

Chapter 1 : Charles Mungoshi: Theme and Subject

FreeBookNotes found 4 sites with book summaries or analysis of Waiting for the Rain. On the blog. quintoapp.com there is a Waiting for the Rain SparkNotes, Shmoop guide, or Cliff Notes, you can find a link to each study guide below.

Gordon was raised in South Africa but, at the time of publication, had lived elsewhere for quite some time. She was in a better position than many to write about apartheid. Or did she view herself as something more akin to the whites who left South Africa rather than be conscripted into the army? I mentioned that the characters sometimes feel a bit like cardboard. Gordon was writing for an American audience, youth who were unlikely to know much about South Africa, and as such these characters are very clearly made for their roles. Tengo is the studious character who has been trapped his whole life by apartheid; Frikkie is the well-off Afrikaner destined to run a farm and hold power over numerous black farmworkers. He does end up being a more balanced character than that, but I wonder if the book ends on the uncertain note that it does because Gordon could not "of course" predict the exact timeline or structure of the end of apartheid. Plenty of good things here. Why would he want to question a system that has always given him everything he wanted? It is very moving. About the apartheid in South Africa. This is what I wrote for my project about the book. We could pick anything from this giant list of projects and I chose to analyze the title. I know that it is very simplistic but remember that it was 7th grade but I thought that it was good at the time and my teacher liked it so I thought that I would share with you all. Waiting For The Rain By: Samantha Rhodes There are many ways that the title I loved this book when I read it in 7th grade. Samantha Rhodes There are many ways that the title of a book can be interpreted. The first of which is literally. Waiting for the rain could just mean that there were people waiting for rain. In the book, the dam is drying up because of four years of a drought. There would be no water to use for the crops or animals. This would cause many people to lose a lot of money. Although the author could have just thought that the drought was important, there could have been a deeper meaning. Another way to think of this title is that the drought represented apartheid. The drought was meant to end when apartheid was over. The rain would come to help the farm owners - when they were both black and white. It was as if the author used Mother Nature to represent all the war and suffering. It was saying - if the blacks have to suffer, then so do the whites. The title could have also been about the relationship between Frikkie and Tengo. When they were young, they did not worry about the color of their skin and they were friends no matter what. In this time, there was lots of rain and everything was green. Then, when Tengo stopped talking to Frikkie and started worrying about apartheid, the rain stopped coming. Just as their friendship did. Last is that bullets could represent the rain. Waiting for the rain could really mean waiting for the war. The war on apartheid was bound to happen. Everyone was just waiting. The whites wanted to stall it and the blacks wanted it to happen. Pretty soon a shower of bullets would come. As you can see, there are many meanings that can be given to a title. We never know what the author is really saying by a title. You all should have seen the giant mess of a web I drew planning that essay.

Chapter 2 : Waiting for the Rain Analysis - blog.quintoapp.com

Waiting for the Rain Summary SuperSummary, a modern alternative to SparkNotes and CliffsNotes, offers high-quality study guides that feature detailed chapter summaries and analysis of major themes, characters, quotes, and essay topics.

However, he failed to succeed in this endeavor and the family remained poor. Lessing left school at 13 and home at 15, moving to the capital of Southern Rhodesia, Salisbury now Harare , where she worked as a telephone operator, got married, and had two children. Lessing divorced her first husband and married again, having another child and then a second divorce. Here, Lessing became active in communist, anti-racist, and anti-nuclear activism. As a result, she was placed under surveillance by the British Intelligence Services for 20 years. *The Grass is Singing* was published in . She went on to publish over 50 more novels, some under the pseudonym Jane Somers. In , she was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature. She died at home in , at the age of . In the pre-colonial era, Zimbabwe existed as a series of advanced trade states, including the Kingdom of Mapungubwe, the Kingdom of Zimbabwe, and the Kingdom of Mutapa. The Mutapa Kingdom was destroyed by Portuguese invaders in the early 17th century, and was succeeded by the Rozwi Empire, which expelled the Portuguese. In the early 19th century, Dutch farmers began to advance through the region, seizing land from its black owners, and in the s British settlers arrived with the British South Africa Company BSAC. The region was then named after Cecil Rhodes, the notorious imperialist and founder of the BSAC, which ruled the territory between and . Following the war, an economic boom brought , white settlers to Southern Rhodesia between , most of whom were working-class and immigrated directly from the United Kingdom. However, the region would not become independent until , at which point it was subjected to sanctions imposed by the United Nations at the request of the British. Other Books Related to *The Grass is Singing* Doris Lessing is undoubtedly the most widely-read writer to have been born in the colony of Southern Rhodesia, however, a number of important Zimbabwean figures were also working during the same period, inspired by the struggle for independence and the preservation of native Zimbabwean cultures against the repressive forces of British colonial rule. *The Grass is Singing* Where Written: Postcolonial Novel, Murder Mystery Setting: Southern Rhodesia now Zimbabwe Climax: Lessing famously learned that she had won the Nobel Prize on returning from grocery shopping to find a gaggle of journalists outside her home. She is reported to have exclaimed: Lessing served as a kind of mother figure to the British writer Jenny Diski, who reflected on their emotionally fraught relationship in *The London Review of Books*. Cite This Page Choose citation style: Retrieved November 10,

Chapter 3 : Waiting for the Rain () - Plot Summary - IMDb

Waiting for the Rain is a novel of South Africa by writer Sheila Gordon. In this novel, the main character is Tengo, a young black boy who grows up on a farm owned by a white family. Tengo is friends with the young nephew of the farmer, but as the two boys grow older Tengo becomes aware of.

Summary Chapter 5 The narrator knows that the captain would take all measures against his flight if he knew of it, including having other shipmates turn him in, so the narrator remains silent even though he greatly anticipates his freedom. Walking the deck one night, the narrator sees Toby, a fellow shipmate, lost in a reverie while staring overboard. Toby is a young, adventurous man, who is quiet, rarely smiles, and never speaks of his past. The narrator decides that it might be good to have a friend on his trek, so he tells Toby. Toby immediately agrees to come. They plan to creep away while on leave the next day. Chapter 6 The Captain has given a large portion of the crew permission to head to shore for the day, which they all plan to do. Before they go, the Captain delivers a lecture about the dangers of the cannibal natives, but everyone still wishes to leave. The narrator hides some bits of bread, a piece of calico cloth, and some tobacco in his shirt. As they are heading to shore, it begins to pour. When they reach land, the shipmen take shelter under a bamboo covering. Waiting for the rain to stop, everyone but Toby and the narrator fall asleep. These two promptly flee the hut and start ascending the mountain. The rain has kept everyone indoors and although some natives spot them, Toby and the narrator can proceed. After only a few minutes, they are high enough to clearly see the bay below. Their climb grows difficult as the trail disappears. The narrator bushwhacks a path, but branches whip their flesh and they are sweating heavily. Finally, a few hours before sunset, they reach the desired mountain ridge. Standing on it, the highest part of the island, the narrator can see all the ships in the bay below. He feels complete exhilaration at their freedom and at the beauty around him. Chapter 7 From their spot on the mountain, the narrator expects to see the valleys of Typee and Happar behind them, but instead he only sees elevated land. He begins to wonder how they will survive as they are hiding. He and Toby decide to assess the supplies that they brought. Toby hid two biscuits in his shirt that morning, but they now have become an amorphous blob of yeasty flour covered with strands of tobacco. Despite its inedible appearance, the men decide to share the food equally, starting the next morning. They erect a temporary shelter in a nearby ravine for the night, but it fails to keep out the pouring rain. By morning, they have scarcely slept due to the wet and cold. They wander in order to gather warmth. When another rainstorm appears, they hide under some bushes and Toby promptly falls asleep. Watching him, the narrator decides that they are like two babes in the wood. He also realizes that his leg has become injured, possibly from a snakebite. He gets up and sees that they now are above a beautiful valley. The sight is so spellbinding that he feels overjoyed. Chapter 8 Waking Toby, the two men gaze into the valley and begin to wonder whether the Happers or the Typees live there. Toby promptly determines that it is the Happar valley and decides that they should go there right away, since the Happers are friendly with Europeans. The narrator is skeptical. He fears falling in with the Typees. Because of his fear, they resolve to hike around the elevated land a little longer to search for another valley. Their hike is grueling as they are tired and hungry. The next morning they eat the last small portions of their bread ball. Being now hungry, tired, cold, and injured in the case of the narrator, they decide to head into the valley, regardless of whether it is Happar or Typee, because they truly need nourishment and shelter. Analysis The adventure is preceded by a lecture from the captain that accurately foreshadows some of the troubles that the narrator and Toby will face. We might initially dismiss it as well, since we know that the captain is a villain. Not too long after Toby and the narrator get out into the world, one gets the impression that the men are poorly prepared for their adventure. They have brought no warm clothes or bedding to sleep in. They brought almost no food, except what is now a disgusting ball of wet bread. Their dreams of bedding down in comfortable native groves while munching on tropical fruit now seem ridiculously romantic. They are wet, cold, and desperate. They no longer appear to be brash, adventurous men, but rather young, romantic fools. The motif of childhood and regression to a state of dependency shall recur as the book continues. As the men head deeper into the valley, the narrator in particular becomes more childlike. The regression that the narrator

goes through shall be an integral part of his entry into the valley.

Chapter 4 : Waiting for the Rain Summary and Analysis (like SparkNotes) | Free Book Notes

Sheila Gordon's Waiting for the Rain is a realistic account of the doomed friendship of Frikkie and Tengo in South Africa in the turbulent decade of the 's when apartheid, the long.

He received an International PEN award for both these books. Irene Staunton, Weaver Press The evening ended with questions from the floor, indicated below with Q. Let me start by asking you why you became a writer? It probably has got to do with having your nose in the book and hardly saying anything at all to anyone; I am talking about when I was growing up. But I always want to think that it was the loneliness, the way I grew up that led to my choice of career. It was not a career that I chose, I think it chose me. Traditionally in Shona culture you live in a round village and with the head of the kraal, somewhere there. But some time in the s my father had to move from our village to start a farm of his own, a farm in the modern sense, with machines and all the modern technology, although not that productive. So most of the time I was alone and when I could read, which was five years after I started school, four or five years, I could read very well in both English and Shona. I always had books with me. I am the first son and first child and after me there were three girls, then four boys, and as a boy you are expected to work with men. We were not allowed to visit anyone at all, not because they were cruel, but there was so much work to do on the farm and I was supposed to be always there, minding the cattle or running errands, and so on. Even when I started going to school, my father would go to the school and tell the headmaster that his son would not be attending the Sunday school because he was the only one he had to help him on the farm. When I was with my father, you can imagine the kind of conversation we had, "Pick that", "Did I say to? So most of my life was really lived in my head and talking to trees and birds and animals. So I want to think the loneliness, being on my own, turned me sort of inside and the reading helped along. What kind of reading, do you remember? Later on there was a proliferation of Second World War comics and cowboy comics, American literature, I think, from a publisher called Dell. These are the kind of comics I read. I never thought about the Red Indians. They were my enemies and I looked down upon them. At that time there was not much literature from here. We are looking at and the oldest published Shona novel had been published in Then there was of course the Christian Bible the Bible, and it was in a very weird, very old print with letters and it was hard to read. It had been translated I think by some very enthusiastic white missionary. Some of what was supposed to be poetry, sounded very strange to the ear. Well, nobody read much, they read the Bible but otherwise what we called stories we heard from our grandmothers. I think I became a writer was simply something out of this loneliness, I had to make something out of my life. I was amassing a lot of words and you either sing them or you shout them, you have to do something with those words, and I started putting together stories. So did you do that already in school? I remember; the first poem I wrote was when I was the first year in school. I had to ask somebody how to spell the name of a certain girl who sat next to me. I wrote the word down and sent the letter to her. Yes, a one word poem with a whole lot of feelings behind it. Later on I wrote about valleys and mountains and trees and then the inevitable longer poem, longer version of Sipiwe, "The Love Story", which was published in a school magazine. And 4-years later in secondary school, 2-years away from my leaving school for good, I had a story published in a commercial magazine in Harare , Zimbabwe , and the following year another story. These stories were of course love stories and adventure stories. At that time I used to believe that a good story should have about two deaths on every page and a lot of blood right from page one to the end and so on and a bit of the bedroom scene, that was a good story as far as I was concerned. Later on it came as a surprise when I was reading some English short stories in the school library. I mean you can have a love story without people sleeping together; you can have a murder story without anyone being killed on the page and so on. It was something about the shot, the sound of the gunshot when the curtain is closed, that was something from Chekov I suppose, and the whole thing about writing a story in a manner that leaves a lot unsaid. I got interested in that and I found myself writing stories. But what had happened again was this loneliness, which did not end by going to school. I think the final rift between myself and being part of whatever crowd I was supposed to have been part of came when I was, I think, thirteen and we were playing football. So whenever I

found myself competing I always came out the worst. So I was goalkeeper in this and somebody kicked the ball right on me and I fell back and I think I must have been out for two hours, and from there I hated football or any games that could kill, could hurt somebody. From there I think I became friends with just my books and walking through the forest and I would maybe avoid going to, play truant from church and go out into the bush. I was very good at hunting for fruit and people like me for the strange fruits that I brought from the bush. So when your stories got published and won these competitions, your parents were not very proud? No, they were not. In fact what happened with this loneliness the other thing I did was I started keeping a diary. It was very strange, after writing about a painful experience, I felt very relaxed, very refreshed and very cheerful and in fact I became a kind of clown, I think. There was a kind of euphoria after writing a story or something that really pained me I became very funny. So they were very serious about education and that is what they taught. In secondary school we had plays, simplified stories; we had Shakespeare, we had *Oliver Twist* – all those stories. Well, I meant after independence. Some say that the early literature of independent Zimbabwe was not sort of following the nationalist call? And our only response was that it was at least an analysis of and we were looking into the individual to see how and why the individual suffers and could you please offer an answer, if there is any answer? So it is interesting in the light of talk on self-censorship that a criticism of the present seems to have been written already in a book many years ago, which was then stamped as being ideologically empty. Could you tell us why you did that, and what that novel meant to you? I was editor of a publishing house and we were all eyes open, looking around for the great novel of out of the struggle. And I felt reading *The Grain of Wheat* it that it was almost the same as in Zimbabwe, the British of the Highlands, the farms and the people living in the compounds and the people of the land dissatisfied, the educational system, the same sort of characters, headmasters and so on and the priests, all of it. I felt that *Mau Mau* was just like our *Chimurenga*. So I felt that this would be of some help to the Shona writers who were trying to write about the war. I am not sure whether any of our authors did get inspired by it or learnt how to chisel the characters. But some have later written very well about the struggle, not as speeches but as subjective experiences, such as Alexander Kanengoni. It is someone being honest about his or her experience, not trying to cover it up with pseudo-heroics and that kind of thing. You were talking about the characters in the *Chimurenga*, and you have described the second *Chimurenga*. If you wrote about it, how would you describe the characters in the third *Chimurenga*? Which one is this third? Is it to be fought or has it been fought already? Are you very straight? Where is it, the third *Chimurenga*? Why do you ask me? Because you used the expression. But you know perfectly well what it is. Oh, the one they call the third *Chimurenga*? The one going on right now. As the father who gives his children a snake when they ask for bread. Looking to the future, are you working on anything now? Now that you hear about it? It is the old hat and the same old characters, I suppose.

Chapter 5 : Waiting for the Rain Summary & Study Guide

Waiting for the Rain Summary. Waiting for the Rain is a novel of South Africa by writer Sheila Gordon. In this novel, the main character is Tengo, a young black boy who grows up on a farm owned by a white family.

Tytue Molly a 17 teen year old girl wants something to hold on too something that wont disappear like everything else in her life C Please read and review This chapter litrally took forever just because of that fact. So i hope you enjoy And also as said before i do not own bleach, i really wish i did but i dont Sitting down the bags of food she smiled at me. I felt my eyes widen. That was surprising to hear. And the fact that John kept asking me appropriate baby names. But I just took that as John being stupid. Just signing the papers. Biting my lips I instinctually looked away. They seemed happy, joyous actually as they told me how the house looked and the yard. And how they had just enough space to get that dog John always wanted. And I laughed when they laughed and asked questions when they were needed. And once it was time for them to go I politely escorted them out, all he while holding back the stinging tears of loneliness. Filing into the room Joel immediately positioned himself in the to the far corner of the room, as he waited his turn to step forth. Closing her eyes Rin folded both her hands together. Rin of all people lying to the authority himself? But it seemed like Rin had a plan all her own. Looking from Rin to the screen He nodded, " yes sir. It is indeed how she reported it to me. The screen in front of him flicked black. Joel stayed where he was. I told that old geezer I had everything under control," Joel replied folding his arms. Sighing heavily Renji turned his attention to Rin who was sitting quietly in the corner, as Rukia began shouting. Both Rukia and Joel became quiet. Blinking a couple of times I surveyed my dark room. All was as I left it before I laid down to take a nap. Guiding my eyes to the front of my bed I noticed Ulquiorra sitting with is head against the bedpost and his eyes closed. Maybe I should, grabbing my cover I started to pull it towards him when his eyes snapped open. I dropped the cover from my hands. I stopped where I was. Putting down my toothbrush I glanced in his direction. I could feel the familiar sting of tears as they rolled from my eyes. Closing my eyes I lifted my hands to wipe them away. Suddenly not wanting Ulquiorra to see me shedding tears. I felt his hand wrap securely around my wrist removing my hands from my face. His touch was cold, and burned my cheeks. But I ignored it was I sercame to the demanding look in his eyes. I shook my head. Afraid of being alone. I heard myself gasp. Turning away from me he headed to the window. Reaching out I grabbed the sleeve of his shirt. Stopping halfway when I noticed Ulquiorra standing in the middle of the floor. Kinda creepy looking and a little quiet but your better than those other kids Molly brings in here. With their questionable fashions and annoying matter of speech. Looking up in the direction of where Ulquiorra was sitting I noticed he was looking at me. Adverting my eyes quickly I tried my best to eliminate the blush that cheeped up on my face. I know I know," I said as I headed back towards the kitchen. In the same instant the doorbell rang. Sighing heavily sat down the tray and walked towards the door. Swinging it open roughly a petite Asian girl automaticuually greeted me about my age with blue eyes and black hair that stuck awkwardly out from her head. She stared at me for what seemed like minutes her eyes wide before finally opening her mouth. Then smiling she added another sentence and then another all in Japanese. Staring at her in wonder I figured she thought I understood what she was saying. Then she grabbed my hand and grinning she continued to talk while I stared at her in confusion. Did you forget his is America. Turning I suddenly came face to face with a Japanese guy about my age with crimson red hair and tattoos that that sketched up his forehead and down his neck. I just told my whole speech. Pressing my hands behind my head I started to back up towards my door when I felt the black hair girls tiny hand grab my wrist. I felt my wrist tingle then that same weird energy flow from her body. Could she be a€? " You know," the girl started to say, " You look just like someone I know. We stood like that for a few moments before she grasped loudly. I felt myself react instantly. He merely huffed and folded both arms. She got at least that much right. And Joel told us so much about you that we just had to meet you," she bowed. I moved back involuntary. Shutting the door I shook my head violently, friends of Joel. And if so are they after Ulquiorra? Like in a past life or something. Faded memories that had not yet been erased but stood faded and blurred in my mind. Finally revealed upon meeting them again. No its just your head playing tricks on you again. I thought as I

made my way back towards the kitchen my gaze locked on the ground the whole time. Taking another step I ran straight into Ulquiorra, which was like running into a brick wall and sprarled backwards towards the ground. I sat where I was unmoving as Ulquiorra looked down on me. The tea pots an cup in his hands. Sitting them down the counter he extended a white hand to me. I took it willingly, marveling at the feeling of my hand molding within his. You sit here every night watching me while I sleep. Poking her finger into his chest she sighed. Stupid girlâ€He thought as he let his gaze sweep quickly over her face. Sighing he directed himself to the window beside her bed. Repelling every bone in his body that was telling him to accept her offer. Gripping the pillow she was hugging she continued to cry. Is that truly what she fears? She believes she is alone and yet she has many by her sideâ€ Her grip yet again tightened against the pillow. He wanted to comfort her, perhaps hold her like he sensed she wanted him too. Perhaps I couldâ€he began at the same time she stirred. Walking towards the sleeping girl he stared at her aloofly for what could have been hours before removing his gaze and returning to the postion at which he was. Driving into my normal parking space at the parking lot in front of school I unlocked the doors for Ulquiorra to step out before getting out my self. He was by my side before I could blink. He was topless his torso muscular and tanned, the dark angel of on his stomach seeming all the more visible from my distance. As well as the many cuts and bruises from previous battles. She stuck out her tongue. He snatched it roughly.

Chapter 6 : Charles Mungoshi - Wikipedia

waiting for the rain is a beautiful book. it explores the nature of life itself in a unique kind of juxtaposition. its simplicity exudes a type of complexity not quite easy to explain. mungoshi speaks of how we all have felt at some point in our young lives. we want to leave home, we want to move out of the familiar zones in which familiarity.

In this novel, the main character is Tengo, a young black boy who grows up on a farm owned by a white family. Tengo is friends with the young nephew of the farmer, but as the two boys grow older Tengo becomes aware of differences in the way he and the nephew are treated. Tengo begins to read and to become educated, causing these differences to become more and more evident. Finally, Tengo finds himself embroiled in the student revolution taking place against the white government and face to face with his old friend. *Waiting for the Rain* is a story of the terrible toll the struggles in South Africa had on its youngest victims, the children. Each time he comes to the farm on his school vacations, he first checks on each of his favorite animals before searching for his good friend, Tengo. Tengo is a willing playmate to Frikkie despite the differences between them. Tengo is not allowed to dine with Frikkie in the main house even though his own mother prepared the food. Tengo is more knowledgeable about the farm than Frikkie as he is the one to teach Frikkie how to milk the cows. Frikkie returns this favor by teaching Tengo how to swim. As Tengo grows older, he aches to learn. Tengo devours these books and they begin to open his eyes to some of the inequalities taking place right before his eyes. In fact, Tengo discovers that his old friend Frikkie and his uncle misunderstand the history of their own country, allowing them to continue discriminating against Tengo and members of his race. Tengo finally convinces his parents to allow him to go to Johannesburg to attend school. Tengo is so far behind in his studies that he studies constantly in an attempt to catch up. Tengo hopes to earn a first class matriculation and win a scholarship to college. However, in the year before Tengo is to write his matriculation, unrest breaks out in the city. Students begin staging protests against the government. The schools are soon shut down and Tengo finds himself forced to choose between loyalty to his friends and his desire to learn. Tengo misses his matriculation exam but learns that a beloved cousin works with the African National Congress. Through the ANC, this cousin can arrange for Tengo to go overseas to continue his education. Tengo is frightened and excited all at once by this opportunity. However, shortly before he is due to leave, there is a gathering after the funeral of several children killed during a protest. Tengo arrives to find soldiers attempting to break up the meeting. Tengo finds himself filled with so much anger that he begins throwing stones at soldiers firing guns at the unarmed civilians. One of the soldiers is killed by an unseen gunman. Tengo flees, but finds himself pursued by a soldier. Tengo hides in a shed only to be chased there by the soldier. Tengo hits the soldier on the head with a broken tire iron. Tengo and Frikkie talk, sharing memories, but also debating the protests going on outside. Finally Tengo makes the decision to let Frikkie go. On his part, Frikkie makes the conscious choice not to turn Tengo in to his fellow soldiers. This section contains words approx.

Chapter 7 : Waiting for the Rain - Charles Mungoshi - Google Books

Waiting for the Rain by Sheila Gordon | Summary & Study Guide by BookRags This study guide includes the following sections: Plot Summary, Chapter Summaries & Analysis, Characters, Objects/Places, Themes, Style, Quotes, and Topics for Discussion.

Characters[edit] Tengo is the main character of the book. He desperately seeks a way for whites and blacks to live equally, thereby ending apartheid. However, in Part Two of the book, he must choose which he wants more: They have been friends from the time they could walk. He wants everything to stay the same and does not accept change. Oom Koos is the Oubaas, a senior, of the farm. He does not want the black protesters to gain power. She thinks education is wasted on blacks, and is appalled by the idea of Tengo going to school in Johannesburg. She does much of the housekeeping for Tant Sannie, such as washing the dishes and clothes, and preparing food for Oom Koos and Tant Sannie. He is the boss-boy of the farm which means he was appointed by Oom Koos to manage the farm. She is constantly sick [has tuberculosis] and stays in the kraal. She helps Tengo in different subjects in school. She has been taught to accept apartheid. Constantly bothers Tengo to make him feel more like a servant. Real name is Henrietta. Gilbert is a white liberal who tutors Tengo to help him pass his matriculation exams and get to college. Appears in Part Two. Elijah is a teenage tribal South African who lives in the township of Johannesburg. Fights apartheid with violence. Miller is a white living in Johannesburg. She and her family, though nicer than other masters, still accept apartheid and do nothing to change it. Claire Miller is the daughter of Mrs. Miller, a white liberal who feels sympathy for the blacks. However, she cannot do much to change it. Frikkie visits on holidays to escape the grinding boredom of the school term, and Tengo lives there with his family. Over time, Tengo comes to see more and more that their friendship is hesitant and tenuous due to the imposing laws of apartheid, and wants to know more. He cannot understand why Frikkie does not like school when there is so much to learn. He desperately wishes to go to the city and get an education. To quench his thirst for knowledge, Selina asks for books from Mrs. Tengo receives them and loves them, but they only make him want to know more. Over the course of this book, Tengo is also learning more about apartheid and how it functions. His cousin Joseph, who lives in the squalid township of Johannesburg, visits one day and tells Tengo of the evils that must be faced every day there. He gets permission and leaves for the city. He finds that the city is smelly and noisy like Frikkie said it would be. Part Two[edit] In Part 2 Tengo becomes a much more active member in the fight against the white regime. Tengo is receiving tutoring from Rev. Gilbert and living with the Millers for a time. He now has a choice to make: He wants to continue his education but does not see how this is possibleâ€”at least, not until Joseph returns and offers him a chance to go overseas and be schooled. Before Tengo sets out to leave, he is informed about a funeral held for the schoolchildren that were shot during riots. Once he arrives he sees the army trying to break up the funeral, and as he begins to fight back a gunshot is heard along with a scream. He accidentally hits him, and as he takes his gun he notices who the soldier was. The share good memories, and debate, but they split ways and keep their meeting- and their friendship- a secret. Kaffir - a derogatory term directed at native South Africans. Similar to nigger as used in the USA. Literally translated from Arabic, Kuffar means "non-believer". Kraal - Small villages of mud huts for the blacks to live in. The characters themselves, and their situations, often feel invented. A Novel of South Africa is the subtitle. One could add, for American Students, so obviously destined is this book for the American market. South African terms give way to American ones: Glosses are supplied everywhere. There are, in addition, some serious discrepancies for the knowledgeable reader. How, for instance, does a black child growing up speaking Afrikaans as his white language come so easily to read and speak English from books?

Chapter 8 : Waiting for the Rain

Waiting for the Rain is a young adult novel by South African-born American writer Sheila Gordon, first published in It tells the story of two boys, one black and one white, growing up on a farm in South Africa during apartheid.

Chapter 9 : Waiting for the Rain Chapter Visitor, a bleach fanfic | FanFiction

This novel about life in South Africa is sure to give readers a better understanding of what lies behind the newspaper headlines and TV stories. Tengo is the year-old son of workers on Oom Koos's I.