



Morris and the Missing Colors

Compare Johnson



Morris felt a shiver of unease as High Priest Egogu entered, his bone and feather headdress swaying. Egogu's eyes, usually warm, held a sharp glint as he spoke of King Obeze's demand for a solution. The village's vibrant colors were draining away, leaving everything dull and quiet, and the King was worried.



Egogu, with a solemn nod, chose young Morris, known for his kind heart and clever mind, to embark on a perilous quest. He handed Morris a shimmering, smooth stone, whispering that it would guide him. Morris, though a bit nervous, felt a spark of determination ignite within him.



With a brave wave to his tearful family, Morris set off from the village, which now looked like a faded painting. He ventured into the Whispering Woods, where the once-lush leaves hung listlessly in shades of grey. A quiet determination set his shoulders firm as he stepped deeper into the silent trees.



Deep within the woods, Morris stumbled upon a tiny, grumpy forest sprite, its clothes and skin a dull shade of moss. The sprite grumbled about its own fading sparkle and pointed a twiggy finger towards the distant, now-murky Rainbow Falls. It warned Morris of a tricky, winding path filled with slippery stones and thorny bushes.



Morris bravely navigated the treacherous climb, his small hands gripping slippery, faded rocks. Thorny vines snagged at his clothes, but he pushed onward, his eyes fixed on the distant, barely visible shimmer of the falls. His heart thumped with both caution and excitement for what lay ahead.



Finally, panting, Morris reached the source of the village's beauty: Rainbow Falls, now a sad trickle of grey water. There, he spotted a tiny, shadowy imp, Gloom, giggling mischievously as it siphoned the last drops of color into a swirling jar. Gloom looked up, startled, its eyes wide and mischievous.



Gloom, caught red-handed, confessed to Morris that he had been collecting the village's joy and colors to brighten his own dull, lonely cave. Morris, instead of scolding, kindly suggested that sharing joy made it even brighter for everyone. He explained how much the village missed its vibrant hues.



Touched by Morris's gentle words, Gloom's shadowy form softened, and a tiny sparkle appeared in its eyes. Together, they opened the jar, releasing a magnificent, shimmering wave of vibrant colors that soared into the sky. The wave swirled like a rainbow ribbon, heading straight back towards the village.



Morris raced back, just as the wave of color washed over the village, instantly transforming dull houses into cheerful hues. King Obeze, Egogu, and all the villagers cheered with pure joy. Morris stood tall, beaming as the King praised his bravery and kindness.



The entire village erupted in a joyful celebration, dancing and laughing under a sky painted with every imaginable color. Morris, surrounded by his happy community, felt his heart swell with pride. The village, now more vibrant than ever, sparkled with renewed life and shared happiness, all thanks to one brave boy.