

# **The Little Rainbow Bird**



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Once upon a time, in a land where the sky always smiled, there lived a little rainbow bird. Her feathers were bands of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet, and a tiny white daisy was tucked behind one wing. She was small enough to sit on a flower petal, with big dark eyes that sparkled with curiosity. One morning, she flew over a hill and found a magical flower meadow below.



The meadow was once the most colorful place in the world, but now it looked pale and gray. The flowers drooped, and the grass had lost its green. The little rainbow bird landed on a wilted daisy and looked around with her large, friendly eyes. 'What happened here?' she chirped softly. 'This place needs help.'



Just then, a butterfly fluttered by. Her wings were soft pastel pink and lavender with delicate silver veins, and a trail of golden sparkle dust followed her flight. She had gentle round blue eyes and long curling antennae. The butterfly landed on a drooping flower and looked sad. 'Oh, little bird,' she said, 'our meadow has lost its colors, and we don't know why.'



The rainbow bird smiled warmly. 'I'm sure we can find a way to bring the colors back,' she said. 'My name is Ruby. What's yours?' The butterfly looked shy but happy. 'I'm Pearl,' she said. 'I've never met a bird with rainbow feathers before.' Ruby chuckled. 'And I've never met a butterfly with such sparkly wings!' They decided to explore the meadow together.



As they wandered, they met an old oak tree with a kind, wrinkled face in its bark and a crown of small white blossoms on top. 'Welcome, little ones,' the tree said in a deep, gentle voice. 'I am the guardian of this meadow. Long ago, a cold wind blew away all the colors, and the flowers have been sad ever since.' Ruby and Pearl listened carefully, their eyes wide.



'How can we bring the colors back?' asked Ruby. The old oak tree smiled. 'Colors come from joy and friendship,' it said. 'You two are very different, but if you work together, you might find a way.' Pearl fluttered her wings, sending a little sparkle into the air. 'We can try!' she said. Ruby nodded. 'Let's do it together!'



Ruby had an idea. 'My feathers are bright and colorful,' she said. 'Maybe I can share some of their color with the flowers.' She flew to the nearest wilted flower and gently brushed it with her wing. A little streak of red appeared on the petals! Pearl's eyes widened. 'It's working!' she cried. 'But we need more colors.'



Pearl thought of something too. 'I can't give colors,' she said, 'but I can give kindness. Maybe that will help the flowers feel happy.' She fluttered to a drooping bluebell and whispered, 'Don't be sad, little flower. You are beautiful.' A soft golden sparkle drifted from her wings onto the flower, and it stood a little straighter.



Ruby and Pearl worked side by side. Ruby flew from flower to flower, sharing a touch of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and violet from her feathers. Pearl followed, sprinkling kindness and golden sparkles on each bloom. Slowly, the meadow began to change. Patches of color appeared, and the flowers lifted their heads.



But there were so many flowers, and Ruby was getting tired. Her wings drooped, and her bright feathers looked a little dull. 'I don't know if I can do this alone,' she said. Pearl landed beside her. 'You're not alone,' she said gently. 'We're a team, remember? I'll help you rest.' Pearl's golden sparkle dust made Ruby feel stronger.



The old oak tree watched them with warm honey-brown eyes. 'You see?' it said. 'When you share your differences, wonderful things happen. Ruby, your colors bring beauty. Pearl, your kindness brings life. Together, you are making the meadow bloom again.' The two friends smiled at each other. They knew the tree was right.



With new energy, they continued their work. Ruby spun in the air, and her rainbow tail left a trail of color that rained down on the flowers. Pearl danced among the petals, and her gentle kindness made every flower glow. The meadow was becoming a riot of color—more beautiful than ever before.



Finally, the last flower was painted, and the meadow was fully alive. The grass was green, the flowers were bright, and the air smelled sweet. Ruby and Pearl stood together, admiring their work. 'We did it!' they cheered. The old oak tree rustled its leaves in applause. 'You have brought joy back to the meadow,' it said.



The flowers turned to the two friends and sang a happy song. 'Thank you, Ruby and Pearl! Your differences made our meadow beautiful again.' Ruby looked at Pearl's pastel wings and then at her own rainbow feathers. 'We are very different,' she said. 'But that's what makes us such good friends.' Pearl nodded, her blue eyes shining.



From that day on, Ruby and Pearl were the best of friends. They played in the flower meadow every day, and the meadow stayed colorful because of their teamwork and kindness. The old oak tree often told their story to the wind, and the wind carried it far and wide. And whenever a flower needed cheering up, Pearl was there with a sparkle, and Ruby was there with a splash of color.



The little rainbow bird and her butterfly friend learned that our differences make friendships beautiful. When we work together and share our gifts, we can do wonderful things. So if you ever see a meadow full of bright flowers, remember Ruby and Pearl, and know that kindness and teamwork can bring color to any world.