



# The Missing Colors

*Warna yang Hilang*



Waitatiri

Illustrated by Kartika Paramita



## **Author's Note**

I wrote this book for my final project in Education in Uncertainty class at Harvard Graduate School of Education. The story is inspired by a real story from my interview with a bullying survivor, who is represented by the main character in this book, Putra (PUT-rah). Putra is a pseudonym, and it means “son” or “boy” in Indonesian. The story is set in Indonesia where I and my interviewee are from. One of the scenes features an Indonesian flag as it is mandatory in Indonesian schools that we have a ceremony every Monday during which we salute the flag. I hope that this book could speak to caregivers and children, including those who have been through or witnessed the harm caused by bullying. This is to let you know that there is always hope and people who love you for who you are.

Happy reading!

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Sometimes I'm blue, just like the sky on a sunny day.

*Kadang aku biru, seperti langit di hari yang cerah.*



Sometimes I'm green, like the field of grass  
behind my grandma's house.

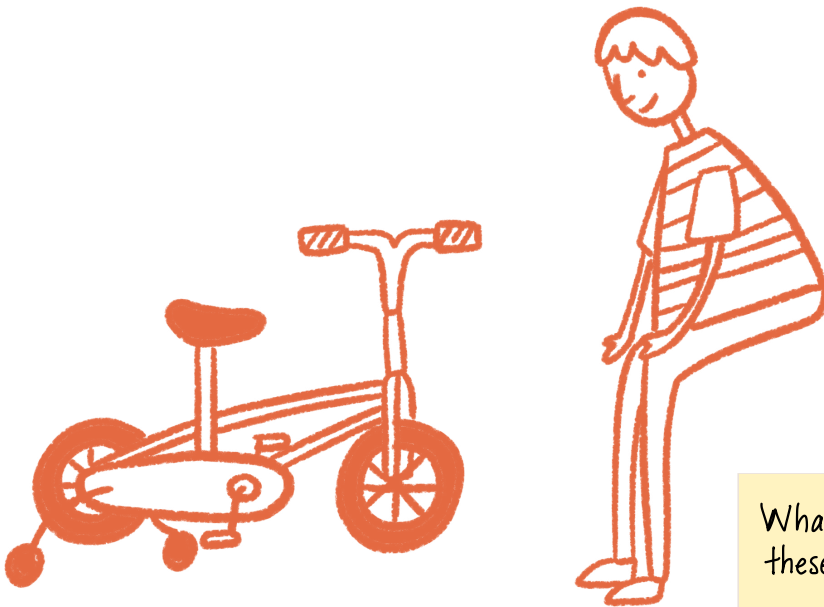
*Kadang aku hijau, seperti kebun di belakang  
rumah nenek yang kukunjungi saat mudik.*





Sometimes I'm red, like the color of my first bike that I got for my third birthday.

*Kadang aku merah, seperti sepeda pertamaku yang dihadiahkan ayah untuk ulang tahunku yang ke-3.*



What do you think these colors mean?

What are they really showing?

Why do you think that?

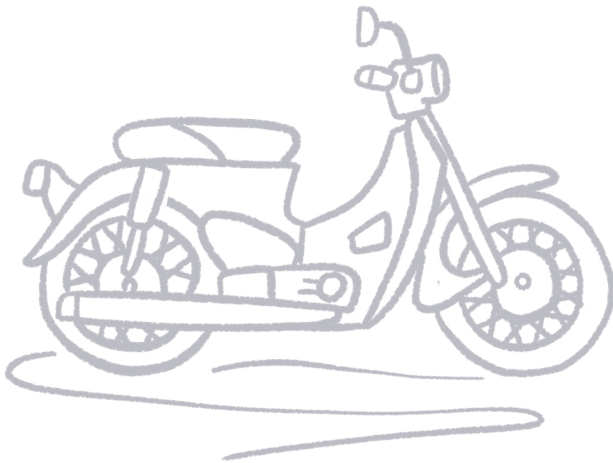
My favorite is yellow! It's bright like the sun and warm like a hug.

*Kuning warna kesukaanku! Ia cerah seperti matahari dan hangat seperti pelukan.*



I haven't seen those colors in a while now.  
I'm just... grey, like the dust piling on my  
dad's old motorbike that he used to drive  
me to school with.

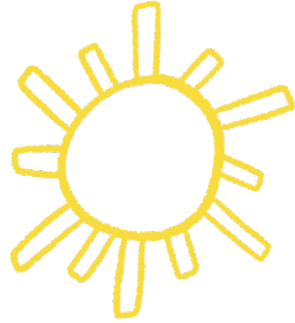
*Sudah lama aku tidak melihat warna-warna itu.  
Sekarang aku abu-abu, seperti debu di motor  
ayah yang dulu beliau kendarai setiap hari  
untuk mengantarku ke sekolah.*



What do you think it  
means to feel grey?

Have you ever felt  
like this?

When? What happened?



I tried to soak up the sun, hoping I would turn yellow.

*Aku coba berjemur, berharap aku bisa menjadi kuning lagi.*

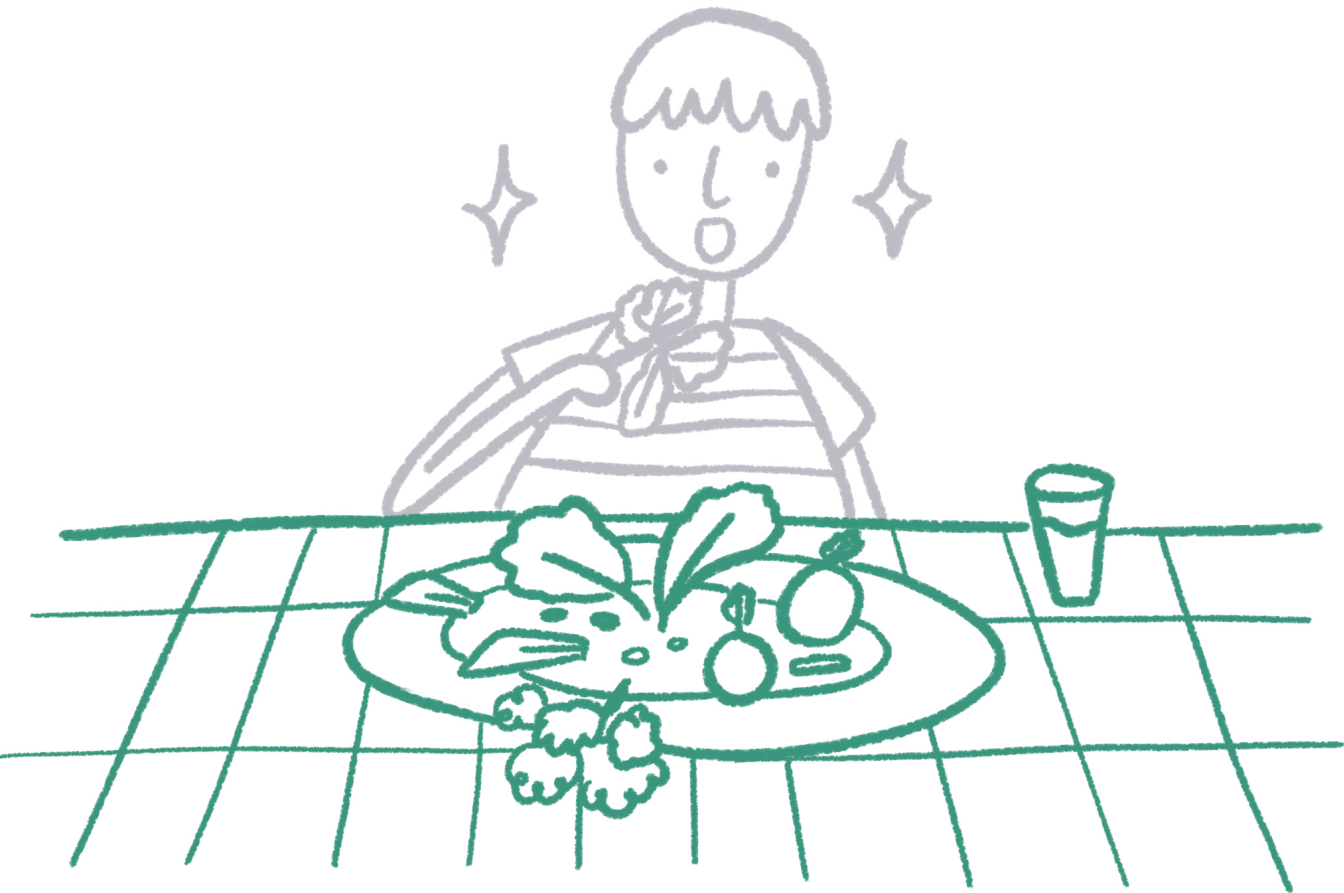


Nothing happened.

*Tapi tidak ada yang terjadi.*

I tried eating lots of vegetables, hoping I would turn green.

*Aku coba memakan banyak sayur, berharap aku bisa menjadi hijau lagi.*



Nothing happened.

*Tapi tidak ada yang terjadi.*

Is this who I am?

*Apakah ini diriku yang sebenarnya?*



At school, everyone has their own colors. I'm the only one that is grey.

*Di sekolah, semua orang punya warna. Hanya aku yang abu-abu.*



They make fun of me everyday. Each time they do it, I turn more grey.

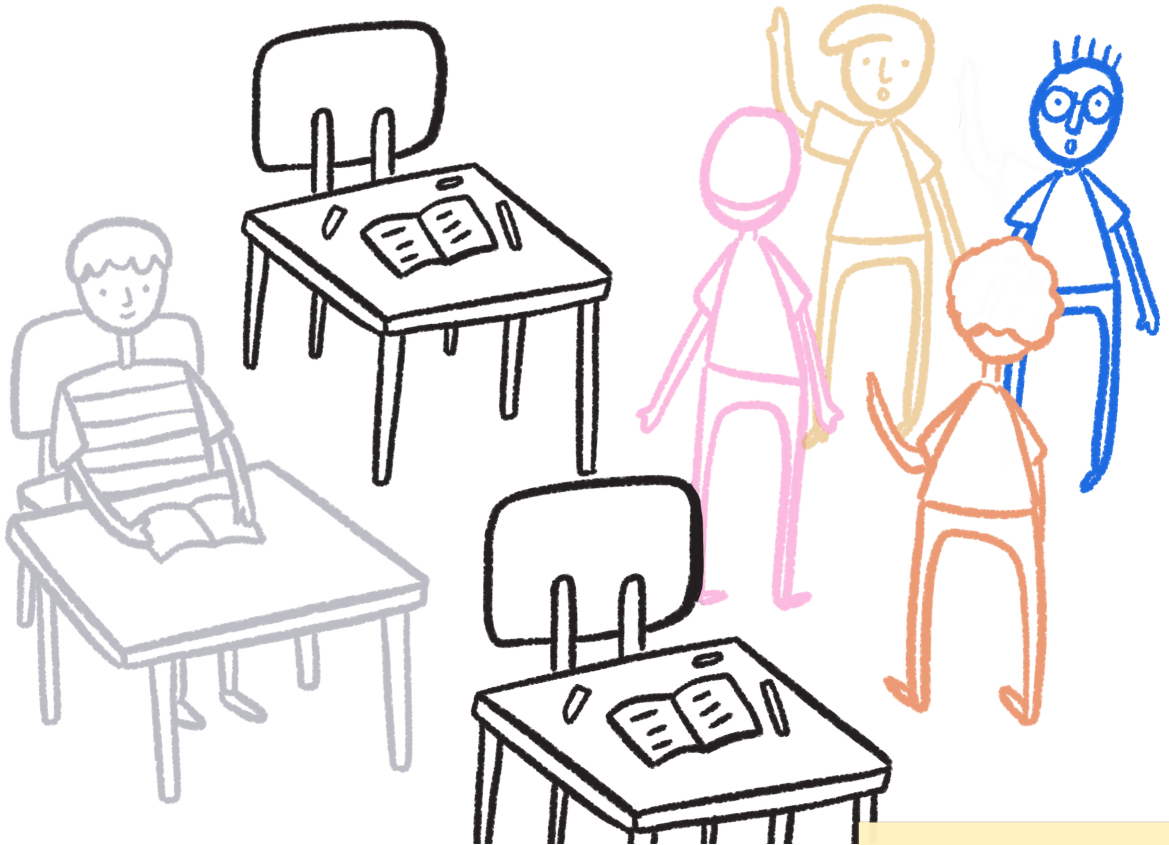
*Sehari-hari, mereka meledekku. Setiap kali mereka meledek, warnaku semakin keruh.*





I feel empty. I feel invisible. I feel different.

*Aku merasa hampa. Aku merasa tak terlihat. Aku merasa berbeda.*

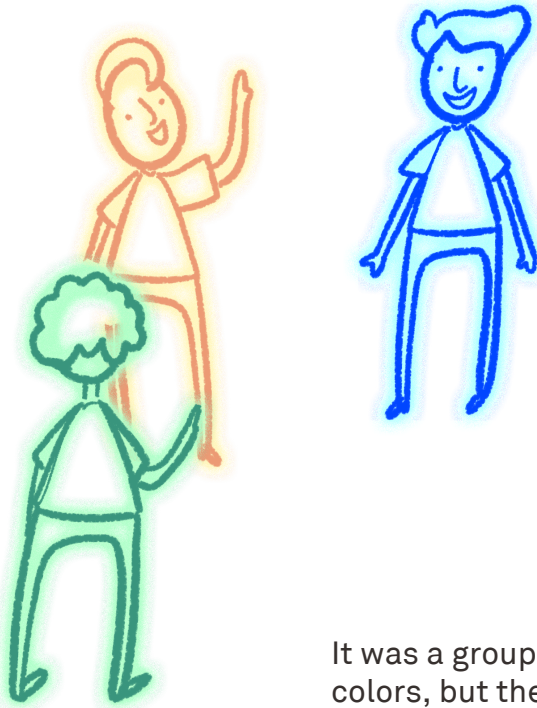


What does it mean to feel "empty" or "invisible" or "different"?

"How is Putra feeling right now?"

One day, I walked through a park and  
saw something I had never seen before.  
It was beautiful.

*Suatu hari, aku sedang berjalan melewati taman  
dan aku melihat sesuatu yang belum pernah  
kulihat sebelumnya.  
Sebuah pemandangan yang indah.*



It was a group of kids. They were all different colors, but they had a glow around them, like the glow-in-the-dark stars I had in my bedroom ceiling when I was little.

*Ada sekelompok anak sedang bermain. Mereka semua punya warna berbeda yang sangat indah. Mereka bersinar, seperti pajangan bintang di langit-langit kamarku yang bisa menyala di dalam gelap.*

“Hey! Come play with us!” one of them said. The others started calling me, they were all very friendly, smiling to me.

*“Hai! Ayo main sama kita!” ucap salah satu dari mereka dengan ceria. Anak-anak yang lain juga dengan semangat memanggilku sambil tersenyum. Mereka semua sangat ramah.*



I walked to them, but I was a little afraid they will make fun of me because I am grey.

*Aku berjalan ke arah mereka dengan ragu. Aku takut mereka meledekku karena aku abu-abu.*



“Come!” one of them approached me and grabbed my hand.

*“Yuk, sini!” salah satu dari mereka menghampiriku dan menarik tanganku.*

Ooh! My hands turn blue!

*Wah, tanganku berubah menjadi biru!*

Putra's hands are turning blue.

Does blue mean happy or sad here?

How can you tell?



Another kid came and put their hand on my shoulder.

*Salah satu anak lainnya ikut menghampiriku dan memegang bahu.*

Ooh! I turn red!

*Aku menjadi merah!*



What do you notice is happening?

Why do you think he is turning different colors?

They all began to approach me and gave me a waaaaaarm hug. "Welcome, Putra!", they said.

*Mereka mulai menghampiriku dan memberiku pelukan yang saaaaaangat hangat! "Selamat datang, Putra!", ucap mereka.*



Ooh! I turn colorful! Like the rainbow!

*Waaah! Aku berwarna-warni! Seperti pelangi!*





I'm so glad I am not meant to be grey.

*Aku senang aku tidak ditakdirkan menjadi abu-abu.*

For the first time in a while, I felt whole.

*Untuk pertama kalinya, aku merasa menjadi diriku sendiri.*



And it's all because of them.

*Dan ini semua karena mereka.*

How has Putra  
changed from  
the beginning to  
the end of the  
book?  
Why?

End

*Tamat*



