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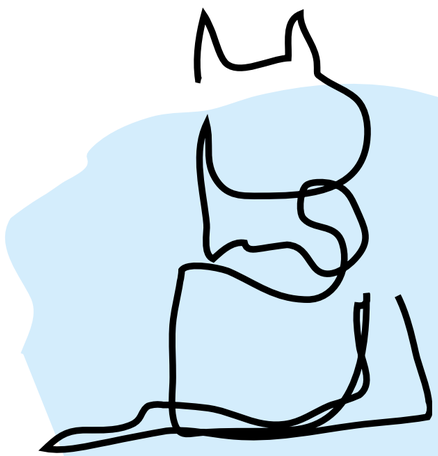
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Daddy's Rainbow

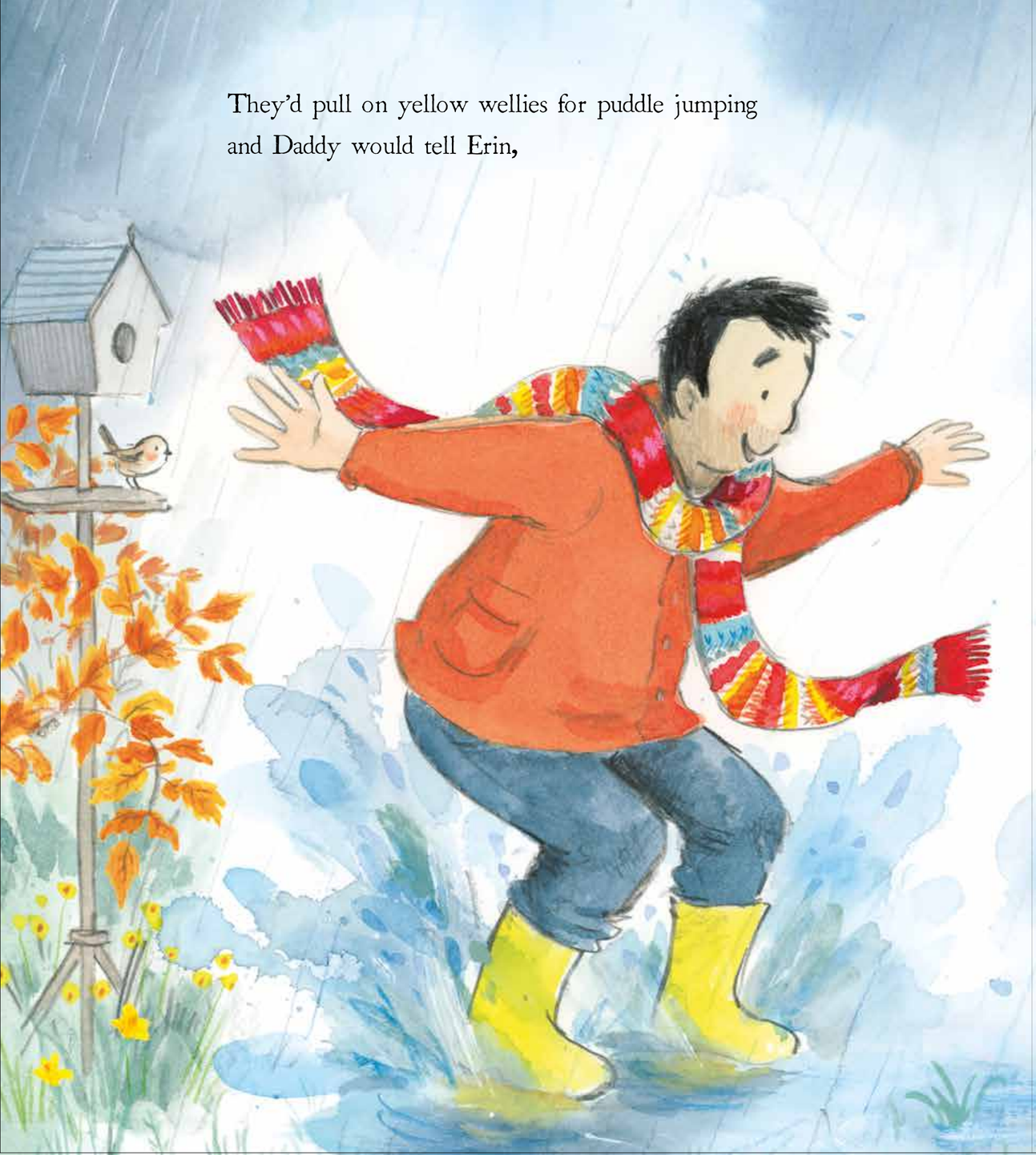


Lucy Rowland Illustrated by Becky Cameron

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Erin's Daddy saw colour in everything.
Even on grey days when rain pitter-pattered.
When drops danced and drizzled down
window panes, Erin's Daddy would say,
"Up you get
and off we go!"

They'd pull on yellow wellies for puddle jumping
and Daddy would tell Erin,



"We can't see rainbows without the rain."



On Spring days Erin and Mummy helped Daddy in the garden.

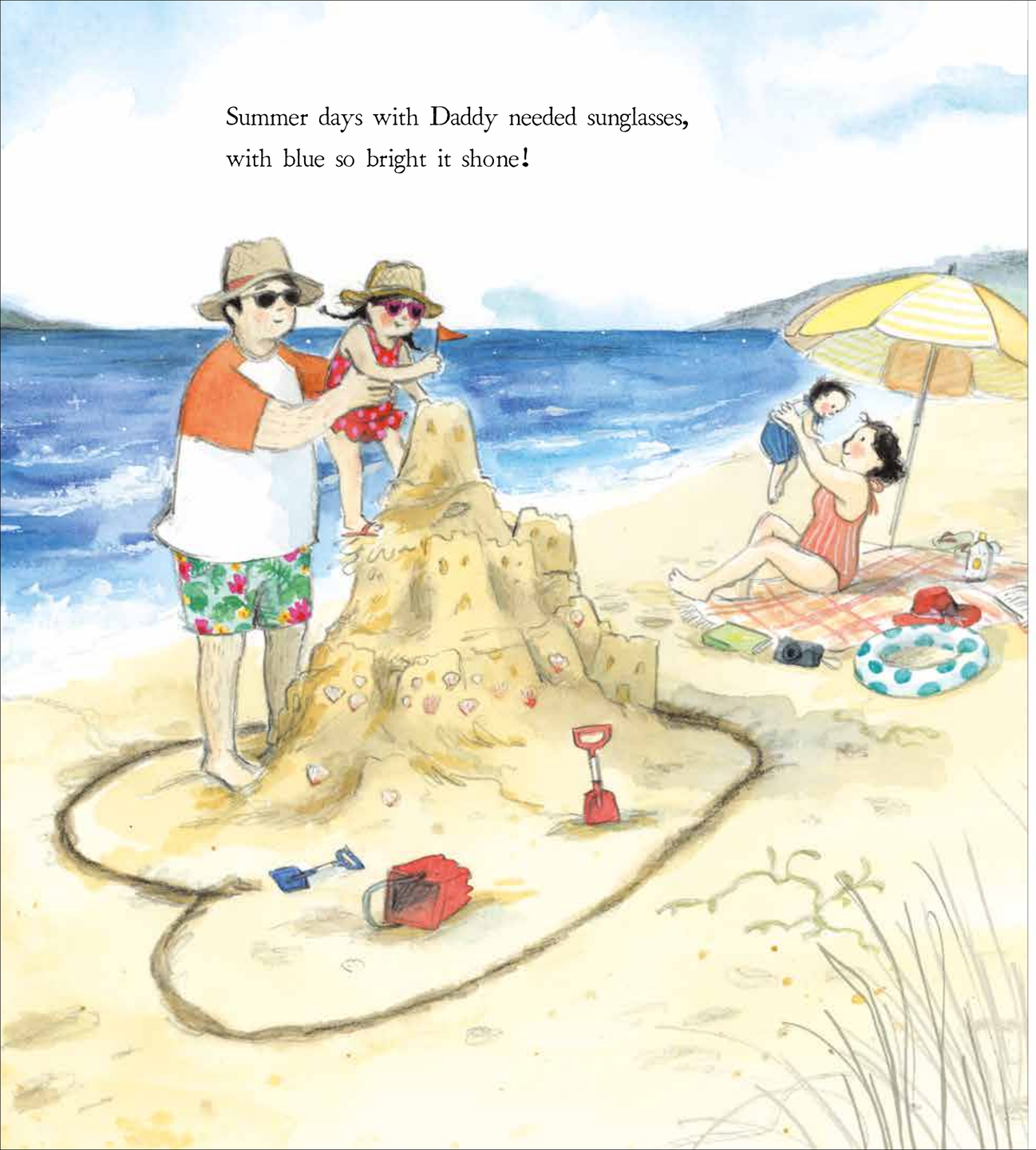
"Look at all these weeds!" said Erin's Mummy.

"Weeds are flowers too," smiled Daddy,



"if you look at them the right way."

Summer days with Daddy needed sunglasses,
with blue so bright it shone!





In Autumn, their walks were full of crunchy red, scrunchy orange and shiny conker-brown.

At night they saw these colours too, when they warmed their fingers by the fire.







Winter days were sometimes white.



"They're like blank pages in a book," Daddy said.
"And it's our job to fill them with colour."