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The Water Bloom

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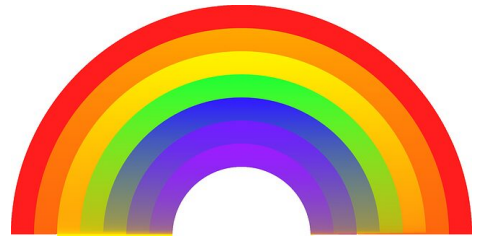
Once upon a time in a little village, there lived a young girl named Harper. She was a curious child with bright blue eyes and an insatiable thirst for knowledge. One warm summer day, after a brief shower, Harper looked up at the sky and saw something magical.

"Wow, what is that?" Harper gasped as she gazed at a beautiful, colorful arch that bridged the heavens. It was a sight like nothing she had ever seen before, with seven vivid colors stretched across the sky.

"Dad! Dad! What is it?" she cried, tugging on her father's sleeve as they stood in their garden. Her father smiled down at her, amused by her excitement.

"Why, that is the rainbow, darling child," he explained. "It's made by the sun shining on the water droplets in the air."

Harper was awestruck by this beautiful mystery. She couldn't help but imagine that the loveliest flowers from their garden had floated upward and caught in the showers, creating this magical sight. She pictured roses, violets, and orange marigolds all woven together in a ribbon of light, unrolled upon the clouds.



Her imagination also saw the red of poppies, the green of leaves, the yellow of sunflowers, and the blue of larkspurs. The rainbow appeared to Harper as a great, wide, wondrous, splendid wreath, and she wondered how it had grown so quickly and blossomed so high in the air.

Harper couldn't tear her eyes away from the sight. "Oh, look!" she cried, her heart overflowing with joy. "Look at the beautiful water bloom!"

Her father chuckled, watching his daughter's delight in the simple beauty of the rainbow. It was moments like these that reminded him of the magic and wonder in the world.

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