



A Rainbow Tale

Mimi Werna
Edwin Irabor

Synopsis:

Udoo, Erdoo and Eryum listen to another tale about the rainbow's magic and its colours!



Udoo, Erdoo and Eryum gathered around mother. With plenty of love in her heart and her totem in her hand, mother cleared her throat and began the story:

There was a little girl called Yana. Yana's aunt told her about a pot of gold at the end of a rainbow. Yana was curious about that pot.

Did the pot contain gold coins, or lumps of gold in black rocks?



Yana imagined that if she looked at the sky long enough, she would get some answers.

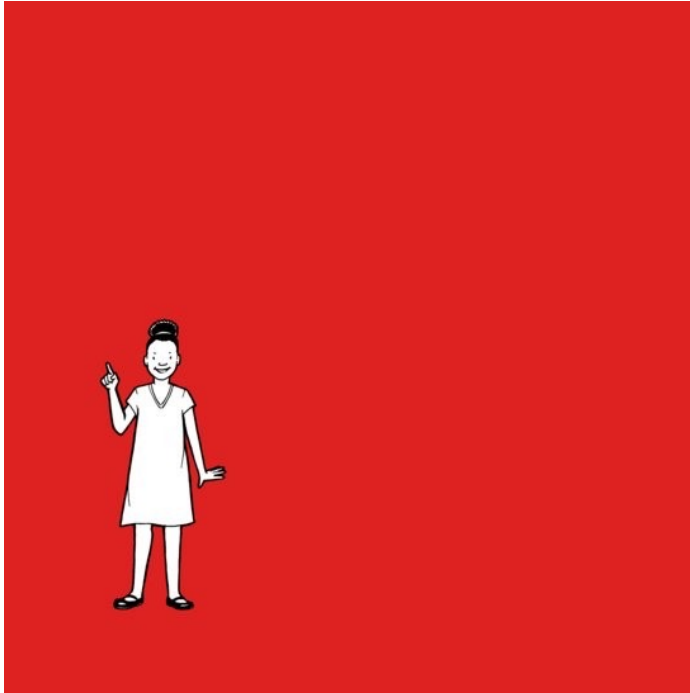
She smiled at the birds. She wondered how the gold got into the pot.

And, where at the rainbow's end would she find the pot? Yana wished that she knew the exact spot!



As she thought about her rainbow quest, Yana saw a green frog jumping in the bushes. She could not resist, she jumped around with the frog for a while.

Then, checking the sky, she said goodbye to the frog. Yana went on her way in search for the end of the rainbow.



She began to think about the rainbow's colours. In a flash, red came first to mind.

She recalled the day her family almost had a bad accident because a driver didn't stop at a red light.

Yana was thankful because no one was badly hurt, although they all had cuts and bruises. Everyone got a huge fright.



After red, Yana thought of the colour orange. She loved sweet oranges.

Sweet, sour and bitter were the tastes she experienced while eating oranges.

Thinking about a sour orange made Yana's mouth taste sour! Yuck! Do you know that taste?



Yana's thoughts moved from oranges to a bowl of dark indigo beans, and her stomach made noises. She realized that she was hungry.

Her rainbow quest would have to wait for a while. It was time to eat some food!



She ran into her aunt's kitchen. The air carried the aroma of the fried chicken and fresh bread.

Yana washed her hands and her nose led her to the food. She ate a little chicken with a large piece of bread, and then she drank water.

She looked down at her dress. What a mess! Stains from the chicken, and water spilled. So she changed into a beautiful purple dress.



Later, Yana and her aunt went out to the park together.

They lay on the grass with a book. Yana eagerly peered into the pages itching to finally know more about the hidden pot of gold.

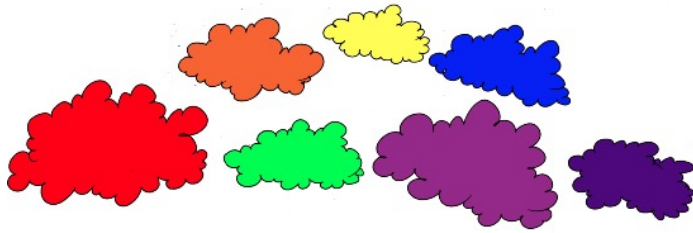
Yana's aunt chuckled at her excitement and they both burst into peals of laughter. They began to read the story together.



It was a tale about how the rainbow colours came to the land of Tonota, and a little boy called Mpho.

For the longest time, the people of Tonota only knew the green of plants and the brown of soil. But Mpho had dreams of clouds in glorious colours!

He told the elders about his dreams. They said, "If you name the colours, we can bring them to life."



The elders asked for the help of rainmakers from across the land, and they gathered together.

Mpho began thinking about the colours in his dreams. Then, these words came to his mind, "Red, blue, orange, yellow, purple, green, and indigo."

The colourful clouds filled the sky!





The clouds hung in the air, and the rainmakers formed a circle, holding hands. The rainmakers looked up to the clouds and the colours formed a beautiful arc.

This was Tonata's first rainbow! People cheered and rejoiced.

And just then, Mpho noticed a pot at the end of the rainbow. A pot filled with gold!



"What an amazing rainbow story! Now I know where to find my pot of gold!" exclaimed Yana to her aunt.

Her aunt smiled, happy she shared her favourite childhood story with her niece. "But, no more rainbow quests for you! The pot of gold can only be found by accident!"



With those words, mother finished her rainbow tale. Udo, Erdo and Eryum jumped up and gave her a standing ovation.

Then they held hands like the rainmakers, pretending to make their own rainbow!



"Mother, does every land have its own rainbow story?" asked Erdo thoughtfully.

"Yes, my lovelies," said mother. "Tonota's rainbow started with Mpho's dreams of colourful clouds. And remember the Magical Rainbow River and its rainbow ice-cream?"

"Mmmm, rainbow ice-cream, that's my favourite story," said Eryum looking at mother hopefully as the children gathered around her again.

A Rainbow Tale

Author - Mimi Werna

Illustration - Edwin Irabor, Jesse Breytenbach and Offei Tettey Eugene

Language - English

Level - Read aloud

© African Storybook Initiative 2019

Creative Commons: Attribution 4.0

Source www.africanstorybook.org