

A Rainbow Fell Out of the Sky

By Jane Lake

[A mother tells a story while tucking her daughter into bed.]

One morning a rainbow fell out of the sky from a crack in the window. A cloud came and it disappeared. I looked under my blanket. On the floor.

“Where did it go? I will find another rainbow,” I decided.

Mom found my scooter in the garage. “Where are you going?”

“To find a rainbow,” I said.

“Oh?”

“I’m going to find one and bring it home.”

“Good luck,” she said sweeping the walk. “Come back by lunch.”

I rode my scooter on the bumpy sidewalk.

Storm clouds gathered above the rooftops.

“Rainbows live in happy places. I might find one at the park.”

Over the bridge, children were swinging and sliding. A boy poured sand out from his bucket into the pit.

Behind him, a fountain spouted into the breeze. Clouds shifted and, like a gymnast, a giant rainbow suddenly bend backwards over the mist. It landed far behind the meadow. I dropped my scooter and ran into the spray.

“There it is!”

In the fountain, I tried to catch the rainbow’s ribbons over my head.

Streams of red, yellow, orange and green were here and there.

“I will hold them in my hands!”

Other children tried to catch the rainbow too. We turned and turned. Water flicked from my braids. But the colors slipped through my fingers. Then, a dark cloud came. My rainbow went away. So did the people.

I waited under a bridge. Soon the sun came out. “Look – a rainbow fell out of the sky over there.” From a lost gem on the sidewalk a rainbow flashed. I pushed my scooter through puddles and grabbed it off the ground.

“Sparkle, glass ring, sparkle.” [The ring] “Magnificent!”

Red, yellow, orange and green beam from my hand. Also, too, purple and blue twirl at my command.

Thunder.

“I must ride home fast.” The sun was gone. Clouds turned dark. It started to rain at the park.

“Wait, there it is. In the sky!” I heard someone say. Bright rays from the sun had returned. Around the corner was a girl on a bike. She rode fast on the path chasing rainbows too.

But on the path was a stray cat. I passed, she swerved.

Silver flash! [Metal fender of a bike] “Watch out! Oh, no! Crash!”

[Glass ring and a bike reflector tumble on the sidewalk]

But oh! A spectrum of color glows. [In the gutter, a kaleidoscope of colors beam from the ring and reflector]

Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet

Rainbows bend.

Nature amends. [Main character helps the bike rider up from her fall.]

[Girl and main character ride past a pond.]

The next day, near a pond we blow bubbles. Rainbows swirl and curl around the surface. We jump and try to catch one. Soapy orbs float over the tide, ride ripples then swish! [A koi fish tail breaks the surface]

Orange, red, yellow green, blue, violet. Pop! Below is a home for schools of shiny fish.

[New friend on bike tows the main character home.]

Now each night, with a kiss from mom on my cheek while I sleep, I dream about rainbows.

I twirl. We dance.

White light from the sun makes a rainbow when split apart.

Each morning in spring, damp blooms scent the wind.

We peddle through puddles. [Main character and her friend ride bikes.]

Sometimes we ride with the wind, sometimes against it.

But always we ride

happily among rainbows.

Summary: A young girl goes looking for a rainbow on a spring day and finds a new friend along the way.

This story captures the excitement of spotting rainbows in everyday life. Many surprises happen when exploring the natural world with a friend.