

The Girl and the Rainbow Goat



Ebru Mina TOMURCUK

The Girl and the Rainbow Goat

Ebru Mina TOMURCUK



Mia lived at the edge of a wide green meadow with her grandmother, Gran. Every morning she pulled on her red rubber boots and her sunny yellow raincoat. She tied a red ribbon in her wavy dark brown hair and slung her little woven satchel over her shoulder. Mia loved to collect leaves, and she loved to wonder about things.



One spring morning, Mia saw something new in the meadow. A small goat stood among the flowers, and its fluffy coat was the softest green, like new grass after rain. The goat had gentle amber eyes and small curved horns. Around its neck hung a thin braided cord with a tiny brass bell that went ting-a-ling when it hopped.



'Hello,' Mia said. The goat wagged its short tail and trotted closer. Its tiny silver hooves made a soft click-click on the stones. 'I'm Mia,' she said. The goat bumped her hand gently and the bell rang. Mia laughed her bright, gap-toothed laugh. 'I think I'll call you Pip,' she said, and Pip gave a happy little hop.



All spring, Pip's coat stayed soft green. Mia visited every day, and they played hide-and-seek among the tall grasses. Gran watched from the gate with a knowing smile. 'That goat is special,' Gran said, tucking a seed into her apron pocket. 'Watch what happens when the seasons turn, my curious girl.'



When summer came, the meadow grew hot and bright. One morning Mia ran out and stopped right in the middle of the path. Pip's coat had turned bright yellow, like a sunflower turned toward the sun! The little brass bell jingled as Pip danced in circles. 'You changed color!' Mia cried. 'How did you do that?'



Pip only blinked his gentle amber eyes and trotted off toward the far side of the meadow. Mia pulled her satchel strap tight and followed. 'Wait for me!' she called. The yellow goat bounced over the clover, and its tiny silver hooves flashed in the sunshine. Mia hurried after, her red boots squelching in the warm mud.



Autumn arrived with crisp wind and falling leaves. Mia ran to the meadow in her yellow raincoat, and there was Pip, orange as a pumpkin! His fluffy coat glowed among the golden grasses. 'Orange now!' Mia laughed. 'Pip, you are a rainbow goat!' Pip wagged his tail and shook his small curved horns. The brass bell sang ting-a-ling.



Mia sat beside Pip and opened her satchel. 'I've collected leaves all season,' she said. 'Red ones, gold ones, brown ones.' Pip sniffed them and sneezed a tiny sneeze. Mia giggled. She began to wonder about the colors. Where did the green go? Where did the yellow come from? And why was Pip orange today?



Winter came, quiet and cold. Snow fell soft and white over the meadow. Mia pulled on her red boots and her yellow raincoat and hurried out. There was Pip, and his coat was sparkly white, like fresh snow in the sunshine! Each flake that landed on him twinkled. 'You match the snow!' Mia whispered, and Pip's bell rang softly.



Mia knelt in the snow beside the goat. 'Pip,' she said, 'where do your colors come from? Please show me.' Pip looked at her with his gentle amber eyes. Then he turned and trotted toward the far corner of the meadow, where the trees grew thick and close. The sparkly white goat looked back once, as if to say, Follow me.



Mia followed Pip through the trees. Her red boots crunched on the snow. At last they came to a small hidden meadow she had never seen before. And there, in the middle, stood a strange and wonderful tree. Its bark shimmered, and its branches held leaves of every color at once: green, yellow, orange, and sparkly white.



'Oh!' Mia breathed. The magic tree glowed softly, and little sparks of color drifted down like snowflakes. One green spark landed on Pip's back, and a patch of his coat turned soft green. A yellow spark floated by, and another patch glowed bright yellow. 'The tree paints you!' Mia whispered. 'It paints you with the seasons!'



Pip rubbed his head against Mia's shoulder, and the brass bell rang. Mia smiled her gap-toothed smile. 'So change isn't scary at all,' she said. 'It's like a rainbow.' She looked at the tree and at her colorful friend. 'Every season gives you a new color, and every color is beautiful.' Pip gave a happy little hop in the snow.



Mia hurried home to tell Gran everything. Gran listened, warm and patient, her round glasses glinting in the firelight. 'I knew you would find the meadow one day,' she said. 'Change is a gift, Mia. It comes in colors.' She patted Mia's hand. 'That is why I told you to watch the goat.'



After that, Mia visited Pip in every season. In spring he was soft green, in summer bright yellow, in autumn orange, and in winter sparkly white. She never worried when the colors shifted. Change, she learned, was not scary. It was wonderful and full of color, just like her rainbow goat.



When Mia grew up, she still walked to the meadow with her satchel. She would smile at the sky and remember Pip's tiny brass bell. 'Change can be beautiful,' she would say to anyone who asked. And somewhere in the meadow, a fluffy goat with small curved horns hopped through the flowers, ringing his bell, wearing the colors of every season.