

The Pocket Rainbow



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Emma lived in a little house at the end of a winding lane, where the garden grew wild and the sky stretched wide. She had warm light-brown skin, wavy dark brown hair, and a yellow dress with white polka dots that fluttered when she ran. One sunny morning, she skipped outside with her small blue backpack, ready for adventure. The world smelled like fresh grass and flowers.



Behind the old oak tree, something sparkled in the grass. Emma knelt down and gasped. A tiny glass bottle with a cork stopper lay on the ground, and inside it glowed a miniature rainbow. Its colors shifted from red to violet, soft and luminous, like a secret smile. Emma carefully picked up the bottle and held it close. 'How did you get in there?' she whispered.



Emma carried the bottle home and set it on her windowsill, where the afternoon sun made the colors dance. She watched the tiny rainbow for hours, tracing its glow with her finger. 'You're the most beautiful thing I've ever found,' she said. The rainbow sparkled brightly, as if it understood. Emma decided to keep it safe in her room forever.



The next morning, Emma noticed something strange. The rainbow's colors were not as bright as before. The red looked a little rusty, and the blue seemed sleepy. 'Maybe you're just tired,' Emma said, but she felt worried. She put the bottle closer to the lamp, but the colors only grew duller. By evening, the rainbow was almost grey.



Emma tried everything to make the rainbow shine again. She wrapped the bottle in a soft scarf and sang it a lullaby. She placed it on a pile of her favorite books. But nothing worked. The tiny arc drooped, and its sparkle faded to a faint whisper. Emma's round cheeks grew pink with worry. 'What am I doing wrong?' she wondered.



That afternoon, Emma's best friend Lily came to visit. Lily had deep brown skin, short black curly hair in two puffs, and a smile that always made Emma feel better. She wore green overalls over a white shirt and orange sandals. 'Why so sad?' Lily asked. Emma showed her the bottle. 'My rainbow is losing its colors,' she said. 'I don't know how to help it.'



Lily peered at the dim rainbow and thought hard. 'Maybe it misses the sky,' she said. 'My mom always says fresh air makes everything feel better.' Emma looked at the rainbow, then at the window. Could it be? She had kept it safe indoors, but maybe safe wasn't the same as happy. 'Let's take it outside,' Lily suggested. Emma nodded slowly.



Emma and Lily carried the bottle into the backyard. The sun was warm, and a gentle breeze ruffled the leaves. Emma set the bottle on the grass and carefully pulled the cork stopper. A soft whoosh of air escaped. For a moment, nothing happened. Then a tiny spark flickered inside the glass. The rainbow's red band glowed just a little brighter.



Emma lifted the bottle toward the sky. Sunlight poured through the glass, and the rainbow began to shimmer. The colors stretched and yawned, as if waking from a long nap. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet swirled together, brighter than before. 'It's working!' Lily cheered. Emma's hazel eyes widened with delight. The rainbow was coming back to life.



The rainbow grew so bright that it slipped out of the bottle and into the open air. It floated above Emma's head, a tiny arc of pure color, sparkling like a handful of stars. Emma laughed as the rainbow danced around her, leaving little glimmers on the grass. 'It wanted to be free,' she realized. 'It needed the fresh air and sunlight to shine.'



Emma felt a warm glow in her heart. She had loved keeping the rainbow close, but seeing it shine freely was even better. 'You're happiest when you're out here,' she said softly. The rainbow twirled and sparkled, as if to say yes. Emma turned to Lily. 'Let's show everyone,' she said. 'A rainbow this beautiful should be shared.'



Emma and Lily ran to the neighborhood park, where other children were playing. They called their friends over. 'Look!' Emma said, and the tiny rainbow floated above them, casting soft colors on the grass. The children gasped and pointed. 'It's magic!' they cried. Emma smiled. 'It just needed to be free,' she explained. The rainbow sparkled brighter than ever, as if it loved the audience.



More children gathered, and the rainbow danced from one to another, leaving tiny sparkles in their hair. Emma felt proud and happy. She had learned that wonderful things are not meant to be kept in a bottle. They are meant to shine in the open, where everyone can enjoy them. Lily squeezed her hand. 'You did the right thing,' she said.



From that day on, Emma kept the empty bottle on her windowsill as a reminder. The rainbow still visited her often, especially on sunny days. It would appear above the garden, a tiny arc of color, and Emma would wave. She knew it was happy because it was free. And she was happy too, because she had learned to share its beauty.



Emma told her friends about the pocket rainbow and how it taught her that wonderful things are best appreciated freely. 'If you love something,' she said, 'let it shine where it can.' The children nodded and smiled. They played under the rainbow's glow until the sun began to set, and the colors melted into the evening sky.



That night, Emma looked out her window and saw a faint glimmer above the trees. The rainbow was still there, a tiny spark in the dark, shining just for her. She whispered, 'Goodnight, little rainbow.' Then she climbed into bed, her heart full. She knew that some things are too beautiful to hold, and that sharing them makes them even brighter.