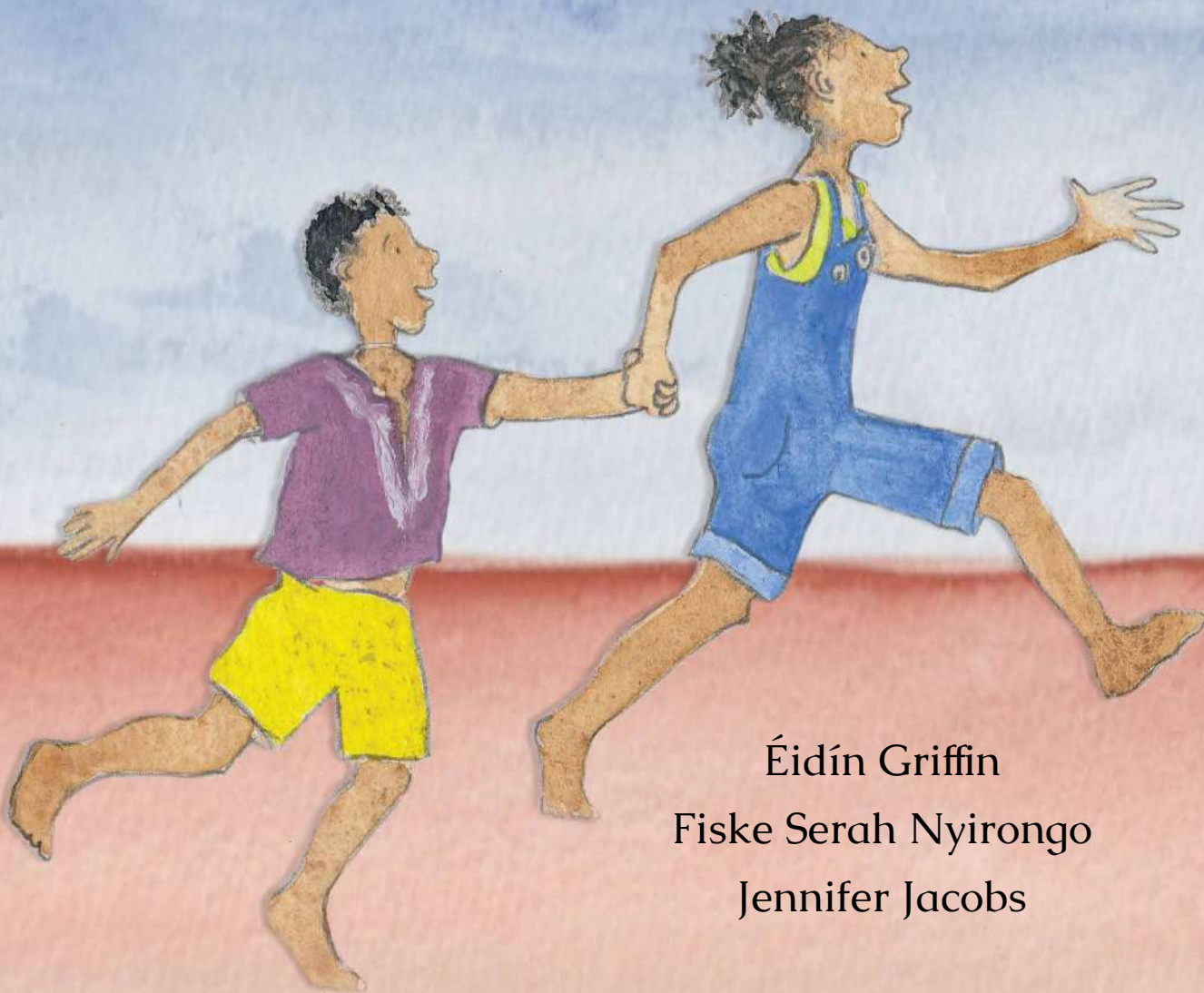


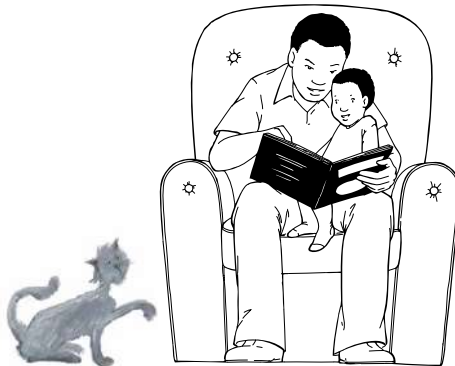
O Rain Come

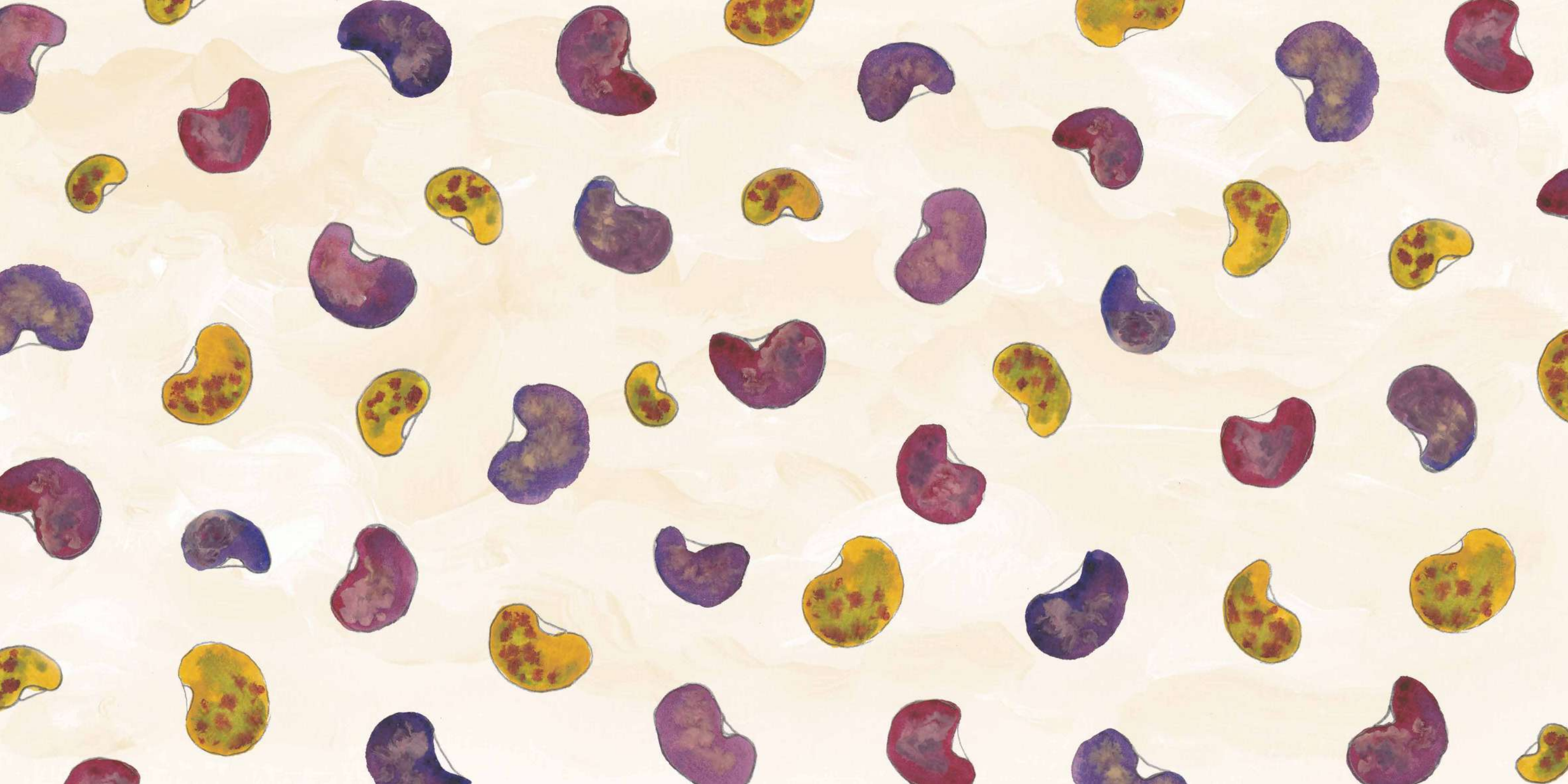


Éidín Griffin
Fiske Serah Nyirongo
Jennifer Jacobs

O Rain Come

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O Rain Come

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with the help of the Book Dash participants in the Virtual Book Dash on 17 October 2020.

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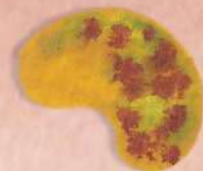
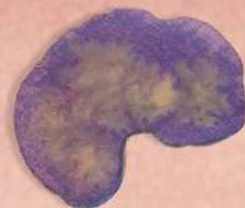


O Rain Come





It was a hot summer afternoon.



Lilato fanned herself.





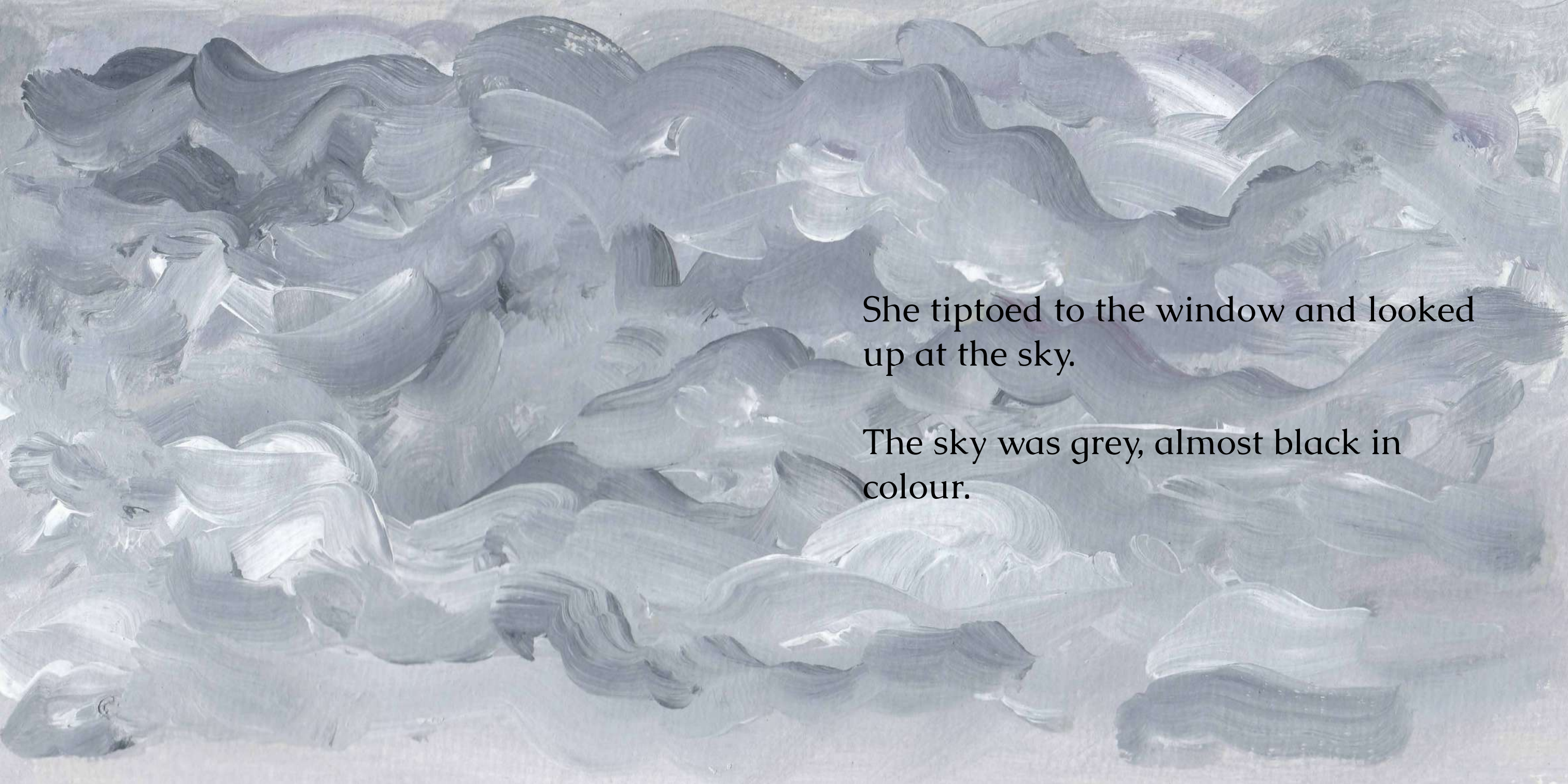
“If only it could rain,” her brother, Mayamiko, said.

It was too hot to let the children play outside.



Ndo-ndo!

Lilato heard it first.
It sounded like a stone
bouncing on the roof of
the house. Lilato looked at
Mayamiko but he didn't
look at her.



She tiptoed to the window and looked
up at the sky.

The sky was grey, almost black in
colour.



Lilato started to sing the song her best friend, Mwansa, had taught her.

Wemfula isa isa

O rain come

Twangale na mainsa

So we can play in the rain

Wemfula isa isa

O rain come

Twangale na mainsa

So we can play in the rain



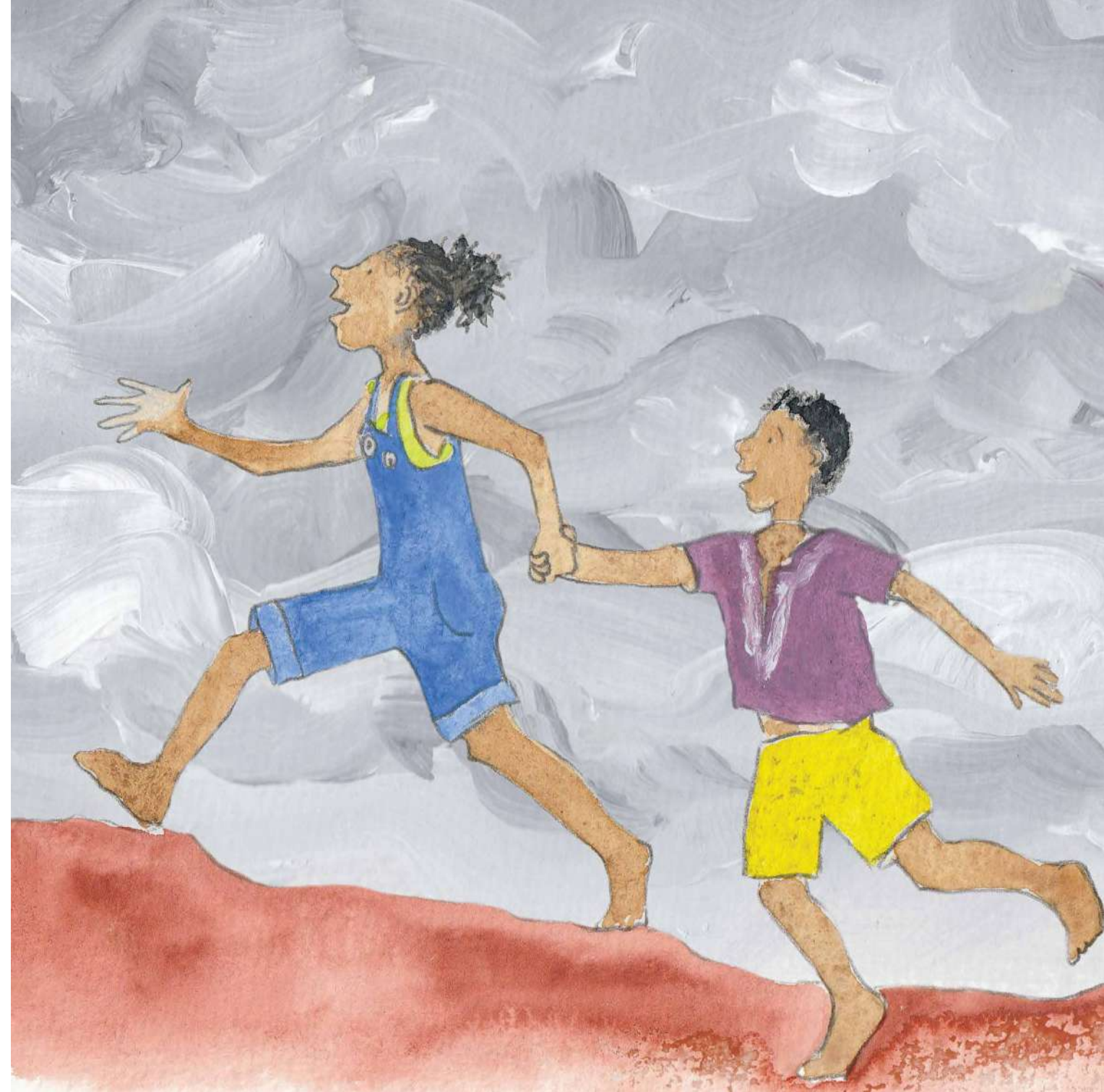
Lilato sang, rubbing her fingers together.

Ndo-ndo-ndo-
ndo-ndo-ndo!

More raindrops fell from the sky.



“Maya! It’s raining!” Lilato yelled. “It’s raining!” They ran outside the house.



Mama was already putting buckets
around the house to collect rainwater.



They ran to the road in front of their house and joined other children.



A chorus of *wemfula isa isa twangale na mainsa*, was heard all over the neighbourhood.

The sky opened and poured more rain, joining into the music of the day.



