



The Goldflower Adventures:

**THE
RAINBOW
AMULET**

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Volume 2



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The Flashing Light

Olivia's alarm clock was ringing loudly. It was already 6:30 am, and she didn't want to get up for school. As she reached over to turn off the alarm, she paused for a brief moment as she vaguely remembered the sounds of a whistle and screams. She thought to herself, *It must have*

been from a dream.

Olivia loved learning, but she dreaded going to school. In fact, she thought it was one of the most boring things on Earth. If she could have life her way, it would involve going on endless adventures in far-away, unexplored lands, with creatures and danger lurking at every corner.

As she slowly pulled back the blanket and fumbled to place her feet in her slippers, she could hear her mom yelling from downstairs. Every morning at 6:35 am, without fail, her mom would say, “Olivia Kennedy, you better get up and get dressed. We don’t have all day, Little Lady.”

And without fail, Olivia would reply, “Yes, Ma’am. I’ll be ready in five minutes tops.” This was her morning ritual, Monday through

Friday. Getting dressed was a chore in deciding what to wear: pants, shorts, a skirt, or a dress?

She was a free spirit—easygoing—but not very fashionable. Comfort was more important than matching her socks with her blouse. It was days like this when she wished she could get fashion tips from her friend, Ming-Lin. If there were an award for best-dressed third-grader, it would undoubtedly go to Ming-Lin. Her mom was a designer, so fashion came easy to her—it was in her blood. She would wear a red dress with cute shoes, and of course, matching hairpins and ribbons. Ribbons and hairpins were her signature fashion piece; she made them herself.

Since Ming-Lin wasn't there to help, Olivia decided to put on the clothes that her mom had ironed the night before. After her mom

called out to her for the third time, she knew it was time to get her behind downstairs. Her mom was a literature professor and often spoke at conferences, so being on time for everything was important to her.

“Were you daydreaming again, Little Lady?” her mom asked. “We are five minutes late already. Grab your backpack and let’s go.”

She reached into her backpack to make sure she had the goldflower watch that she found a few months ago at her grandmother’s house. She couldn’t go anywhere without it—it made her feel safe, but she wasn’t quite sure why. Finding it at her Gran’s house made it special enough.

While looking out the car window on the way to school, Olivia saw a light flicker in one of the treetops. Her curiosity wouldn’t let her

turn away. The light was there, then gone again. Olivia's mind was racing. *Could it be a distress signal?* She continued to look back over her shoulder until the tree was out of sight. The mystery and intrigue was exciting to Olivia. Maybe her mind was playing tricks on her, but maybe not. She and her Dad would watch old classic movies, and things like this would happen in those.

She couldn't wait to get to school now so she could tell her best friend, Josie, what she had seen.

As she arrived, Josie was standing at the door waiting for her. Josie and Olivia had been friends since preschool. They liked all of the same things—well, almost all. You see, Josie loved playing baseball. Anything that had to do with baseball made her happy. Her dad was the coach for her team, and Josie was the star pitch-

er and captain.

“Guess what I saw,” whispered Olivia. Before Josie could reply, Olivia blurted out, “A distress signal.”

“A what?” replied Josie.

Olivia explained how she saw the light flashing from the top of the tree. Josie placed her hand on Olivia’s shoulder.

“Now, we’ve been friends forever, and I know that you have quite an imagination, but this is just a little too much for a Monday morning. It was probably just the sunlight bouncing off of something stuck in the tree.”

Becoming agitated with Josie’s reply, Olivia walked away shaking her head.

“Wait up! I’m not trying to be mean, but I’m just saying.”

“Don’t worry about it. Just forget that I

even mentioned it. I'll share my news with the others. Marvin and Alex will understand. They watch lots of detective and superhero movies, and they know all about secret codes and spy techniques from their comics.”

Now Josie was getting upset. She halfheartedly replied, “You’re being silly. It’s not that I don’t believe you. It’s just strange that something like that would happen around here.”

“Amazing things can happen anywhere at any time. Just last week, we read our first chapter book about a little boy who was lost in the ocean for days. No one thought he would ever be found, but he was eventually saved. Sure, he was scared and had almost given up, but he believed that rescuers would come for him and that he would see his family again. Maybe the distress signal was someone reaching out to

me—to us—for help.”

Josie apologized, “You’re right, I can be a little harsh at times. I guess I’m just not in a good mood after my little sister ruined my leaf project. I can’t believe she flushed all of my leaves down the toilet. My parents said I shouldn’t get upset with her, since she’s only two and didn’t know what she was doing was wrong. Little sisters can be a pain at times. I love her, but gosh, she’s always getting into my stuff. I had to put a lock on my baseball card box last week when she was looking at them with peanut butter and jelly all over her hands. I know you are glad that you are an only child.”

“I’m sorry; I had forgotten about that. I’ll tell you what, let’s meet after school today, and I’ll help you get more leaves. We’ll invite Ming-Lin to go with us, and it’ll be fun.” They

gave each other a big hug and a high-five.

As they walked into the classroom, they saw Isabella, Maria, and Ming-Lin waving. Ming-Lin was putting a ribbon that she had made in Maria's hair. She glued her ribbons to fancy hairpins; they were so pretty, and all of the girls liked them. If she played her cards right, she could be a fashion mogul by the fifth grade and would be worth hundreds of dollars. She'd be rich enough to buy that new bike she wanted—the one with the flowery basket and glittery tassels coming out of the handlebars. But she'd have to start selling the hair accessories instead of giving them away. She always said she enjoyed making them for fun, not for money.

“Good morning, class. Please take your seats, since the bell has rung,” said Ms. Ellis. She was one of their favorite teachers. She had

a way of making the lessons easier to understand—even those dreaded fractions! As Ms. Ellis started calling morning attendance, Olivia sat sluggishly in her desk with her chin propped up in her hand, aimlessly staring out the window. She could hear Ms. Ellis going down the list: *Amy Adams, here, Lisa Berry, here, Casey Cross, here, David Evans, here*, but her voice was slowly disappearing and sounded like it was way off in the distance. Olivia thought to herself, *I wish school lessons were more than numbers, words, and maps. Why couldn't it be more of an adventure—yes, an adventure!*