

The rainbow

The sun was shining. Happily, she reached out with her beams to the world below. She warmed up the ground, the plants, the people and the animals. She made everyone happy. She knew that for sure.

But what happened? A dark shadow cast over forests and fields. A big, grey cloud moved between the sun and the earth. Angrily, the sun poked with her rays in the cloud: "Go away! You are stopping my light. The people want sun!" But the cloud stayed where it was and stretched itself even broader. It covered the land like a blanket and not a single ray of sun could pass through.

The sun tried to look over the edges of the cloud. "Come on," she shouted, "can't you move a bit? I want to see what the people are doing down below." The cloud sighed sadly: "People... they can walk and move. They can play together and create beautiful things. But what can we do? We are just standing in the sky. We can't do anything." It sighed once more and a big drop fell down. Another drop fell and another one: the cloud was crying. In the world below, people and animals went inside, because it was raining.

"That happens to be how things are," the sun replied. "Whining about it, doesn't make it better. Let me pass, then I can cheer up the people." She tried to shine through the cloud, but that made itself even larger and started to cry even harder. Annoyed, the sun poked it with its beams. "Let me through, let me through!" The cloud coloured purple of anger. He puffed up his back and thundered: "Leave me alone!"

The wind came whistling from a distance: "Sssh, what's this noise? Are you arguing again?" "It's that grumpy cloud," the sun shouted, "It's blocking all my light. The people want sun." "Not true," the cloud murmured, "they want rain for the plants and shelter from the heat. That's why they need me." "Pff," the wind sighed, "always the same chore. Can't you cooperate for once?" The sun watched him furiously. Cooperating with the ever whining and complaining cloud? No way! The cloud didn't like the idea either and to make his point he let the rain patter with double force.

But the wind did not give up. He continued talking with the sun and the cloud. Sometimes he was whispering, then he was bellowing. He pushed and he pulled, until a tiny hole appeared in the cloud. The sun glanced through immediately. Her beams fell upon the cloud's raindrops, millions of them. The drops broke the white sunbeams and shattered the pieces around: red light and orange light, yellow and green light, blue and violet. On earth, the people looked out of their window in surprise: "Look, a rainbow!"

The sun and the cloud looked down: did they make this together? Who would have expected that? They were so surprised, that they forgot their argument. And the wind? Contented it sneaked away, without anybody noticing.

This story is an adaption of the story that was created on the 2019 FEST conference, in Giovanna Conforto's workshop on 'Science and Storytelling'.

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