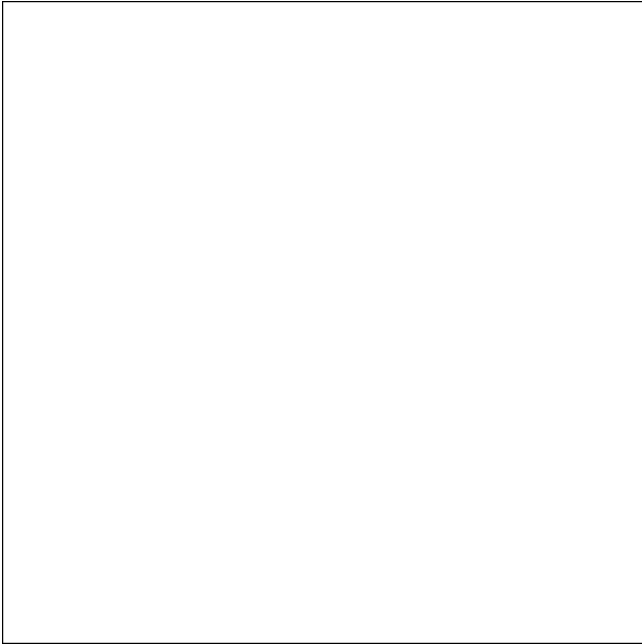




Die fluitende man

The whistling man



Magda Swartz



Petrus Amuthenu



Helena Vilonel



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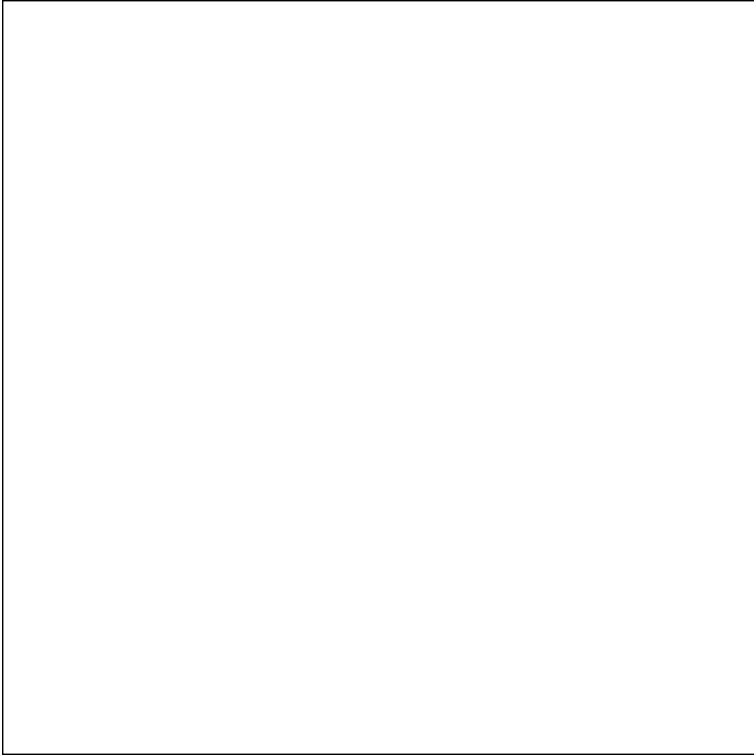
Afrikaans af / English en



Dis Saterdag en Rico gaan dorp toe saam met sy ma. Hy hou daarvan om dorp toe te gaan. Die dorp is opwindend! Daar is baie om te sien.

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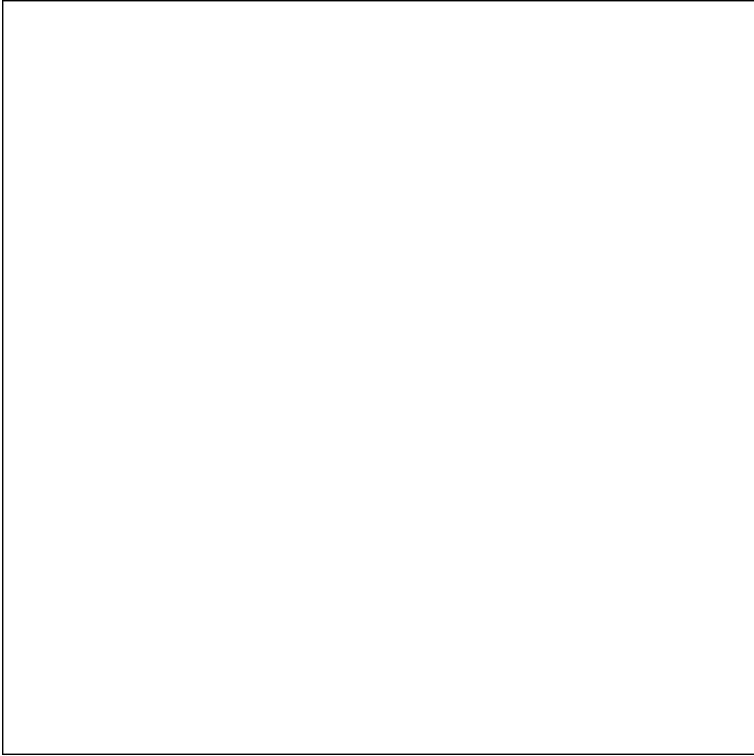
It's Saturday and Rico is going to town with his mother. He likes going to town. Town is exciting! There are lots of things to see.



Rico hou sy ma se hand baie styf vas. Baie mense loop by hulle verby.

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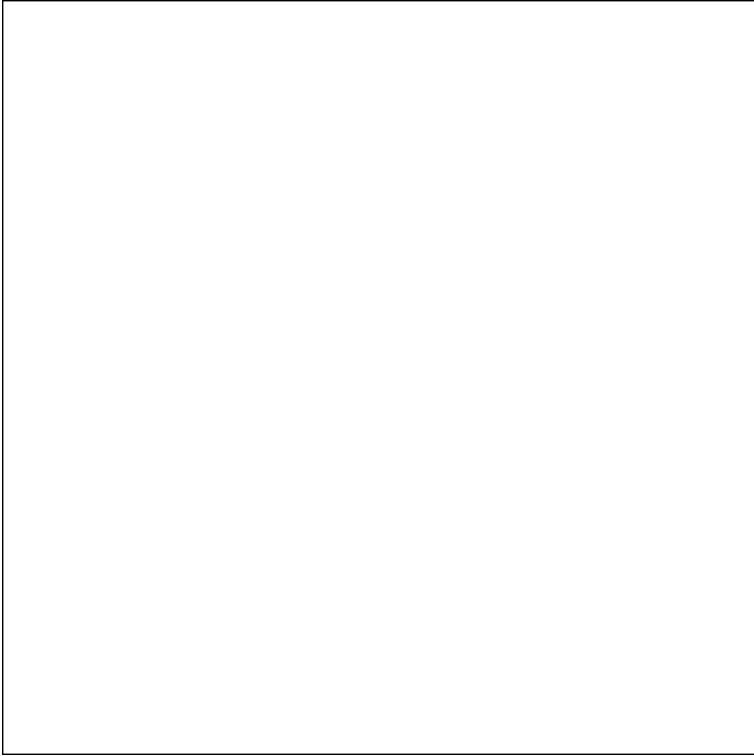
Rico holds his mother's hand very tightly. Streams of people are passing by.



Daar is stalletjes wat prachtige handgemaakte kunswerk verkoop.

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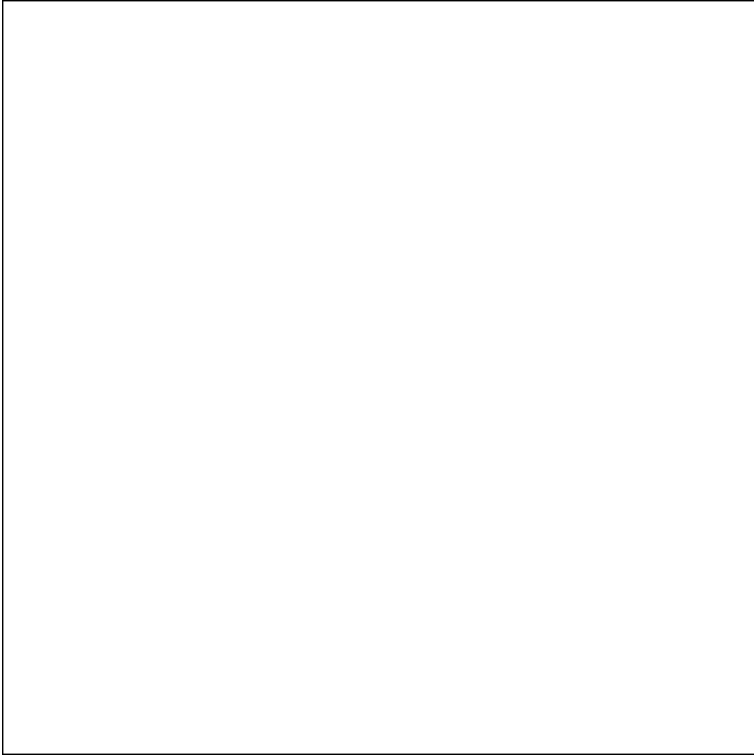
There are stalls selling beautiful handmade crafts.



Daar is klein kameelperdjies wat uit hout gekerf is,
verkleurmannetjies en akkedisse gemaak van draad en
gekleurde kraletjies en juwele gemaak van volstruise se.eiers.

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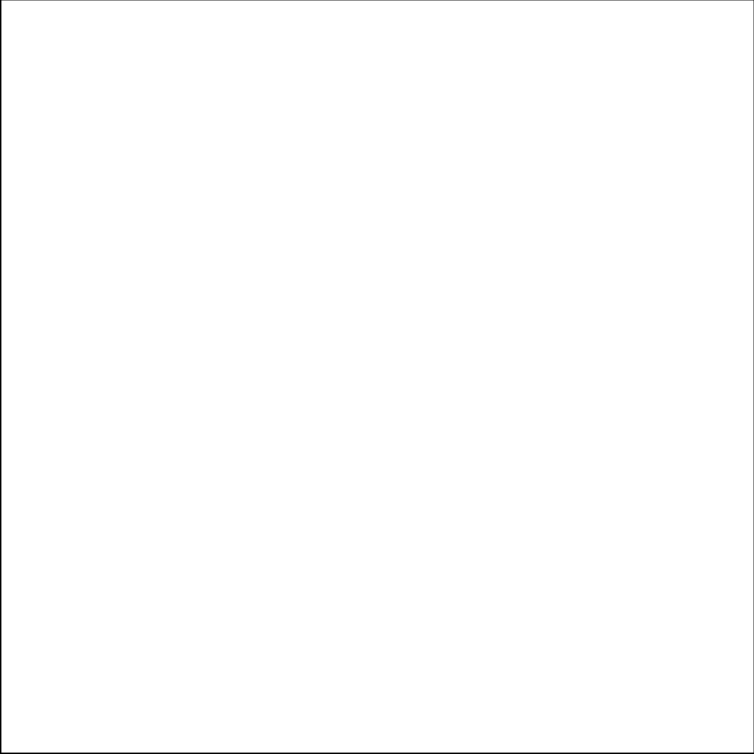
There are small giraffes carved out of wood, chameleons and
lizards made out of wire and coloured beads, and jewellery
made from ostrich egg shell.



Dan hoor hy dit! Iemand fluit the lieflike deuntjie van 'Amazing Grace ". Hy gaan staan om te luister. Waar kom dit vandaan?

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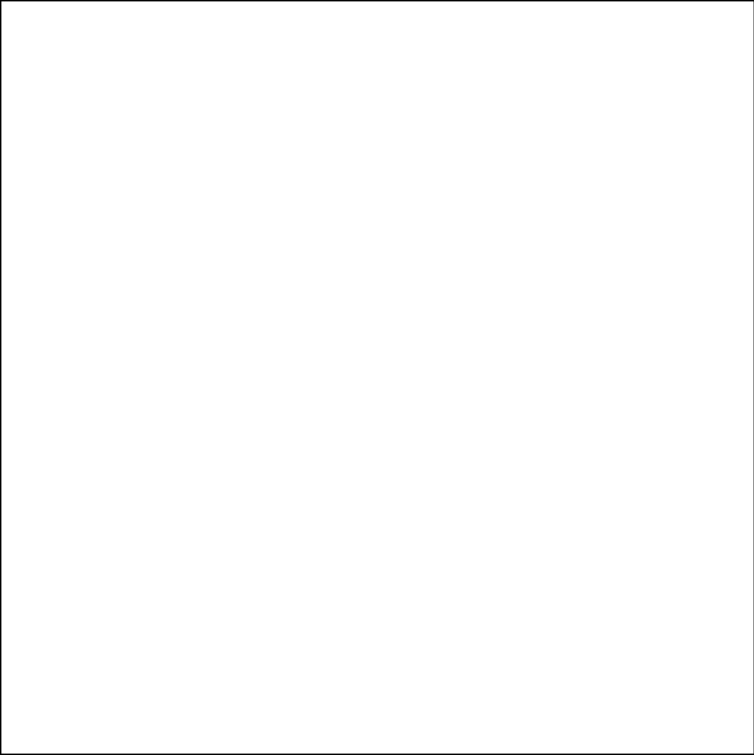
Then he hears it! Someone is whistling the sweet melody of 'Amazing Grace.' He stops to listen. Where is it coming from?



“Ek het nog nooit iemand so mooi hoor fluit nie, ” dink hy by homself.

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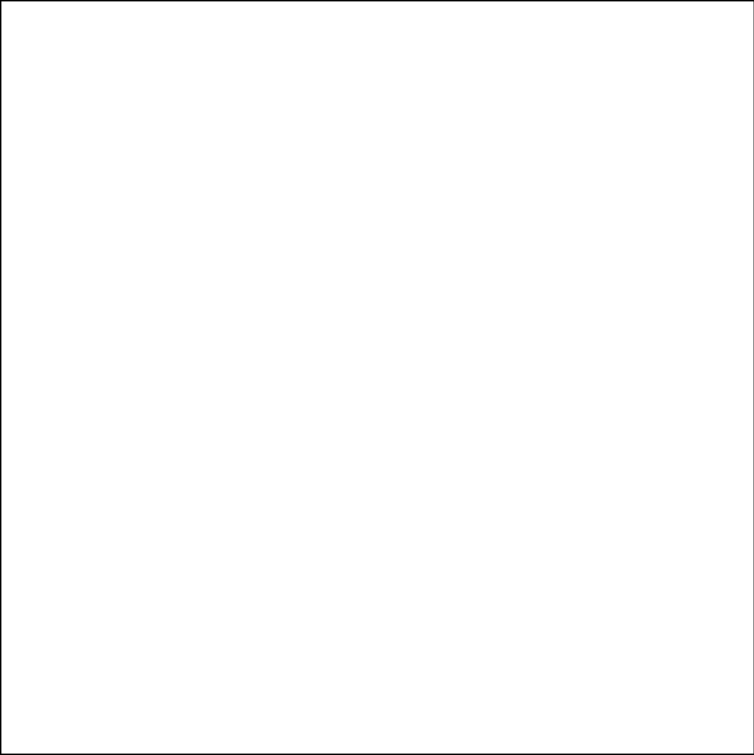
“I’ve never heard anyone whistle so beautifully before,” he thinks to himself.



Hy baan sy weg deur die mense. Daar sien hy die man wie so fluit. Mense gooi muntstukke in 'n klein blikkie voor hom. Maar...iets is verkeerd...

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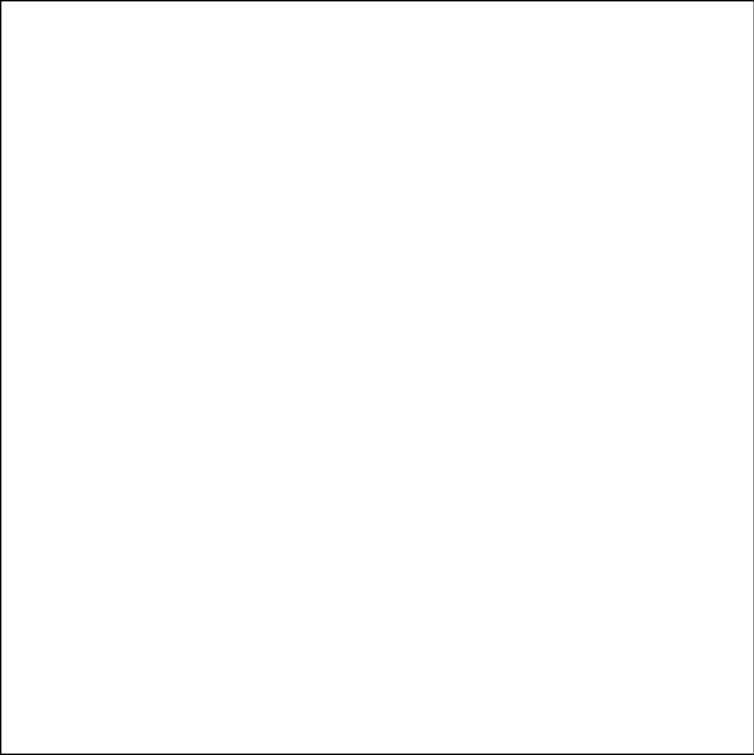
He makes his way through the people. Then he sees the man who is whistling. People are putting coins into a small tin in front of him. But ... something is wrong ...



Die fluitende man kyk nie na die mense nie. Hy kyk ook nie na die geld nie. Hy kyk na niks nie. Hy soek na die muntstukke in die blikkie en sit dit dan in sy sak.

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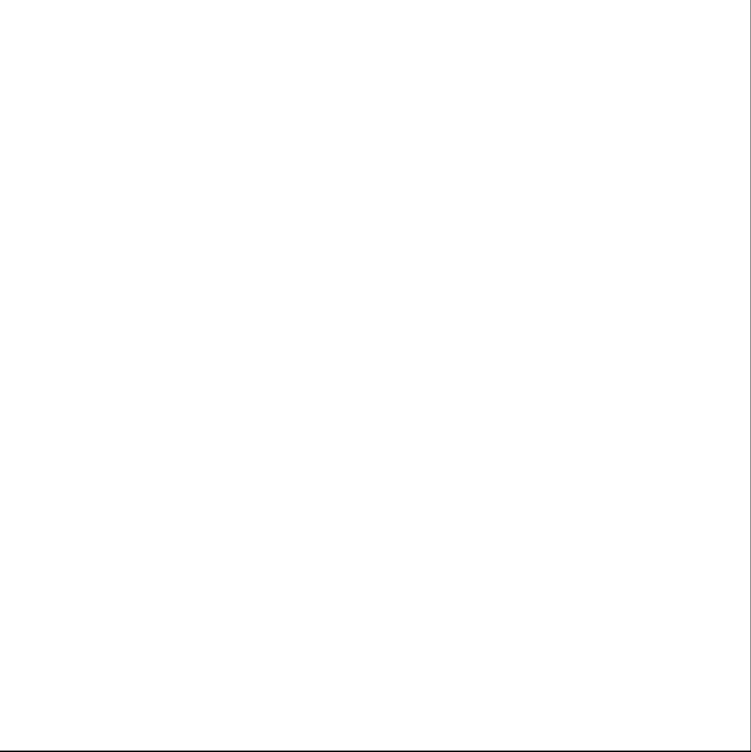
The whistling man is not looking at the people. He is not looking at the money. He is not looking at anything. He's searching for the coins in the tin and putting them into his pocket.



Rico staar na die fluitende man en dink, “ Miskien is hy blind. ”
Rico het nog nooit tevore ‘n blinde persoon gesien nie. Hy voel
bang. Hy gryp sy ma se rokspante vas en vra saggies, “
mamma, is daardie man blind?”

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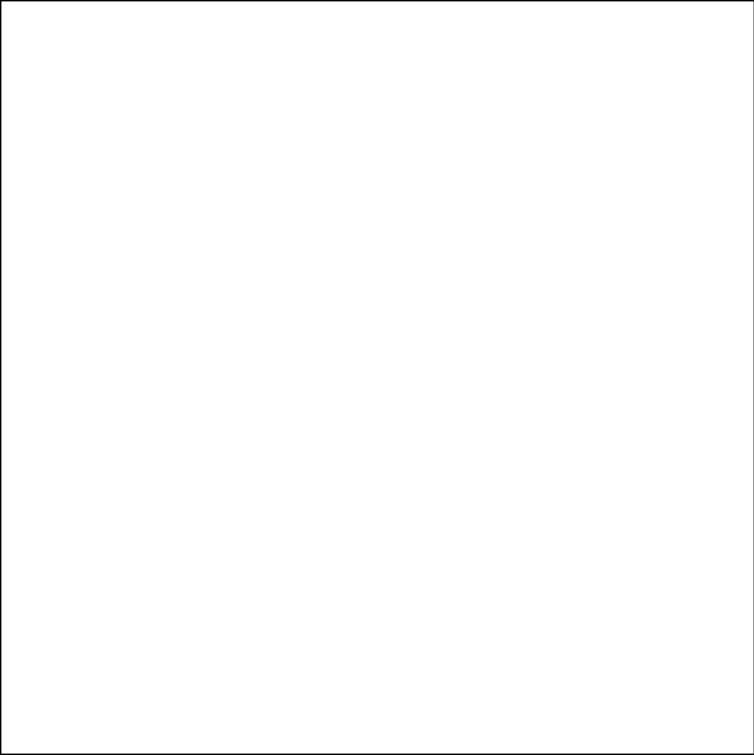
Rico stares at the whistling man and thinks, “Maybe he’s
blind.” Rico has never seen a blind person before. He feels
scared. He grabs his mother’s dress and asks softly, “Mommy,
is that man blind?”



Sy vat sy hand. “Ja, ” antwoord sy, “Ja, hy is blind. Kyk, hy het ‘n wit kerie. Baie blinde mense dra ‘n wit Kerie. Hy gebruik dit om gate en hindernisse te vermy.”

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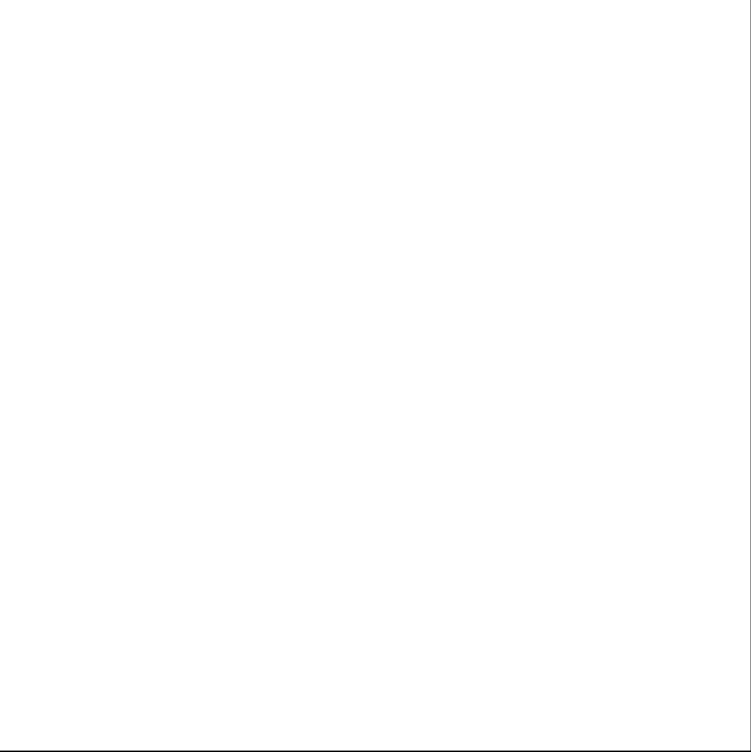
She takes his hand. “Yes,” she answers, “yes, he’s blind. Look, he has a white stick. Many blind people carry a white stick. He uses this stick to feel for holes and other obstacles.”



“Maar hoe het hy dan dorp toe gekom? Hoe het hy die pad gevind tussen al die mense deur?” vra Rico.

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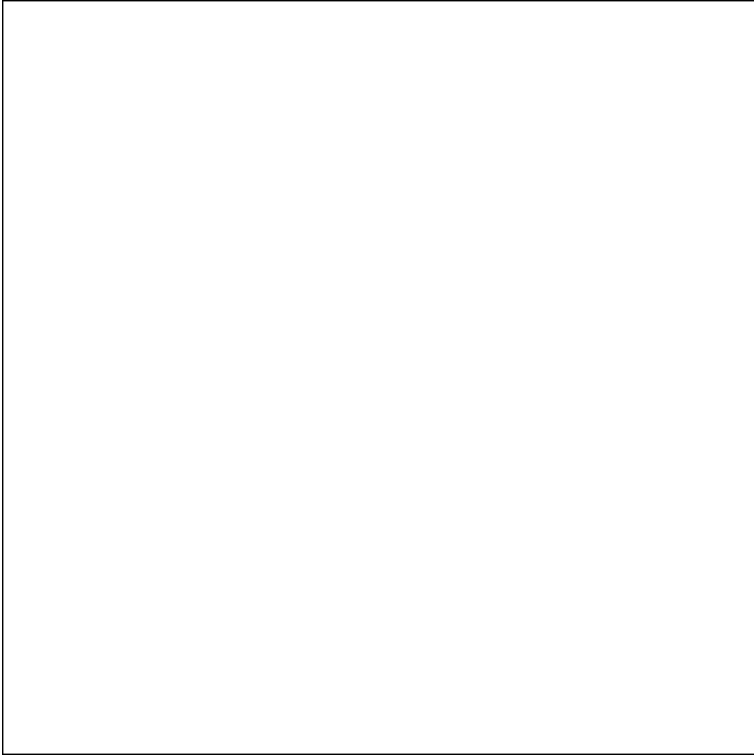
“But how did he come to town? How did he find his way through all the people?” Rico asks.



Sy ma vertel vir hom: “Miskien het hy iemand wie hom help om sy weg te vind. Ons noem so ‘n persoon ‘n gids.”

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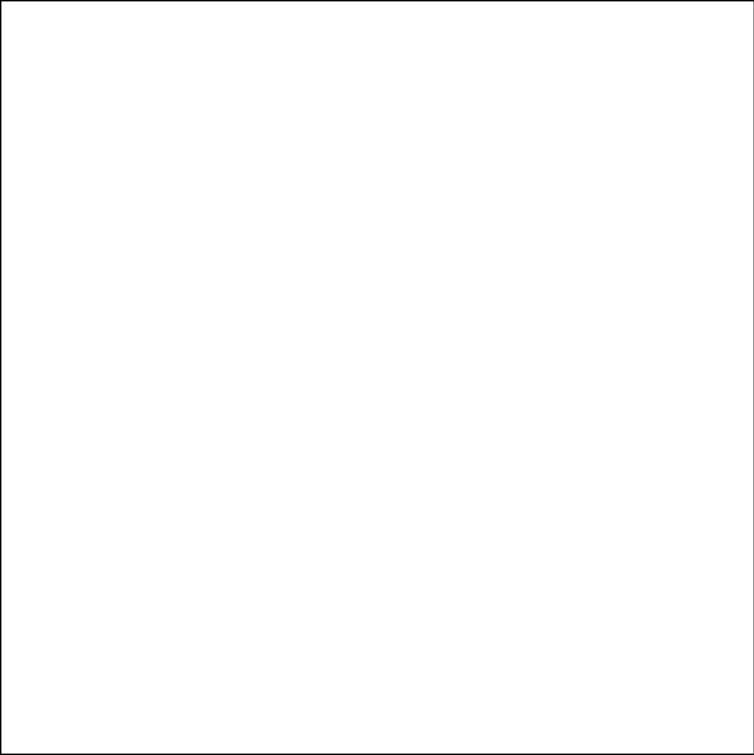
His mother tells him, “Maybe he has someone who helps him to find his way around. We call that person a guide.”



Hulle stap tot by die dieretuin. Die robotte se lig slaan oor na groen, die karre stop en die voetgangers loop oor die straat.

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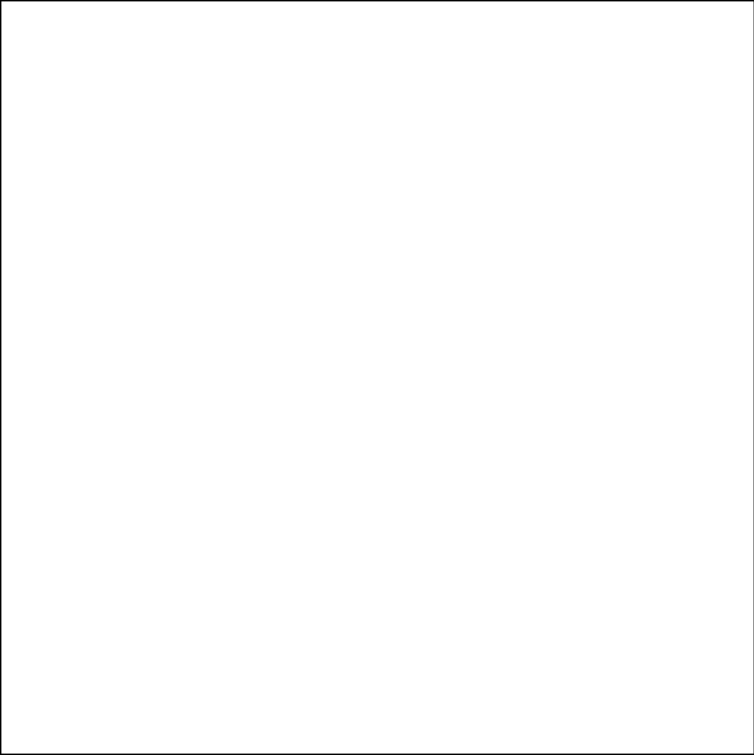
They walk to the zoopark. The traffic lights change to green, the cars stop and the pedestrians cross the street.



“Kyk na die robot se ligte. Wanneer dit groen is, kan ons sien dat dit veilig is om die pad oor te steek. In sommige lande is daar ook ‘n geluid,” sê Rico se ma. “Wanneer blinde mense die geluid hoor, weet hulle dis veilig om oor die pad te loop.”

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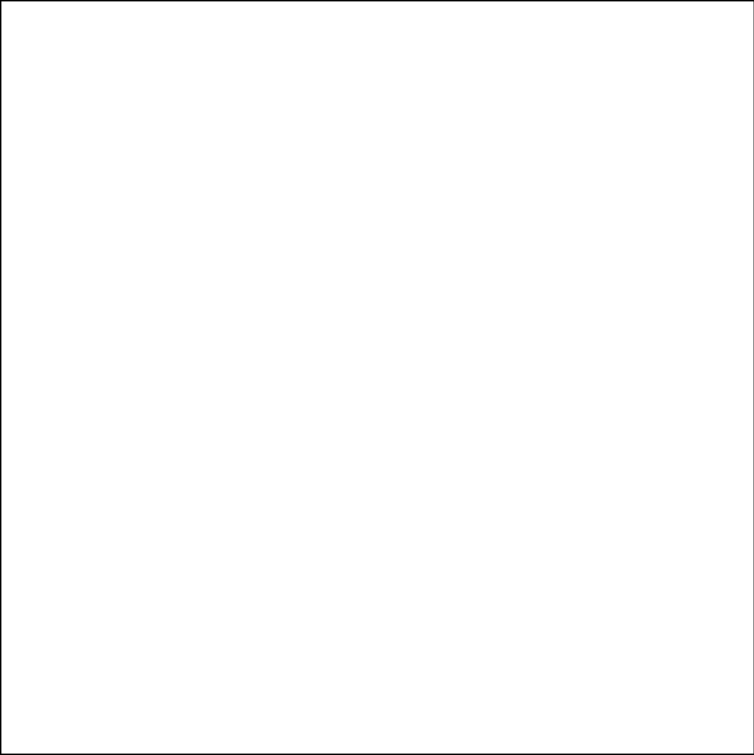
“Look at the green light. When it is green we can see it is safe to cross the road. In some countries there is also a beeping sound,” Rico’s mother says. “When blind people hear the beeping, they know it is safe to cross the road.”



Hulle sit op die groen grasperk van die dieretuin en kyk na die mens wie verby loop. "Sommige mense het 'n gidshond," sê sy ma. "Daardie honde is afgerig om hulle eienaar te begelei, maar hulle is baie duur. Daar is baie min gidshonde in Namibië."

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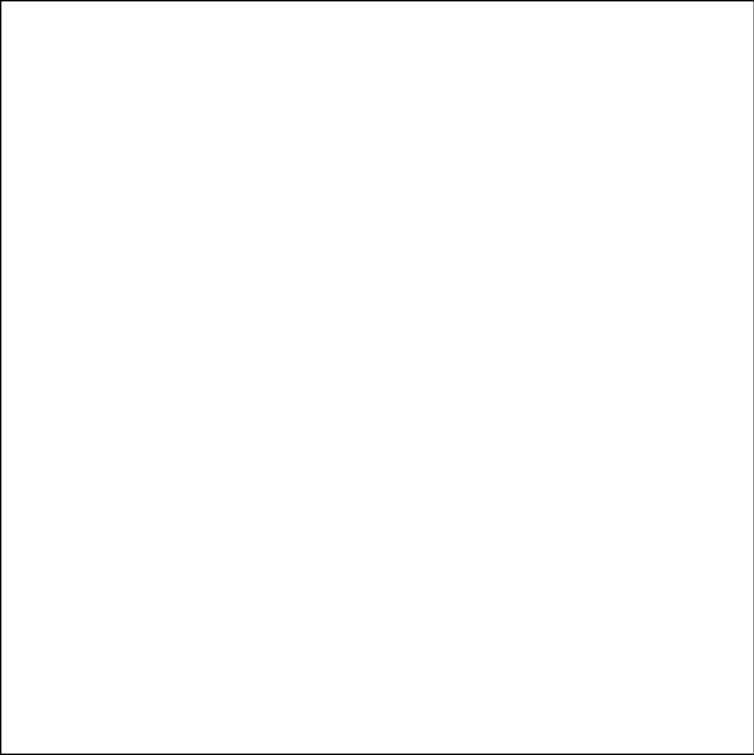
They sit on the green grass of the zoopark and watch the people walking by. "Some blind people have a guide dog," his mother says. "These dogs are trained to guide their owner, but they are very expensive. There are very few guide dogs in Namibia."



“Die blinde man kan nie tv kyk nie,” sê Rico. “Hy kan die tv en radio hoor,” vertel Rico se ma vir hom. “Blinde mense kan gereeld dinge baie beter hoor as mense wie kan sien.”

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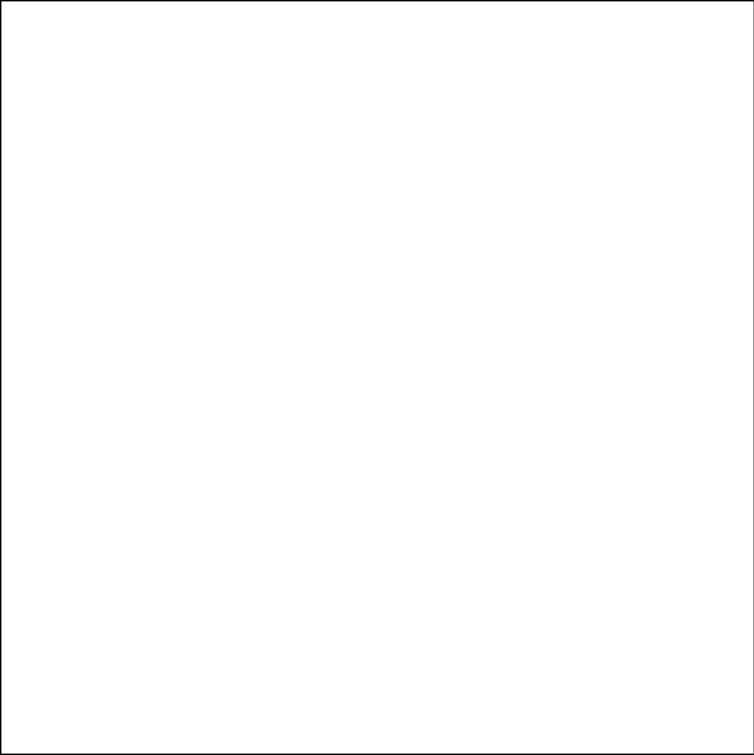
“The blind man can’t watch TV,” Rico says. “He can hear the TV and radio,” Rico’s mother tells him. “Blind people can often hear things much better than people who can see.”



“Maar hy kan nie boeke of koerante lees nie,” sê Rico. “Daar is boeke wat in Braille geskryf is. In die plek van woorde wat in ink gedruk is, is daar kolletjies wat uitstaan wat die letters vorm. Dis soos ‘n kode.”

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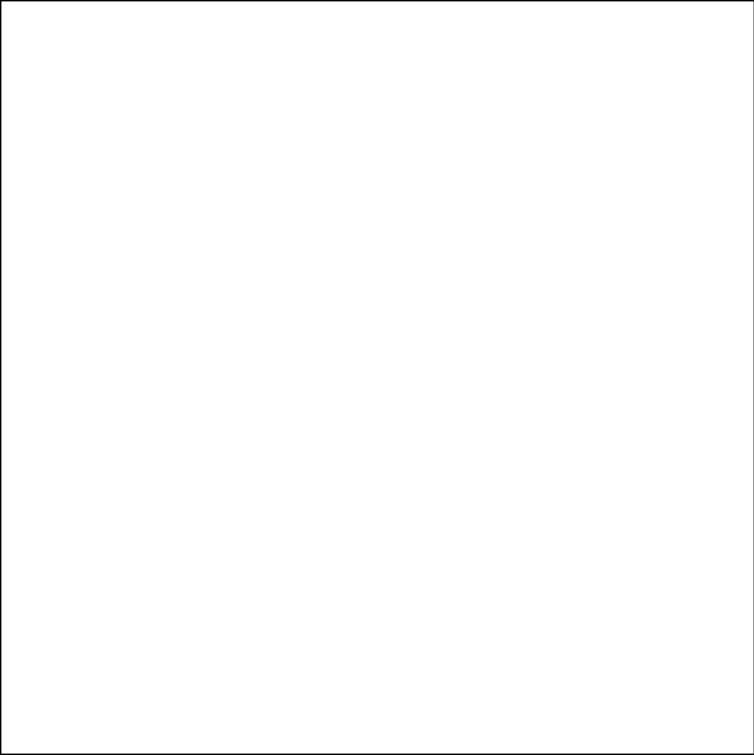
“But he can’t read books or newspapers,” says Rico. “There are books written in Braille. Instead of words printed with ink, there are raised dots which make letters. It’s like a code.”



“Hoe kan hy dit lees as hy dit nie kan sien nie?” “Hy lees met sy hande. Hy voel die uitstaande kolletjies met sy vingers, net soos jy die letters sien met jou oë.”

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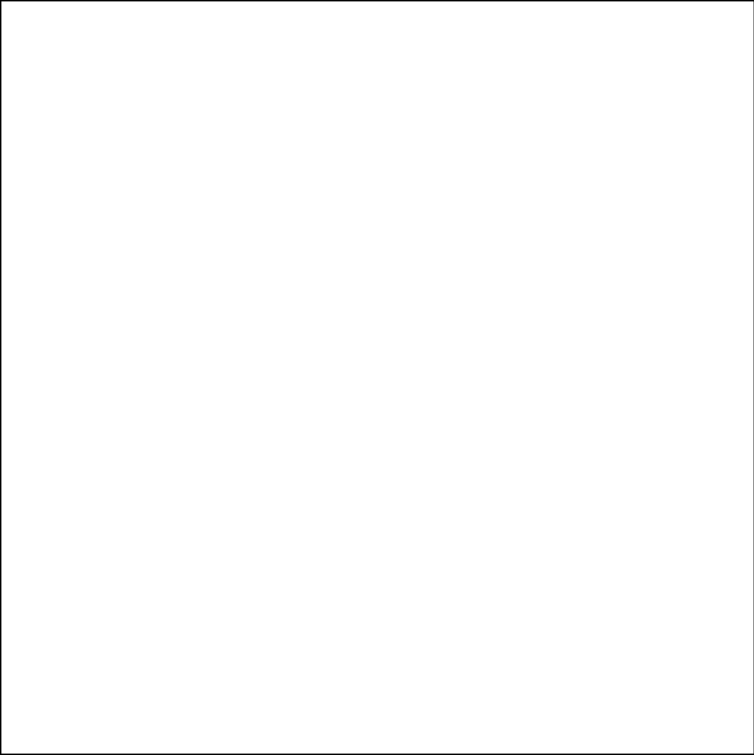
“How can he read if he can’t see?” “He reads with his hands. He feels the raised dots with his fingers, just like you see the letters with your eyes.”



Rico is verstom om te dink dat mense wie blind is, kan ook alledaagse dinge doen, dinge soos om rond te loop in die dorp, liedjies te fluit, soos om te lees.

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Rico is amazed to think that people who are blind can do everyday things; things like walking around in town, like whistling songs, like reading.



Sy ma vertel hom: “Die enigste verskil tussen jou en ‘n blinde persoon is dat jy kan sien en ‘n blinde persoon kan nie.” “Ek kan sien, maar ek kan nie so mooi fluit soos hierdie blinde man nie,” en Rico glimlag.

. . .

His mother tells him, “The only difference between you and a blind person is that you can see and a blind person can’t see.” “I can see, but I can’t whistle as beautifully as that blind man,” Rico smiles.



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