

## **The Rainbow Passage**

**When the sunlight strikes raindrops in the air, they act like a prism and form a rainbow.**

**The rainbow is a division of white light into many beautiful colors.**

**These take the shape of a long round arch, with its path high above, and its two ends apparently beyond the horizon.**

**There is, according to legend, a boiling pot of gold at one end.**

**People look, but no one ever finds it.**

**When a man looks for something beyond his reach, his friends say he is looking for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.**

## **My Grandfather**

**You wish to know all about my grandfather.**

**Well, he is nearly ninety-three years old, yet he still thinks as swiftly as ever.**

**He dresses himself in an old black frock coat, usually several buttons missing.**

**A long beard clings to his chin, giving those who observe him a pronounced feeling of the utmost respect.**

**When he speaks, his voice is just a bit cracked and quivers a bit.**

**Twice each day he plays skillfully and with zest upon a small organ.**

**Except in the winter when the snow or ice prevents, he slowly takes a short walk in the open air each day.**

**We have often urged him to walk more and smoke less, but he always answers, “Banana oil!”**

**Grandfather likes to be modern in his language.**