Colour effects

by Ulrike

Catherine packed away her winter clothes. "You have served your purpose for now", she soliloquized, emphatically.

"It's May, the trees are greening, the flower's are blooming, the colours are back and I'm definitely in a mood for them".

She browsed through her wardrobe, looking for her summer clothes and was putting aside what to wear for the next day, while the radio forecast 74°F (23°C).

With a broad grin, she chose a light, swinging cotton circle skirt in warm orange, in combination with a sunny yellow linen blouse, imagining Joe's flabbergasted expression at the sight.

"Yes, that's it," she thought, satisfied with her choice. "Now, where are the wedges to match this?

She wrinkled her forehead, tipping her forefinger against her lips.

"Damn, sometimes it seems as if things vanish into thin air, while leaving everything in order. But oh yes, now I know where I left them," she thought. "Fine." Her grin returned.

Even though it was only May, the next day was indeed like early summer. The sun was shining from a blue cloudless sky, a treat where it touched her skin. Catherine walked buoyantly along the street.

Later, in the office, it was a busy day, but nevertheless Catherine's 'look' attracted attention. Her winning smile warmed up the working atmosphere and made it seem more friendly. She received a lot of compliments.

Joe hadn't realized the reason for the difference in the office, and was somewhat puzzled, without knowing why. Each time he paced through the office, something bright dragged at him from the corner of his eyes. Finally, he got around to greeting Catherine.

"Uh, Radcliffe, your appearance is blinding me." He shielded his eyes with his hands.

"Joe, there's a difference between screaming bright and warm colours. You know that, don't you? So, your eyes are not at risk. Don't worry Joe, you can trust me.

"I'll bring only sunshine into your life", she reassured him, with a grin."

Joe had no coherent response to that.