Sona The Rainmaker

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A long-time ago in Kumba, a village far away in Cameroon, the dry season went on for too long and the rain did not fall. There was no water to drink. The villagers were thirsty, the kids were crying, the crops were dying, and the animals were suffering. The chief called a meeting with the elders, and they decided to go visit with the rainmaker.
Sona, the Rainmaker, lived alone in a forest, about 20 miles away from Kumba village. The group of elders set out early one morning to go visit the Rainmaker. They walked for about nine hours without any water. When they arrived at the Rainmaker’s hut, they were tired, hungry and thirsty. The Rainmaker lived in a hut made of rocks and mud with the roof was made of palm tree leaves. The rainmaker welcomed them into his hut. He gave them some food and coconut water.
The Chief spoke on behalf of the elders: "Sona, we have nothing to drink, we have nothing to eat. All our rivers are drying up. All our crops are dying. Our children are crying. Send us some rain or we shall die" Sona the Rainmaker, went up to the mountains and called on the ancestors to send rain to the village.

Sona sang and danced: "Oh loving ancestors your children are crying. They are hungry, they are thirsty, oh loving ancestors send down the rain." Sona’s song was so sorrowful. The ancestors came out of their kingdom and crowded the sky. The sky was dark, and they asked Sona what they will receive in return if they send the rain. Sona replied that the ancestors will receive the first fruits of every harvest.
The ancestors were pleased and so they sent down the rain. First it came as light showers and then as a heavy downpour. The people in the village came out to celebrate. Men, women, children and animal came out to dance in the rain. They thanked Sona, the Rainmaker and praised the ancestors.
The crops grew again, the rivers were full and the people of Kumba were happy again.
Since then, every year, the people of kumba always offer sacrifices to their ancestors with the first fruit of every harvest.

The End