

# **The Color of Hunger**

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*When you think about the undernourished, the famished, and the starving....What color comes to mind? Grab your local dictionary!*

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**Chapter 1 - The Color of Hunger**

**2**

# 1 - The Color of Hunger

Famine. That is all my bloodshot eyes can see. The insalubrious smell of the emaciated is enough to arouse the taste-buds. One would not resort to the extreme while he is sane, but my overpowering desire had already erased all traces of my lucidity. My greed may cause me a severe illness, one like-salmonella? I'm too busy and out of mind to even care about that. The hemal flavor of ichors overwhelmed my sense of moderation. Anyone who has had a slab of roast pork, and genuinely enjoyed it, would know what I'm talking about. While the coppery savor permeates my buds, I think of a color; any color. I like red. Red. Carmine. Crimson. Scarlet. Vermillion. Any red. Red is the color of sanguinity, the color my skeletal hands are drenched in. Red is my feet, my mouth, the floor, my teeth. Red, that's the color of hunger.