

WILLOW AND THE RAINBOW SEEDS



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Willow and the Rainbow Seeds

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Rain pattered gently on Willow Rabbit's window, tapping out a soft, sleepy song. Willow pressed her nose to the cool glass, watching colors shimmer in the puddles outside—blue, green, gold, and, for just a second, something sparkling and bright.

Willow loved rain. She loved splashing in it, listening to it, and most of all, she loved what came after: rainbows arching across the sky like giant, magical smiles.

Today, though, Willow felt a little spark of something different—a wish for a rainbow of her own.



Once the clouds drifted away and the day shone bright, Willow grabbed her favorite yellow boots and bounced outside. The grass was still wet, her toes squeaked at every hop, and the world in the garden smelled sweet and new.

She searched for treasures washed up by the rain: shiny pebbles, curly earthworms, and once, a feather striped in three colors. Just as she knelt to peek under a leaf, Willow spotted something she'd never seen—a tiny packet half-buried in the earth, its paper painted with dazzling rainbow stripes.



Willow tugged it out and dusted it off. The packet was old but cheerful, and on the front were these words:

MAGICAL RAINBOW SEEDS: Bury them in the sun. Water them with a wish. Be patient and see a surprise!

Willow's eyes grew wide as dewdrops. Were rainbow seeds real? Did they really bloom in every color? She couldn't help but giggle.

"Let's find out!"



With careful paws, Willow opened the packet and tipped three tiny seeds into her palm. One was green with a golden fleck, another red and bumpy, and the third sparkled every color at once.

Down on her knees, she pressed them into a spot where puddles met the sunlight, just as the package recommended. Willow closed her eyes and whispered her quietest, biggest wish:

"Please, little seeds, grow into something wonderful and bright."

She patted the dirt gently, tucking her wish deep inside.



Willow checked the seeds every hour—a hundred times—or maybe more (it's hard to count when you're bouncing all over the garden). First, nothing happened.

She watered them with her tiniest blue watering can. She sang a wiggly song about sunbeams. She even shared a strawberry, just in case the seeds got hungry.

But as the sun dropped low, only a patch of earth and a half-buried pebble peeked up at her.



Willow felt her ears droop. Why wouldn't they grow? She flopped on her side next to the patch, nose in the grass, when someone small and squeaky scampered by—Pip the Field Mouse.

"What's up, Willow?" Pip asked, nose twitching.

"I planted magic seeds, but they're not magic at all. Just slow," Willow mumbled.

Pip nibbled a blade of grass. "My mum says all the best things need waiting. Like cheese pies and dandelion clocks. Want to wait with me?"

So Willow and Pip waited together, counting ants and clouds, and telling tiny secrets in the damp grass.



That night, Willow lay awake in her cozy burrow, thinking about her wish and her seeds. She wondered if she'd done something wrong, or if magic only worked for grown-up rabbits.

But when Willow peeked outside at sunrise, she saw something tiny and different. Three shoots—a shimmer of red, a flicker of blue, and one that shined gold—poked out of the soil. Not a rainbow yet, but a hopeful start!

Her heart leapt with surprise and smiles.



Each day, Willow watched over her sprouts, watering them, singing to them, and sharing stories with Pip. She learned the art of being patient (which is tricky, even for rabbits with big dreams).

The shoots stretched taller and wider, twisting into curling stems and fluttery leaves. Every morning, a new color appeared: purple petals spotted with silver, a leaf green as a frog, and a blossom even brighter than Willow's yellow boots.



Finally, after many sunrises and sleepy nights, Willow woke to a gasp and a giggle. Her garden was soon bursting with colors—blues, reds, oranges, yellows, pinks, and purples all mixed together!

Friends from all over hopped, flapped, and scurried to see the Rainbow Garden. Pip danced in and out of the petals. A robin sang on a branch. The rainbow flowers shimmered in the sunlight, every wish shining just a little.

Willow's heart was so full she thought it might also bloom.



That evening, Willow sat among her dazzling flowers with Pip and all their friends—the air buzzing with songs and laughter. She realized some treasures take time and lots of patience, but the wait makes them extra magical.

As stars blinked above, Willow made one last wish—not for another rainbow, but to always remember the magic of patience, and the friends who waited beside her for their wishes to grow.

Before You Drift Off...

How did Willow feel while waiting for her rainbow seeds to grow,
and what helped her keep waiting?

Can you think of something you had to wait for that turned out
really special, or make a wish that needs some patience?