O

nce upon a time, up among the clouds, the colours of the rainbow decided to go on strike. They felt nobody cared about the rainbow or the pot of gold anymore, and that’s why they decided to start the strike. They wanted recognition again.

 Suddenly the whole world became a monotony of colour, like a photograph someone had applied a filter to – sometimes everything looked bluish, then greenish, sometimes sepia. The colours were unhappy and so was the world. They started arguing, stopped mixing, complained some of them were so similar people didn’t like them anymore.

Children were particularly sad. They loved the rainbow, its beauty and mystery after the rain, the stories everyone told about it. They were still dreamers, so they needed the rainbow. Adults were too busy, too stressed up, sometimes too miserable to worry about it and to believe in the pot of gold.

Until one day...

(Who wants to continue? Any suggestions?)