

CHAPTER 1 Hunger

The hot Malawi sun beat
down on the empty fields and
a small grove of mango trees.
There was a swift wind, and
the three boys under the trees
were happy for the breeze,
even if it was a warm one.

"Wow, is it ever hot!" William said to his cousin Geoffrey and his friend Gilbert. The boys rested in the heat of the day.

The shade of the mango tree did very little to help them stay cool.

"It is always hot," said Geoffrey sadly.

"I am hungry," said Gilbert, looking longingly at the empty fields around them.



William wiped sweat from his face and looked around his family's farm. He used to be able to see so much maize, which is a kind of sweet corn.



The maize was very important to William's family. It was used not only for their food but also to make them money.



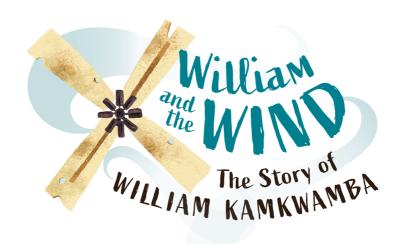
But when fourteen-year-old William looked out now, the farm looked very different. Months before, heavy rains had washed away most of the newly sprouted plants, and only a bit of maize was left. After the rain stopped, it never started again. Now it had not rained in a very long time, and most of the plants left in the fields had dried up and died,



not just in his father's fields, but in all of William's country.

"I am hungry too, friend,"
William said to Gilbert. "I am
always hungry now. We all are."

William's family, like many others, was very hungry.
Without maize, no one had enough food to eat. Since maize was made into a soup called *nsima* (SEE-MA), which the people in his country ate



William and his family were hungry when rain did not come and their crops died. How could he help them?

One day, he had an idea: make a windmill to use the power of the wind! This true story shows that when you have a little hope and you work hard, big things can happen.





