



The Secret Door in the Rainbow

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Iris always ran outside the moment the rain stopped, searching the sky for a splash of color. She lived in a small house with a big garden where she spent her days painting vibrant dreams on white canvases, waiting for the sky to wake up.



While exploring her grandmother's dusty attic, Iris discovered a strange, triangular prism wrapped in faded blue silk. As she held it up to the dusty window, it cast a thousand tiny dancing rainbows across the wooden floor and old trunks.



A magnificent double rainbow arched across the valley after a sudden summer storm. When Iris looked through her special prism, she didn't just see colors; she saw a shimmering golden keyhole hidden deep within the yellow band of light.



With a trembling hand and a heart full of wonder, Iris reached out to touch the soft, humming glow of the rainbow. To her amazement, a door made of swirling mist and golden light swung open, inviting her to step off the ground and into the sky.



On the other side of the portal, Iris found herself in the Prism Realm, a land where the grass felt like silk and the rivers flowed with liquid sapphire. Every breath she took tasted like sweet citrus and the air felt like a warm hug.



A group of tiny, glowing sprites called the Color Keepers fluttered around her with wings that looked like stained glass. They spoke in musical chimes, explaining that their world was the secret source of every color found on Earth.



The sprites led Iris to the Indigo Valley, where the deep blues and purples were turning into a dull, lifeless gray. A heavy shadow had stolen the spark from the Great Indigo Fountain, and the world was slowly losing its magic.



Iris remembered her prism and held it high, catching a stray beam of pure starlight from above the clouds. She directed the concentrated light into the heart of the fountain, watching as the rich violet-blue color exploded back to life in a fountain of sparks.



The Color Keepers cheered and danced as the entire realm pulsed with renewed energy and brilliance. As a thank-you for her bravery, they gave Iris a small, glowing pebble that hummed with the warmth of a thousand sunsets.



As the rainbow began to fade from the physical sky, Iris stepped back through the secret door and onto her garden porch. She watched the last bit of color vanish into the blue, knowing that the magic was real and always waiting for the next rain.