

A World Without Blue



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CHAPTER ONE



Taj and Tessa

Look—when Tessa and I first moved to Antarctica to work at the world’s only Color Laboratory, I knew we were in for a wild ride.

First of all, when we were hired, the head honchos flew us from our home in Portland all the way to Antarctica. And it was door-to-door service. They chose

this laser-fast jet to shuttle us to our new home.

(I mean, okay, it wasn't exactly "laser" fast. Tessa would say I was massively exaggerating with that adjective, but hey—I'm allowed my quirks.)

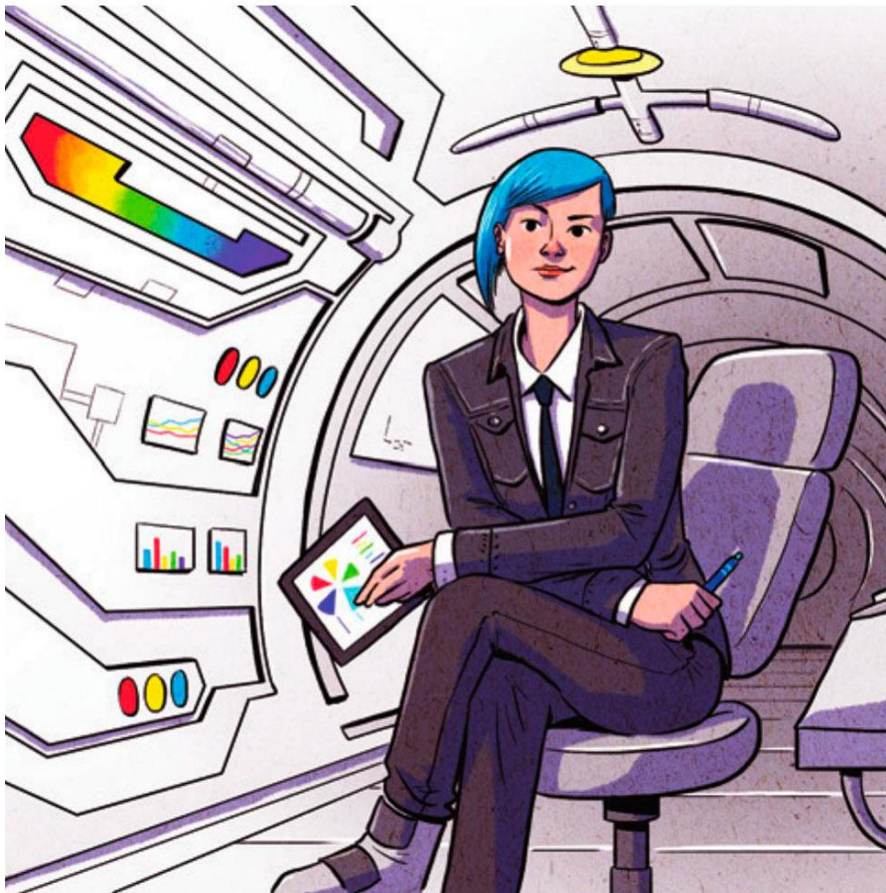
Tessa is my younger sister, by the way. She's 16. She calls me her "antiquated" older brother, but I'm only 20. We come from a long line of Tendersons. That probably doesn't mean anything to you. But if you were from Portland, Oregon, you'd know. The Tendersons are known for their artistic talent. We come from a long line of artists of every type. Furniture designers, sculptors, book illustrators—you name it, there's a Tenderson who's done it.

Tessa and I have always known how to create mood with color. I was studying art history in college when the Color Mixers recruited me. Tessa was still in high school when she was brought in. She was only supposed to intern at the laboratory, but it was soon

clear that they'd like her to stay longer. And, frankly—I'd love it if she stayed. Antarctica is a lonely place.



Fact: Taj follows me for direction about how to do things. This is because I, Tessa Tenderson, am very good at providing direction. I'm like a traffic light that makes sure you wait your turn in line. I keep everyone in my life headed in a smooth, straight line.



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