

"When will this rain ever end?" cried Ricardo. He peered out of the window. He was having a terrible day. He had forgotten to do his homework the night before and had gotten a zero at school. His best friend had asked another boy to go camping and not Ricardo. His sister had tattled to his mother that he had broken the cookie jar. To top it all off, it was raining cats and dogs, so he could not escape from home on his new bicycle.

As Ricardo moped around the house, he thought he would call his friend Chung. Chung was a new boy in his fifth-grade class. Chung was from China, and his family had recently moved to the United States to start a computer business. Chung was thin with straight, dark hair and he wore large, round glasses. Ricardo liked Chung because he was smart and very funny.

Chung was doing his homework when Ricardo called. "Hello, Chung. I was wondering whether you would like to brave this rainstorm and come over to play with me," said Ricardo. "Sure, just give me a few minutes to make it over there," said Chung.

By the time Chung got to Ricardo's house, the rain had nearly ended. Chung had noticed a clearing in the clouds. He told Ricardo they should go ride their bikes to see all the damage from the thunderstorm. As they biked down Mills Street, they noticed a huge rainbow shining gloriously in the sky. It was so beautiful that both boys stopped in their tracks and stared. "In my country they say that all your dreams lie at the end of a rainbow," said Chung. "Let's ride to the end and see."

The two boys rode for a long time, as quickly as they could go. It seemed that the faster they pedaled, the further away the rainbow

appeared. Ricardo wondered what would be at the end. Maybe it would be his math homework, completed and stacked, for the rest of the school year! Perhaps it would be all the gold that the leprechauns talked about. Whatever it was, he knew it would be wonderful. The rainbow was glistening with more colors than Ricardo had ever dreamed.

"What do you suppose is at the end?" Ricardo asked Chung. "I don't know," said Chung, "but I think we will have to wait until the next rainbow to find out. I have to be going home. It's getting late."

That night as Ricardo lay in his bed he thought about what exciting treasures would lie at the end of a rainbow. He hoped it would rain again tomorrow.

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