

The Purple Postman



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Mr. Plum was a postman in a bright purple uniform with shiny brass buttons. Every morning he walked down Maple Street with his brown leather satchel full of letters. He knew every house, every dog, and every garden gate. He tipped his purple cap to everyone he met. 'Good morning, Mrs. Green!' he called. 'Special delivery for you!' He loved his job more than anything.



One sunny Tuesday, Mr. Plum found a strange letter in his satchel. The envelope was pale blue and smelled like fresh rain. It was addressed in curly silver writing: 'To the person who lives under the rainbow.' Mr. Plum blinked and read it again. 'Under the rainbow?' he said. 'Who lives there?' He had never seen such an impossible address. He showed it to his granddaughter, Lily. 'We must find out!' she said.



Lily was nine years old and very clever. She had curly black pigtails tied with yellow ribbons. She carried a small notebook and a pencil for writing clues. 'Look, Grandpa!' she said. 'The envelope has a tiny rainbow sticker in the corner.' Mr. Plum put on his round glasses. 'You're right, Lily! That must be a clue.' They decided to follow the rainbow sticker. It pointed toward the park at the end of Maple Street.



At the park, they found a huge puddle shaped like a crown. In the middle sat the King of Puddles himself! He was tiny, no taller than a teacup, with shiny blue-green skin and a crooked golden crown. He held a tiny trident like a toothpick. 'I am the King of Puddles!' he announced. 'I rule all the puddles in this park. Do you have a letter for me?' Mr. Plum checked his satchel.



Mr. Plum found a letter addressed to 'The King of Puddles.' 'Why, yes!' he said. 'Here you are, Your Majesty.' The king bounced with joy. His splashy feet made little ripples. 'A letter for me! How wonderful!' He opened it and read it happily. 'It's an invitation to a puddle party!' he said. 'Thank you, kind postman!' To thank them, the king gave them a clue. 'The next letter,' he said, 'is for the grandma who lives inside a teapot.'



Mr. Plum and Lily looked at each other. 'A grandma inside a teapot?' said Lily. 'How strange!' The King of Puddles pointed with his tiny trident. 'Follow the smell of tea,' he said. 'She lives in the big blue-and-white teapot at the top of Tea Cup Hill.' They thanked the king and started walking. Lily wrote in her notebook: 'Clue: follow the smell of tea.'



They walked up Tea Cup Hill. The path was winding and steep. Soon they smelled something warm and sweet. 'I smell chamomile tea!' said Lily. At the top of the hill stood a giant blue-and-white teapot with a door and windows. Smoke curled from its spout. Mr. Plum knocked on the door. It opened with a creak. There stood a round little grandma with porcelain-pink skin and tiny painted flowers on her cheeks.



'Hello!' said the grandma. 'I am Grandma Teapot. Welcome to my home.' Her silver hair was curled like a teapot lid. She wore a floral apron and round spectacles. 'I have a letter for you,' said Mr. Plum. He handed her a pink envelope. Grandma Teapot clapped her hands. 'My sister's letter! I've been waiting for this!' She invited them inside for tea and cookies.



Inside, the teapot house was cozy and warm. Everything was round and blue and white. Grandma Teapot poured tea from a tiny spout in her nose. 'I have a clue for you,' she said. 'The next letter is for the moon's best friend.' Lily wrote it down. 'The moon's best friend? Who is that?' Mr. Plum scratched his white moustache. 'Perhaps the stars?' he said. 'Or maybe the night sky?' Lily thought hard.



Lily looked at the envelope. It had a tiny star drawn in the corner. 'Grandpa, look!' she said. 'The moon's best friend must be the stars!' Mr. Plum smiled. 'You're right, Lily!' They thanked Grandma Teapot and hurried outside. The sun was setting. They needed to deliver the letter before night. 'Where do stars live?' asked Mr. Plum. Lily pointed to the sky. 'Up there!' she said.



They climbed to the top of Starry Hill. The sky turned dark and sparkly. 'How do we deliver a letter to the stars?' asked Mr. Plum. Lily saw a little telescope on the hill. 'Maybe we can send it up with a balloon!' she said. They tied the letter to a red balloon and let it go. The balloon floated up and up. Then a star twinkled and a tiny star-child slid down a moonbeam. 'Thank you!' said the star-child. 'This is for you.'



The star-child gave them a golden envelope. 'For Mr. Plum,' it said. 'From all your friends.' Mr. Plum opened it. Inside was a note: 'Please come to the park at sunset for a surprise.' 'A surprise for us?' said Mr. Plum. 'Let's go!' They hurried back to the park. When they arrived, the park was glowing with colorful lights. 'What's happening?' asked Mr. Plum.



All the people Mr. Plum had helped were there! The King of Puddles sat on his puddle throne. Grandma Teapot waved from a picnic blanket. The star-child twinkled above. And many other friends from impossible addresses had come. 'Surprise!' they shouted. 'We wanted to thank you for delivering our letters with so much care.' Mr. Plum's eyes twinkled behind his round glasses. 'I only did my job,' he said.



But the surprise wasn't over. The King of Puddles raised his tiny trident. Grandma Teapot waved her floral apron. The star-child sprinkled stardust. Suddenly, a beautiful rainbow arched over the park. It was the biggest, brightest rainbow Mr. Plum had ever seen. 'For you, Mr. Plum!' they cheered. 'Because you care about every message, no matter how impossible the address.' Mr. Plum's heart felt warm and full.



Lily hugged her grandpa. 'You're the best postman in the world,' she said. Mr. Plum smiled and tipped his purple cap. 'And you're the best helper,' he said. 'We make a good team.' Everyone clapped and cheered. They had a wonderful party with tea and cookies and puddle splashing. Mr. Plum delivered one last letter that day: a thank-you note to all his friends. And the rainbow stayed until the stars came out.



From that day on, Mr. Plum kept delivering letters, both ordinary and mysterious. He always followed the clues with Lily's help. And whenever he saw a rainbow, he remembered that every message deserves care and attention. Because even the most impossible address might lead to a wonderful surprise. And a kind helper like Mr. Plum makes the world a brighter, more colorful place.