

Rainbow Tree



Yavuz DEMİRKIRAN

Rainbow Tree

Yavuz DEMİRKİRAN



In a quiet village nestled between gentle hills, there stood a very special tree. Its leaves glowed in all seven colors of the rainbow, and each color had its own magical gift. The villagers called it the Rainbow Tree, and they loved it dearly. Every morning, the tree shimmered and sparkled, bringing joy to everyone who saw it.



Rose lived in a little cottage at the edge of the village. She was seven years old, with warm light-brown skin, curly dark-brown hair, and a red ribbon tied in it. Her mustard-yellow dress had tiny white flowers, and her brown lace-up boots tapped happily as she walked. Rose loved visiting the Rainbow Tree every day after breakfast.



The Rainbow Tree's leaves were not just pretty—they were alive! Each leaf could talk and move, and each had a special power. The red leaf was brave, the blue leaf was wise, the green leaf was kind, and the yellow, orange, indigo, and violet leaves had their own wonderful gifts too. Together, they made the tree strong and full of magic.



One sunny morning, the red leaf puffed out its crimson chest. "My gift of courage is the greatest!" it boasted, adjusting its little acorn-cap hat. "Without bravery, nothing would ever get done!" The other leaves rustled and murmured. The blue leaf shimmered coolly. "Courage without wisdom is reckless," it said, its silver dew-drop pendant glinting.



The green leaf tapped its tiny twig walking stick gently. "But growth and kindness matter most," it said with a warm smile. "Without kindness, courage and wisdom are nothing." Soon all seven colors were arguing. "I'm the best!" shouted one. "No, I am!" cried another. The tree began to tremble, and its glow flickered like a candle in the wind.



Rose noticed the tree was losing its shine. The colors looked dull and tired. "What's happening?" she asked, her large hazel eyes wide with worry. The green leaf sighed. "We're arguing about which color is most important, and it's making the tree weak." Rose frowned. "But you're all important!" she said. "Can't you see?"



But the leaves wouldn't listen. The red leaf turned away, and the blue leaf crossed its wavy edges. The yellow leaf hid behind a branch, and the orange leaf drooped. The tree's magic faded more each day. The villagers were sad. "The Rainbow Tree is losing its colors," they whispered. Rose knew she had to help.



Rose climbed the tree's trunk carefully, her red ribbon fluttering. She sat on a branch and spoke to the leaves. "Please stop arguing," she said. "Your gifts are all wonderful, but they work best together. Don't you remember how you used to play and share?" The green leaf nodded slowly. "She's right," it said. "I miss our friendship."



The other leaves peeked out. The yellow leaf whispered, "I miss the way we danced in the wind." The indigo leaf added, "And how we made the tree glow." The violet leaf fluttered. "Maybe we were wrong to argue." The red leaf's glow softened, and the blue leaf's shimmer brightened. They began to listen to each other.



Rose smiled her gap-toothed smile. "Let's try something," she said. "Each of you, do your special gift at the same time. I bet something amazing will happen!" The leaves looked at one another. Then the red leaf stood tall, the blue leaf shimmered, and the green leaf spread its kindness. One by one, all seven colors joined in.



A soft light began to swirl around the tree. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet—each color sent its gift into the air. The gifts mixed and danced together, and the tree's magic grew stronger and stronger. The leaves gasped as a warm glow spread through every branch. The Rainbow Tree was coming back to life!



The colors worked together, and the tree burst into brilliant light. A magnificent rainbow arched across the sky, brighter than any the village had ever seen. The villagers cheered and clapped. Rose laughed with joy. "See?" she said. "Different colors make the world brighter and stronger—just like all of you!" The leaves nodded, their eyes shining.



From that day on, the Rainbow Tree never lost its magic. The leaves learned to share and listen, and they never argued about who was best again. They knew that each color's gift was special, but together they were truly magical. Rose visited every day, and the tree always greeted her with a happy rustle.



The village became famous for its beautiful Rainbow Tree. People came from far away to see the colors and learn about teamwork. The leaves told everyone, "We are strongest when we are together." And Rose would add, "Different colors make the world brighter—just like different people make a village stronger."



Years passed, and Rose grew up, but she never forgot the lesson of the Rainbow Tree. She became a kind and brave leader in the village, always bringing people together. The tree's leaves still glowed in all seven colors, a shining reminder that diversity is a gift. And the rainbow it made each day was the village's favorite sight.



And so, in the quiet village, the Rainbow Tree stands tall, its magical leaves shimmering in every color. The colors work together, each one important, each one loved. They know that teamwork and friendship make magic happen. And if you ever visit, you'll see the most magnificent rainbow—a sign that different colors, like different friends, make the world brighter and stronger.