

A Rainbow Fell Out of the Sky

By CJ Lake

[A father tells a nighttime story.]

One morning a rainbow fell out of the sky from a crack in my bedroom window on to the floor.

Then a cloud came and it disappeared. Where did it go?

Later, at the park a rainbow fell out of the sky. Again!

A rainbow bent backwards over a fountain's mist. It soared toward the clouds then faded away.

On a scooter with my friend Jeremy, I said, "Stop! Look – a rainbow fell out of the sky. Again."

A rainbow was inside a gem I found on the path.

Sparkle, glass ring, sparkle.

"Do you see ribbons of red, yellow and green?" I said. I waved my hand so he could see.

"Also orange, purple and blue," said Jeremy. The rainbow twirled at my command.

We rode to the pond and blew bubbles.

Red

Orange

Yellow

Rainbows fell onto bubbles from my wand. They swirled on our floating spheres.

We jumped and tried to catch them.

Our bubbles soared and floated above the tide. Some rode ripples then *swish*.

A rainbow was popped by the tail of a shiny, rainbow fish.

Green

Blue

Violet

Under the water swam a school of rainbow fish.

Clouds turned dark. It rained at the park. Thunder – we rode home fast.

Under an awning, Jeremy and I waited. Water poured from the gutter.

“I think we’re late,” I said.

Storm clouds passed across the rooftops. We stepped on our scooters and pushed home.

“Look, there it is. In the sky.” A rainbow in the city. Bright rays from the sun returned.

But Jeremy smashed into glass on the sidewalk. His scooter skid and crashed into a bench.

Oh, no!

His hands missed the glass. But oh!

A spectrum of color glowed. All the glass caught the light from the sun.

Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet.

Rainbows bend. Nature mends.

That night, my dad gave me a kiss on my cheek to go to sleep.

I dreamt about rainbows.

I twirled. We danced.

I could see that light from the sun all around us makes a rainbow when it is split apart.

[Father finishes telling a nighttime story.]

Now, in the morning, I wake up.

I ride through puddles.

Sometimes I ride with the breeze, sometimes against it.

But always I ride happily among rainbows.