Adventures in the Rain

Story

What I'm about to tell you happened a long, long time ago, when I went to visit my Aunt Nina. She lived in an old house, with a great courtyard and many flowers. I loved going to stay with Nina because I could play in her garden in the mornings, help her cook, and above all... have breakfast in bed!

She always made my bed up on a sofa which stood against a wall in her bedroom. There I used to sleep every night, and as I was drifting off I liked to look at a big damp stain on the wall. I tried to make shapes out of that stain: faces, characters. One rainy night something very strange happened. Suddenly, I saw something extraordinary come out of that wall. It looked like a ghost made of cotton... except that it was dark, as dark as thunderclouds.

I felt the ghost touching my shoulder, and as it did so, it turned into a grey lady of incredible beauty. Then, in a deep, but sweet, kind voice she said:

-"Good evening! My name is Storm, and don't let my colour fool you, I'm really a very good fairy. Want to come with me?"

And she offered me her hand. It was a slim, transparent hand, and smelled of raindrops. I was so surprised that I could not answer. The next thing I knew, I had been carried by some invisible force, taken from the warmth of my bed, and transported through the bedroom wall, through the middle of that damp stain...

-"Come on, come along, you'll love where we're going,"
said the fairy, and with that we moved up, soaring, flying, faster and faster towards the heavens. We meandered through the air while behind us lightning struck and thunder roared, and through all of it I didn't feel the slightest fear.

Along I went in complete confidence, holding onto Storm's hand, and the rain fell incessantly beneath us. It seemed to come in waves, softly murmuring through the sky...

Storm smiled at me, and higher and higher we went. Then, just as smoothly as we had ascended, we began to float back down. We descended through a gradually clearing fog, and headed towards an area filled with light. In the blink of an eye we were bathed in sunlight, and around us were seven other figures. Seven more fairies, each just as beautiful and transparent as Storm, each as sweet and kind, and they smiled at me just like she had...!

Instead of magic wands they each had a slim golden paintbrush in one hand, and a painters’ palette in the other. Out from the fog which had surrounded us appeared flowers, plants, animals, all manner of things, but every one of them was completely colourless...

Each of the seven fairies took their leave of us and alighted upon a flower, a plant, an animal; any object of their choosing. Little by little, object by object, the fairies brought colour to the scene, until finally everything was just as
we see it every day. My friend Storm painted some chimney smoke, a beautiful horse, several little birds, and a cat that was so plump and gleaming that it looked like a silk pompom...

Well, I was so shocked by all this that I couldn't say a word. But an even bigger surprise was in store. I turned to look back at the path we had taken to arrive there, and saw that it was nothing less than... a rainbow, complete with all its resplendent colours. Meanwhile, Storm and her friends took me by the hands and began to dance, singing a song:

-"How beautiful are the plants after the rain, the soaked flowers;
Everything gleaming, raindrops painting in their colours, a fresh coat!
We're on light patrol, and this is our song!"

And indeed I danced and sang with them, clapping in rhythm, and wanting to ask the fairies so many questions! When the song ended I would ask them. Of that I was sure.

I was just about to let my curiosity off the leash when, suddenly, I heard my Aunt Nina's voice saying:

-“So now you sing in your sleep, do you? I think you're in need of a good breakfast. Come on, I'll bring you some hot tea, and toast with peach jam, the kind I make especially for you!”

I thought that if I told her what I'd seen, she wouldn't believe me. Then she said this to me:

-“So you enjoyed your journey through the damp stain?”

As my breakfast was getting cold, and I was going to be late for school, I didn't have time to answer her. Anyhow, I still believe that whenever it rains Storm and her friends come to visit us, and they leave everything looking bright, fresh, and new... just as though it had just been painted by fairies.

This story was kindly contributed by Alibruji. You can visit her wonderful website at www.alibrujilas.com.ar

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