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The Rangoli Peacock

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A Peacock on the Step

On Diwali morning, Asha, Jai and Mei made a rangoli on Nani's front step. It was a peacock! Asha poured a bright blue neck. Mei shook out a long green tail. Jai added pink. Lots of pink. Pink everywhere!





Achoo!

Nani laughed and added white dots of rice flour all around the edge. "Ants and birds can nibble these," she said. "A rangoli says welcome, even to the smallest guests." Laddoo sniffed the pink powder. Achoo! Now his nose was pink too.

The Best Rangoli on the Street

That evening, Nani lit the diyas, and the rangoli peacock glowed in their light. Neighbours stopped to look. "What a beautiful peacock!" they said. Then it was late, and everyone went to bed.





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A Shimmer in the Night

Late that night, Asha woke up. Something was shimmering outside. She peeked out of the window with Jai. The rangoli peacock was moving! It shook its powdery tail. Asha ran to wake Nani. "Adventures need a grown-up," said Nani, and she picked up the star lantern.

Hello, Peacock!

On the step, the rangoli peacock stood up tall. "Thank you for making me," it said in a soft, dusty voice. "Tonight I want to visit my cousin Mor in the Banyan Wood. Will you come too?" Jai nodded so hard his curls bounced.





Footprints of Colour

They walked into the Banyan Wood. Wherever the rangoli peacock stepped, it left a footprint of colour. Blue, green, yellow... and pink! "Pink!" giggled Jai. The dark path became a rainbow trail behind them.

A Grey Peacock

Deep in the wood, they found Mor the peacock. In the dark, his beautiful feathers looked grey. "My tail can't shine tonight," Mor sighed. "There is no moon, and no light at all."





A Dance of Colour

The rangoli peacock spun round and round. Coloured powder flew up like sparkles. It landed on Mor's tail, on the lotus leaves and on the banyan roots. Jugnu and the fireflies lit it all up. Mor fanned his tail, blue and green again! And the two peacocks danced.

Petals for a Peacock

But the rangoli peacock was getting pale. It had shared so much colour! Asha had an idea. Everyone gathered fallen marigold and rose petals from the wood. They pressed them gently into its feathers, and its colours came back, brighter than ever.





A Feather in the Morning

Before the sun came up, they hurried home. The rangoli peacock settled back onto the step and became a pattern again. In the morning, Mei gasped. "Your rangoli has a real feather in it!" And a line of tiny ants was nibbling the rice-flour dots. Asha winked at Jai. Happy Diwali!

THE END

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