

WISHES

AND

RAINBOWS



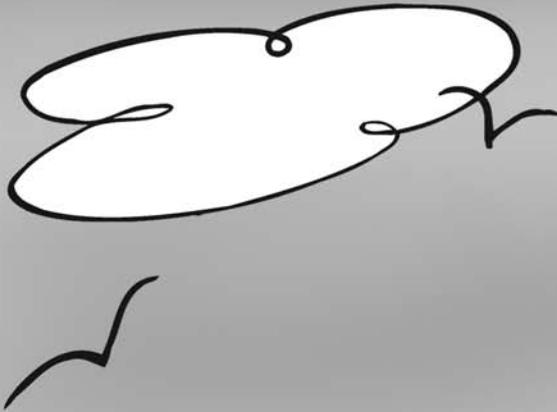
WISHES AND RAINBOWS

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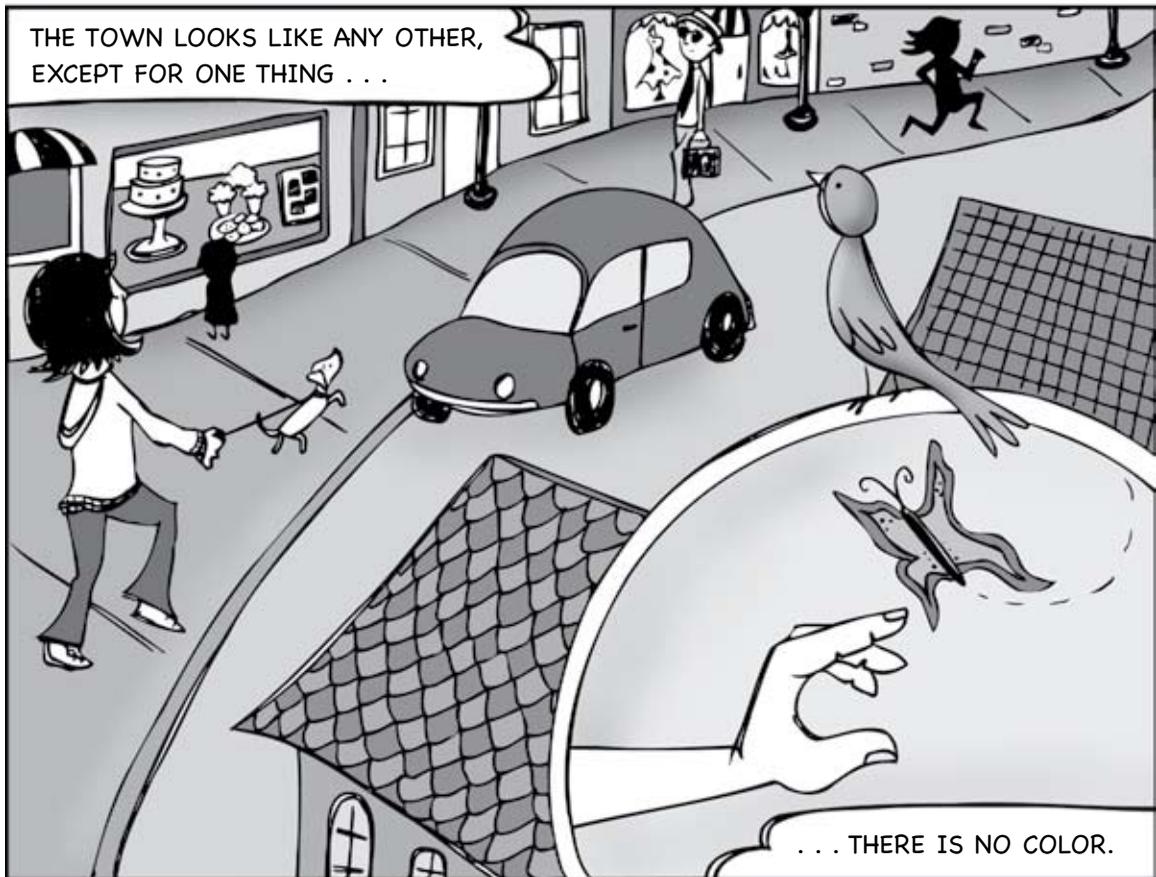
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Classroom sets are accompanied by the teacher's guide,
THE ROAD TO ROOTA



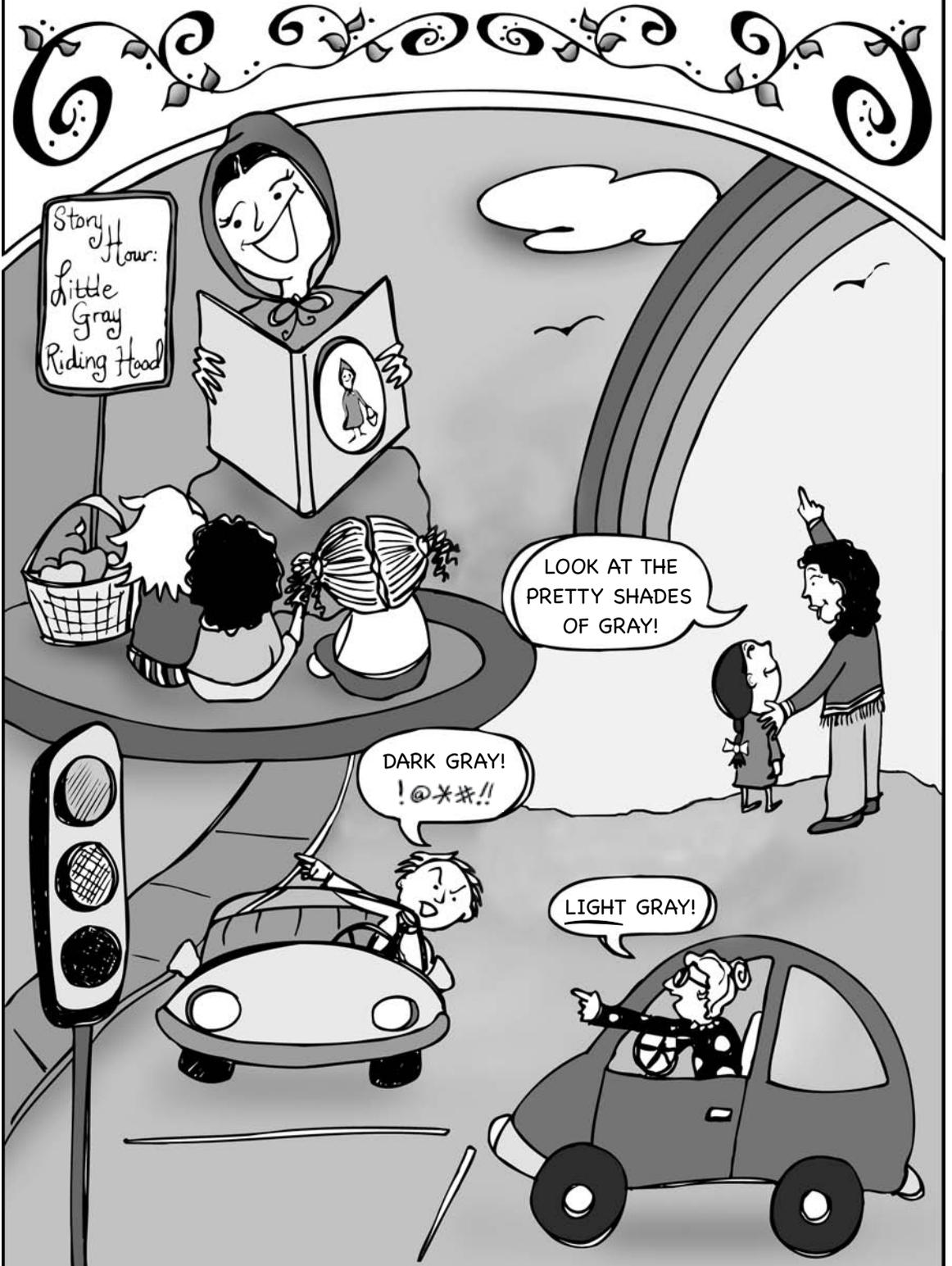
DEEP BENEATH THE GROUND, BETWEEN BOULDER'S RIDGE AND GOPHER JUNCTION, LIES THE LITTLE TOWN OF PEBBLETON.



THE TOWN LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER, EXCEPT FOR ONE THING . . .

. . . THERE IS NO COLOR.

BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF COLOR, ALL THE HOUSES LOOK ALIKE AND EVERY STREET SEEMS LIKE ANY OTHER STREET. THE LITTLE PEBBLEPEOPLE LOOK THE SAME, EACH ABOUT SIX INCHES TALL. AND INSTEAD OF PRETTY PINK BLOUSES, BLUE PANTS, OR YELLOW SCARVES, THEY WEAR ONLY WHITES, BLACKS, AND GRAYS.



THE PEBBLEPEOPLE ARE NOT HAPPY IN THEIR WORLD OF NO COLOR. FOR CENTURIES THEY HAVE HEARD STORIES OF A LEGENDARY "COLORLAND," AND THEY LONG TO LOOK UPON THE BLUES, REDS, AND YELLOWS THEY HAVE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT.

"... AND THEN JACK SAW THE GOOSE FLAP ITS WINGS AND LAY A MAGNIFICENT GOLDEN EGG ..."

WHAT DOES "**GOLDEN**" MEAN, GRANDMA?



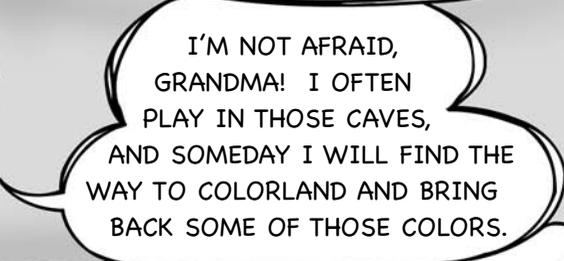
OH, ROOTA! "**GOLDEN**" IS ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL COLORS OF "COLORLAND," ALONG WITH BLUE AND RED AND PURPLE AND, *OH*, SO MANY OTHERS. ALL MY LIFE I HAVE DREAMED OF SEEING THE THINGS THAT THE STORIES DESCRIBE: A TREE'S AUTUMN COLORS OR A FLOWER'S SOFTLY TINTED PETALS.

BUT IF COLORLAND IS SO *BEAUTIFUL*, GRANDMA, WHY DOESN'T ANYONE EVER GO THERE?





BECAUSE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN COLORLAND ARE VERY **BIG** AND MIGHT ACCIDENTLY STEP ON ANY PEBBLEPERSON WHO VISITS. ALL OUR PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO GO THERE. AND BESIDES, NOBODY KNOWS HOW TO REACH COLORLAND! SOME SAY YOU CAN GET THERE THROUGH THE CAVES NEAR COBBLESTONE CANYON.



I'M NOT AFRAID, GRANDMA! I OFTEN PLAY IN THOSE CAVES, AND SOMEDAY I WILL FIND THE WAY TO COLORLAND AND BRING BACK SOME OF THOSE COLORS.

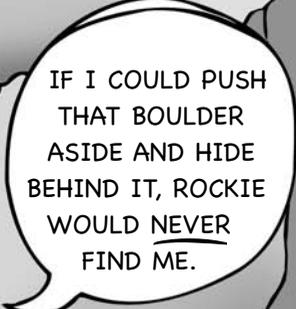
ONE DAY, A FEW WEEKS LATER, ROOTA AND HER FRIEND ROCKIE ARE PLAYING HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE CAVES.



AS SHE RUNS THROUGH ONE TUNNEL, ROOTA SEES A LARGE BOULDER ON A LEDGE ABOVE HER.



ONE THOUSAND AND ONE, ONE THOUSAND AND TWO . . .



IF I COULD PUSH THAT BOULDER ASIDE AND HIDE BEHIND IT, ROCKIE WOULD NEVER FIND ME.

SUDDENLY . . .

. . . THE BOULDER ROLLS ASIDE . . .



. . . AND A DAZZLING RAY OF GOLDEN SUNLIGHT SHINES ON ROOTA.

AT FIRST, ROOTA HAS TO COVER HER EYES TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE LIGHT. BUT AT LAST SHE GROWS ACCUSTOMED TO IT, AND SHE CLIMBS THROUGH THE HOLE AND LOOKS OUT.



ROOTA LEAPS TO HER FEET AND RUNS AMONG THE FLOWERS.

OH! I FOUND THEM!

I FOUND THE COLORS GRANDMA TOLD ME ABOUT! OH! THEY ARE MORE MAGNIFICENT THAN I EVER IMAGINED.

THIS IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THEM ALL! IF ONLY GRANDMA AND THE OTHER PEBBLEPEOPLE COULD SEE IT.

THEN ROOTA HAS AN IDEA.

CARRYING THE FLOWER, ROOTA RETURNS TO THE HOLE AND TURNS FOR ONE LAST LOOK.



GOODBYE,
BEAUTIFUL COLORS!
I WILL SEE YOU
AGAIN SOME DAY.

ROOTA MAKES HER WAY BACK THROUGH THE TUNNELS AND FINDS ROCKIE. SHE TELLS HIM OF HER ADVENTURE.

SO *THIS* IS WHAT COLOR LOOKS LIKE. IT IS PRETTIER THAN I EVER IMAGINED.

I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SHOW MY GRANDMA!



QUICKLY, THEY TAKE THE FLOWER BACK TO PEBBLETON AND SHOW IT TO ROOTA'S GRANDMOTHER.

OH ROOTA!
IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I HAVE EVER SEEN. YOU HAVE MADE ME VERY HAPPY!





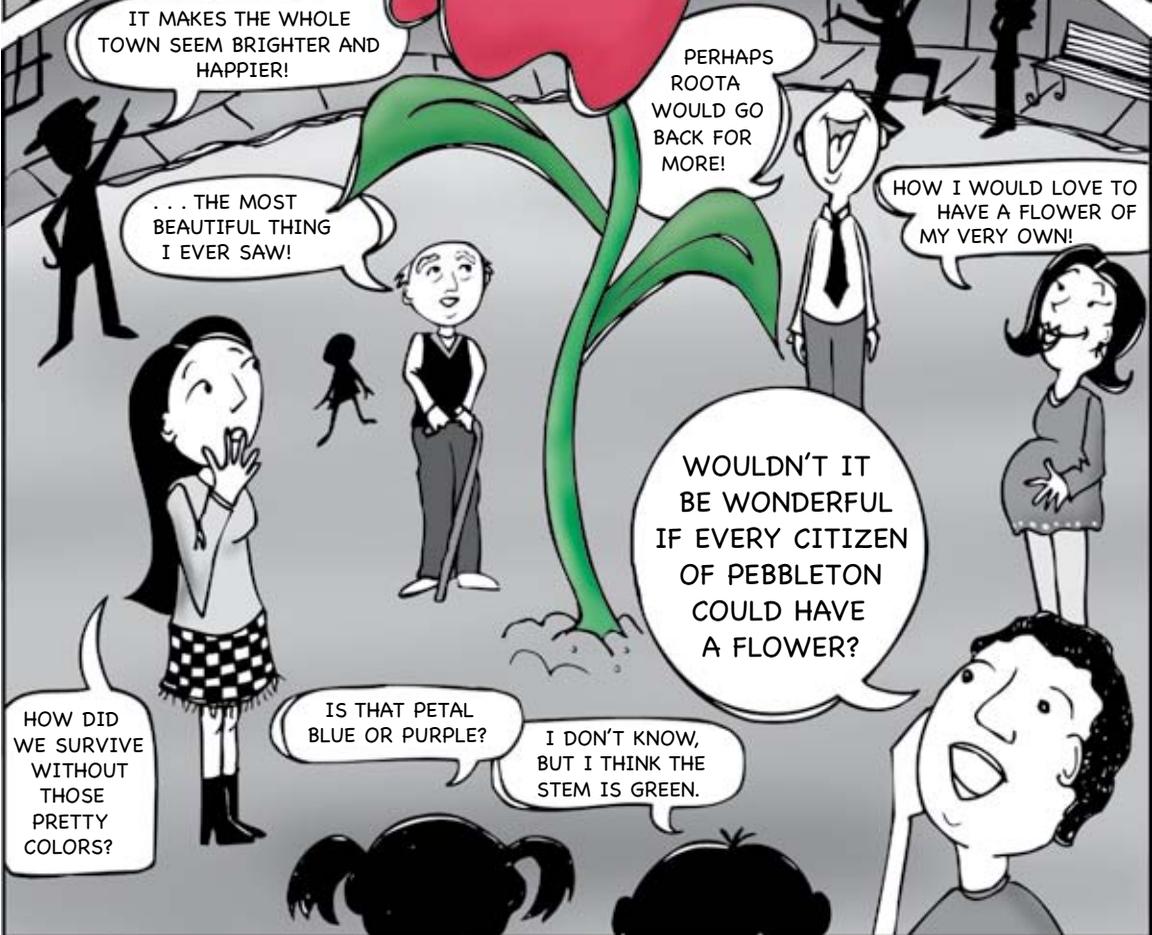
BUT WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH IT, GRANDMA?

THE PEOPLE OF PEBBLETON HAVE BEEN WITHOUT COLOR FOR SO LONG. WHY DON'T YOU AND ROCKIE PLANT IT IN THE TOWN SQUARE?

THE CHILDREN FOLLOW GRANDMA'S SUGGESTION, AND . . .



NOW *ALL* THE PEBBLE-PEOPLE WILL KNOW HOW PRETTY COLOR IS!



IT MAKES THE WHOLE TOWN SEEM BRIGHTER AND HAPPIER!

PERHAPS ROOTA WOULD GO BACK FOR MORE!

. . . THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING I EVER SAW!

HOW I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE A FLOWER OF MY VERY OWN!

WOULDN'T IT BE WONDERFUL IF EVERY CITIZEN OF PEBBLETON COULD HAVE A FLOWER?

HOW DID WE SURVIVE WITHOUT THOSE PRETTY COLORS?

IS THAT PETAL BLUE OR PURPLE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I THINK THE STEM IS GREEN.



ROOTA AND ROCKIE ARE SUMMONDED BEFORE THE MAYOR.

AND SO, AS MAYOR, I INSTRUCT YOU TO GO BACK TO COLORLAND AND BRING BACK MORE FLOWERS.



HAPPILY, ROOTA AND ROCKIE RETURN TO THE CAVES, BUT . . .

A **ROCKSLIDE** HAS CLOSED OFF THAT WHOLE TUNNEL. WHAT DO WE DO **NOW?**



DON'T BE SAD. WE STILL HAVE **ONE** COLORED FLOWER.

BUT **EVERYBODY** IN PEBBLETOWN WANTS ONE. THEY WILL NEVER BE HAPPY UNLESS WE FIND **MORE!** WE MUST SEARCH FOR ANOTHER OPENING TO COLORLAND.



AFTER A LONG SEARCH . . .

LOOK, ROCKIE! THERE IS A GOLDEN LIGHT AHEAD!

HOORAY! ANOTHER ENTRANCE TO COLORLAND!

BUT SOON
THEIR JOY
FADES . . .

WE HAVE
SEARCHED THROUGH
ALL THE CAVES
AND THERE IS NO
OTHER ENTRANCE TO
COLORLAND!

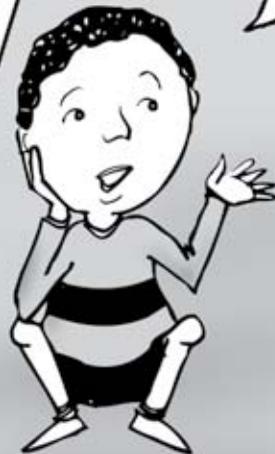
LOOK
ROOTA!
THE GOLDEN
LIGHT IS COMING
FROM THAT
LITTLE HOLE IN
THE CEILING.

IT'S **SO** HIGH!
EVEN THE TALLEST
LADDER IN PEBBLETON
COULD **NEVER** COME
CLOSE TO REACHING IT.



CHEER UP!
THE PEOPLE OF
PEBBLETON WILL
HAVE TO LEARN TO
SHARE THE COLORS
OF OUR ONLY
FLOWER.

BUT SO MANY
PEOPLE, AND ONLY
ONE FLOWER!



THEY RETURN TO
PEBBLETON . . .

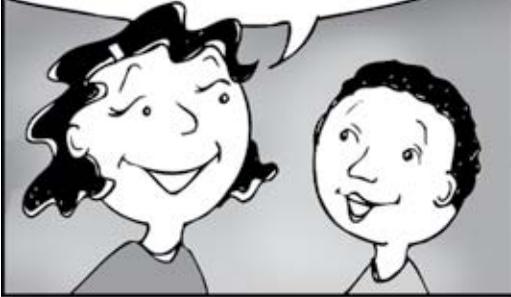
OH, LOOK,
ROOTA! THE
BRIGHT AND
PRETTY FLOWER
HAS BECOME
WILTED AND
GRAY!

AND THEN,
THE FLOWER SHEDS
THREE HARD, BLACK TEARS.

THE FLOWER'S COLORS CANNOT
LIVE WITHOUT THE GOLDEN
LIGHT OF THE WORLD ABOVE, BUT
IT IS SAID THAT ITS TEARS WILL
GROW NEW FLOWERS IF THEY
RECEIVE THE LIGHT.

THIS GIVES ROOTA AN IDEA.

COME ON, ROCKIE, LET'S GO
BACK TO THE CAVE.



ONCE THERE, SHE PLACES THE THREE TEARS
UNDER THE EARTH WHERE THE GOLDEN LIGHT
SHINES DOWN.



THE CHILDREN TAKE TURNS WATERING
THE SPOT EVERY DAY. AFTER A FEW
DAYS . . .



. . . THREE GREEN
SHOOTS POKE
THROUGH THE
GROUND.
SOON . . .



BURSTING WITH HAPPINESS, THE CHILDREN RACE BACK TO PEBBLETON WITH THE GOOD NEWS. BUT . . .

I **WANT** ONE OF THE FLOWERS!

I WAS HERE **FIRST**, SO I SHOULD GET ONE!

AS **MAYOR**, I CERTAINLY SHOULD RECEIVE ONE.

I AM THE **RICHEST** PERSON IN TOWN, SO I SHOULD BE ALLOWED TO BUY ONE.

IF I DON'T GET ONE, I'LL **HOLD MY BREATH** TILL I'M SICK!

I'M THE **POOREST**, SO I SHOULD BE GIVEN ONE!

ROOTA, YOU FOUND THE COLORS, SO IT IS FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHO WILL GET THEM.

THE PEOPLE OF PEBBLETON HAVE BEEN WITHOUT COLOR ALL THEIR LIVES. NOW THEY HAVE SEEN ITS BEAUTY AND WANT MORE AND MORE. ONLY **YOU** CAN DECIDE WHO WILL GET A FLOWER AND WHO WON'T.

BUT WHAT AM I TO **DO**, GRANDMA? I HAVE ONLY THREE FLOWERS, YET **EVERYBODY** WANTS ONE!

SO ROOTA RETURNS TO THE SUNLIT CAVE. SHE SITS BESIDE THE FLOWERS THINKING.

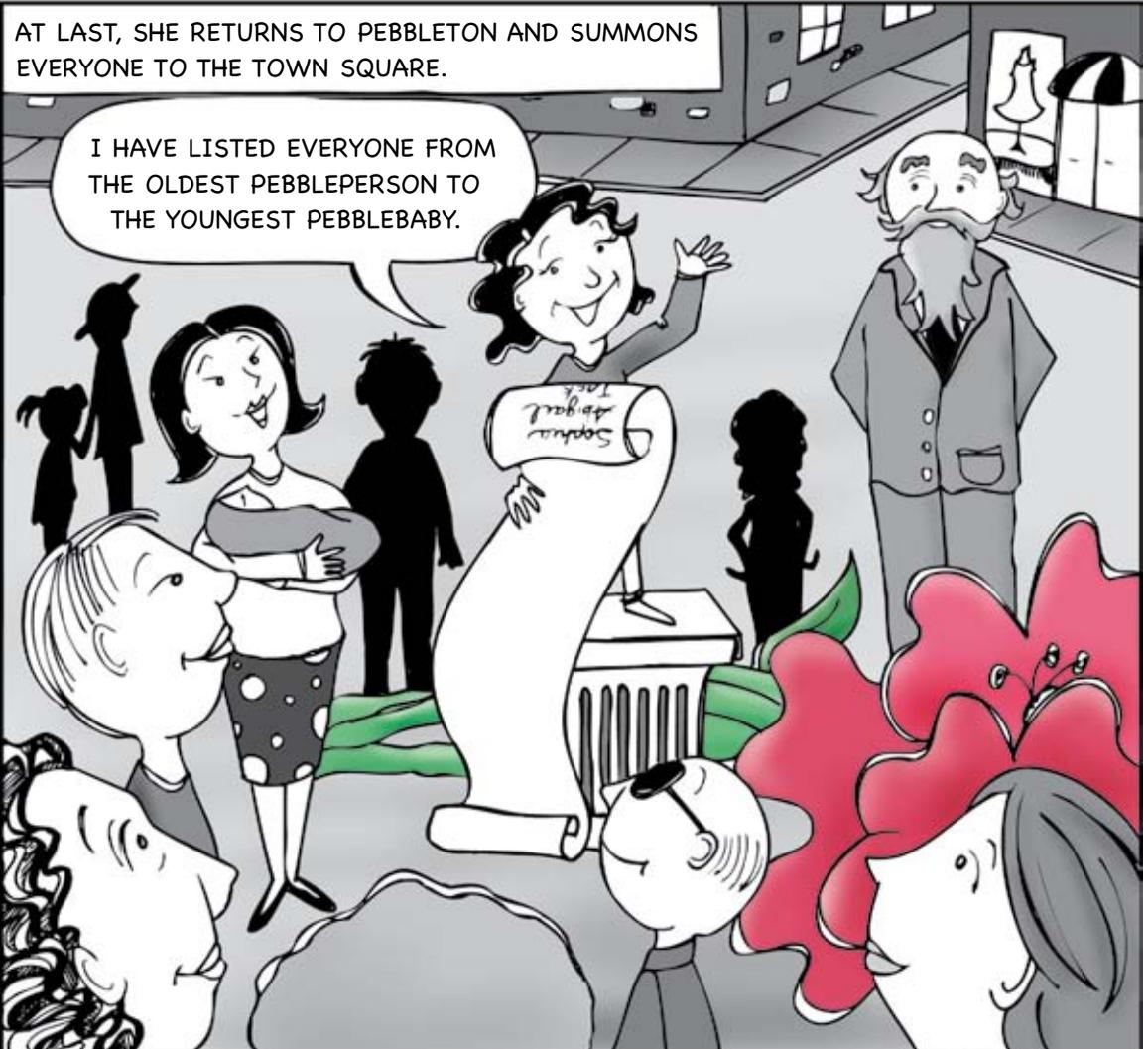


SHE WRITES NUMBERS IN THE DUST AT HER FEET, THEN ERASES THEM. SHE DRAWS PICTURES, AND ERASES THOSE, TOO.



AT LAST, SHE RETURNS TO PEBBLETON AND SUMMONS EVERYONE TO THE TOWN SQUARE.

I HAVE LISTED EVERYONE FROM THE OLDEST PEBBLEPERSON TO THE YOUNGEST PEBBLEBABY.

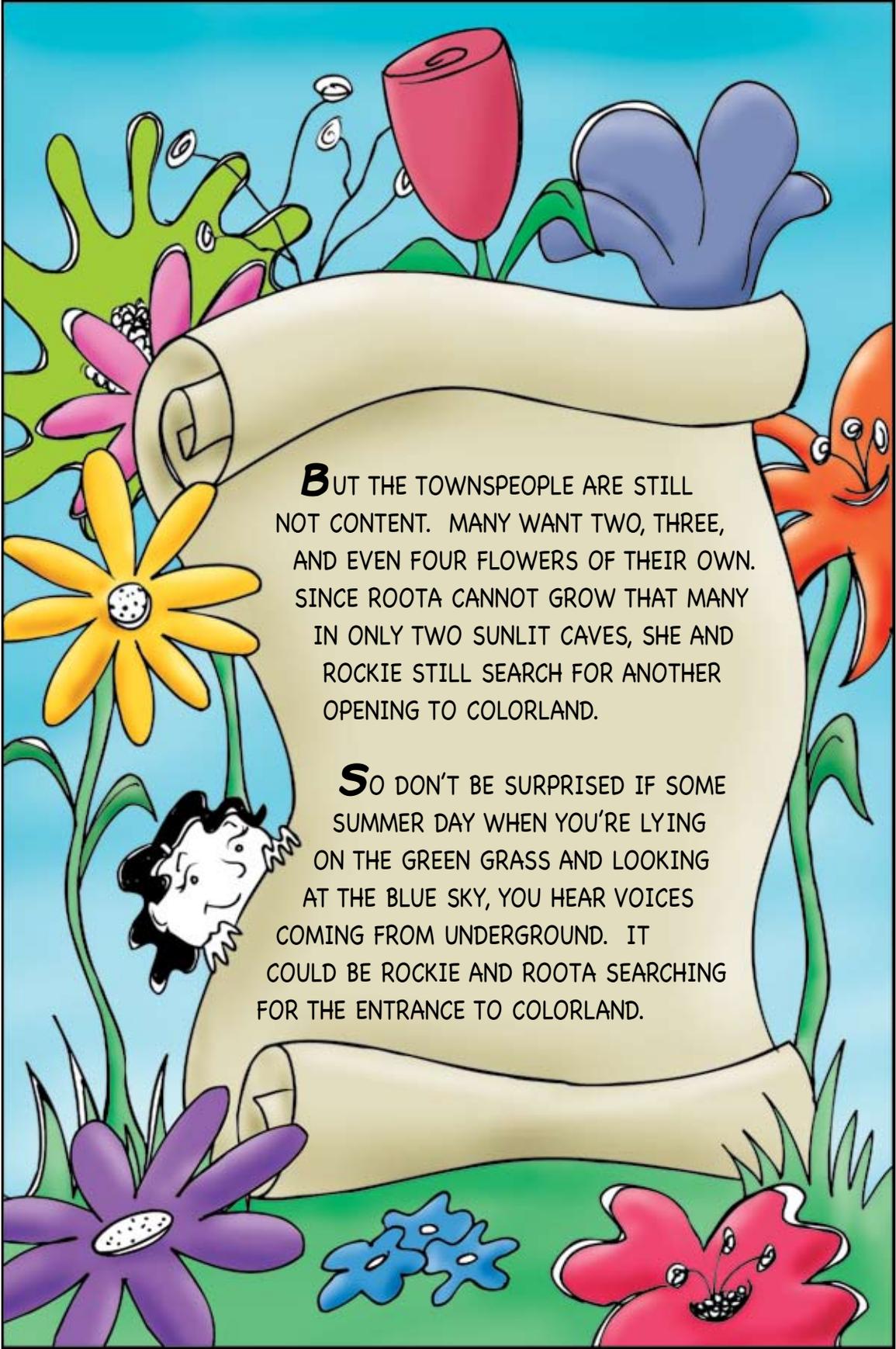


ROOTA CALLS THE FIRST THREE NAMES AND HANDS EACH A FLOWER.

WHEN THOSE THREE FLOWERS LOSE THEIR COLORS, WE WILL USE THEIR TEARS TO PLANT MORE. IN TIME, EVERYBODY WILL BE GIVEN A FLOWER.



YEARS HAVE PASSED. A ROCKSLIDE HAS OPENED ANOTHER HOLE IN THE CEILING AND CREATED ANOTHER SUNLIT CAVE. NOW THE PEBBLEPEOPLE CAN GROW TWICE AS MANY FLOWERS AS BEFORE, AND THE STREETS OF PEBBLETON ARE LINED WITH BEAUTIFUL, COLORED FLOWERS.



BUT THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE STILL NOT CONTENT. MANY WANT TWO, THREE, AND EVEN FOUR FLOWERS OF THEIR OWN. SINCE ROOTA CANNOT GROW THAT MANY IN ONLY TWO SUNLIT CAVES, SHE AND ROCKIE STILL SEARCH FOR ANOTHER OPENING TO COLORLAND.

SO DON'T BE SURPRISED IF SOME SUMMER DAY WHEN YOU'RE LYING ON THE GREEN GRASS AND LOOKING AT THE BLUE SKY, YOU HEAR VOICES COMING FROM UNDERGROUND. IT COULD BE ROCKIE AND ROOTA SEARCHING FOR THE ENTRANCE TO COLORLAND.

