Manasa was balancing on the wall. She wanted to walk till the mango tree. Almost, almost there... something SWOOSHED at Manasa’s head and SPLAT she fell into a puddle.
It was a drongo, black and shiny. It had stolen Manasa’s hair clip.

“AAAAArgh!” Manasa shouted. She had been so close.

“AAAWK AH HA!” the drongo replied. Manasa was sure it was laughing at her.
“Give me back my clip!” Manasa shouted, grabbing at the drongo. It flew away, leaving behind a shiny black feather from its tail. Manasa stuck it in her hair, instead of the clip.
“That’s a beautiful feather!” Titus said, admiringly.
“I have one in every colour,” Manasa boasted.
“You should see my feather collection!”

“Wow!” Titus said. “I’ll come see it tomorrow evening after school!”

Manasa was now stuck with her lie.
The next morning, Manasa coughed and coughed. “No school,” Amma said. Manasa waited for Amma to go to the office and then she ran to look under the pigeons’ nest in the bathroom window.

There was a grey feather! “Aha! First feather!”
What other colours were there? Manasa thought of the rainbow she had drawn in school: violet-indigo-blue-green-yellow-orange-red.

“The pigeon’s feather has some violet,” Manasa decided. “I’ll start with indigo.”

What birds were indigo?
Rollers! Manasa went to the ragi fields to try to find one. After an hour, a roller came by. One feather floated down.

“Blue and indigo!” Manasa punched the air in delight. “YES!”
Green was easy. Parakeets sat on the banyan tree every day SQUAWKing over the red berries. Manasa found a long green feather on the ground. The edges were yellow.

“What’s left? Orange and red!” Manasa said. “Four hours and only two colours left. I can do it!”
After lunch, Manasa decided to look for a red feather. “That bulbul is always hanging around the house,” she said. “And it has red feathers.”

The bulbul was there, but there were no feathers.
It was evening. Titus would be there soon, and the bulbul was still on the branch. “Pleeeeeease,” Manasa begged it. “Just one feather from under your tail!”
Manasa sulked, “Titus will make fun of me for ever!” SWOOSH, two sunbirds swooped in. They dipped their beaks in the hibiscus flowers for nectar and flew away.

Two feathers landed on Manasa’s head: a yellow feather and an orangey-red one. “Yes!” Manasa shouted.
When Titus got there, Manasa said proudly, “See? Every colour!”

“No pink!” Titus whined, ignoring Manasa’s beautiful feather rainbow. “No white! Where’s brown? You just needed one sparrow....”

“Aaaaaaargh!” Manasa screamed. “Amma, help!”
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Manasa Collects a Rainbow
(English)

Manasa is on the hunt for a different kind of rainbow. Can she do it? Let's find out. Join Manasa on her adventure.

This is a Level 2 book for children who recognize familiar words and can read new words with help.

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