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Rainy Days with Mom



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Message from the Head of the Center for Book Affairs

Do you all enjoy reading? Here's a collection of fun and exciting books for you to read. Stories of all kinds, each one filled with wonderful illustrations.

Choose books that spark the joy in reading. One of them is the one you're holding right now. Invite your friends and parents to read along with you! Hopefully, you'll grow to love reading even more.

My dear children, never stop reading! Reading can soften your heart while also broaden your knowledge and spark your creativity.

Happy reading!

Jakarta, Oktober 2025

Head of the Center for Book Affairs,
Supriyatno
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Foreword

Hello, friends,

How are you feeling right now? Are you happy or sad? What's the weather like while you're reading this book? Is it sunny or rainy out?

When you're happy, you usually want to laugh. Of course, when you're sad, it's okay to cry. Just like the warm sun or the refreshing rain, may you always find something good in every moment.

That's what this story is about. Nina finally realizes that there is someone who always loves her. She also learns to speak up about what she wants. We hope her story can inspire you, too.

With warm wishes,

Sita and Hary

A lot of things changed after Dad passed away.

Like now – Nina has to move to Bogor with Mom.
She doesn't really understand why.

Everything feels rushed. If Dad were still here,
Nina was sure he would've talked to her about it first.

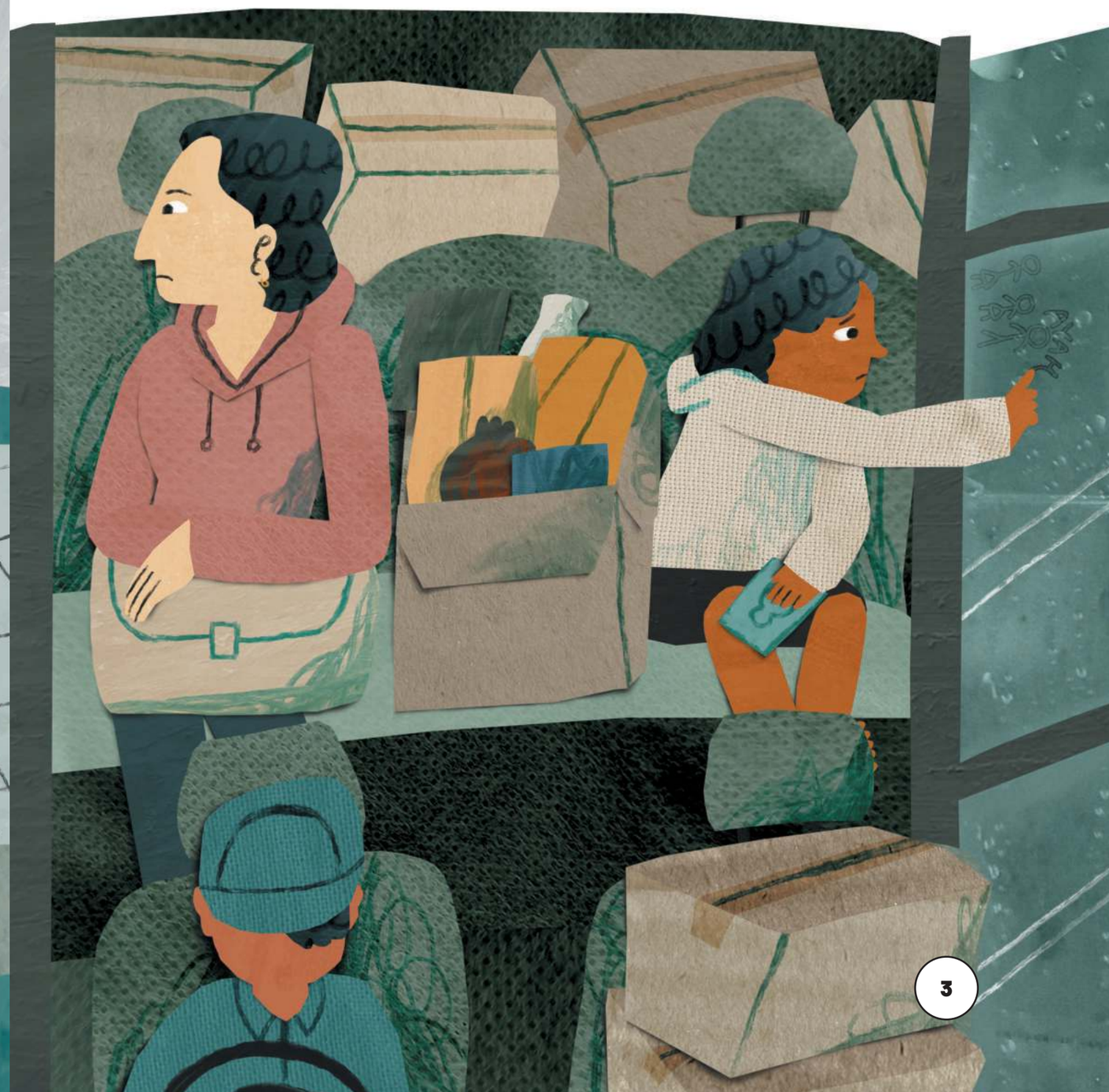
"Hurry up! Our things will get ruined if it rains,"
Mom said, sounding tired and upset.



Nina sighed. Why did Mom have to get so upset? Nina had done what she was told, even though she didn't want to move away.

It rained the whole way there.

Nina remembered how Dad used to sing over the sound of the rain. Now it was just quiet and sad with Mom.
Rainy trips with Mom were no fun at all.



When they got to their new house, Mom still didn't look happy. But wasn't this the house she chose?

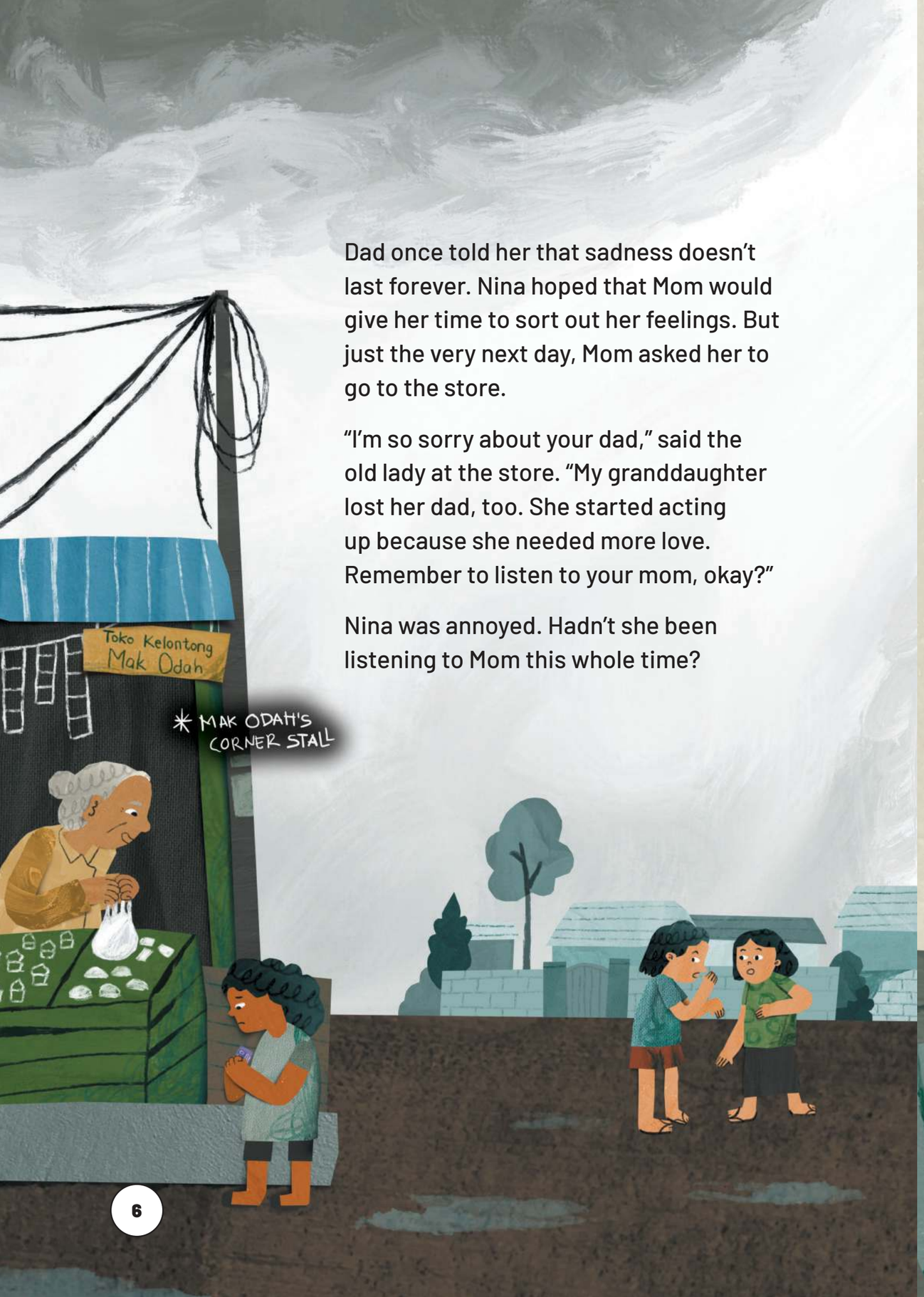
Nina didn't like this ancient house. It was the house Mom grew up in. But Nina kept her feelings to herself.

She hoped one day Mom would take them back to their old house, the one filled with memories of Dad.

Dad once told her that sadness doesn't last forever. Nina hoped that Mom would give her time to sort out her feelings. But just the very next day, Mom asked her to go to the store.

"I'm so sorry about your dad," said the old lady at the store. "My granddaughter lost her dad, too. She started acting up because she needed more love. Remember to listen to your mom, okay?"

Nina was annoyed. Hadn't she been listening to Mom this whole time?



"Mom, just now at the store..."

"Did you get the salt?" Mom cut her off.

It was hard talking to Mom. She was different from Dad who always listened to Nina until she was done talking. Maybe Nina would try again tomorrow when Mom walked her to her new school.



But the next day, Mom didn't stay with her long. Mom said Nina had to be independent – just like she was at Nina's age. But Nina was sure Mom didn't have to overhear the other kids whisper things about her.

"Did she move schools because she got held back a grade? I heard she doesn't even have a dad."

Nina didn't feel like talking to them.

Nina missed her old friends. They were all kind. Here, a boy named Faris borrowed Nina's colored pencils without even asking her first.

Another girl named Sisi stuck stickers on Nina's water bottle, calling it a welcome gift. Nina was upset because Dad gave her that bottle.

The school day was awful. Nina wanted to tell Mom everything.

"I'm busy, Nina. Go get changed," Mom only said.

Once again, Mom didn't listen to her. What was so hard about hearing her out for a minute? Dad was never like that. Now, Nina had to wait until Mom had time for her.

The next day, on the way to school, Nina ran into a talkative girl named Rara.

"I live with just my mom, too. But my dad's still around, he just works out of town. Oh, and did you know your house is haunted? It's been empty for ages," Rara blabbed loudly.

Nina didn't know listening to someone talk could be this exhausting.

At school, Nina tried to speak up.
"Borrow one pencil at a time, okay?" she told Faris.



Sisi shouted across the room when Nina tried to hide her water bottle. "Hey, look! The new girl doesn't let anyone touch her stuff!"

Her words didn't do anything. Nina was so upset she could feel her tears welling up.



As soon as the bell rang, Nina ran home. She wanted to move schools.

"One kid wouldn't stop talking. Another took my colored pencils without my permission. Someone even covered my water bottle in stickers. I want to go to another school!" Nina exclaimed.

"That's no reason to switch schools, Nina," Mom replied.

Nina felt crushed.
Why wouldn't Mom listen to her?
Why couldn't she just take her side?

The next morning, Mom said, "Bring your old bottle and crayons today, so your favorite things stay safe."

"That's not what I meant, Mom," Nina muttered.

If Mom hadn't made them move here, she wouldn't have to deal with those kids. Nina wanted to say what she was thinking, but she kept it to herself.

Even though she didn't want to go to school, Nina still went. She walked fast so that Rara wouldn't catch up.

The shopkeeper lady waved at her.
"Why are you walking alone?" Nina just nodded at her and kept walking.



In class, Faris asked,
"Where are your colored pencils? I really liked using them. Why did you bring these broken crayons?"

Sisi came over and stuck more stickers on her bottle.
Sisi insisted that it looked much better that way.



Bringing her old things didn't help at all. They still bothered her.
Nina's eyes filled with tears, but she held them in.



As soon as Nina got home, she couldn't hold back her tears anymore.

"I don't want to live here! Why don't you ever listen to me like Dad did? You don't love me!"

Mom looked surprised and angry.
"Don't compare me to your dad!" she said sharply.



Nina cried louder after Mom raised her voice.

Later, when they calmed down a bit, Mom spoke gently.
"I love you just as much as Dad did, Nina."

She said that they would get through this together.
Nina slowly nodded. It felt good to finally tell Mom how she felt.



The next day after breakfast, Mom packed Nina her favorite colored pencils and water bottle.

"Sometimes kids just want to get your attention," said Mom. "It's their way of trying to be friends."

Nina nodded. "I'll try to tell them how I feel," she said.

On the way to school,
Rara called out to her.

Nina remembered what Mom told her and was ready to give Rara a smile.

Before she could, Rara said, “Your mom smiled at me earlier this morning. She’s so different from you. You’re always so quiet and grumpy.”

“I’m not my mom,” Nina answered. “And I don’t like being compared.”

Rara was surprised and looked sorry.



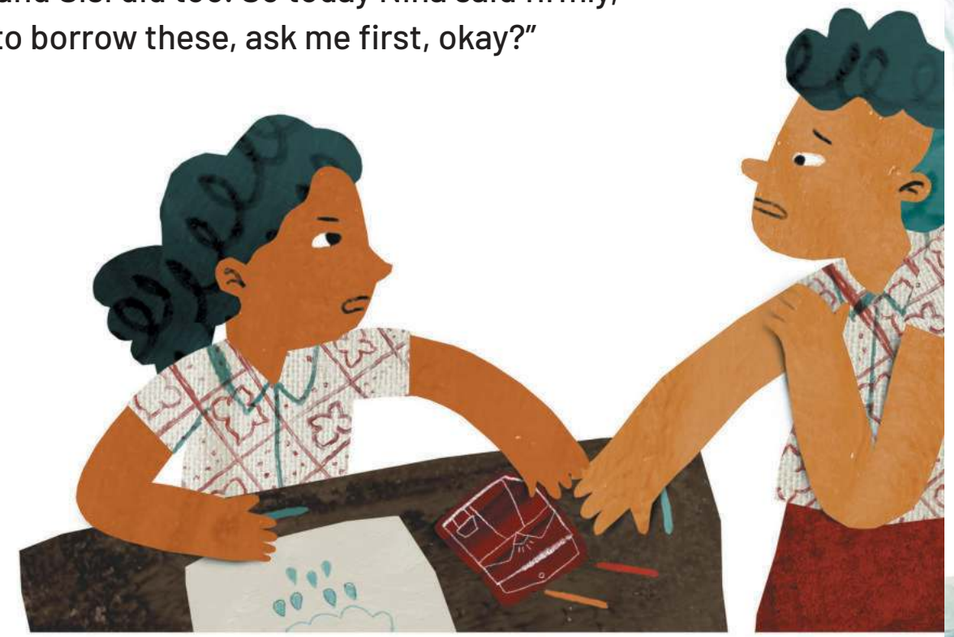


“Sorry… I just don’t know what to say.
You never talk back when I say hi,” she said quietly.

Mom was right. Rara really did just want to be friends.



Maybe Faris and Sisi did too. So today Nina said firmly, "If you want to borrow these, ask me first, okay?"



Nina told Sisi she didn't like her bottle covered in stickers. Just like how Sisi wouldn't like someone doodling on her bag.

"This bottle was a gift from my dad," Nina explained. "Please help me take care of it."

In order to be friends, everyone has to feel happy. Sisi and Faris both nodded.



Nina was surprised. Things really are easier when you say what you feel.

She told Mom everything after school.

Mom nodded along as she listened. Nina was glad that Mom didn't interrupt her this time.

"Let's celebrate with some ice cream!" Mom said.



It started to rain.

This was the first time Nina and Mom went out together after Dad passed.

"I have good news. Starting tomorrow, I'll be working at the old lady's shop down the street," Mom announced gratefully.

Nina was happy to see Mom's smile.

"Ice cream tastes best in the rain," Mom said. "Your dad always found that silly."

Nina giggled. Her heart felt warm as she remembered Dad through Mom's story.

“Mom, I think I want to stay here.
I’ll get used to it, eventually,” Nina said.

She thought of Rara, Faris, and Sisi.
They might become really good friends
one day.

“Are you sure you want to live in a house that
has no memories of Dad?” Mom asked her.

“We can keep our memories of Dad in here,”
Nina said, pointing to her heart.

Mom smiled and nodded.

Mom and Dad don't need to be compared, just like raindrops that fall in different directions. Although Mom didn't show it in the same way Dad did, Nina knew Mom loved her just as much.

Rainy days with Mom can be fun, too. Dad probably knew all along.



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Rae Sita Patappa



has been writing children's stories since 2003. Her stories have appeared in Bobo magazine, Bravo magazine, and the kids section of the Kompas newspaper. Some of her published books include Kumpulan Dongeng Pembentuk Karakter Kesatria and Kumpulan Kisah tentang Uang. These days, she spends her days as a stay-at-home mom, watching movies in her free time, and reading stories to her daughter.

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Yuniar Khairani

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Nurul is a mother who enjoys reading children's books aloud. A graduate in Informatics Management, she now works at the Center for Book Affairs, which keeps her closely connected to the world of books. She spreads her light as encouragement for fellow book creators, so that together they can create high quality, inspiring Indonesian children's books.



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