



## Omulumenhu omushikimwilwa

### The whistling man



Magda Swartz



Petrus Amuthenu



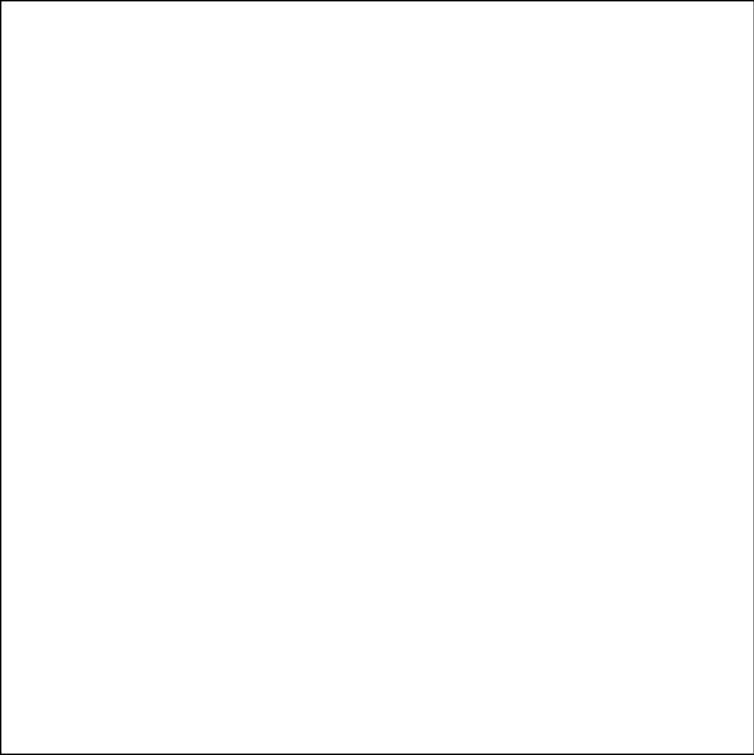
Aletta Shikukumwa



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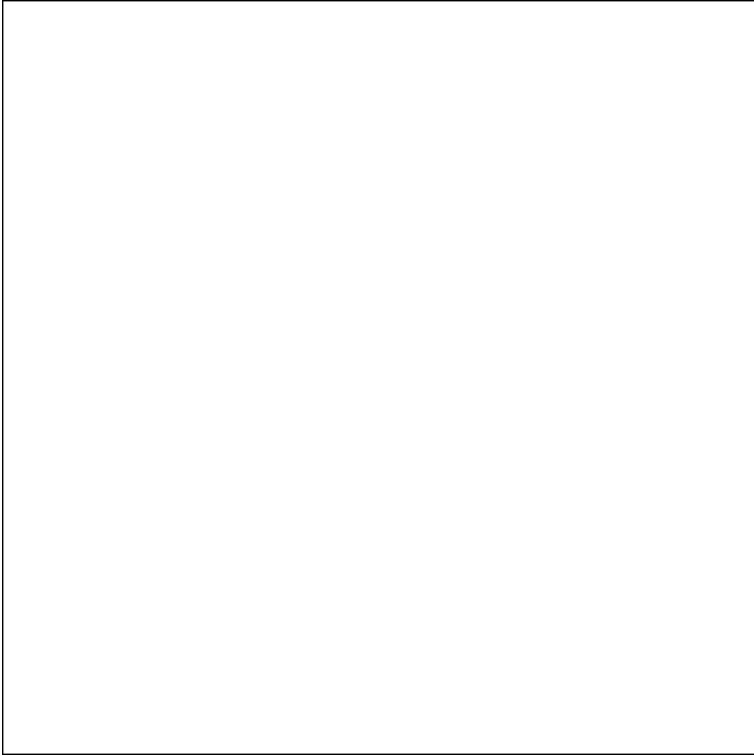
Oshikwanyama kj / English en



Olomakaya, Rico ota i kodoolopa naina. Oku hole oku ya kodoolopa. Odoolopa oihafifa! Oku na oinima ihapu, iwa nokutala.

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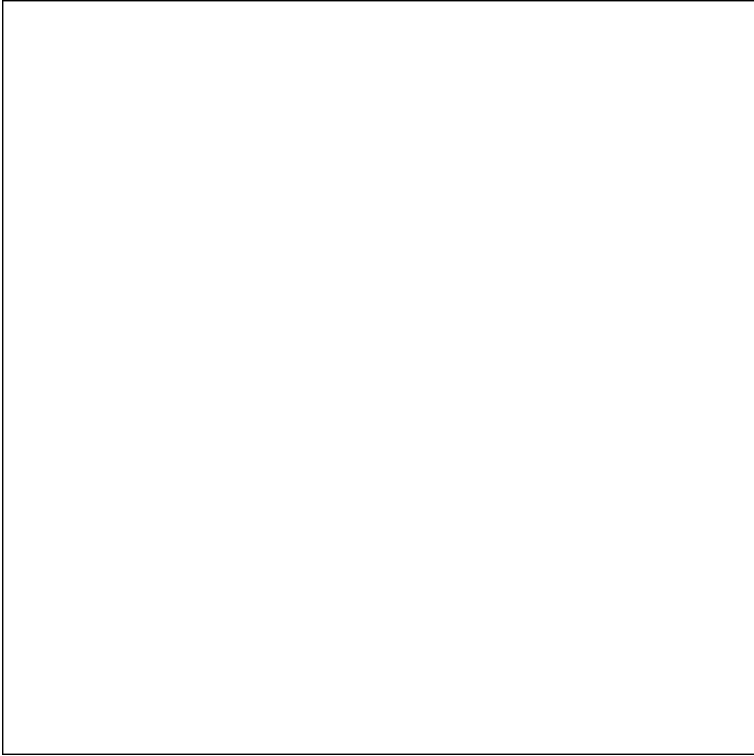
It's Saturday and Rico is going to town with his mother. He likes going to town. Town is exciting! There are lots of things to see.



Rico okukwete meenyala daina a diinina. Engungo lovanhu otali pingafana navo.

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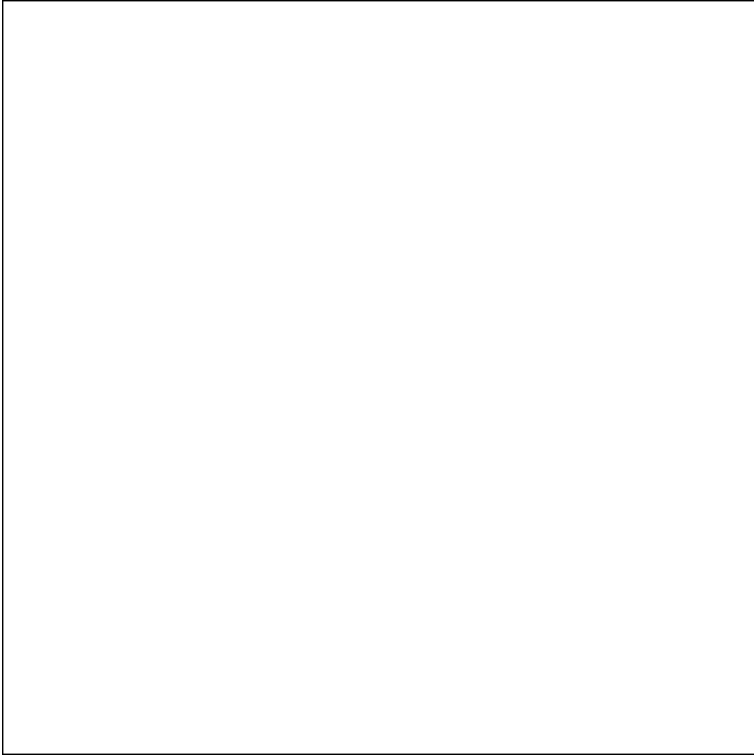
Rico holds his mother's hand very tightly. Streams of people are passing by.



Ope na ovashingifi tava landifa oihongomwa iwa.

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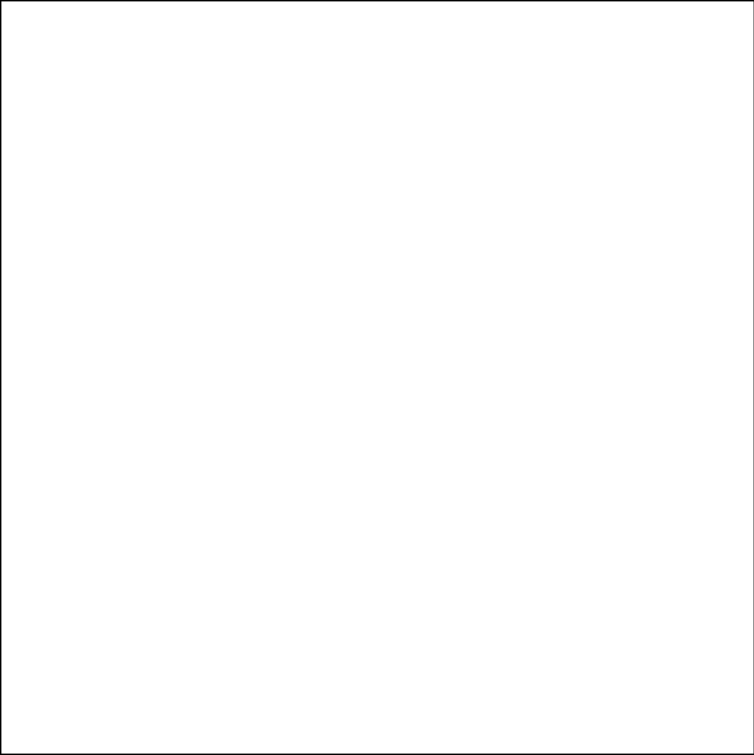
There are stalls selling beautiful handmade crafts.



Ounduli vanini va hongwa moiti. Oofimbi noinyengele va longwa meedalate nomoumanya vomaluvala oshoyo oilanda ya ningwa momai eemho.

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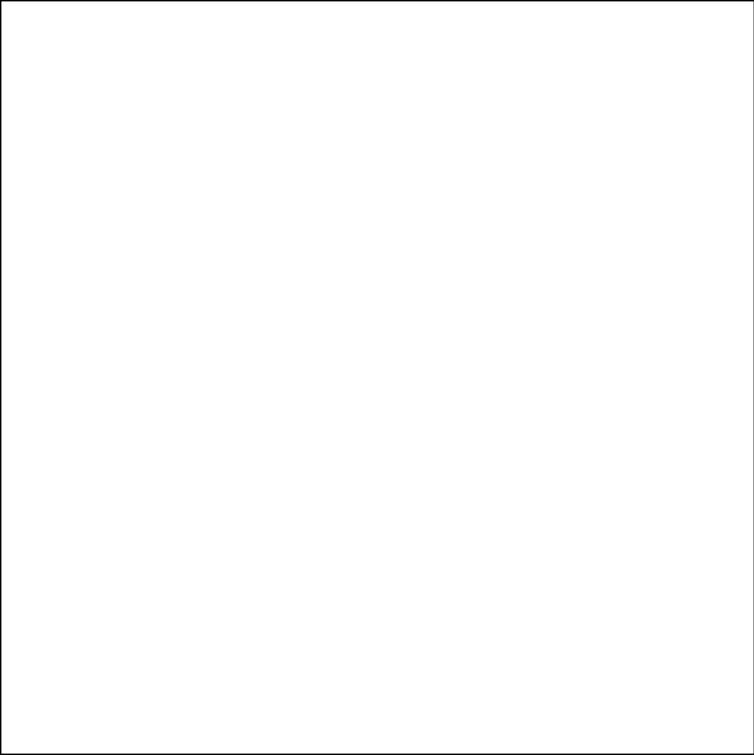
There are small giraffes carved out of wood, chameleons and lizards made out of wire and coloured beads, and jewellery made from ostrich egg shell.



Okwa uda sha! Opena omunhu tashiki omwilwa ta imbi  
ongovela iwa yeimbilo “Amazing Grace”. Okwa fikama a  
pwilikine. Openi tai dilile?

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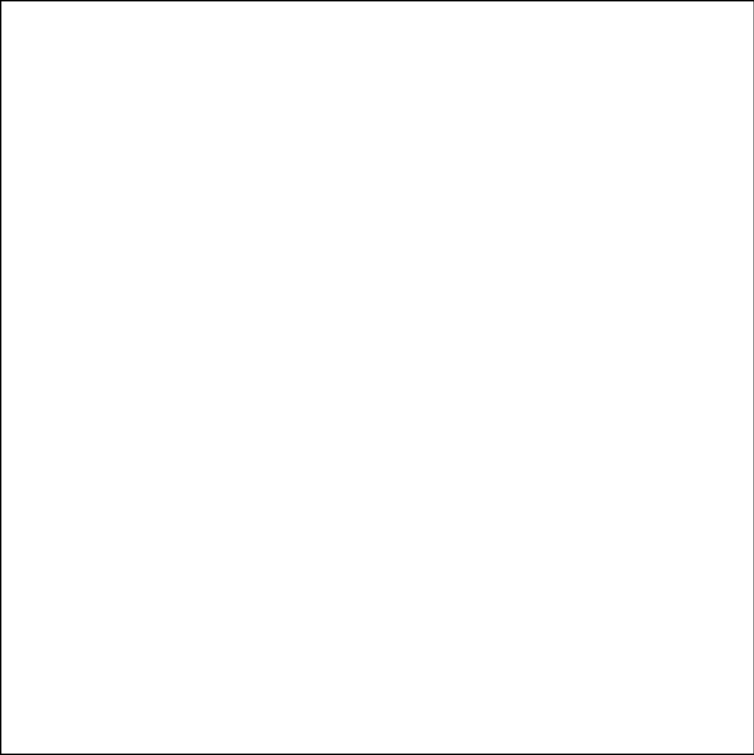
Then he hears it! Someone is whistling the sweet melody of  
‘Amazing Grace.’ He stops to listen. Where is it coming from?



“Inandi uda nande nale omunhu ta shiki omwilwa muwa ngaashi ou,” osho a diladila ye mwene.

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

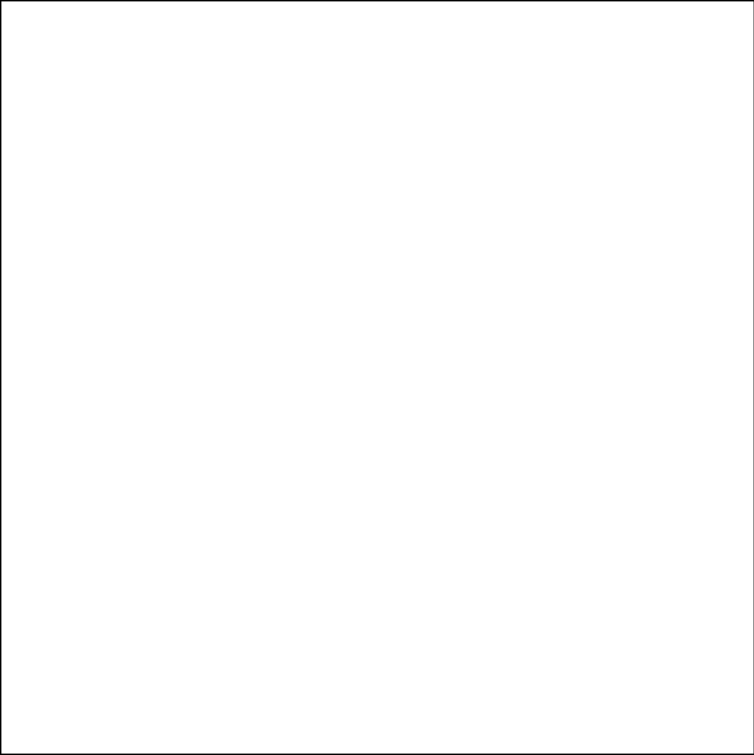


Okwa enda mokati kovanhu. Okwe mu mona omulumenhu ou  
ta shiki omwilwa. Ovanhu otava tula oimaliwa ikukutu  
mokandooha kanini ke li komesho yomulumenhu. Ashike...  
ope na sha sha puka...

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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 ...

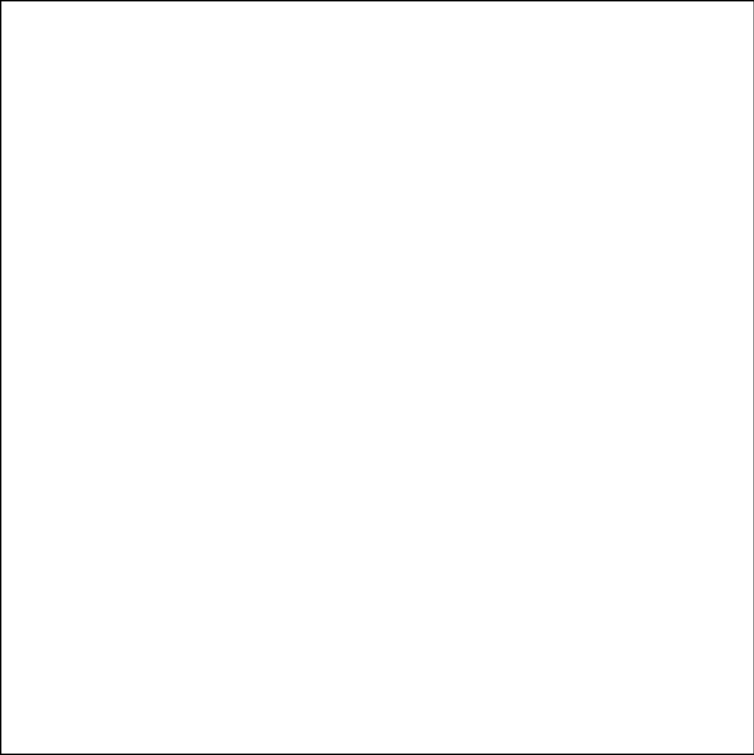




Omushikimwilwa ita tale kovanhu. Ye ita tale koimaliwa. Ye ita tale kusha. Ota kufa oimaliwa ikukutu oyo i li mokandooxa ndele tei tula melimba laye loshikutu.

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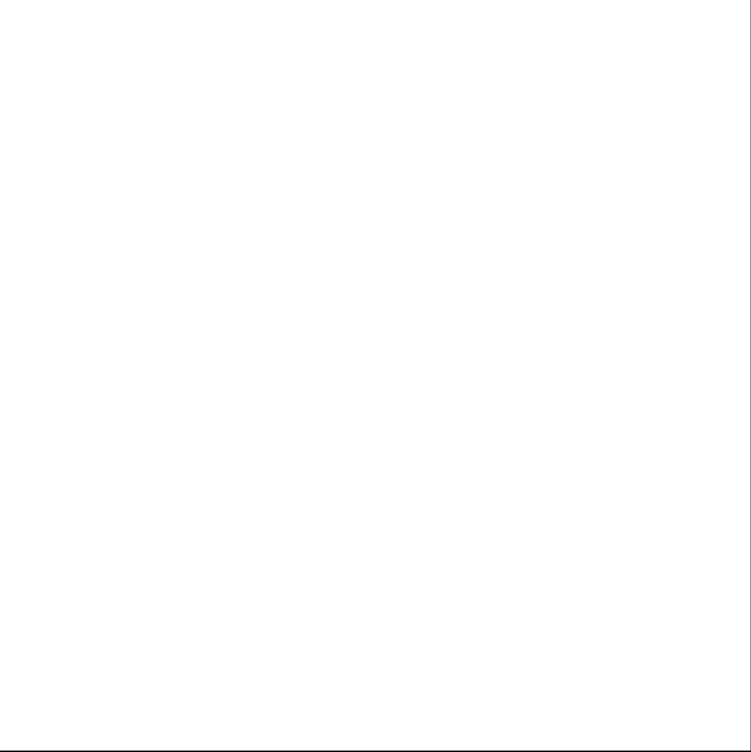
The whistling man is not looking at the people. He is not looking at the money. He is not looking at anything. He's searching for the coins in the tin and putting them into his pocket.



Rico okwa dakamena mo omushikimwilwa omesho. “Mbela omupofi.” Helao ina mona nande onale omunhu a pofipala. Okwa kwatwa koumbada. Okwa kwata moshikutu shaina neendelelo ndele ta pula ta nongofola, “Meme omulumenhu oo omupofi?”

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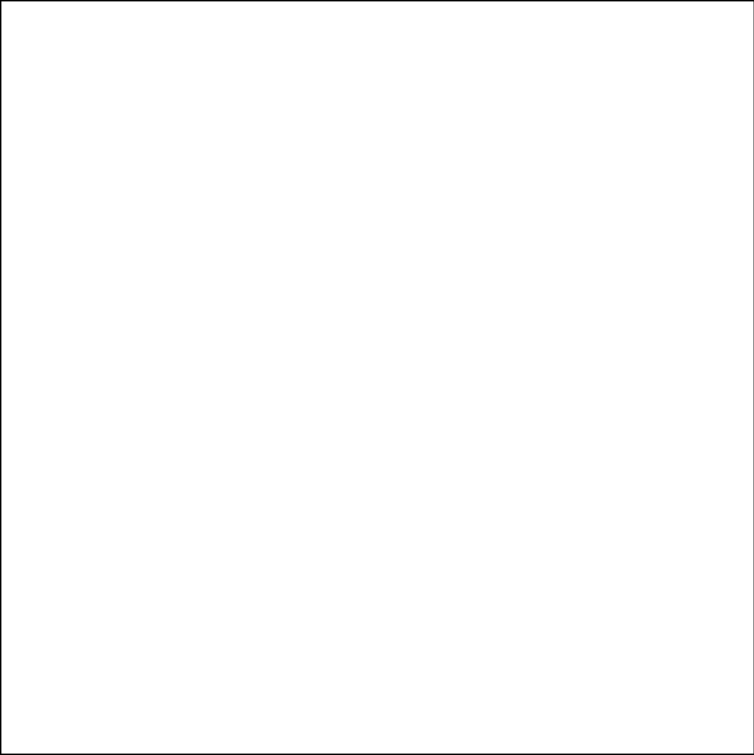
Rico stares at the whistling man and thinks, “Maybe he’s blind.” Rico has never seen a blind person before. He feels scared. He grabs his mother’s dress and asks softly, “Mommy, is that man blind?”



Ina okwa kufa eke laye, “Ehee,” ye ta nyamukula. “Heeno, ye omupofi.” “Tala, ye oku na okadibo katoka. Ovapofi vahapu ohava kala ve na oudibo vatoka. Oha longifa okadibo aka ke mu wilike opo pe na omalambo osho yo omainda.”

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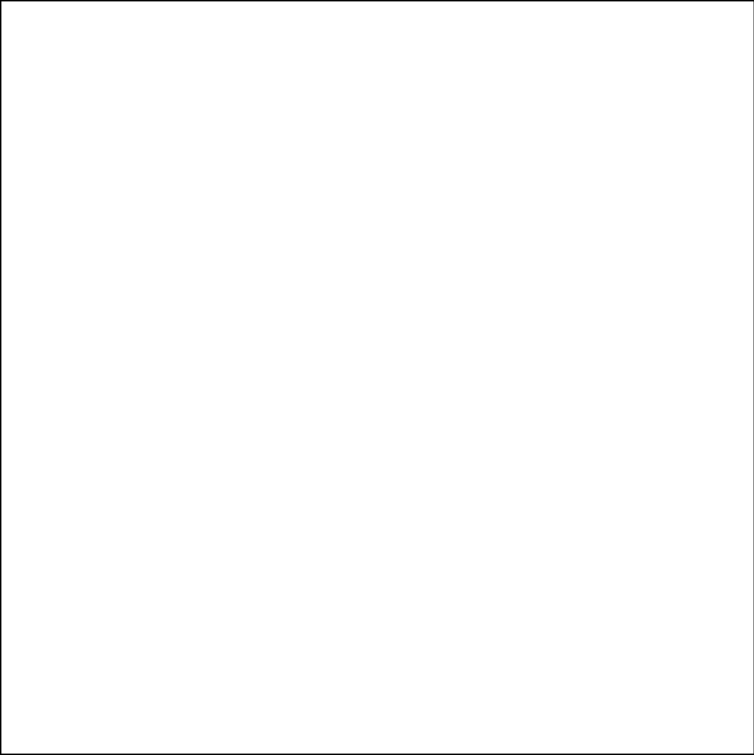
She takes his hand. “Yes,” she answers, “yes, he’s blind. Look, he has a white stick. Many blind people carry a white stick. He uses this stick to feel for holes and other obstacles.”



“Kodoolopa okwe ya ko ngahelipi nee? Okwa enda mo nee ngahelipi mokati kovanhu omo?” Rico ta pula.

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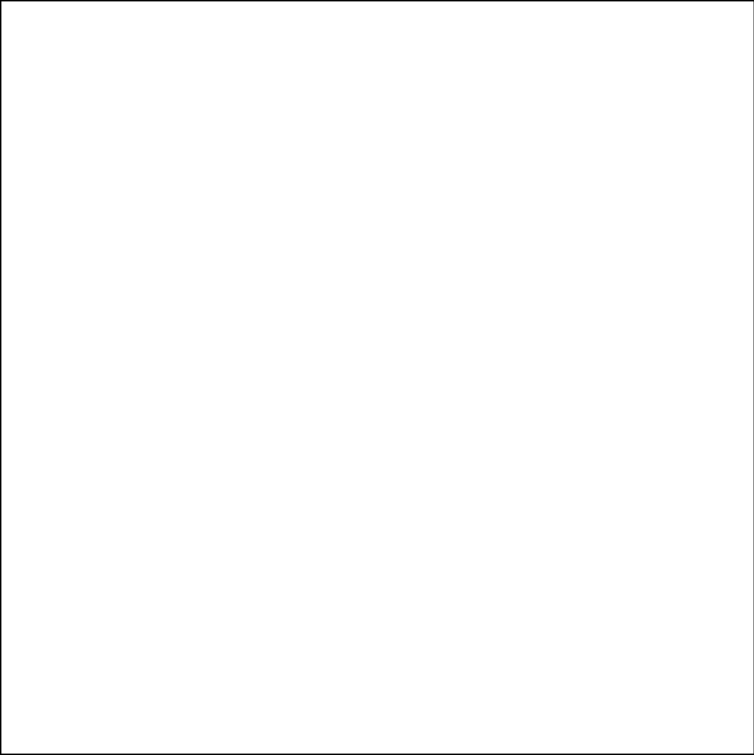
“But how did he come to town? How did he find his way through all the people?” Rico asks.



Ina te mu lombwele, “Kashiimba ope na oo he mu kwafele moku enda. Ohatu ifana omunhu oo omuwiliki.”

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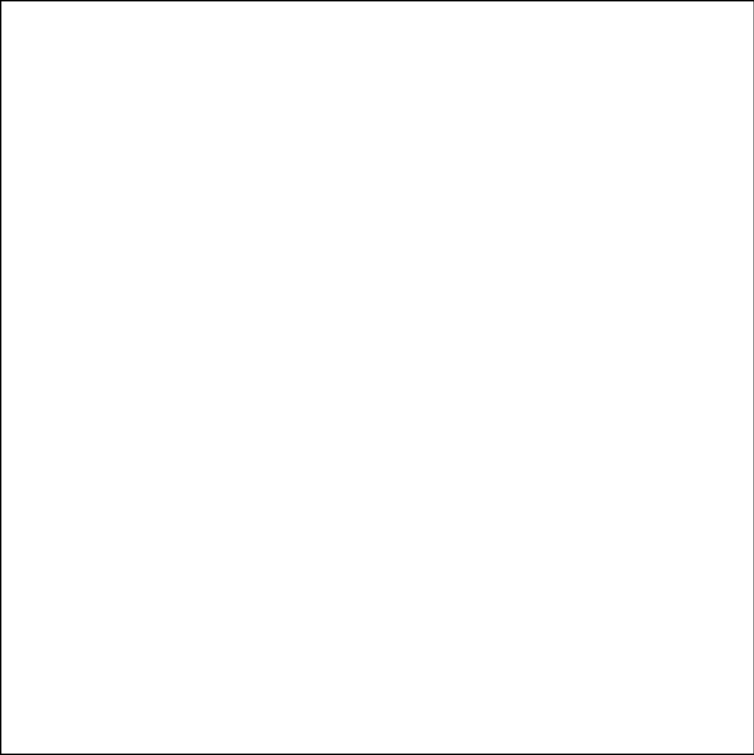
His mother tells him, “Maybe he has someone who helps him to find his way around. We call that person a guide.”



Otava ende va yuka ponhele yoinamwenyo. Omalamba omopate okwa lunduluka ndele taa ningi angeline, eetuwa oda kanghama novaendi vokolupadi tava tauluka ondjila.

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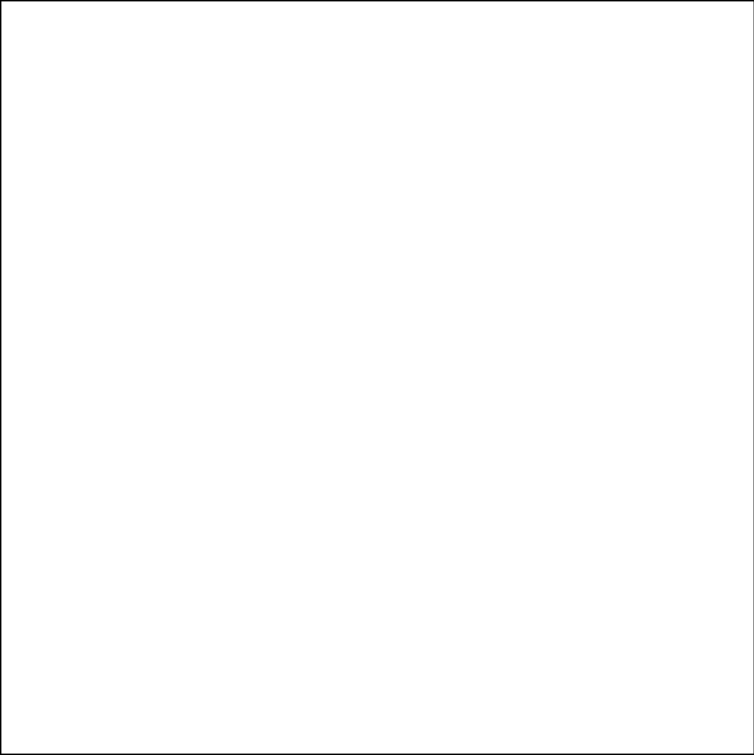
They walk to the zoopark. The traffic lights change to green, the cars stop and the pedestrians cross the street.



“Tala omundilo ungeline. Ngeenge ungeline otashi ulike kutya omhito oyaamenwa okutauluka ondjila. Moilongo imwe omu na omawi taa londwele,” Meme waRico te mu lomwbele.  
“Ngeenge ovapofi tava udu omawi aa, ove shi shi kutya osha amenwa okutauluka ondjila.”

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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.”

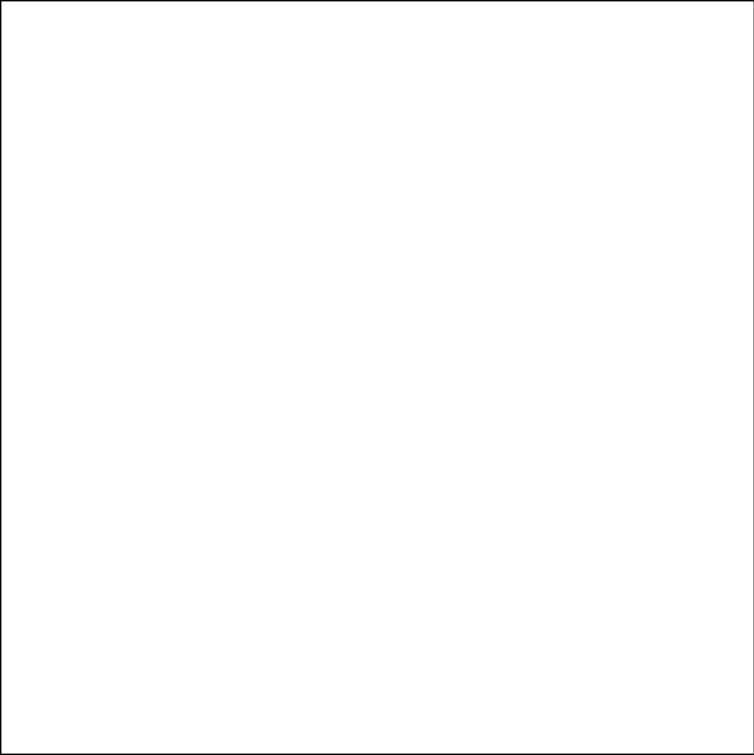


Ova kala omutumba pomwiidi wa hapa nawa womonhele yoinamwenyo, ndele tava tale ovanhu ovo tava piti po. “Ovapofi vamwe ove na eembwa eewiliki. Eembwa edi oda deulilwa okuwilika oovene. Ndele, eembwa edi odi na ondilo unene. MoNamibia omu na eembwa eewiliki dishona.”

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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.”

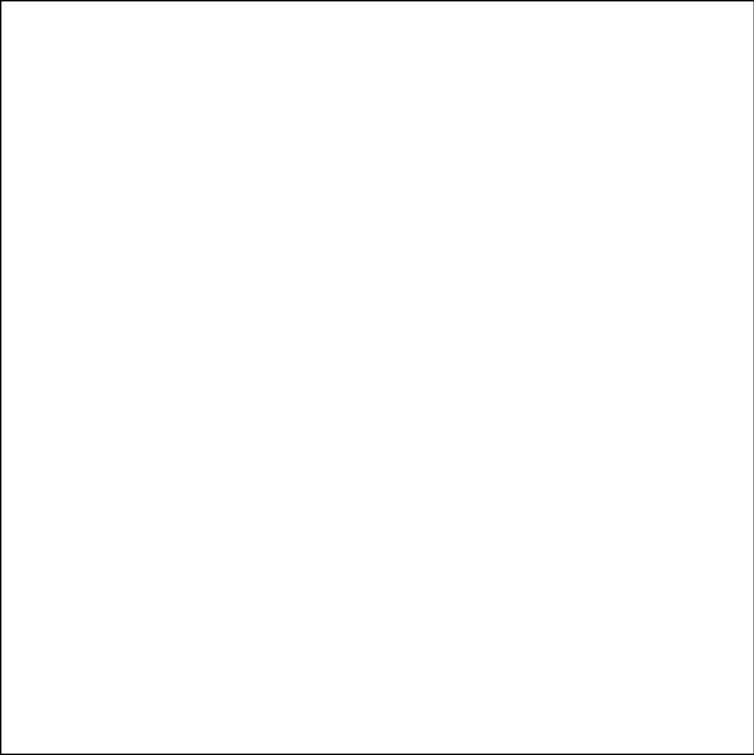




“Ita dulu okutala o TV yomudidimbe,” Rico tati. “Ota dulu okupwilikina oTV yomudidimbe noradio yoovene,” Ina te mu lomwele. “Ovapofi ohava udu oinima nawa ve dule ava hava mono ko.”

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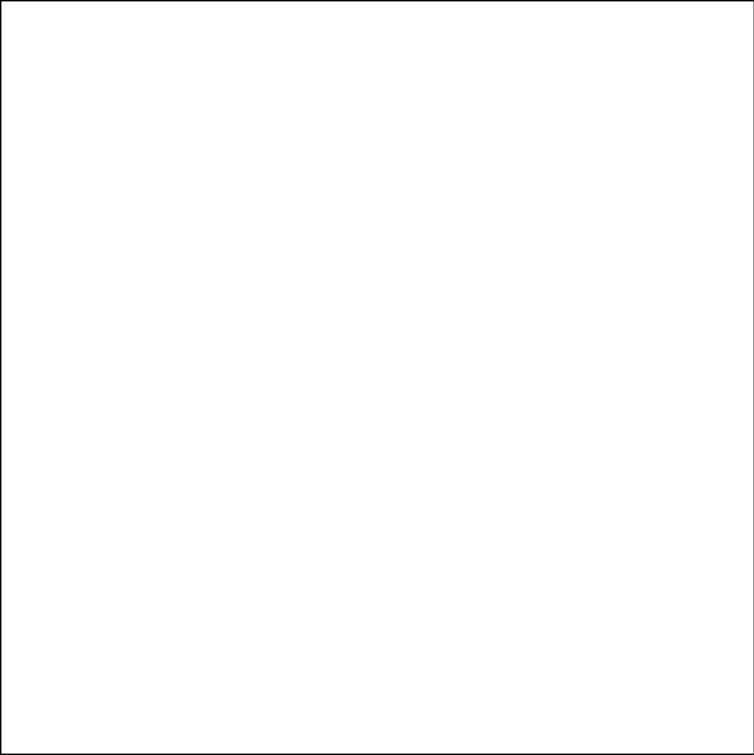
“The blind man can’t watch TV,” Rico says. “He can hear the TV and radio,” Rico’s mother tells him. “Blind people can often hear things much better than people who can see.”



“Ndele ye iha dulu okulesha omambo noifokundaneki,” Rico osho a ti. “Ope na omambo a shangwa meendada dovapofi. Ponhele yoitya ya nyanyangidwa nohinga, ope na ounghulukutu vokuninga eendada. Ohashi monika sha o-code.”

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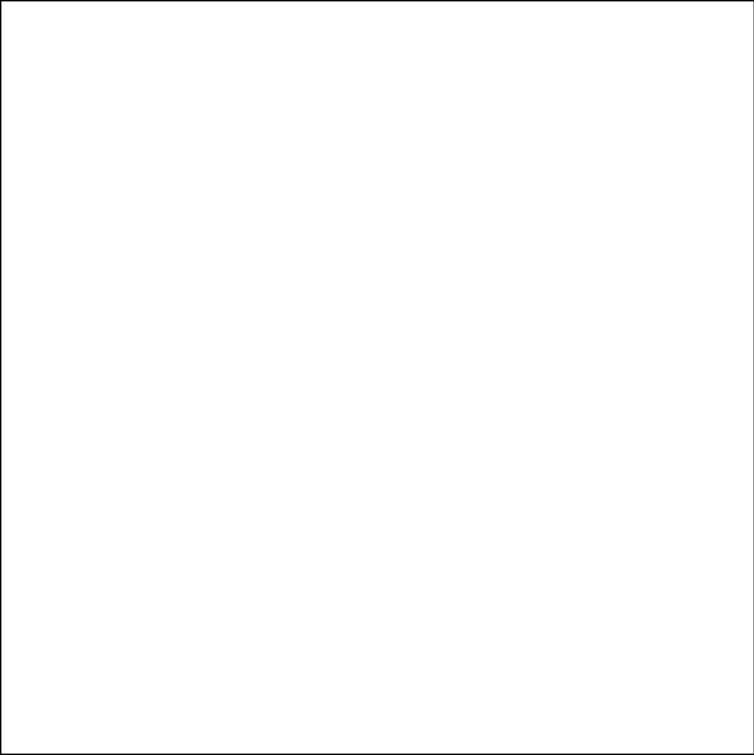
“But he can’t read books or newspapers,” says Rico. “There are books written in Braille. Instead of words printed with ink, there are raised dots which make letters. It’s like a code.”



“Ota dulu okulesha ngahelipi ngeenge ke wete ko?” “Oha kumu ounongolesha neenyala daye. Oha udu ounghulukutu nominwe daye ngaashi ashike ove ho mono eendada nomesho oye.”

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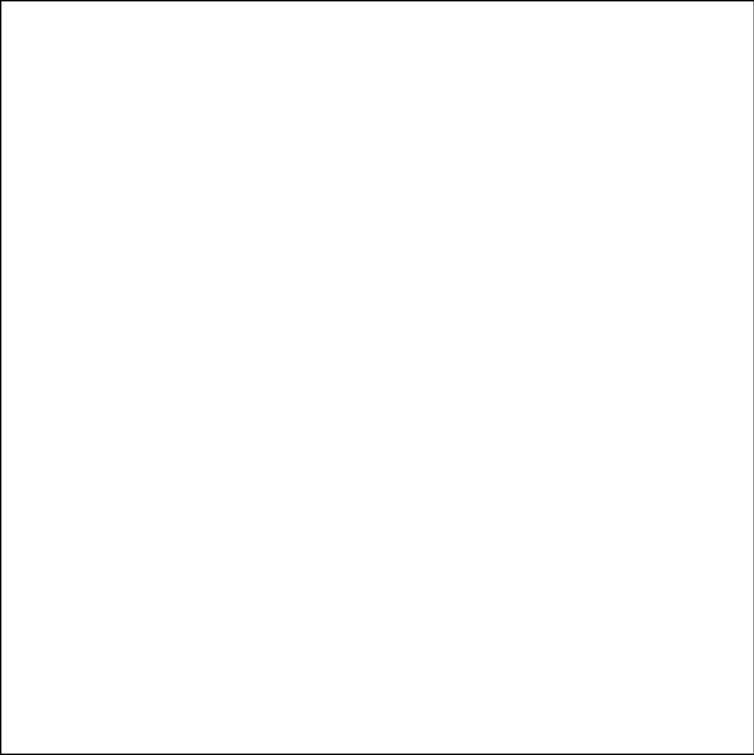
“How can he read if he can’t see?” “He reads with his hands. He feels the raised dots with his fingers, just like you see the letters with your eyes.”



Riko okwa diladila kutya ovanhu ava ovapofi otava dula okulunga oilonga yakeshe efiku ngaashi okweendaenda modoolopa, okwiimba omaimbilo neemwilwa, nokulesha.

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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.



Ina okwe mu lombwela, “Eshi sha yooloka pokati koye nomupofi ove oho mono ko omupofi iha mono ko.” “Ame ohandi mono ko, ndele ihandi shiki omwilwa muwa ngaashi womupofi,” Helao te liyolaifa.

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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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