# Nomvula’s First Rain

Nomvula was nervous. Her stomach had butterflies, and her heart beat faster than the drums at church. Today wasn’t just another day—it was her first day with the red drops. She had started her period.

Through the loving guidance of her gogo and the wise woman from the village, Nomvula learns that her body is blooming, not broken. She listens to a story about the rain that comes with growth and the strength it carries.

By the end of the day, Nomvula stands tall, not with shame, but with sacred knowledge.