



Enid Blyton

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It's Going to Rain!

ONCE UPON a time, when the Weather-Man was going down a dusty country lane he fell over a stone. He was carrying a rain spell in a little pot and some of it spilt when he fell.

‘Bother!’ said the Weather-Man, sitting up and rubbing his knees. ‘I’ve spoilt my spell. Now we shall have too little rain!’

‘You spilt it on me, you spilt it on me!’ cried a tiny voice crossly. ‘It hurts! It smarts! I don’t like it. Take it away!’



‘Oh, dear!’ said the Weather-Man in alarm, and looked to see if the spell had fallen on a pixie or elf. But it hadn’t. It had fallen on a small plant with scarlet flowers, tiny and starlike. It was the scarlet pimpernel.

‘I’m so sorry,’ said the Weather-Man and got out his handkerchief. He wiped the little plant, but it still made a great fuss.

‘It’s horrid! It stings! The rain spell is much too strong; I don’t like it.’

‘Shut up your little red flowers then,’ said the Weather-Man. ‘It won’t sting so much if you do. I’m really very sorry, pimpernel!’



He picked up his jar. It was only half full now. Dear, dear, what a lot must have been spilt over the poor little pimpernel! No wonder it had stung.

‘I shall be dreadfully afraid of the rain now, said the pimpernel. ‘I want an umbrella in case the rain comes. That horrid rain spell has made me frightened of a rainstorm.’

‘Oh, don’t be silly, said the Weather-Man. ‘Whoever heard of a plant wanting an umbrella? Of course I shan’t get you one. Be sensible.’

He went on his way and left the little pimpernel staring crossly at the big golden sun above. ‘I shall always close my petals now when I know that rain



is coming, it said to itself. 'Always. If I don't, that rain spell may set to work again when it rains, and sting and smart.'

Now the next morning, when the sky was as blue as forget-me-nots the pimpernel suddenly shut up all its scarlet flowers. They closed very tightly indeed. Pip and Twinkle, two pixies passing by, called to it in surprise.

'What's the matter? Why are you shutting? Is it your early closing day, pimpernel?'

'Don't be silly,' said the pimpernel, opening one small scarlet eye. 'I don't have early closing days. I'm shutting my flowers because I know it's going



to rain. I've had a rain spell spilt on me. That's how know' 'Storyteller!' said Pip. 'There isn't a cloud in the sky.'

'Well, you take my advice and go home for your umbrellas, said the pimpernel. But the pixies laughed and went on their way. Will you believe it, in an hour's time the sky clouded over and big drops of rain fell, soaking Pip and Twinkle to the skin! How they wished they had taken the pimpernel's advice. They went to talk to it again the next day.

'Pimpernel! You are very clever. Will you come and live in the garden beside our little house, so that you can always tell us what the weather is going to be?



Then we shall never get soaked again.

‘Yes. I’ll come. Dig me up carefully, roots and all,’ said the pimpernel, feeling rather proud to be asked to grow in a garden, for it was really only a wild flower, a tiny weed.

So Pip and Twinkle dug it up very carefully, took it home in their little wheelbarrow and planted it in their garden. They watered it, made a fuss of it and then went to get their tea.

‘We must hurry because we have to go to a meeting at six, said Pip. Before they went, they ran over to the pimpernel. Dear me, what was this? It was shutting up



all its petals, though the sun was shining brightly.

‘It’s going to rain, it told the pixies.
‘It is, really. I can feel it coming. I shall always know when rain is about now!’

The pimpernel spoke the truth. It *does* always know when it’s going to rain. Would you like to prove it? Very well then, dig up a little plant, put it into a flowerpot and keep it on your windowsill.

It will tell you truly whenever it is going to rain, so you will always know whether to take an umbrella or not. Strange, isn’t it?