

Cartwheeling In Thunderstorms By Katherine Rundell

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"Recensione ?Cartwheeling in Thunderstorms is the work of a writer with an utterly distinctive voice and a wild imagination. I admire her novels very much, and I hope they find the success they deserve. I'm certainly looking forward to her next." (Philip Pullman, author of the His Dark Materials series)*""With debut novel Rooftoppers (2013), Rundell showed her capacity to write an entertaining story featuring a courageous female protagonist; this second novel surpasses by virtue of its striking, soaring prose." (Kirkus Reviews, starred review)*""A gripping, magical, and heartwarming tale of resilience, friendship, and hope." (Publishers Weekly, starred review)*""Rundell's language soars in this portrait of a fierce and largehearted girl." (Booklist, starred review)""Cartwheeling in Thunderstorms is a treasure of a book." (VOYA)""Instead of making Zimbabwe some mysterious ?other? place, she imbues it with color, love and vibrancy...Cartwheeling in Thunderstorms offers readers a sympathetic and enticing portrait of a part of the world they might not have heard of before reading this book, but will certainly be intrigued by ever after." (BookPage)""Katherine Rundell once again demonstrates her ability to weave a story with a strong, determined female character...This one's for readers who appreciate the classic elements of storytelling with a twist." (Shelf Awareness)""Rundell's vivid and compelling prose brings both worlds to life on a visceral level and propels her characters forward. Readers will be engaged by Will's voice (and her colorful linguistic twists), ache for her through her sorrow and loss, and celebrate her newly sparked confidence and resolve. Warning: there will be cartwheels!"" (School Library Journal, starred review)""Rundell writes with a beautiful voice...both gripping and profound." (BCCB)""Rundell's finely drawn etchings of the people in Will's sphere and rich descriptions of African colonial farm life sprawl across the page in sensual largesse." (Horn Book Magazine) L'autore Katherine Rundell is the author of Rooftoppers, Cartwheeling in Thunderstorms (a Boston Globe?Horn Book Award winner), The Wolf Wilder, and The Explorer. She grew up in Zimbabwe, Brussels, and London, and is currently a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. She begins each day with a cartwheel and believes that reading is

almost exactly the same as cartwheeling: it turns the world upside down and leaves you breathless. In her spare time, she enjoys walking on tightropes and trespassing on the rooftops of Oxford colleges. Estratto. © Riproduzione autorizzata. Diritti riservati. Cartwheeling in Thunderstorms WILHELMINA KNEW THAT THERE WERE some houses that had glass in every window and locks on the doors. The farmhouse in which she lived was not one of them. If there was a key to the front door, Wilhelmina had never seen it. It was likely that the goats that wandered in and out of the kitchen had eaten it. The house was at the end of the longest of the farm roads in the hottest corner of Zimbabwe. Her bedroom window was a square space in the wall. During the rains, she sewed plastic bags to make a screen and stretched it across the frame. During the heat, the dust blew in. Years ago, a visitor to the farm had asked Will about her window. "Surely your father can afford a pane of glass?" "I like to be dusty," she had said, "and wet." Dust and rain made mud. Mud was full of possibilities. The farm roads were bald and red with the settled dust. They were walked daily by Captain Browne, owner of the farm, driven daily by William Silver, foreman of the farm, and ridden daily by Wilhelmina, William's only child. Wilhelmina rode better than any boy on the farm, because her father had known that to ride before you can walk is like drinking from glass bottles of Coke underwater, or hanging by the knees from baobab trees: disorienting and delicious. So Wilhelmina grew up running under horses' bellies and tripping up into horse manure and tugging handfuls of her long dark hair when horseflies stung. The horseboys living in the tin-roofed cottages in the staff quarters never wept at horseflies; sometimes they swore in a leisurely, laughing way in Shona: "Ach, booraguma?" and Wilhelmina was sure that she was the equal of any boy. She was faster than most of the boys her age on foot, too. And she was many other things: When the men on the farm talked about her in the evenings, they needed handfuls of "ands" to describe her: Will was stubborn, sha, and exasperating and wild and honest and true. " " " In the morning light of late October, Will was crouched on the floor stirring a pot of methylated spirit and water. Meths, applied to the feet, hardened the soles and made living shoes. There were six assorted chairs in the airy sitting room, but Will liked the floor. There was more space. Will had widely spaced eyes, and widely spaced toes, and was altogether a favorite of space. Her talk was spaced too, she knew; the slow talk of the African afternoon, with good gaps of silence. Will heard the clatter of hooves and a hungry whinnying. That meant William Silver was home from his early-morning gallop over the farm. Everyone in that part of Zimbabwe rose early. The main part of the day's work had to be done by lunch, and October was the hottest month. The heat melted the roads into tarred soup; birds got stuck in it. The sitting room door opened, and a hairy face peered round it. Will felt the door open before she saw it; it was joy. Dad was back; she jumped up in one single movement, all speed and legs, and hurled herself into his arms, wrapping her feet around his waist. "Dad!" "Morning! Morning, Wildcat." Will buried her face in her father's neck. "Morning, Dad," she said, her voice muffled. With most men, Will was tense-muscled. They left her half-marveling and half-wary, and she made sure to keep her few steps of distance. She hated having to shake hands with the unknown skin of strangers; but Dad, with his muscled softness, was different. "But I thought you were gone for the day, hey?" said William. "Ja. Ja, soon. But I wanted to see your face first, Dad. I missed you." Will had been out at the tree house last night, asleep in the largeness of the night air by the time her father had gotten home. They could go for days without seeing each other, but she thought it made the happiness, when they did, sharper; more tangy. "But now?" she scrambled up. "I can go, ja. I haven't fed Shumba, and Simon'll be waiting." She turned at the door, wanting to say something that would mean "I love you. Goodness how I do love you." "Faranuka, Dad!" Faranuka. Will's Shona was good, and "Faranuka" was Shona for "Be happy." " " " Simon was waiting. Simon was Will's best friend. He was everything that she wasn't: a tall, fluid black boy to her waiflike, angular white girl. It had not been love at first sight. When Simon had arrived to train as a farmhand, Will had taken one single look and with six-year-old certainty announced that, no, she did not like him. He was flimsy. That was because Simon had enormous bush-baby eyes, tender trusting pools that seemed to hold tears just ready to fall from beneath stupidly curled lashes. But it hadn't taken long for Will to see that Simon was breathing, leaping, brilliant proof that appearances are deceptive. In fact, she knew now, Si was a stretched-catapult of a boy, the scourge of the stables, with a hoarse laugh much too deep for him, and arms and legs that jerked and broke any passing cup or plate. His dislike of the tin bathtub, and his reveling in the softly squelching Zimbabwean mud, meant that Simon had a distinctive smell. He smelled to the young Will of dust and sap and salt beef. Will had smelled to Simon of earth and sap and mint. So with such essential aspects in common; the sap, most obviously, but also the large eyes and the haphazard limbs; it was inevitable that the two fell in sort-of-love by the time they were seven, and by the time their ages were in double digits, they were friends of the firmest, stickiest, and eternal sort. Simon was the one who had taught Will how to bring her horse to a gallop on the home stretch to the stables, yelling "Yah! Ee-yah! Come on, slowcoach!" And he taught her how to swing herself round to the underside of the horse's neck and ride upside down so that her long hair was coated with the flying dust, and her cheeks slipped into her eyes. They swapped languages. He learned her Zimbabwean-twanged English and she; with tongue-poked-out concentration; the basics of his Chikorekore Shona. She showed him how to swim underwater for minutes at a time. The trick was to breathe in slowly beforehand; not a gulp, but patiently and through pursed lips, like sucking through a straw. Her feet became dark brown and hardened from years of barefoot races across the fields, and her nails were filthy. Since last December, Simon had lived with his brother Tedia in the staff quarters, a block of brick huts and fires on the edge of "Two Tree Hill Farm. The name, Captain Browne had said, rolling one of his cigarettes in tobacco-green fingers, was a kind of bad joke, because there were several hundred trees on Two Tree Hill, enough to obliterate

the hill itself. In fact, he said, it would have been better named Just Tree Farm. Or Tree Tree Tree Tree Tree Farm. Ha-ha, Captain Browne. But of course there were clear patches, made of brown grass and shimmering heat and anthills, and it was across one of these that Will now ran, kicking the backs of her feet against her bottom and singing. As soon as she was within shouting distance of Simon's mudbricked home, Will gave her best Shona call. "Ee-weh!" Shouting distance on that farm was at least a field-length farther than anywhere else, because the air was still and there were no cars except for the truck; a little noise went a gloriously long way. "Simon! Simon! You in, Si?? ? ? ? Simon picked his nose in a pointed sort of way. He was squatting outside the hut just within the shade of the brown thatch roof, drinking Coke from a glass bottle. Tedia nudged Simon with his toe. He spoke in Shona, "Uchaenda. Up, boy. Off with you to the little madam." The "little madam" was an old joke. The shrill and imperious "madam" of the typical farmer's wife couldn't be further from Will's brown and gold manners. Simon threw an aggrieved pebble at Will's feet. "Will!" He scowled. "Where you been? I thought you weren't coming. You such a slowcoach, man." She wasn't, but he said it anyway. "Like a caterpillar with no legs. Was going to go off without you just now, madman." "Madman" was Simon's variation on "madam." They both thought it was closer to the truth. "Oh, sorry. Sorry, Si, truly. Sorry-sorry." Will didn't give explanations. She stared up at Tedia, whom Will loved achingly. He was a hero, big and scarred and restfully silent. She had to squint because the sun was strong now, beating in the edgeless blue of the sky. "Mangwanani, Tedia." She bobbed the curtsy she gave to the captain's visitors. "Mangwanani" meant "good morning." Her Simon did not need to be saluted, but Tedia, in his slow largeness, his bare chest, and his kindness to the dogs, deserved respect. "Mangwanani, Will." He pronounced her name like all the men on the farm, "wheel," and her father had picked it up, called her Buck and Wheel, Cartwheel, Catherine Wheel. "Marara sei, Wheel? Did you sleep?" There was a formal answer to that, but Will, to her annoyance, found she'd forgotten it. There were codes in Shona she hadn't yet learned, and she quivered now; there was so much to know, there were subtleties that hung out of sight, things that she knew she didn't know she didn't know. She said, "Ndarara . . . ah . . . Ndarara kana mararawo." I slept well if you slept well. Tedia nodded with what seemed to be approval. (Though, you couldn't be sure with other people, Will thought, staring up at his slow, heavy smile. That was a central rule to life, the one thing you could be sure of.) "Ndarara, Will, yes," said Tedia. "I slept." Simon, Will could see, was growing tired of the formalities. He finished his Coke, burped, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and threw down the bottle. He kicked it along the path. "Come on, Will. Madman mad-cat Will." He hopped backward, so that each hop landed on "on." "Come on, come on, come on, girl." But Will stayed in the sun, trying not to smile. Because Will didn't take orders from anyone. She crouched down, making her most aggravating proud-face, and began scratching a W in the dirt with a long stick. A beetle lumbered up it and onto her arm, and she stilled herself, enjoying the tickling feeling of its thread-thin feet. It was deep green with shimmers of blue and turquoise, with pitch-black legs. She kissed it very softly. If happiness were a color, it would be the color of this beetle, thought Will. There was a whistle. Will grinned. Simon's whistles were so perfect that they could speak whole archways of emotion: shock, happiness, hot admiration, look out! This one said, "I'm waiting." With maybe a hint of, "And I'm hungry." They were planning a quick raid on the mango tree and a picnic by the rock pool. She should go, she knew. But it was hard for Will Silver to keep firm hands on herself, because small things—dragonflies, earwigs, sticks with peeling bark, warm rain, those wonderful curls of fur behind the dogs' ears—they had a strange way of making time disappear. She had wondered, often, if other people felt the same way, but had never been able to explain it properly, that feeling of sharpness and fullness. Simon whistled again. He meant it this time, Will could tell. She jumped up to standing, whipped up an imaginary horse—whooping her throaty, "Yagh! Yah!?"—and tore past him. Will was fast, and proud of it. She ran tilting forward, tanned skin stark against the white-blue of the sky and the yellow-green of the grass. "Race you, Si!" she called, but she didn't say where to. Simon hurtled after her. She was uncatchable in this mood, like a bushfire, infectious and exasperating at once. She might run for miles and miles and miles. As he threw his long legs after her, he cried, "Look at the little madman! Look at that dirt! Ach, pity our poor foreman's little girl's gone wild!"

Katherine rundell is the author of rooftoppers cartwheeling in thunderstorms a boston globe horn book award winner the wolf wilder the explorer and the good thieves she grew up in zimbabwe brussels and london and is currently a fellow of all souls college oxford she begins each day with a cartwheel and believes that reading is almost exactly the same as cartwheeling it turns the

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Cartwheeling in thunderstorms begins in zimbabwe a land i don t know much about and have never before encountered in a children s book so that s an intriguing start right away will willhelmina silver has grown up free and happy on an african farm owned by a fun old fellow called the captain

Plot summary in the beginning will is meeting simon for the first time in the book to go to school they talked for a little while before heading of to school they raced to school on their way back home they were stopped and will ran into the forest and simon gets in a fight.

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Cartwheeling in thunderstorms will break your heart over and over wilhelmina has spent her childhood in africa running wild with the farm boys especially her best friend simon she loves riding her horse climbing trees and being free but she also loves ironing her fathers socks so he doesnt catch parasites because she loves her father very very much.

Katherine rundell born 1987 is an english author and academic she is the author of rooftoppers which in 2014 won both the overall waterstones children s book prize and the blue peter book award for best story and was short listed for the carnegie medal she is a fellow of all souls college oxford and has appeared as an expert guest on bbc radio 4 programmes including start the week

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Cartwheeling in thunderstorms is one of those books i ve written about two of katherine rundell s books already rooftoppers and the wolf wilder if only books could be written as quickly as they are read then i could go on a steady diet of this author s wonderful wild voice cartwheeling in thunderstorms

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Exposition inciting incident rising action climax resolution cartwheeling in thunderstorms by katherine rundell genre fiction will goes back to leewood and receives a letter from simon she begins to write back but thinks letters are like books they re mostly about love mr Cartwheeling in thunderstorms

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Parents need to know that cartwheeling in thunderstorms by katherine rundell rooftoppers is the story of a stubbornly independent young girl with a strong moral pass the subject matter is fine for children as young as 8 but they may find the well written prose challenging wilhelmina copes with the loss of both parents one of whom plays a central role in the story and abandonment by.

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words to describe wilhelmina silver aka will lil wildcat madman cartwheel born on captain browne s farm in zimbabwe will has lived a life of freedom and happiness

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Cartwheeling in thunderstorms is one of those books that tears you apart katherine rundell describes life in zimbabwe with an intensity of love that transmits itself immediately to readers then she methodically takes africa and what it means to live there away

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