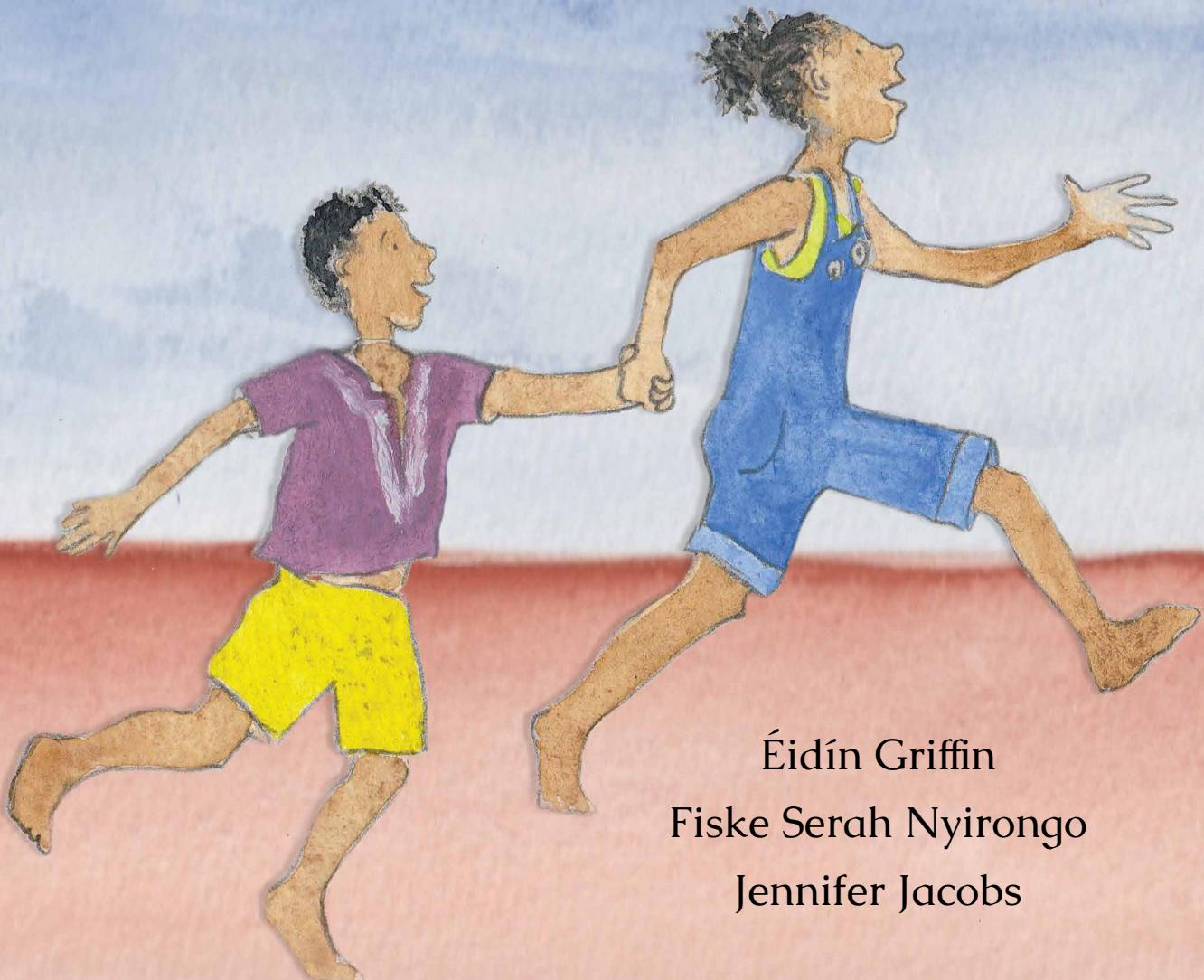


# O Rain Come

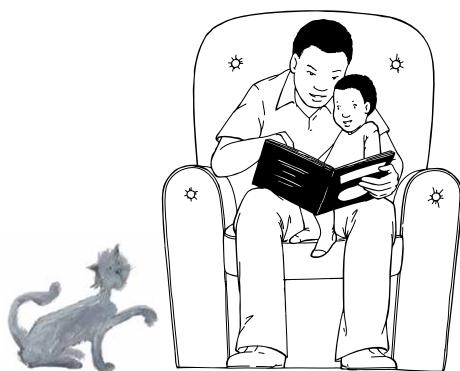


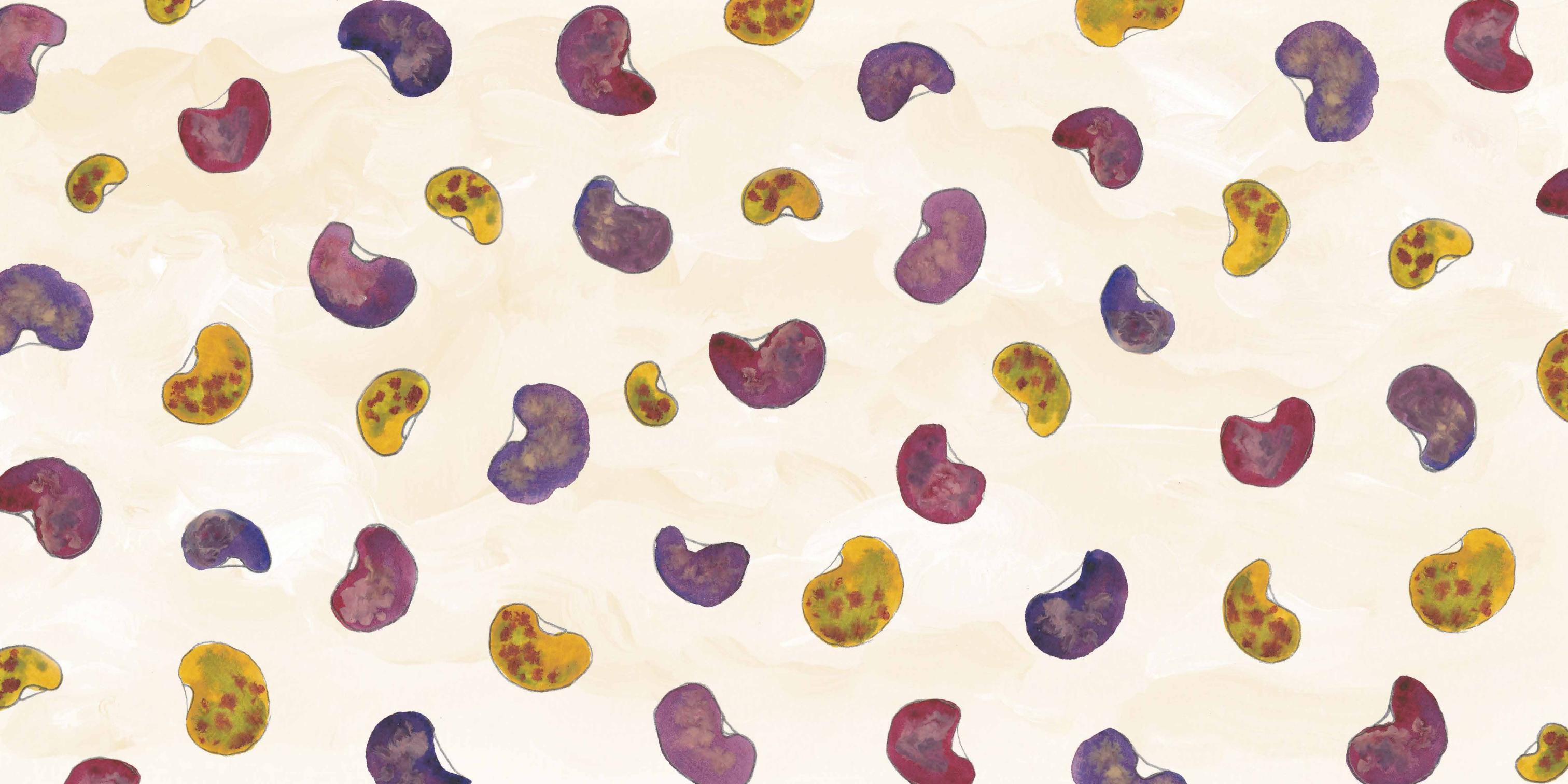
Éidín Griffin  
Fiske Serah Nyirongo  
Jennifer Jacobs

# 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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Éidín Griffin

Fiske Serah Nyirongo

Jennifer Jacobs



# O Rain Come



It was a hot summer afternoon.

Lilato fanned herself.





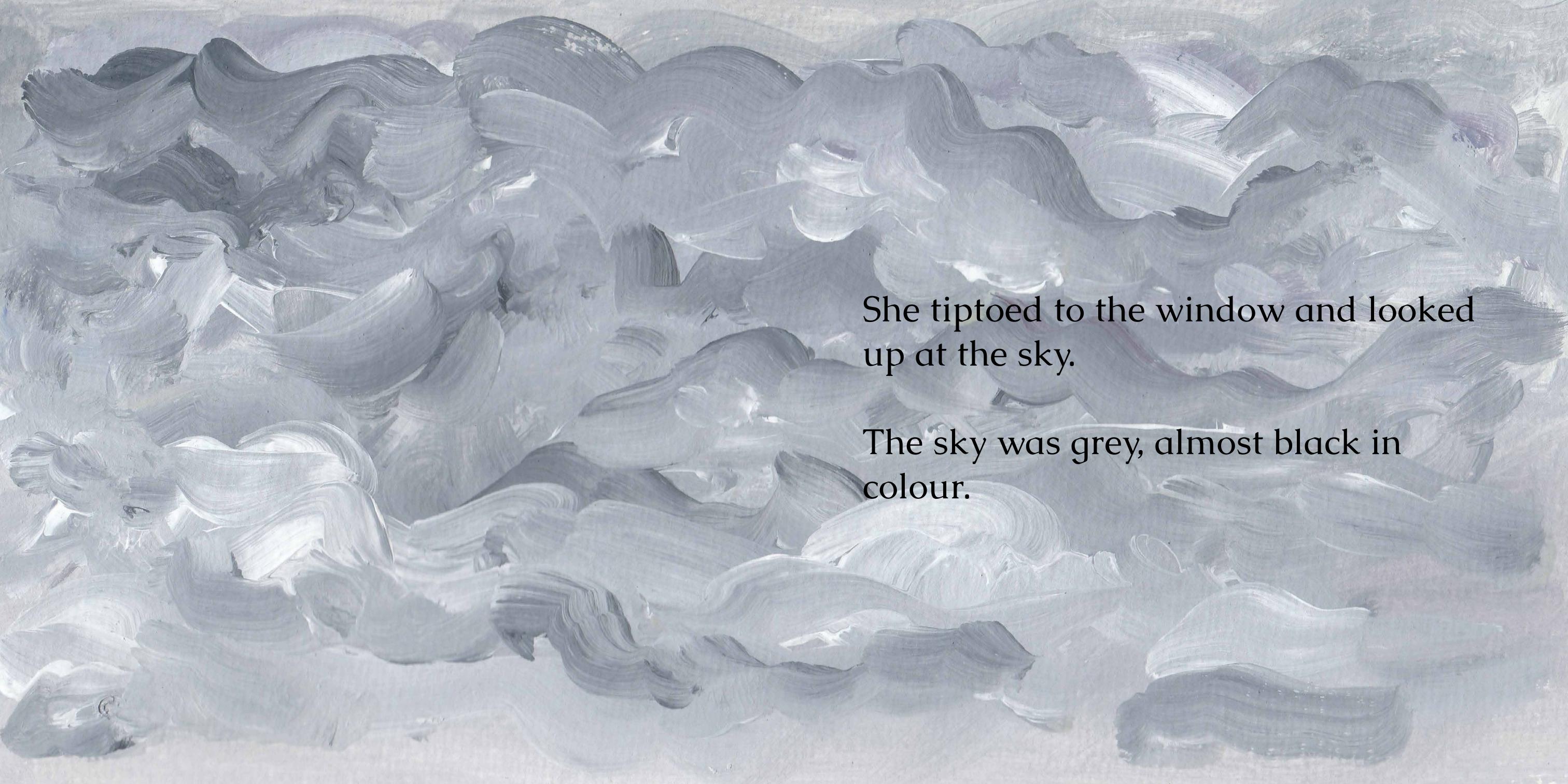
“If only it could rain,” her brother, Mayamiko, said.

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.

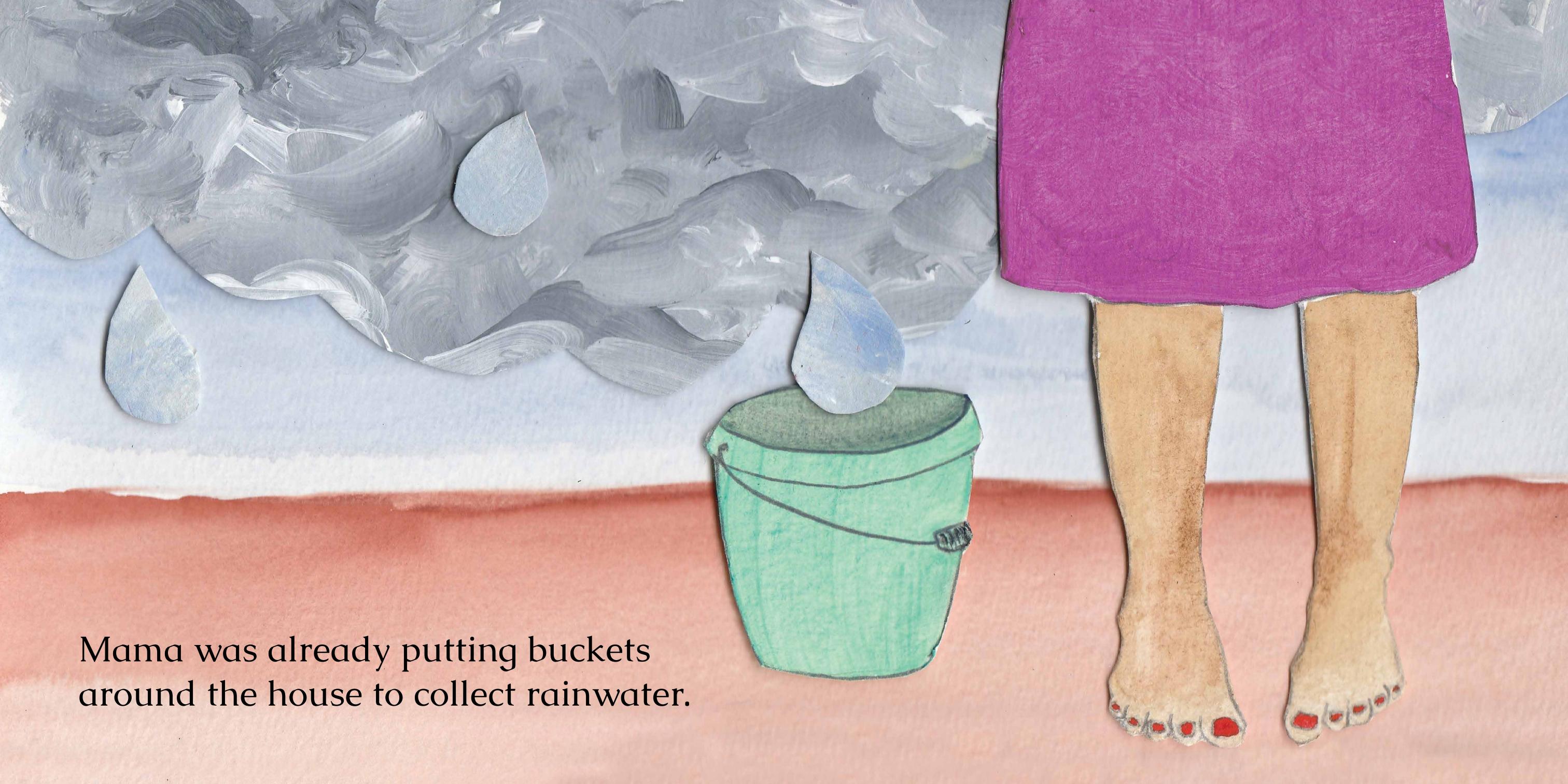


Ndo-ndo-ndo-  
ndo-ndo-ndo!

More raindrops fell from the sky.

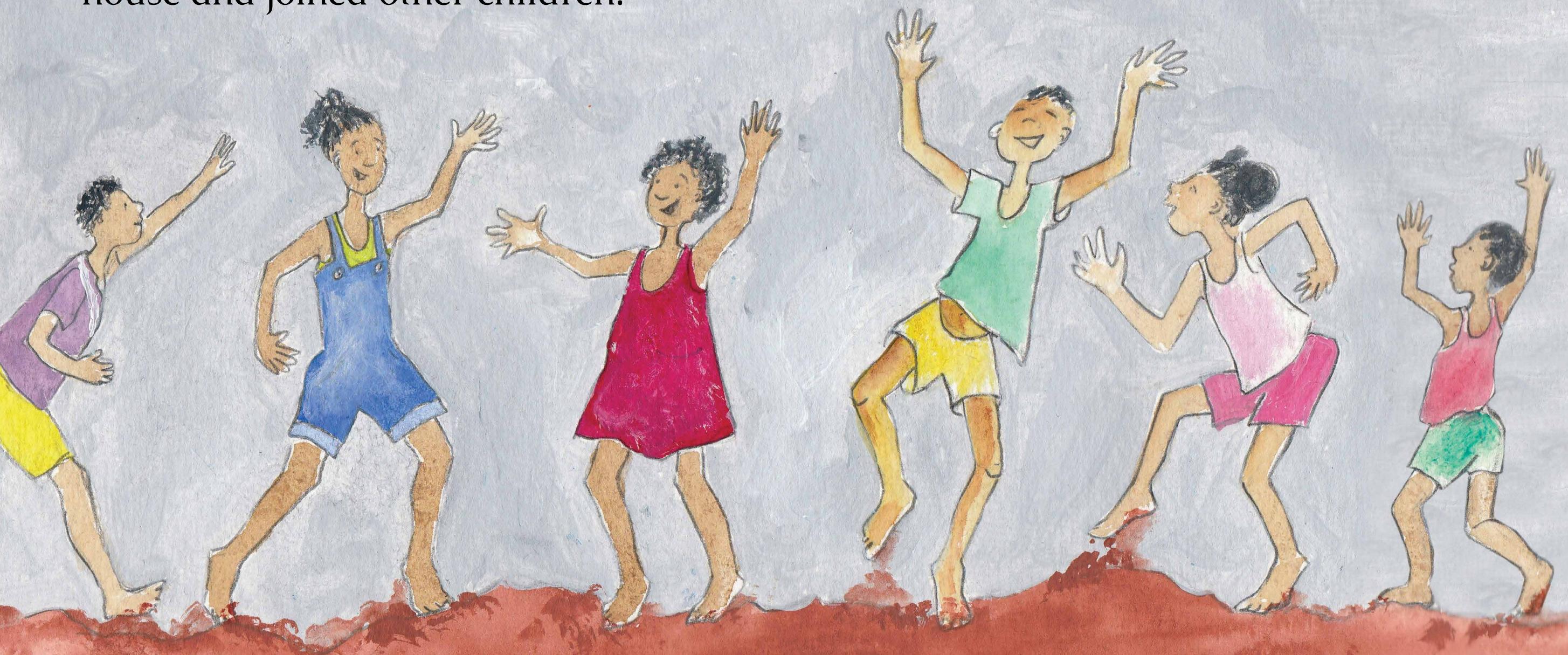
“Maya! It’s raining!” Lilato yelled. “It’s raining!” They ran outside the house.





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.



