

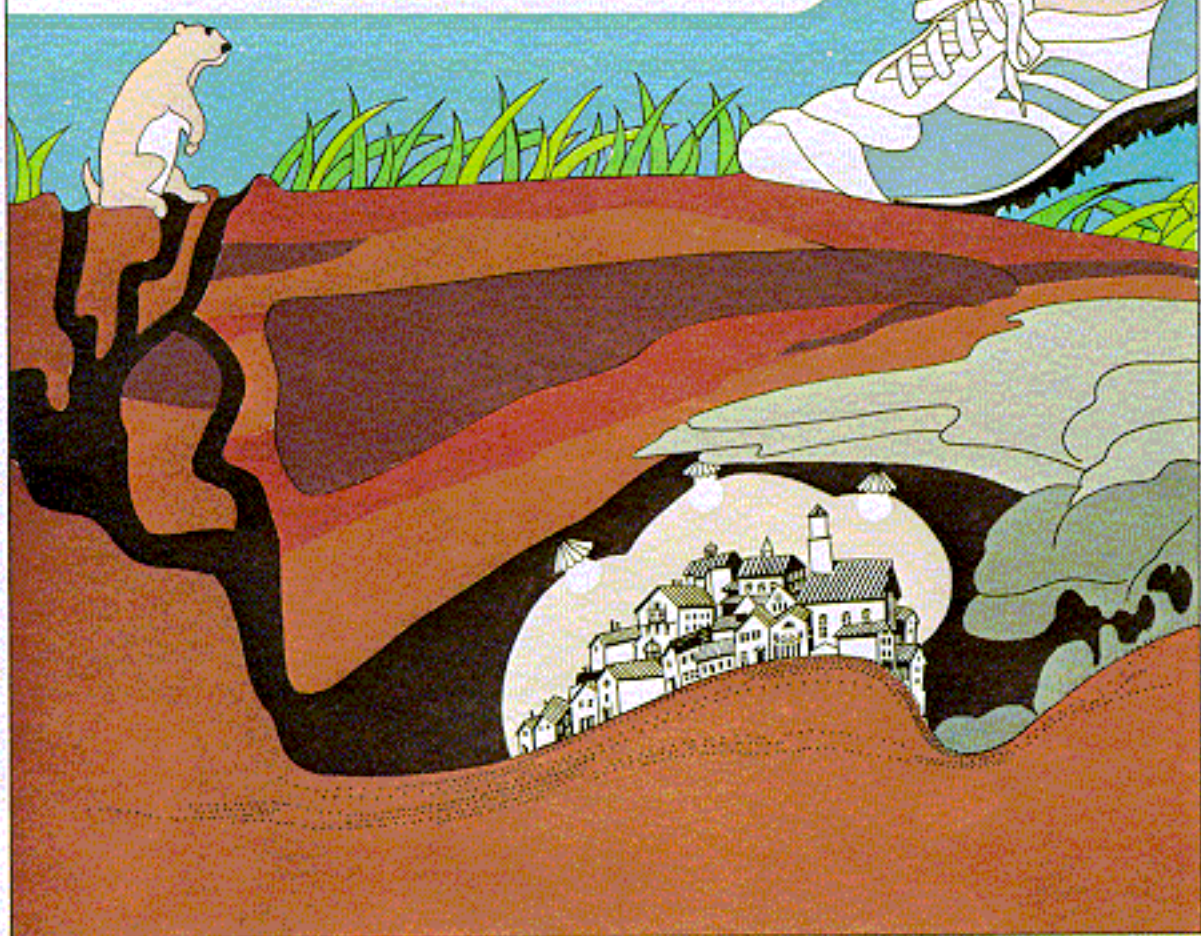


WISHES & RAINBOWS is adapted from a story of the same title by Debra Carpenter-Beck, published in the September 1980 issue of *The Ledger*, the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston's economic education newsletter. Copies of **WISHES & RAINBOWS** in either story or comic book form may be obtained through the Public and Community Affairs Department, Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, Boston, MA 02106.

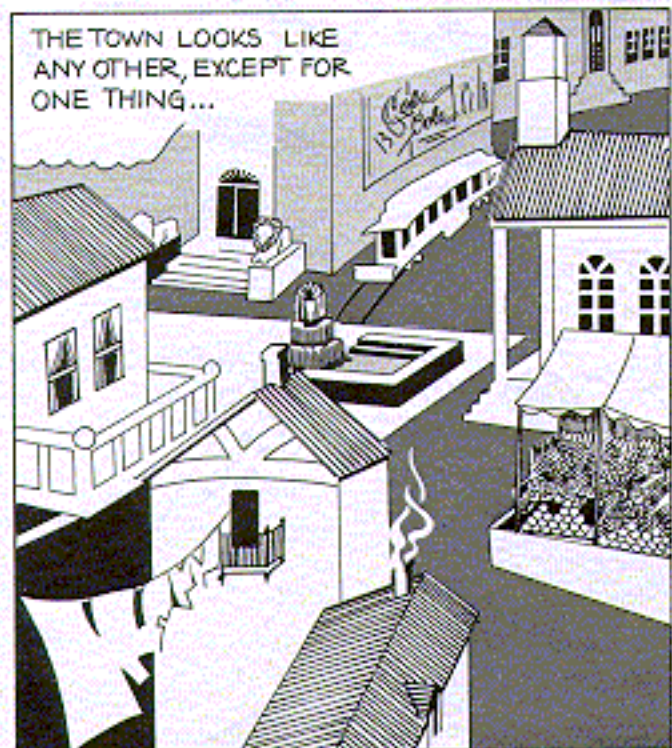
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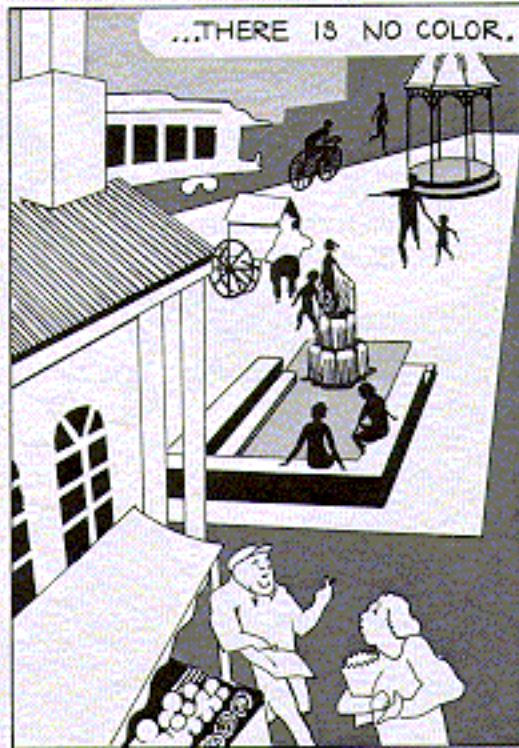
DEEP BENEATH THE GROUND, BETWEEN BOULDER'S RIDGE AND GOPHER JUNCTION, LIES THE LITTLE TOWN OF PEBBLETON.



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 GREYS.



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..."

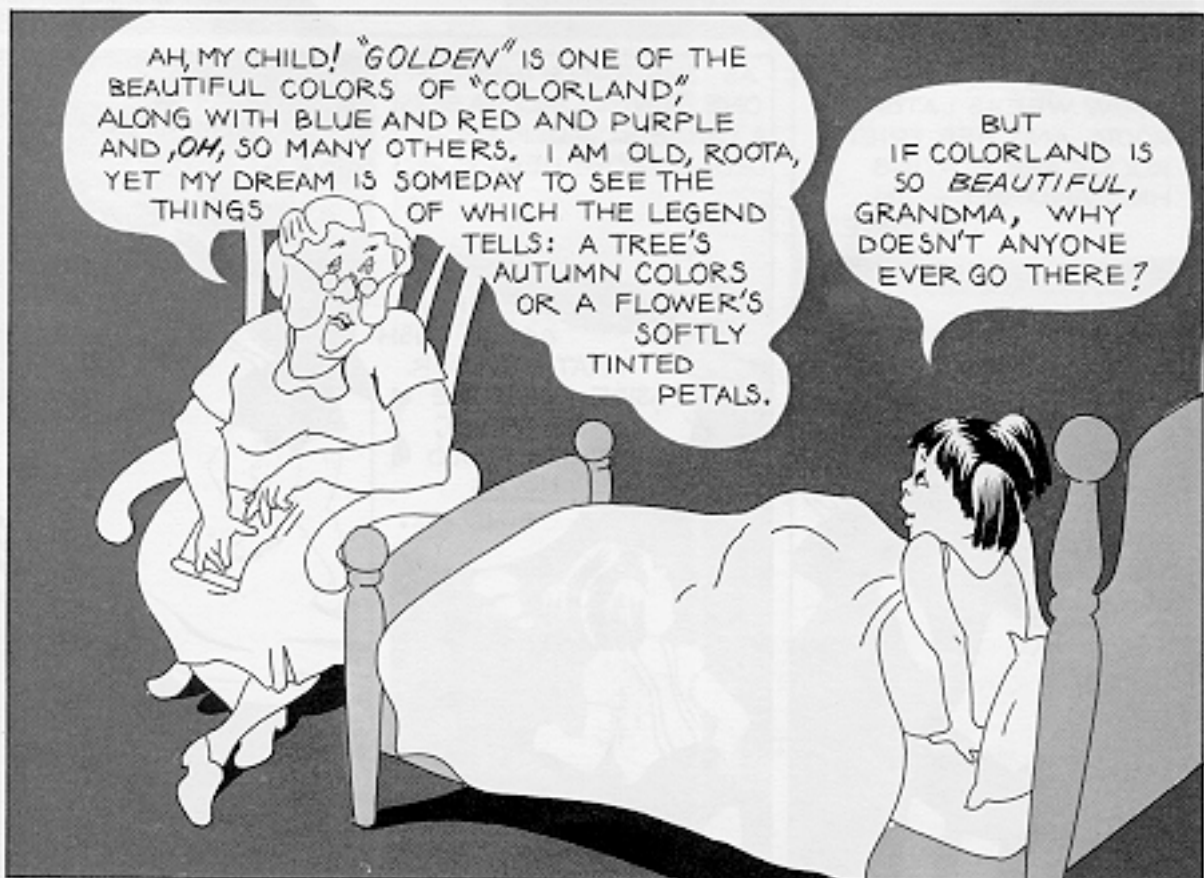
WHAT DOES "GOLDEN" MEAN, GRANDMA?



AH, MY CHILD! "GOLDEN" IS ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL COLORS OF "COLORLAND," ALONG WITH BLUE AND RED AND PURPLE AND, OH, SO MANY OTHERS. I AM OLD, ROOTA, YET MY DREAM IS SOMEDAY TO SEE THE THINGS

OF WHICH THE LEGEND TELLS: 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 ACCIDENTALLY 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.

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

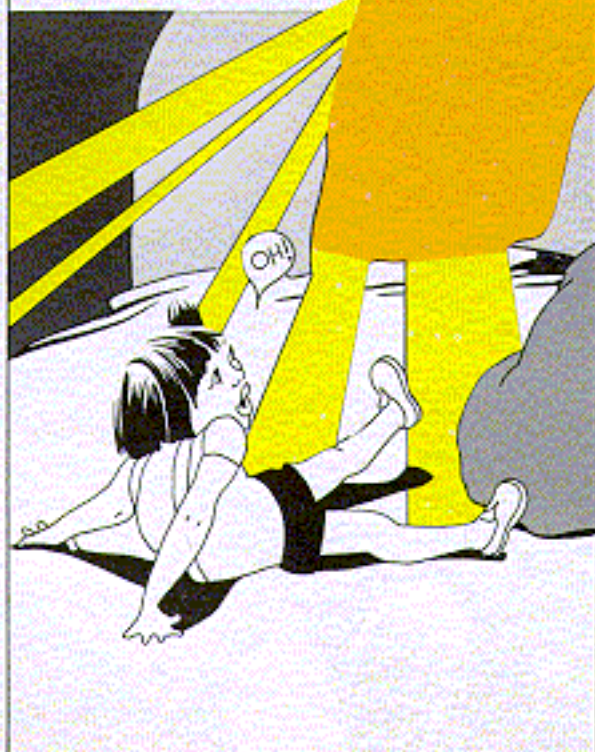
AS SHE RUNS THROUGH ONE TUNNEL, ROOTA SEES A LARGE BOULDER ON A LEDGE ABOVE HER.

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

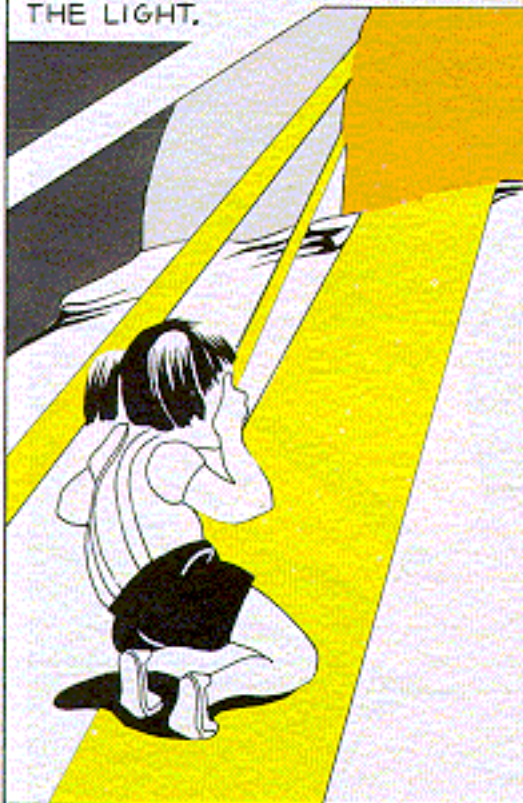
SUDDENLY, THE BOULDER
ROLLS ASIDE...



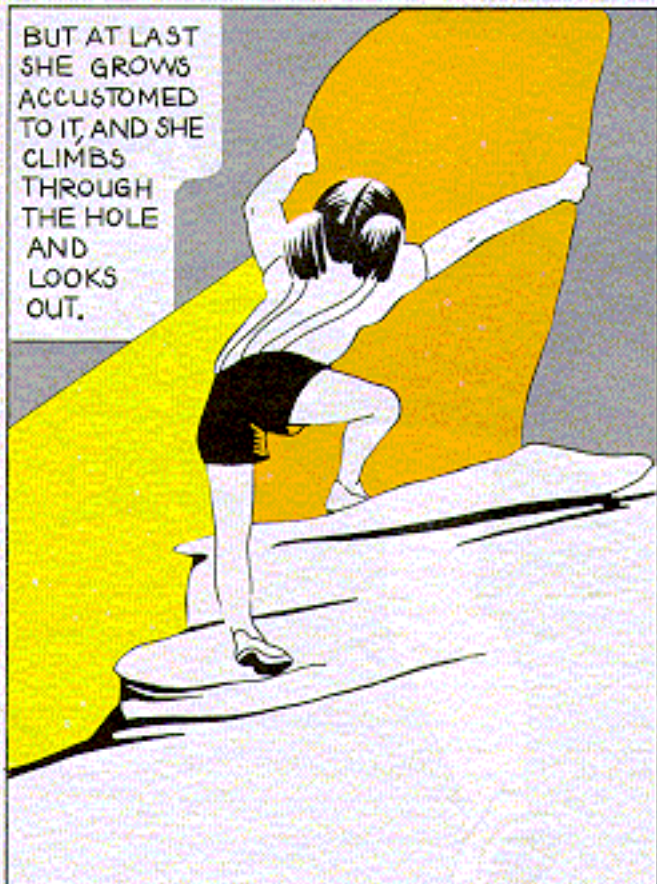
..AND A DAZZLING RAY
OF GOLDEN SUNLIGHT
SHINES ON ROOTA.

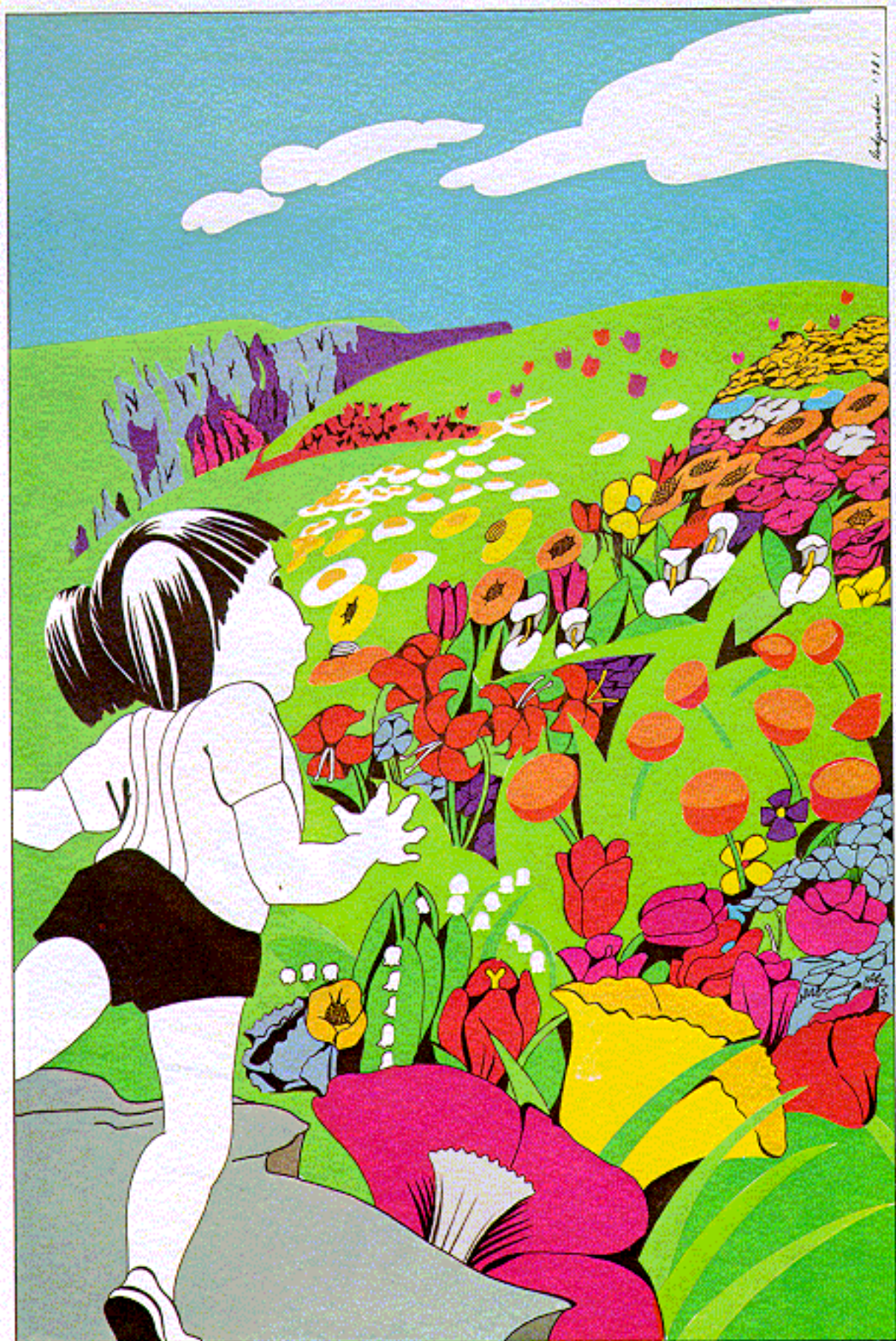


AT FIRST, ROOTA HAS TO COVER
HER EYES TO PROTECT THEM FROM
THE LIGHT.



BUT AT LAST
SHE GROWS
ACCUSTOMED
TO IT, AND SHE
CLIMBS
THROUGH
THE HOLE
AND
LOOKS
OUT.



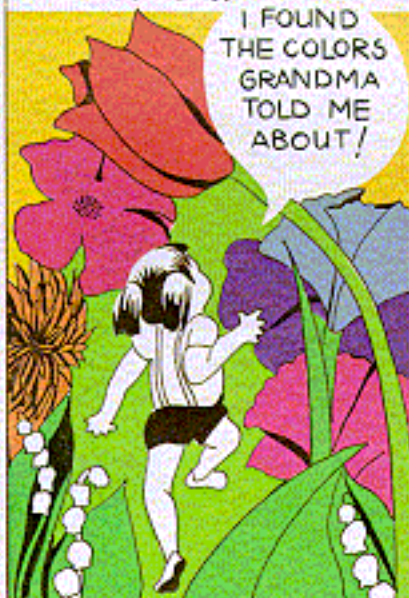


ROOTA LEAPS TO HER FEET...



OH!
I FOUND
THEM!

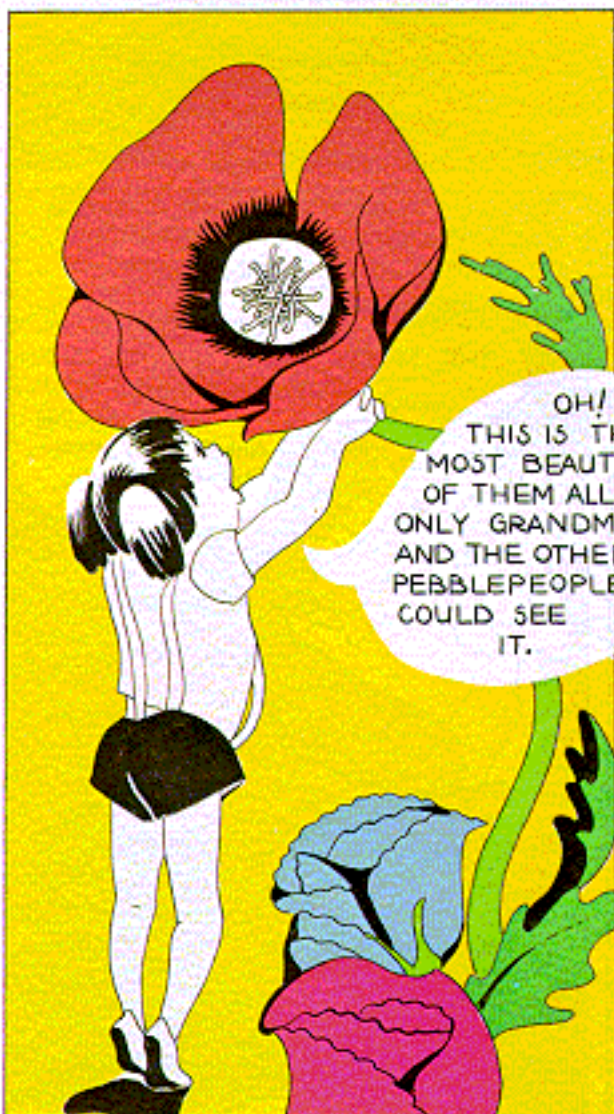
...AND RUNS AMONG
THE FLOWERS.



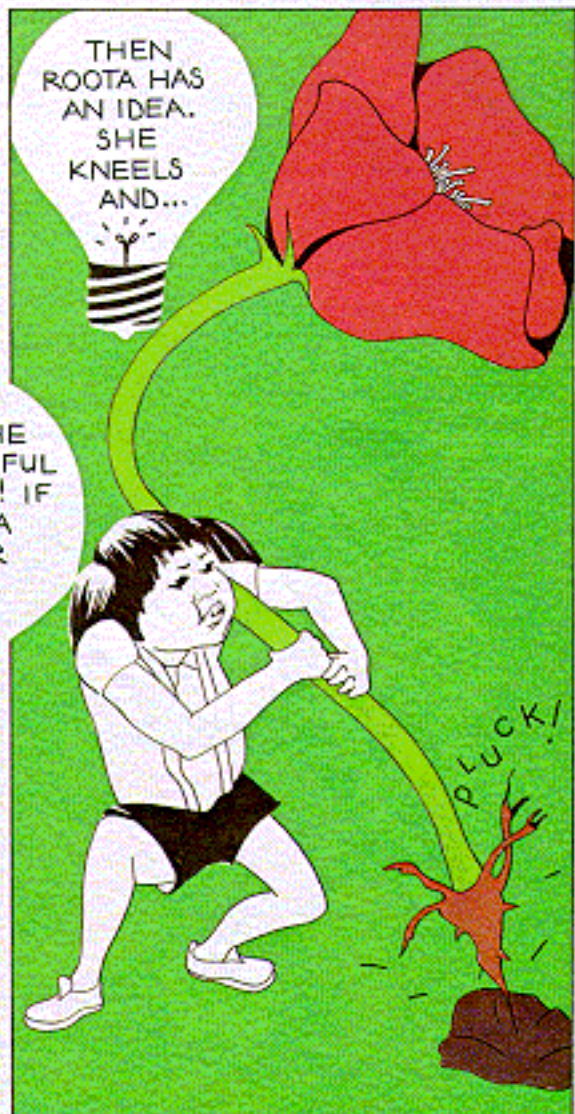
I FOUND
THE COLORS
GRANDMA
TOLD ME
ABOUT!



OH! THEY
ARE MORE
MAGNIFICENT
THAN I EVER
IMAGINED.



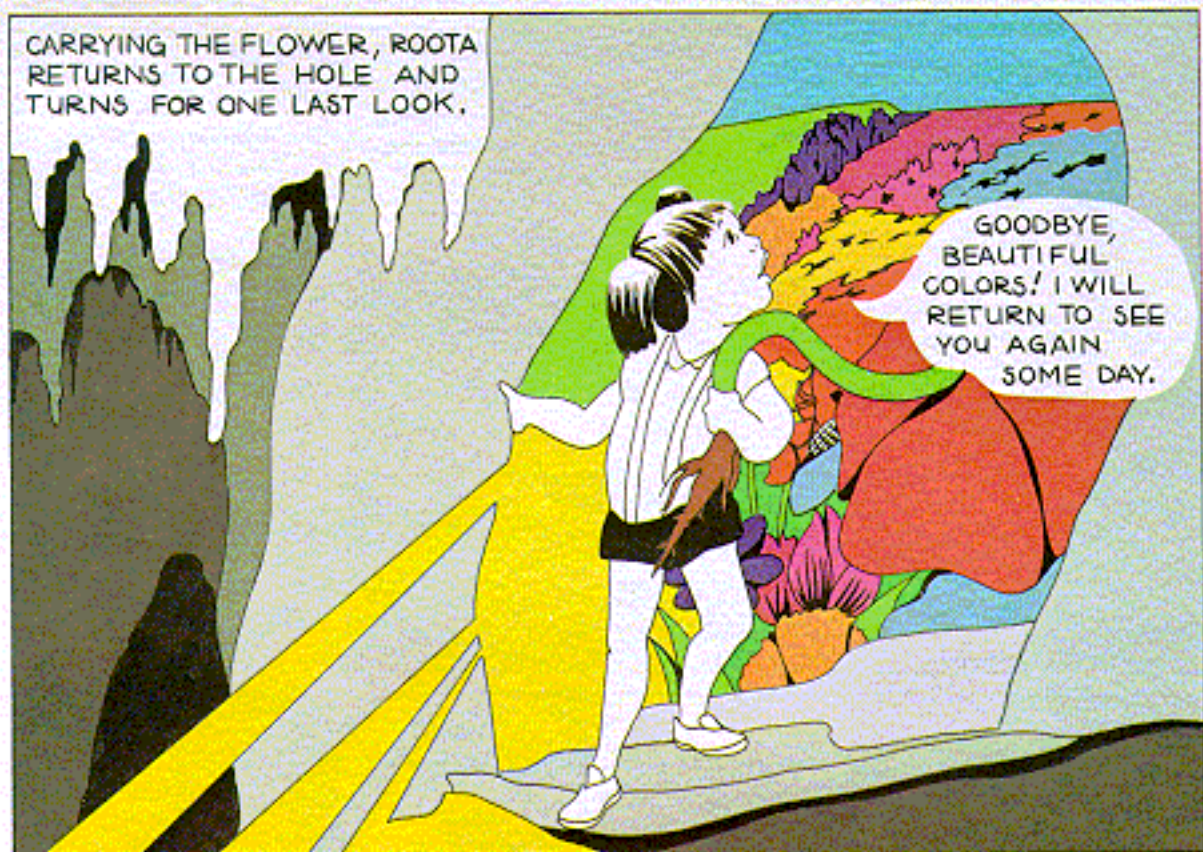
OH!
THIS IS THE
MOST BEAUTIFUL
OF THEM ALL! IF
ONLY GRANDMA
AND THE OTHER
PEBBLEPEOPLE
COULD SEE
IT.



THEN
ROOTA HAS
AN IDEA.
SHE
KNEELS
AND...

PLUCK!

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

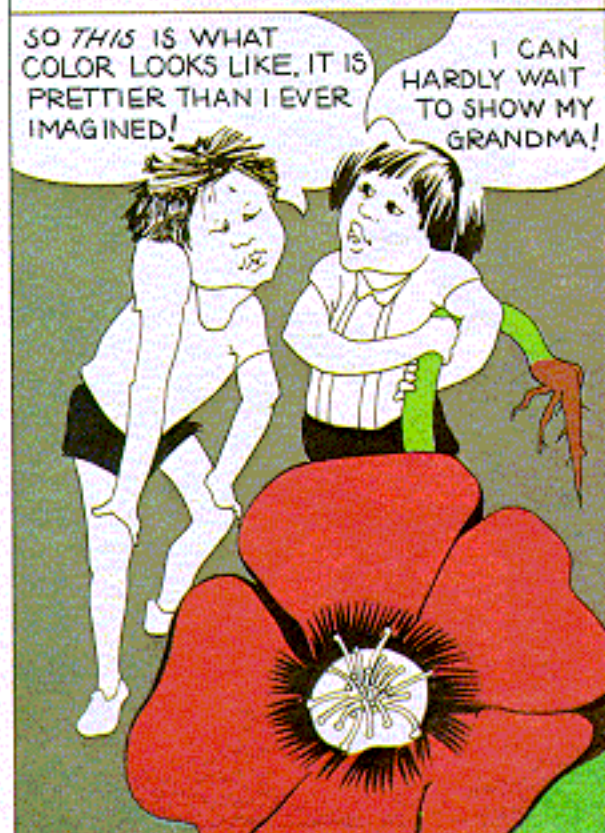


GOODBYE, BEAUTIFUL COLORS! I WILL RETURN TO SEE YOU AGAIN SOME DAY.

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

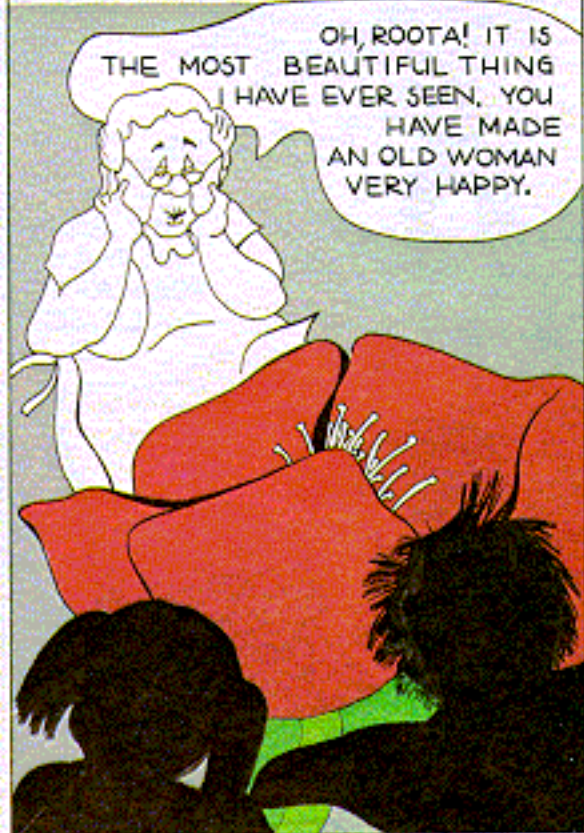
SO THIS IS WHAT COLOR LOOKS LIKE. IT IS PRETTIER THAN I EVER IMAGINED!

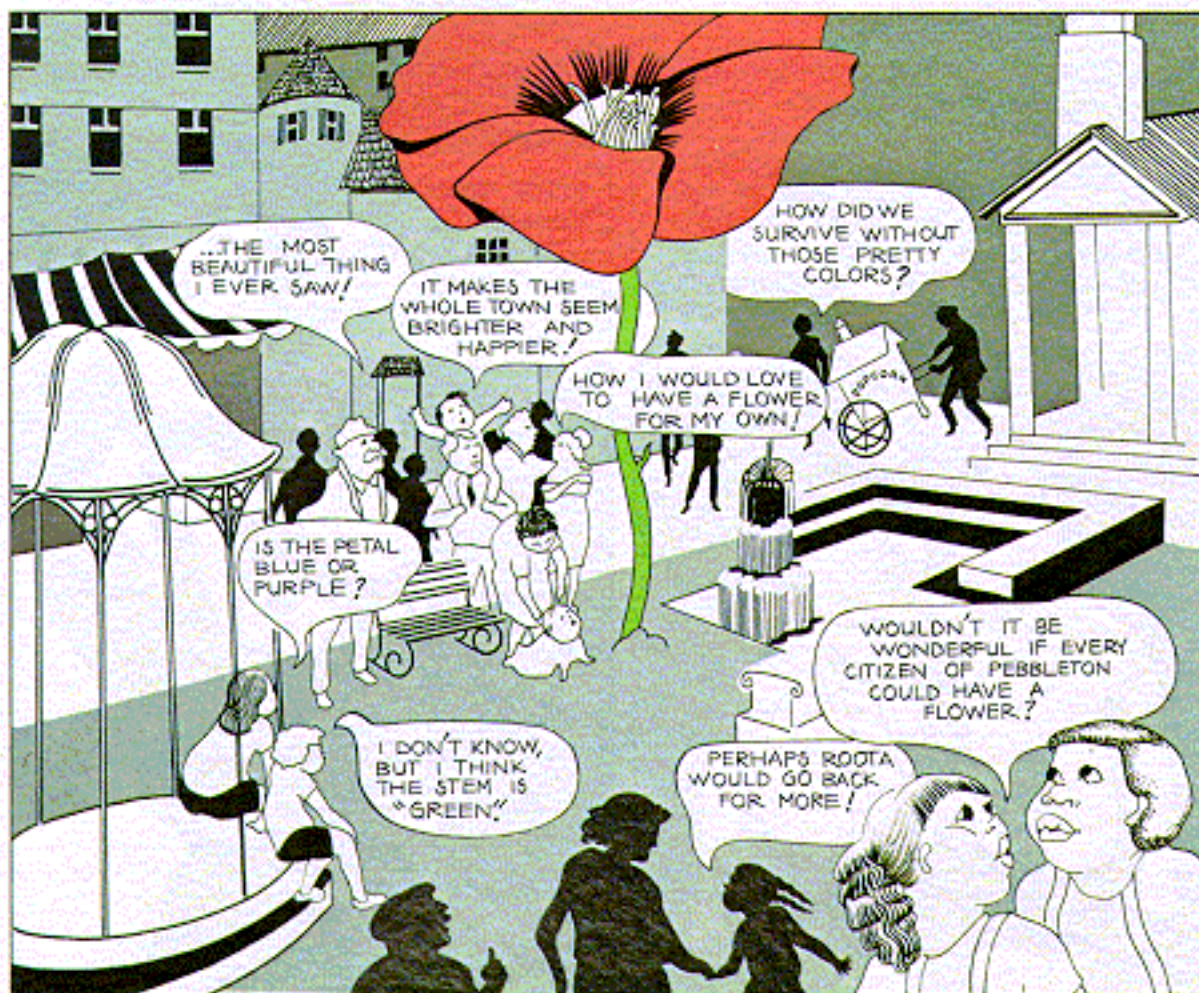
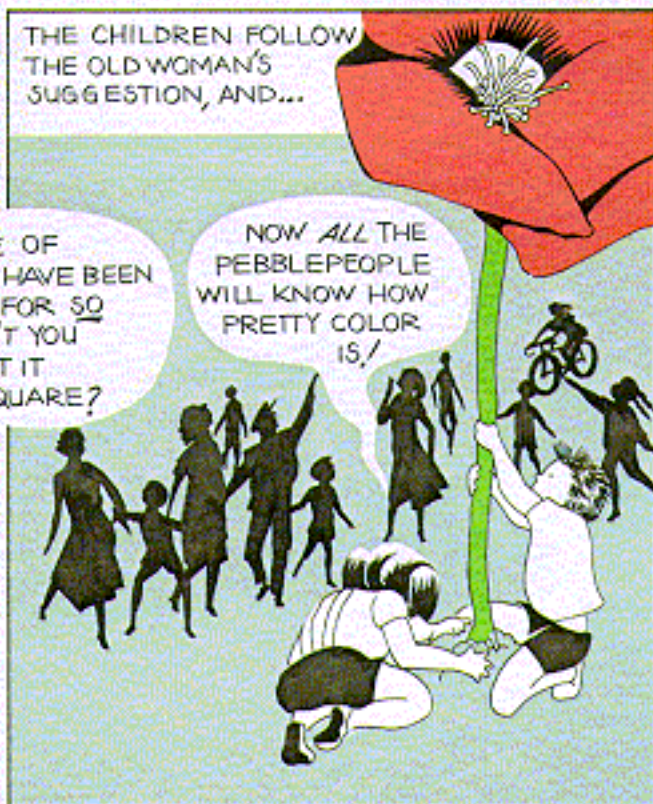
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SHOW MY GRANDMA!



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 AN OLD WOMAN VERY HAPPY.





ROOTA AND ROCKIE ARE SUMMONED 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 SHALL WE DO NOW?



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

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



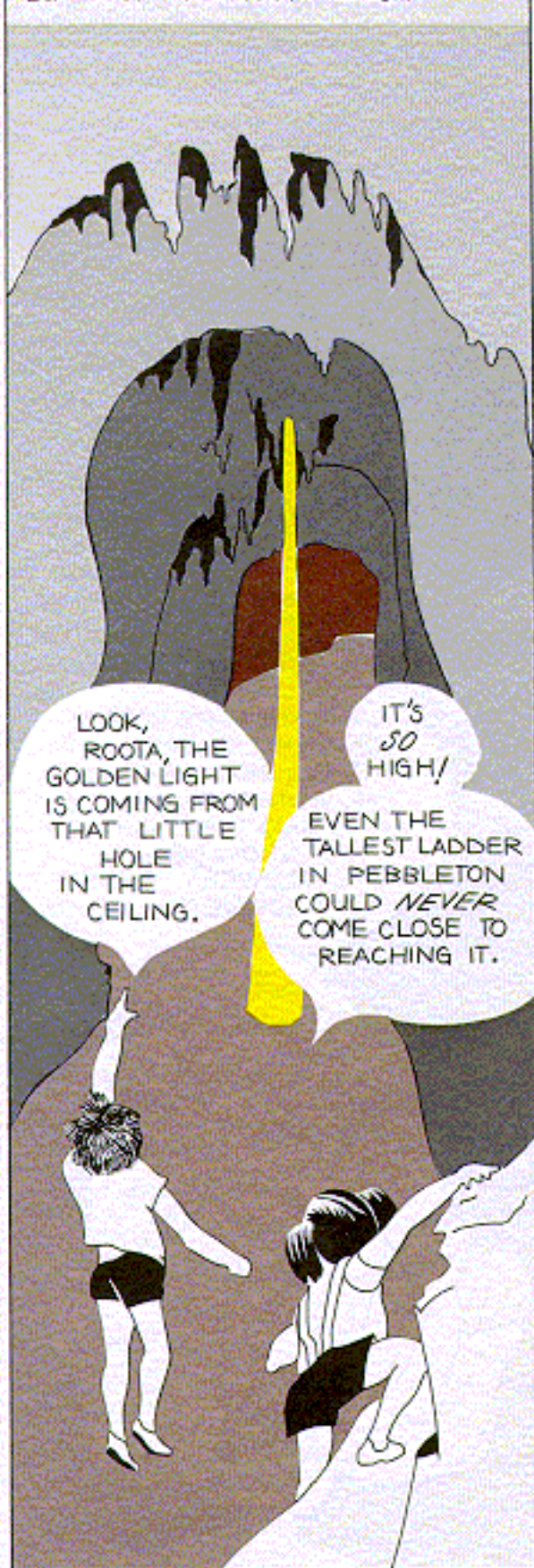
AFTER A LONG SEARCH,

HOORAY! ANOTHER ENTRANCE TO COLORLAND.

LOOK, ROCKIE! THERE IS A GOLDEN LIGHT AHEAD!



BUT SOON THEIR JOY FADES...



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



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!

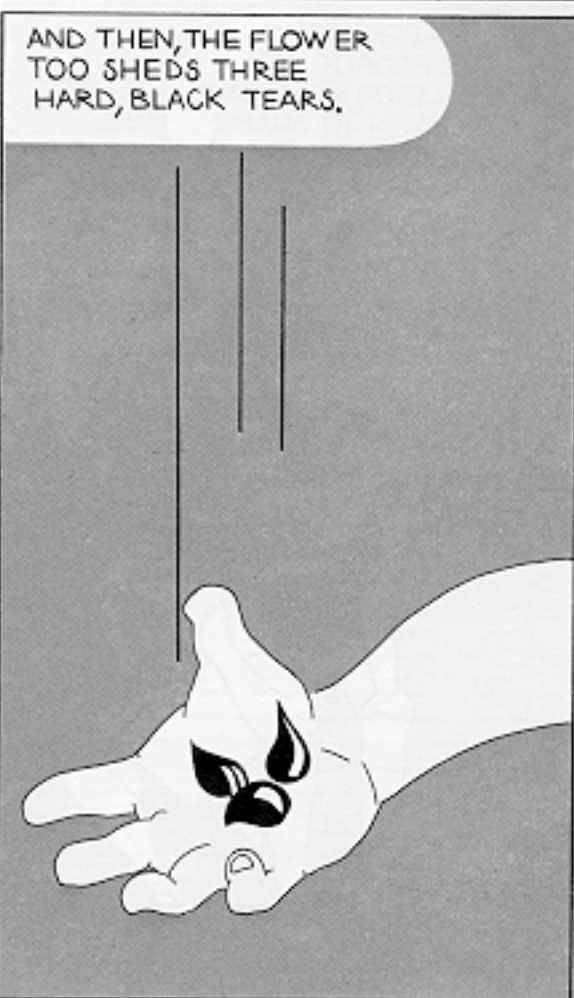


THEY RETURN TO PEBBLETON...

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



AND THEN, THE FLOWER
TOO 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...



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!



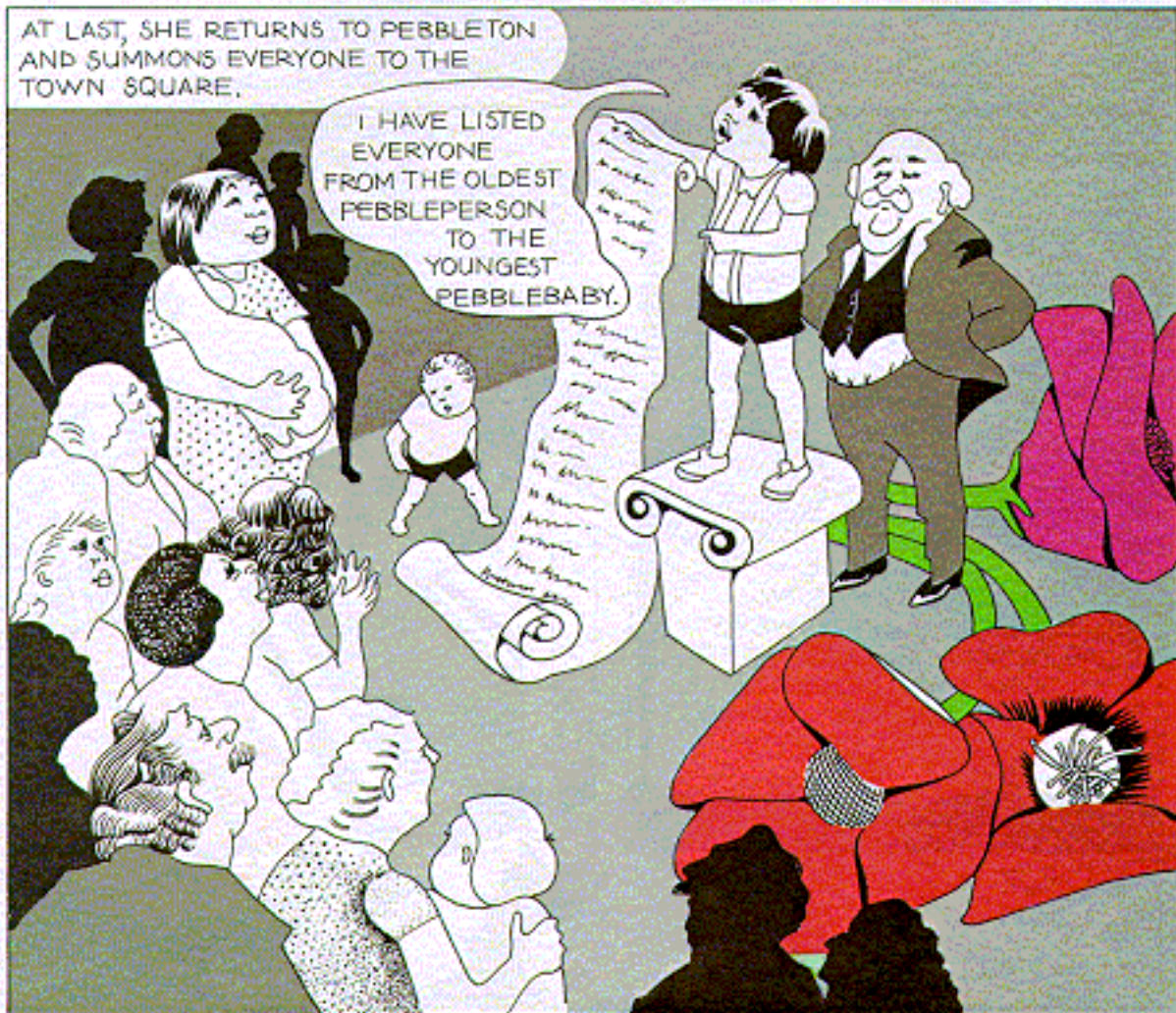
SO ROOTA RETURNS TO THE SUNLIT CAVE. SHE SITS BESIDE THE FLOWERS, THINKING.



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

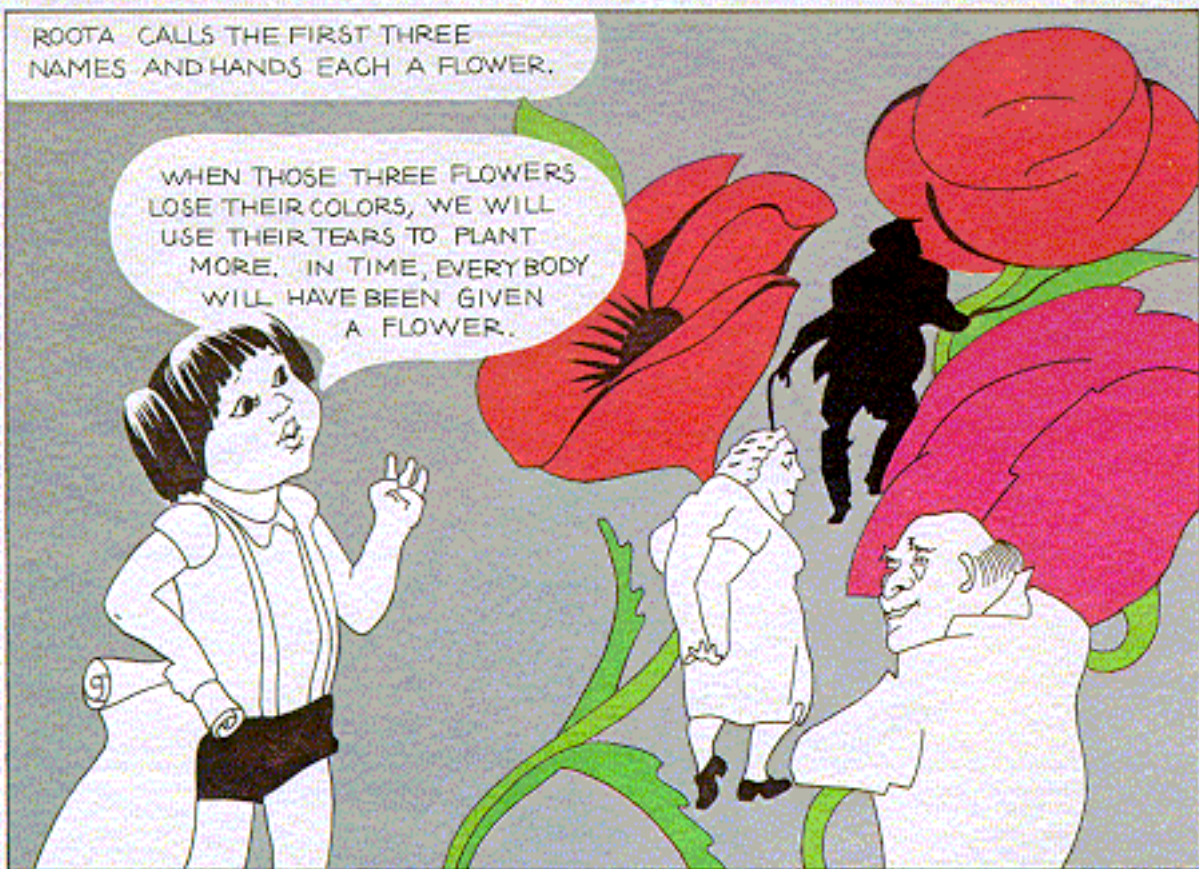


AT LAST, SHE RETURNS TO PEBBLETON AND SUMMONS EVERYONE TO THE TOWN SQUARE.

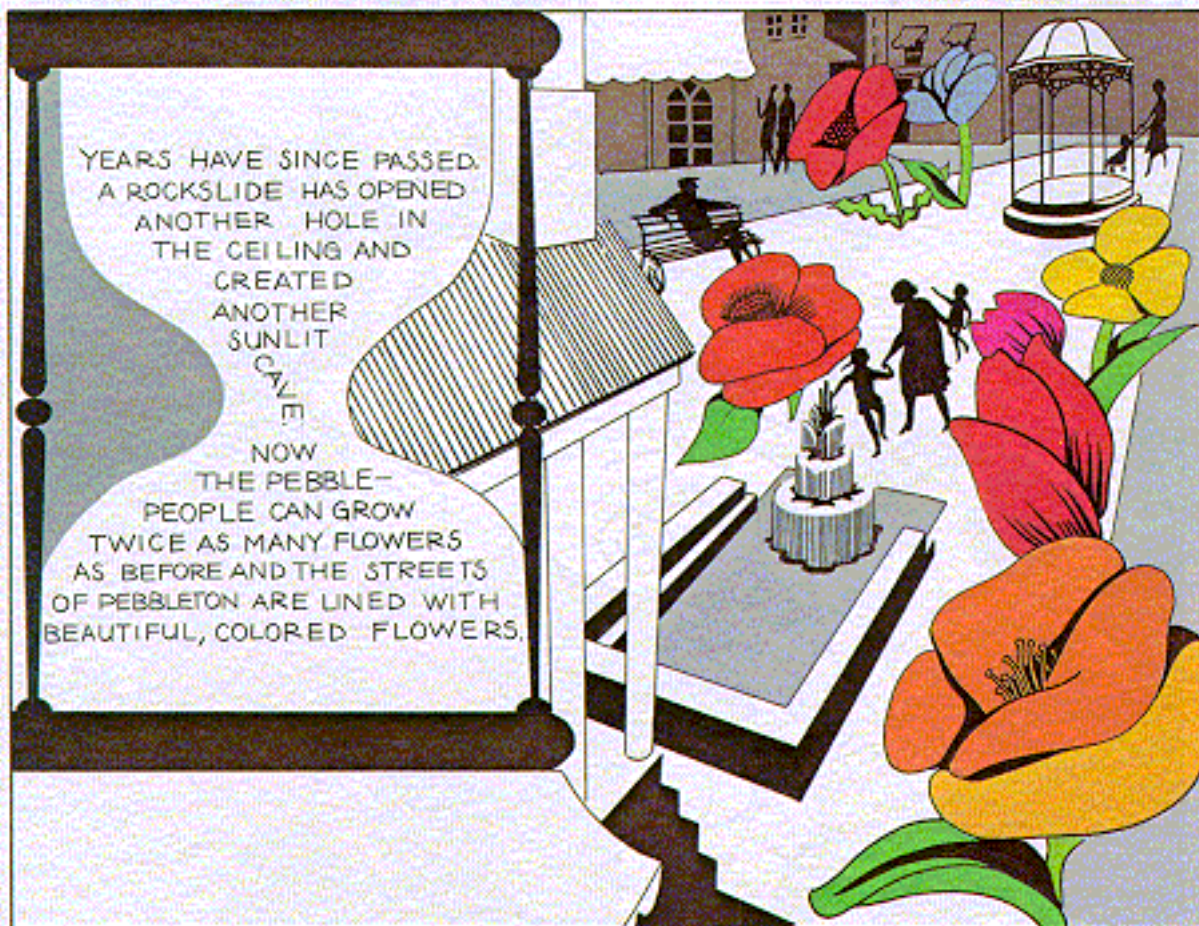



ROOTA CALLS THE FIRST THREE NAMES AND HANDS EACH A FLOWER.

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



YEARS HAVE SINCE PASSED.
A ROCKSLIDE HAS OPENED
ANOTHER HOLE IN
THE CEILING AND
CREATED
ANOTHER
SUNLIT
CALM
NOW
THE PEBBLE-
PEOPLE 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.

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