

The Rainbow Repair Shop



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High above the countryside, where the air is crisp and clean, sits the Rainbow Repair Shop. It floats on a fluffy cloud, its windows glowing with every color you can imagine. Inside, workers paint, polish, and patch the world's rainbows. Master Sol, tall and kind with rainbow-streaked hair, keeps everything in order. Today, a young apprentice named Iris is learning how to fix a small tear in a rainbow's edge.



Iris is about ten years old, with warm brown skin and curly dark hair that has one bright violet streak. She wears sky-blue overalls with rainbow-striped pockets and yellow rain boots. On her tool belt hang a small brush and jars of color, and a rolled-up rainbow map is tucked in her pocket. Her amber eyes are wide with curiosity as she watches Master Sol work. She hopes one day to repair a rainbow all by herself.



Master Sol shows Iris how to brush a torn color back into place. "Careful and slow," he says, his deep blue eyes twinkling behind round spectacles. Iris nods and practices on a tiny scrap of rainbow. Nearby, a round cloud helper named Nimbus floats by, carrying a satchel of spare rainbow thread. Nimbus wears a little red scarf and smiles gently. Iris feels happy and safe in the busy, colorful workshop.



Suddenly, the sky turns dark gray. A big storm is coming! Wind whooshes and rain patters against the windows. Master Sol raises his prism staff. "Everyone, hold tight!" he calls. Nimbus puffs up to block a draft. Iris grabs the edge of a table. The storm shakes the shop, and several rainbows outside are torn into pieces. Color fragments scatter across the sky like confetti. Iris watches with wide eyes, worried about the mess.



When the storm finally passes, the sky is quiet but messy. Pieces of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet float everywhere, far apart. Master Sol looks at the scattered colors and then at Iris. "Iris," he says gently, "I have an important job for you. You must find the scattered pieces and put them back in the right order before sunrise." Iris's heart beats fast. This is her first big assignment!



Iris takes a deep breath and nods. "I can do it," she says. Master Sol gives her a small brush and a jar of rainbow glue. Nimbus floats close, ready to help. "I'll carry the heavy pieces," Nimbus says with a gentle smile. Just then, a tiny hummingbird zips through the window. His back is emerald green, his throat shimmers turquoise, and his crown is ruby red. A tiny copper compass hangs from a thread around his neck.



"I'm Pip!" the hummingbird chirps. "I saw the storm from my nest. I can help you search!" Iris smiles, glad for the company. She unrolls her rainbow map and studies it. "The colors are scattered in different places," she says. "We need to find them all before sunrise." Pip hovers beside her, his bright black eyes sparkling. "Follow me!" he tweets. "I know where some pieces landed!" Together, they fly out of the shop into the wide sky.



First, they spot a red piece tangled in a wispy cloud. Pip darts ahead and hovers next to it. "Here's red!" he calls. Iris gently pulls it free and tucks it into her pocket. "One down," she says. They fly on, and Pip's compass spins as he searches. Soon they find an orange piece caught on a breeze. Iris grabs it carefully. "Two!" she says. The sun is still low, and there's lots to do.



Next, they find a yellow piece resting on a sunbeam. Iris reaches for it, but it slips away. "Oh no!" she cries. Pip zooms after it and gently nudges it back with his beak. "Got it!" he chirps. Iris catches it and laughs. "Thank you, Pip!" she says. They work well together, searching high and low. The sky grows a little brighter. Iris knows they must hurry.



Far below, a green piece floats near a treetop. Iris and Pip swoop down, but the wind picks up and blows it away. "Quick!" Pip shouts. They chase it through the branches until Iris catches it with her brush. "That was close," she says, breathless. Pip nods. "We make a good team," he says. They still need blue and violet pieces. The sky is turning pink at the edges. Sunrise is coming!



Iris and Pip find the blue piece floating on a quiet pond, reflecting the sky. Iris scoops it up gently. "Only violet left," she says. They search everywhere, but violet is nowhere to be seen. "Where could it be?" Iris wonders. Pip flies high and spots a tiny glimmer near the top of a tall tree. "There!" he tweets. But the tree is very tall, and the piece is stuck in the highest branches.



Iris tries to climb, but the branches are too high. "I can't reach it," she says, feeling worried. Pip hovers beside her. "I can help!" he says. "I'll fly up and push it loose. You catch it!" Iris nods and holds out her brush. Pip zooms up, higher and higher. He gently nudges the violet piece. It wobbles and falls. Iris catches it perfectly. "We did it!" she cheers. Now they have all the colors!



They hurry back to the repair shop. Nimbus is waiting, holding a long strand of rainbow thread. "I'll hold the pieces steady," Nimbus says. Iris lays out the colors in order: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet. But some are still tangled. "We can sort them together," Pip says. He uses his tiny beak to lift each piece, and Iris brushes them into place. Slowly, the rainbow begins to take shape.



The sky is glowing orange and gold. Sunrise is almost here! Iris works carefully, her brush moving quickly but gently. Nimbus holds the last piece steady. Pip hovers nearby, calling out the order. "Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet!" he sings. Iris takes a deep breath and brushes the final stroke. The rainbow shines bright and whole. "We did it!" Iris whispers, her eyes shining with pride.



The sun peeks over the hills. Across the sky, bright, beautiful rainbows appear—one, two, three! They arch over the countryside in perfect order. Master Sol smiles and puts a hand on Iris's shoulder. "You did careful work, Iris," he says. "And you cooperated with your friends." Pip perches on her finger, and Nimbus floats close. Iris looks at the shining sky and feels warm inside. Even after a storm, beauty can return.



From that day on, Iris is no longer just an apprentice. She is a rainbow repairer, ready for any job. Pip visits often, and Nimbus always helps. Together, they keep the sky bright. And whenever a storm comes, Iris remembers: with careful hands and good friends, even scattered colors can find their way home. The Rainbow Repair Shop hums with happy work, and the sky shines with hope.