

# The Man Who Loved Purple

*by* John Olson

There was a man who loved the color purple. He loved it so much that he bought hundreds of gallons of purple and began to paint everything purple.

He painted his clothes purple. His house, his car, his wife, his children, his hopes, his dreams, his personality, his garden, his goals, his experiences, his sorrows, his pleasures, his money, his memories, his towels, his furniture, everything, everything purple.

If it had a surface, he painted it purple. If it didn't have a surface, he painted it purple.

If it had logic, he painted it purple. If it did not have logic, he painted it purple. And included some logic. The logic of painting everything purple.

He painted winter purple, summer purple, spring purple, and autumn purple. It was the world's first purple autumn.

He spent his entire life painting everything purple. And when he died he continued to paint everything purple. Including death. And eternity. And black holes.

Black holes were now purple holes.

He was a very persistent man, this man that loved the color purple.

