

# The World Made a RAINBOW



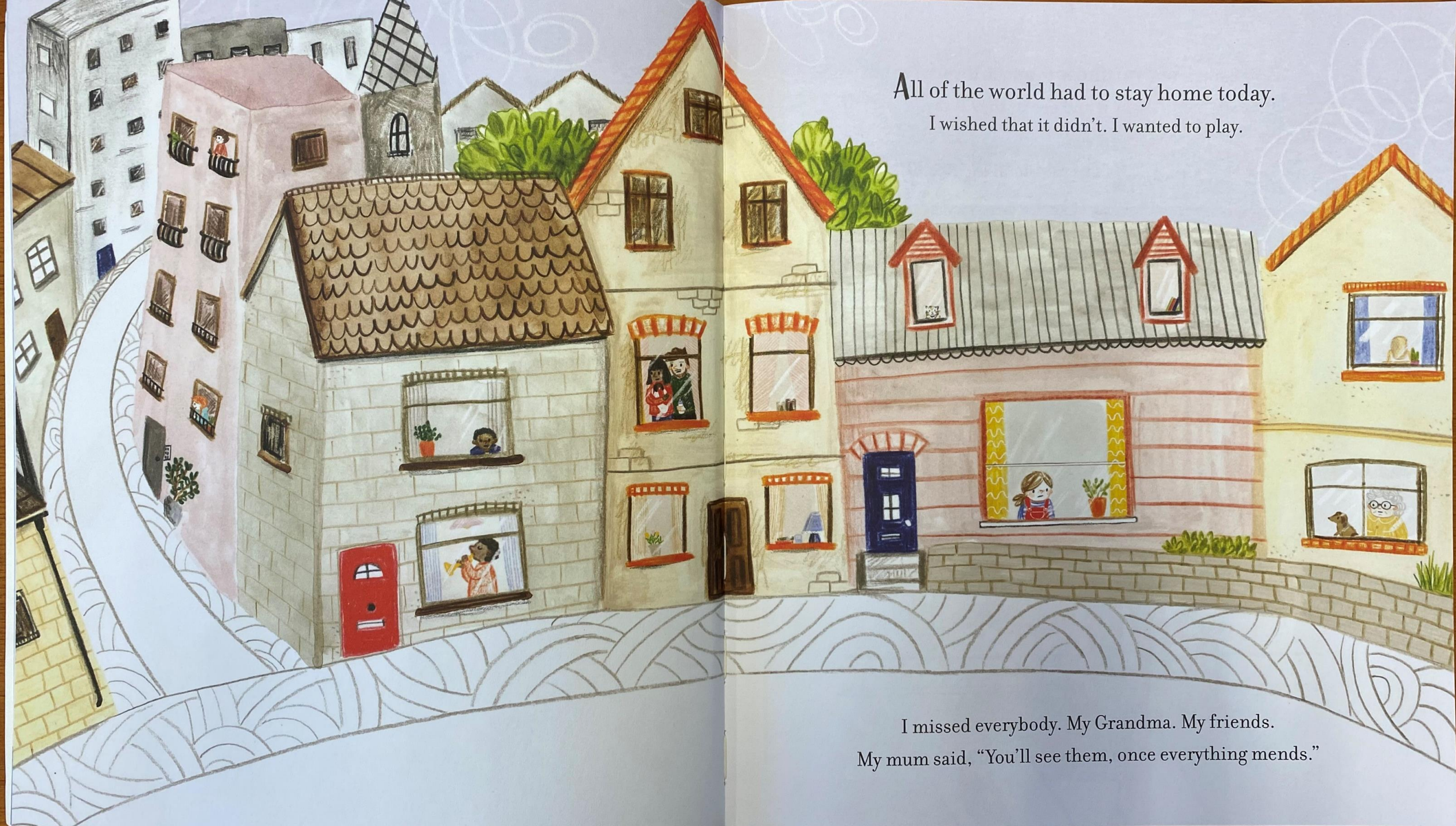
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*Illustrated by*  
Emily Hamilton



BLOOMSBURY





All of the world had to stay home today.  
I wished that it didn't. I wanted to play.

I missed everybody. My Grandma. My friends.  
My mum said, "You'll see them, once everything mends."



“Let’s paint a big rainbow to put on display.  
When people pass by it and see it, they’ll say,  
*‘All rainstorms must end,  
and this rainstorm will, too.’*”



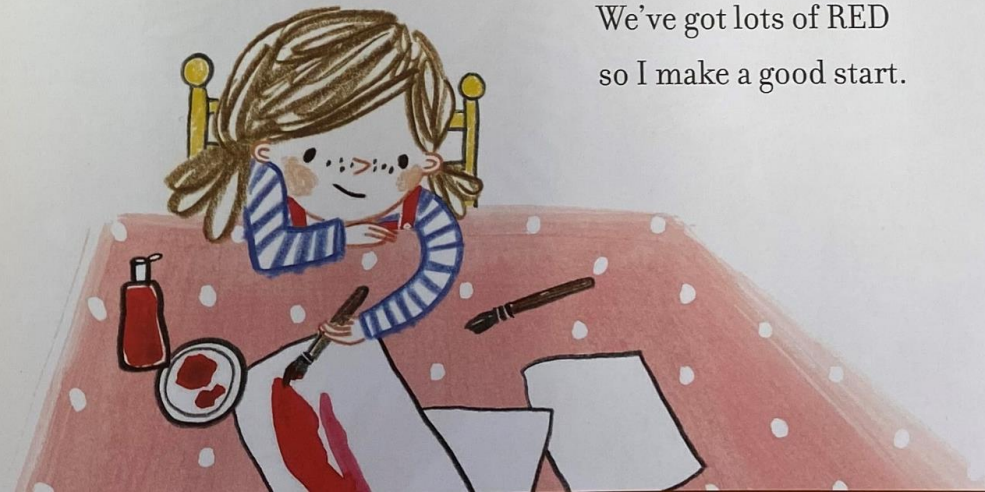
“And they’ll feel a bit happier, all thanks to you.”

So we dig out the paint pots.

I LOVE  
making  
ART!



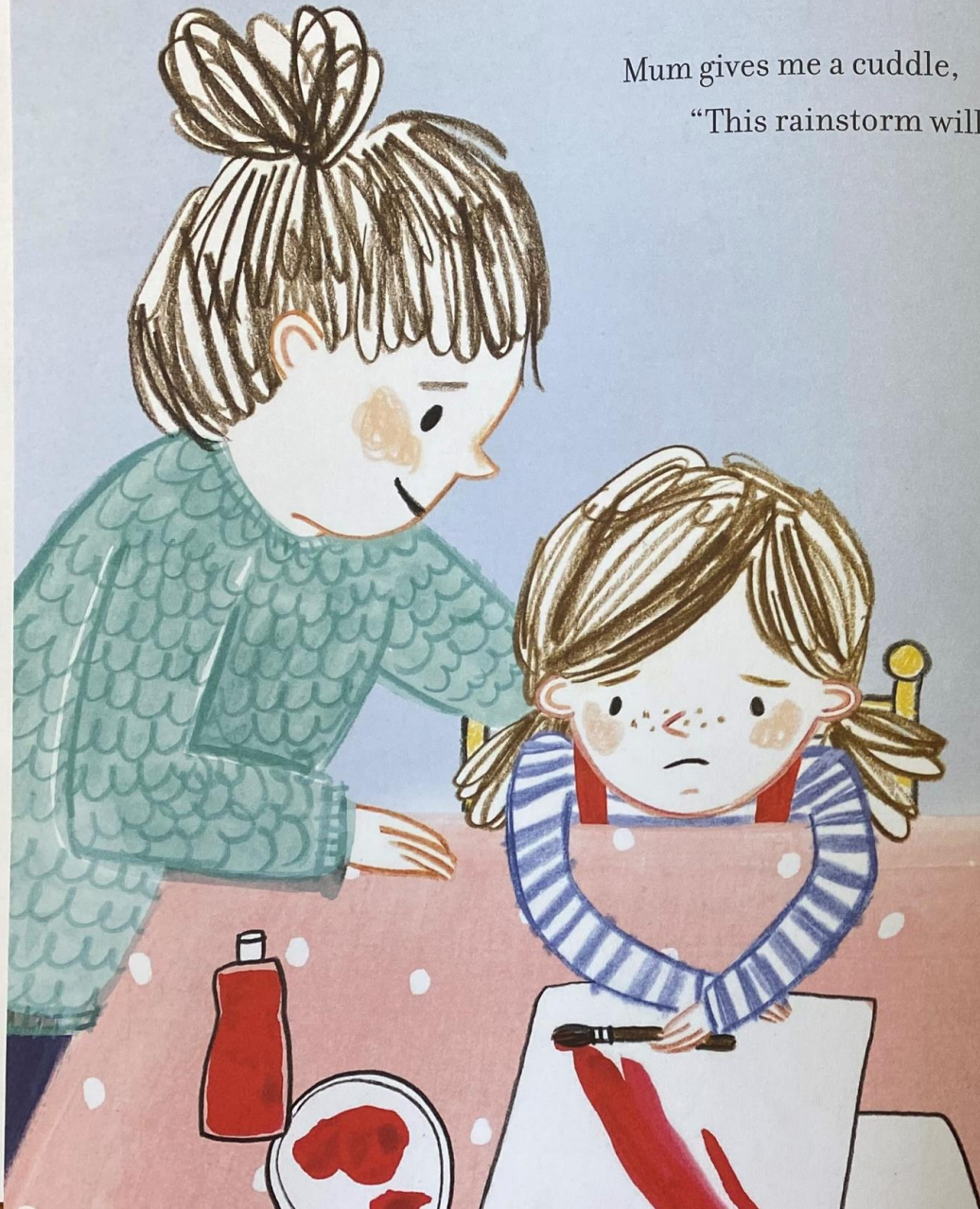
We’ve got lots of RED  
so I make a good start.





But RED makes me think of  
the chairs in my class . . .

Mum gives me a cuddle,  
“This rainstorm will pass.”



“I can’t reach the ORANGE . . .!”

But mum has to work,  
And dad’s with my brother,  
who’s going berserk.



I’ll start on the YELLOW. It’s bright like the sun.  
I splodge it around with the red.

It’s good FUN!





I've made my own  
ORANGE!

But I can't make GREEN.  
I'd need BLUE for that,  
and the blue pot's wiped clean.



I start to feel lonely.

I start to feel sad.

Then . . .





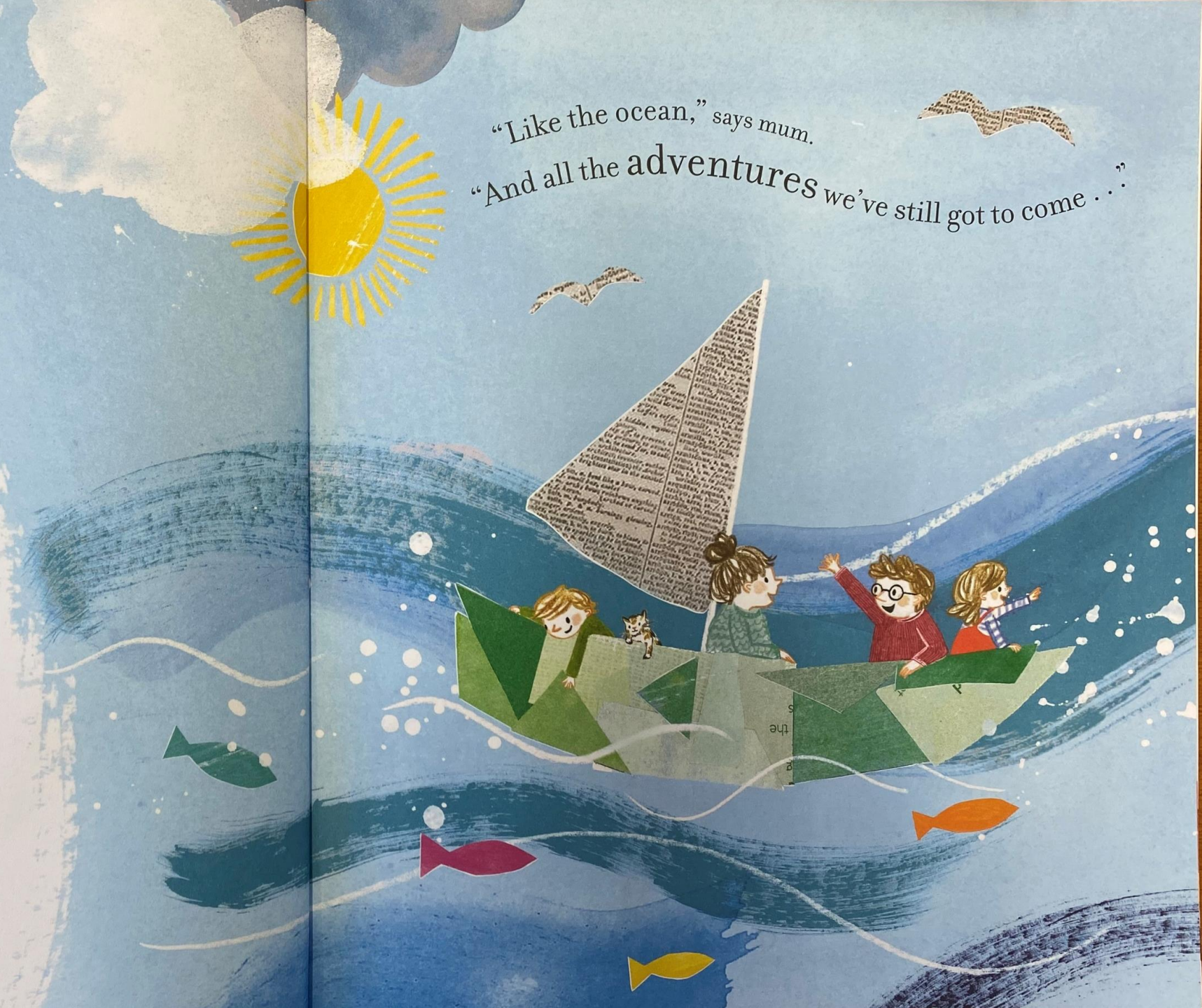
“How about odd bits  
of cardboard?” says dad.



He cuts, and I stick,  
and my brother helps, too.  
We have to mix flour and water for glue.

It looks really good . . .

“Like the ocean,” says mum.  
“And all the adventures we’ve still got to come . . .”

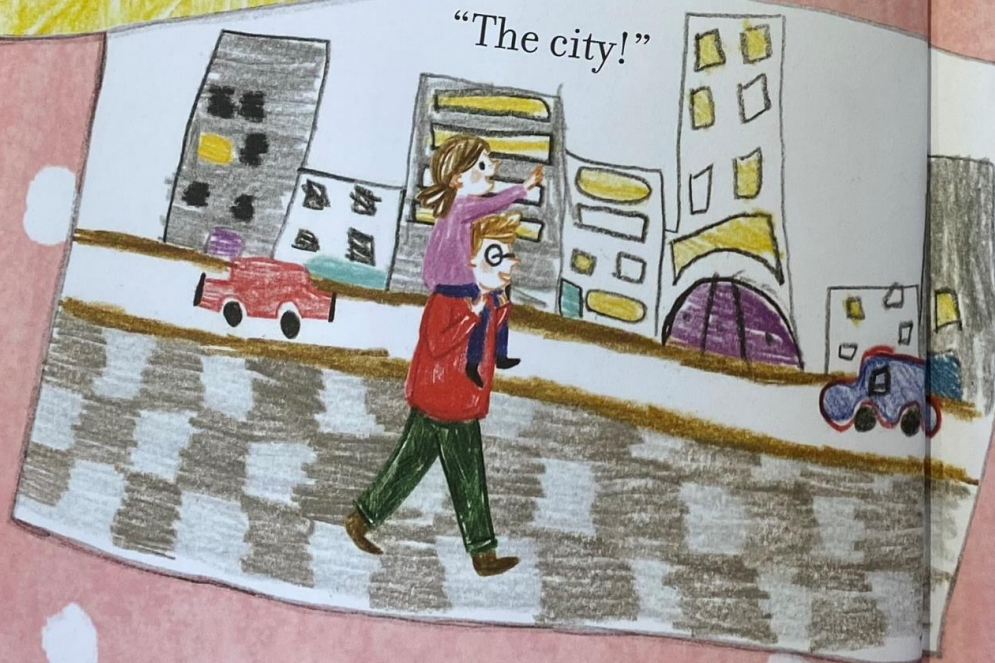




"The seaside!"



"The city!"



"The forest!"



"The park!"





"The light couldn't  
**SHINE**  
if it never knew  
dark."



"And rainbows can't COLOUR  
the world without rain."



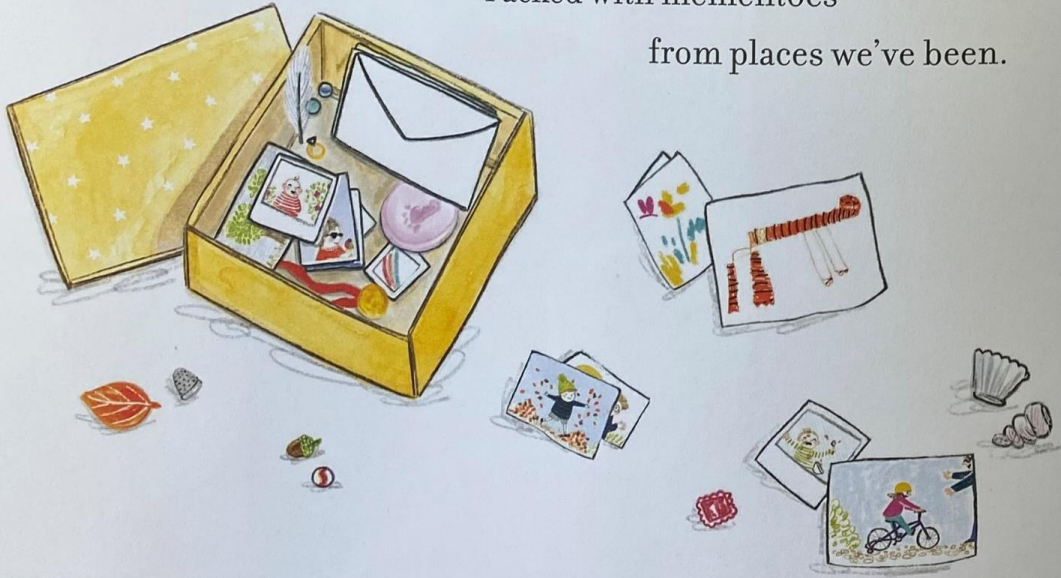
So we get back to work on my rainbow again.



I've never been quite sure what INDIGO's like?  
Dad laughs. "INDIGO —  
like your very first bike!"



And they dig out a memory box I've never seen,  
Packed with mementoes  
from places we've been.



I shout, "Indigo!"  
as I spot my mum's jeans.  
Well, I can't cut *them* out —  
so we use magazines.



Then Dad takes a snapshot for Gran, and I say,  
"Memories are good."  
We'll make more every day."





My rainbow looks GREAT!

There's just  
VIOLET  
to go . . .





Violet, the loveliest person I know!

Violet's my best friend.  
I miss her,  
SO much.



Mum fetches her laptop.  
“Let's put you in touch . . .”



And — would you believe?

Violet feels just like me —  
And she's making a rainbow for people to see!





We walk to see hers,



and she walks to see mine.



We wave to each other and really, it's fine.

Not perfect — but neither's my rainbow. So what?  
I'm perfectly happy with all that I've got.



Violet, my parents, my brother, my friends . . .



And we'll still have each other  
when this rainstorm ends!

