



Stories for the Train

Tales on the go

0:3:00

Wishing on a Rainbow

Author: Susan Corfield

Gasping for breath, I darted behind the stout trunk of Peter's favourite tree, its caramel leaves carpeting the squelchy grass below. From my hiding place I peered back towards the hotel to see if he was on his way. Arching above the Georgian sandstone mansion appeared a glorious rainbow, its promised crock of gold hidden somewhere amongst the slate tiles and chimneys. I remembered what my Grandma Iris had taught me, and bent to draw a cross on the ground, making a wish on the rainbow.

Peter would surely appear soon. He always came up here after unpacking his case, to breathe in the pure country air following a week suffering the grime of grey city life. I knew he was here. His scarlet Ferrari was parked on the gravel drive, whereas my bike was propped up out of view against the espaliered wall of the kitchen garden, its heavy frame bruising the ripening plums.

I couldn't wait to see Peter again. Butterflies swooped around inside me, hunting for somewhere to settle. I had big plans for him tonight. A shaft of sunlight broke through the clouds and shone onto the stone statue of Zeus a little way down the hill. Framed like a

masterpiece by the technicoloured arch, the Greek God held aloft his bolt of lightning against a background of indigo clouds.

Finally Peter came marching up the hill in his Barbour and wellingtons. I had to clamp my mouth shut to stop myself from calling out. He sank exhausted onto the oak bench beside Zeus. With no time to lose, I dashed up behind him, my approach masked by the bellowing wind.

“Peter!” I cried.

Swivelling to face me, it took longer than it should have done for him to realise it was me. “What on earth are you doing here?” he roared.

Peter’s eyes popped out of his head when he saw the answering Zeus toppling towards him. Iris, Goddess of the Rainbow, lending me a helping hand. The wish I’d made earlier perfectly executed as the granite bolt of lightning struck Peter straight through the heart.

© Susan Corfield 2019