far away, but yet stunning. **Yellow is the colour of shining dresses that TV celebrities wear. It is the colour of the time we live in and the colour of a small, sad sparkle in my eyes while I'm writing this.** I feel this is a time of shallowness, a time in which we often forget that we are human beings, a time that puts society and the planet earth in second place and profit first. I would like to think differently, I would like somebody to prove me wrong. It was weird growing up in the nineties;

it was often hard to understand all the changes happening around me. Sometimes I feel privileged because I was a child then and I was not aware of all the pain and sorrow, I did not know what war means and what it brings. But that does not mean those times did not leave their mark on me. I feel it every day; I see it in the footsteps of people walking by. That is why this yellow sometimes hurts even more, it burns my eyes. I feel like people were expecting much more, they were fighting for something more, something else, and I am not sure they got it. I feel their disappointment.

Despite all the things I have written so far, I still believe there is the possibility of a better life, a better society. Yellow is not only the colour of sadness and envy, it is also the colour of the sun, the sun that nurtures life on earth. It is the colour of prayer. Prayer for a better tomorrow. Prayer for man, for humanity. It is the colour of protest, it is the colour of screaming and activism. Yellow is the colour of a hand reaching out. That is why I am going to leave space for sunlight to shine into this text, a place for hope, a place that says "it is not so bad, it can be better, we must work to make it better, we can do it." It is a place for a big yellow smile after all the troubles and all the pained times we went through.

Our colours, colours of the time we lived in, make us special, they make us different, and we must do everything in our power to turn those colours into a big rainbow that is going to bring happiness to our world and nice weather after the rain.

## **WHITE FOR THE END – IT IS THE COLOUR OF PURITY, THE COLOUR OF INNOCENCE**

The colour of honesty. I wasn't born in 1989; I was born at the beginning of 1990. I am not writing this to win an award. I just wanted to share my story, to voice my opinion and to express my emotions. Since I am studying journalism, I felt it my obligation to share these thoughts. I want my words to be read, I want them to be heard. I think it is really important to encourage young people to express their opinions, to raise their voices! That is why I wrote this. And that is all.

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