



!Hoan o nɬamma

The whistling man



Magda Swartz



Petrus Amuthenu



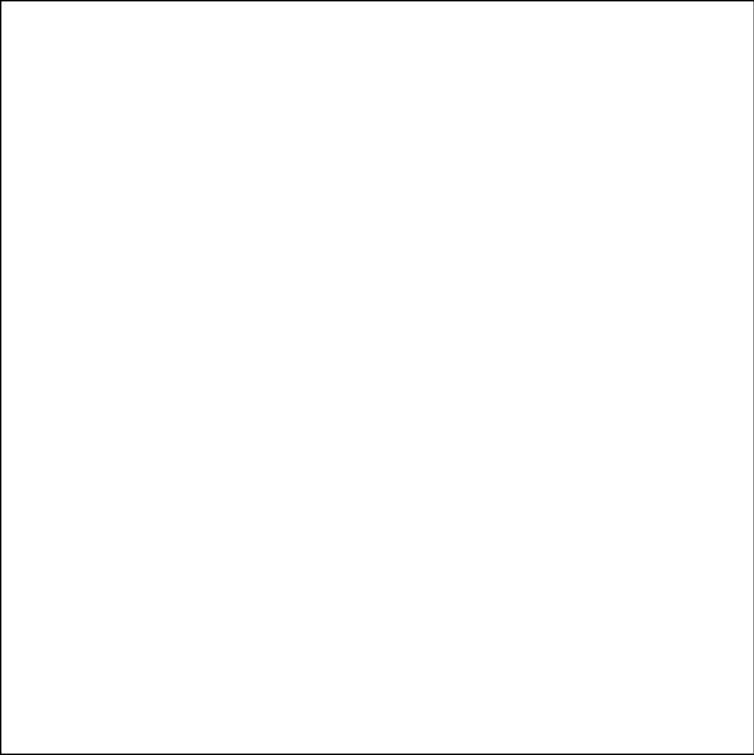
Cwi Debe, Kileni A. Fernando



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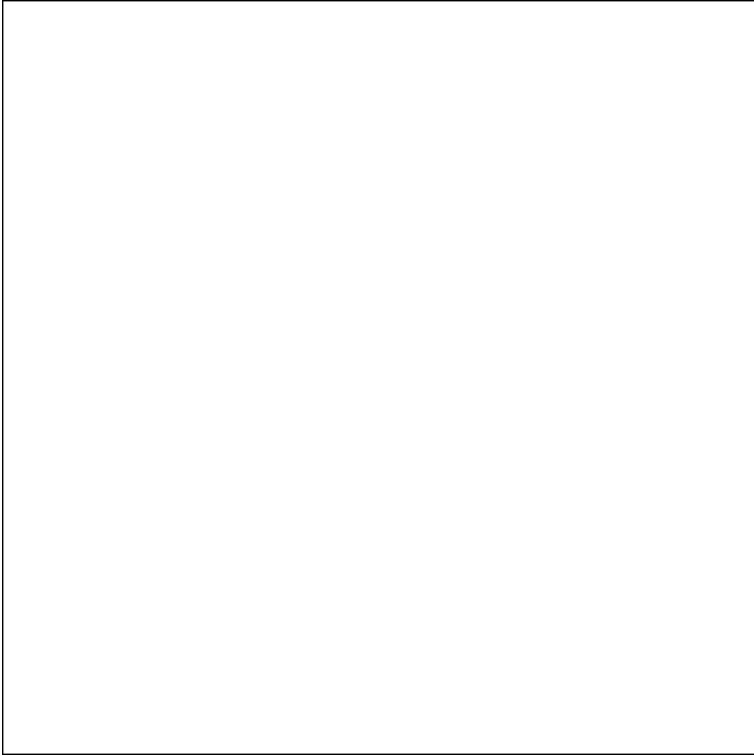
Ju|'hoansi ktz / English en



Ka o Saterda te Rico u |xoa ha taqe ko dorpa. Ha are g!a'ama dorpa. Dorpa kaice n|ang te kxae tcia o ka !aoh!aoh sih sa ju ku g!u'un.

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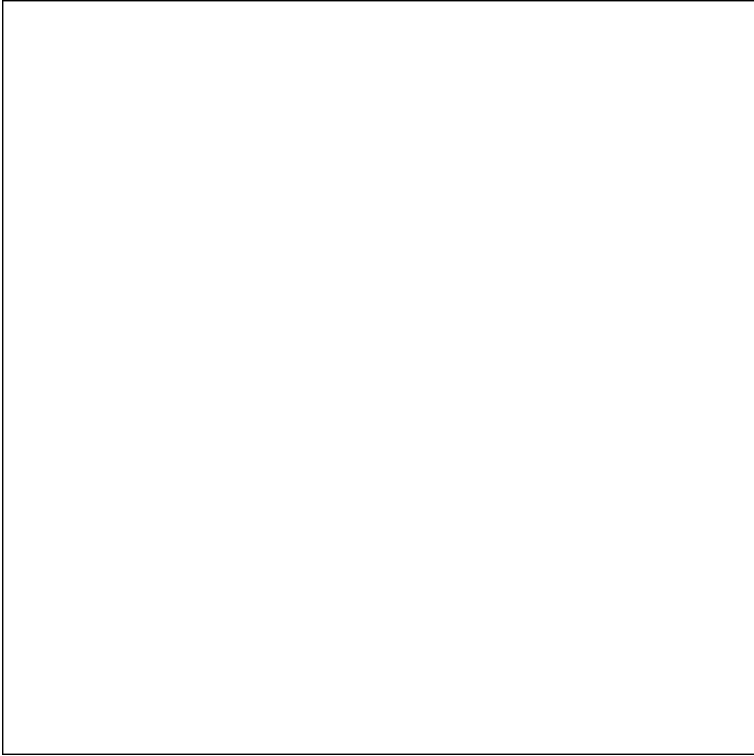
It's Saturday and Rico is going to town with his mother. He likes going to town. Town is exciting! There are lots of things to see.



Rico ||ae !kau ha taqe g!au. Ju ku haua khoe.

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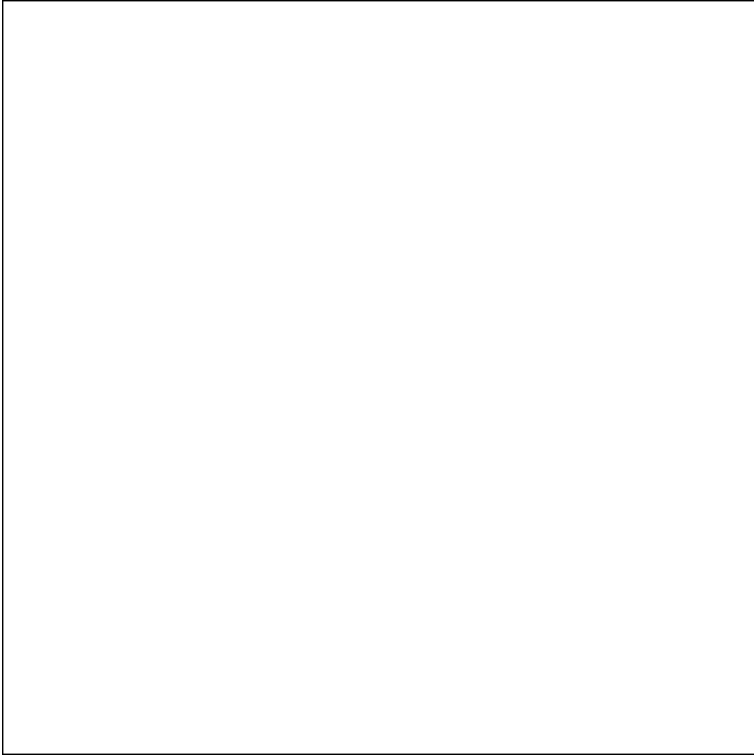
Rico holds his mother's hand very tightly. Streams of people are passing by.



Khoe jan sin sa o n̄ai||'ama tciasi sa |'hom ||'a ka khoeasi.

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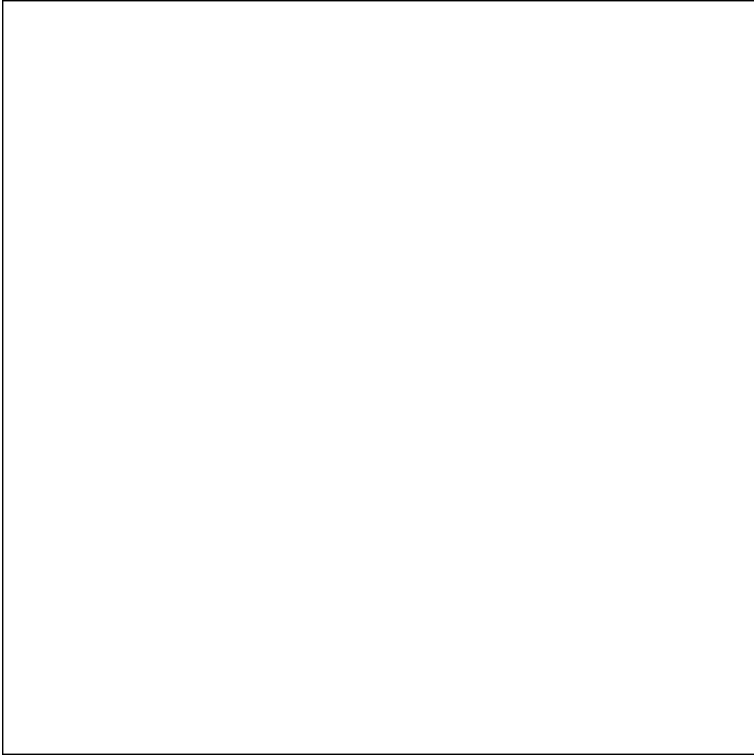
There are stalls selling beautiful handmade crafts.



ǀOahmh du ǁxoa hi ǁ'aesi ko !ahin, nǁlobesa kota guquru kuru
ǁxoa hi ǁaesi ko tarah kota gǁxaan sa kxae ǁ'usi kota gǁo'o.

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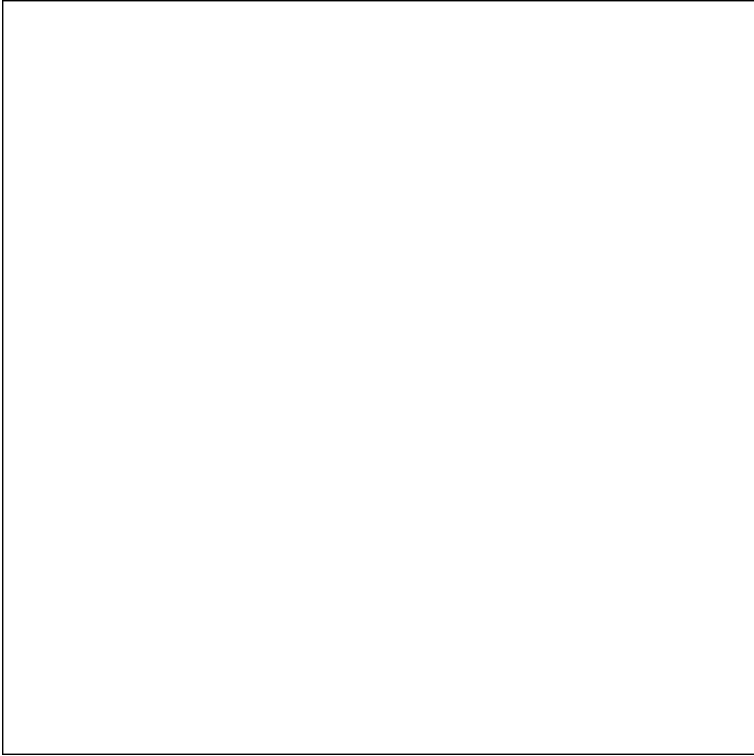
There are small giraffes carved out of wood, chameleons and lizards made out of wire and coloured beads, and jewellery made from ostrich egg shell.



Te ha ꞥaeꞥae ka. Ju n|ui ku nꞥaam ge'e tzima. Ha n!om tsau te
ꞥaeꞥae koa ka ||ama koere ka ||ama?

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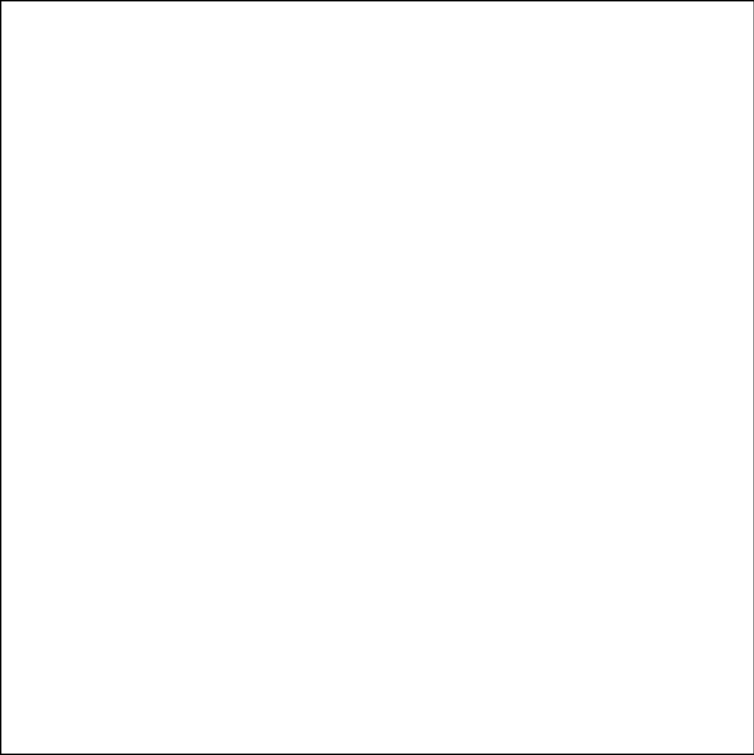
Then he hears it! Someone is whistling the sweet melody of
'Amazing Grace.' He stops to listen. Where is it coming from?



“Mi cinniha |oa tsa’a jua ku ko nḁaam kxui,” tca ko n|ang kxui.

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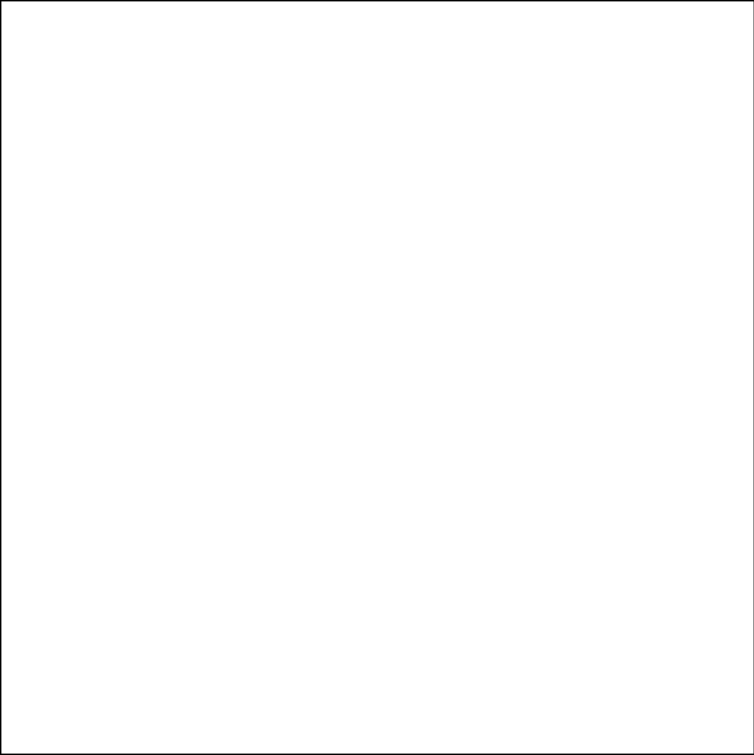
“I’ve never heard anyone whistle so beautifully before,” he thinks to himself.



Ha n!ang !hara ju ko ꞑha. Te ho jua ha hin koh nꞑaam, ju !'ua
too ma ko mari !aqsih too ma n!unga ha g!a'a n!anga. Xabe ju
n|ui |oa du ttca jan.

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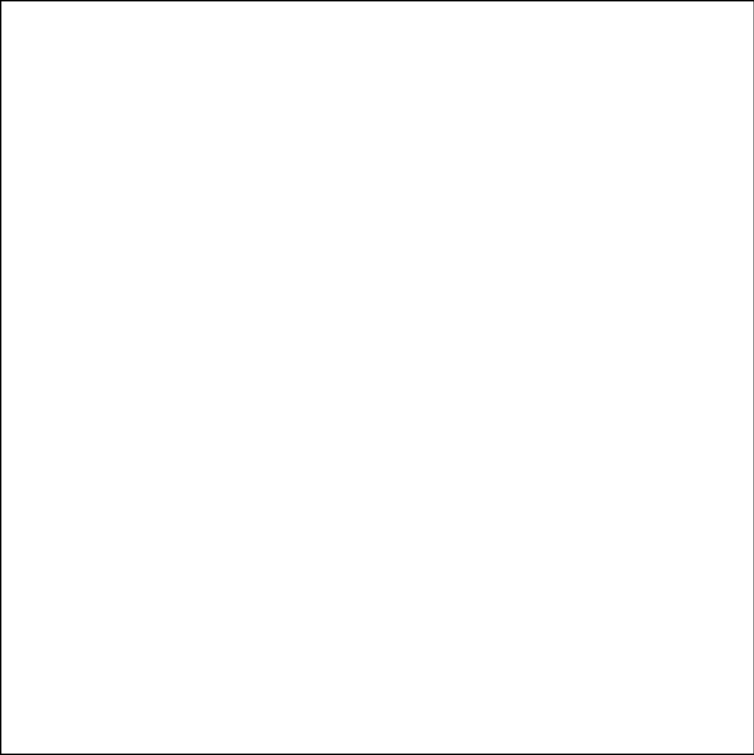
He makes his way through the people. Then he sees the man
who is whistling. People are putting coins into a small tin in
front of him. But ... something is wrong ...



!Hoan n~~ɬ~~aam ma koara |xoa ju ko ||koa. Ha koara |xoa mari ko ||koa. Ha koara |xoa tci n|ui waqnke ko ||koa. Ha sin kxoa ko mari !aq sih ko toh n!ang sih ka |'ua ha ko ha |hain n!ang.

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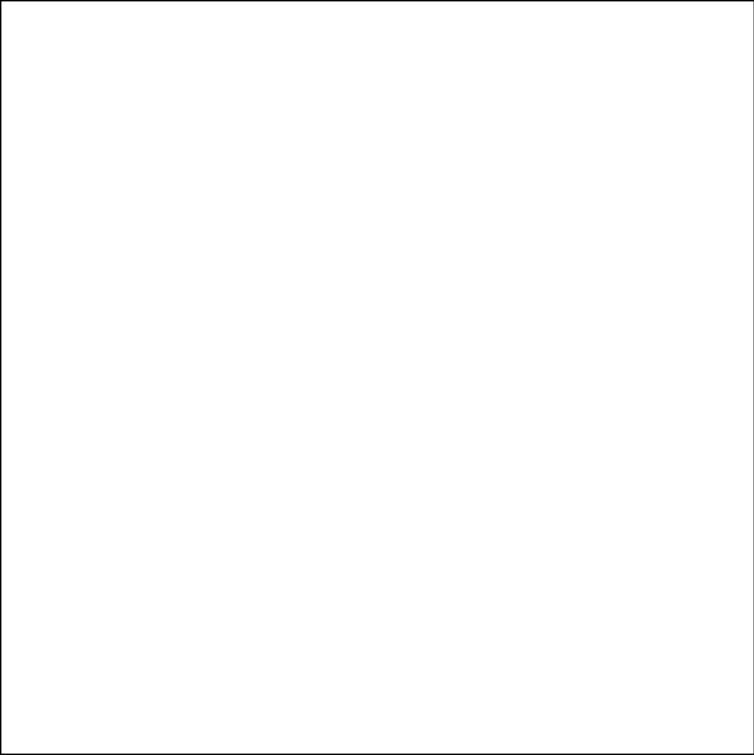
The whistling man is not looking at the people. He is not looking at the money. He is not looking at anything. He's searching for the coins in the tin and putting them into his pocket.



Rico g!u'un !hoan n!aam ma te !'ang. "Ha m Khoetca joa"
khama Rico cinnaha !oa !!kae !xoa ju jao. Ha koaq. Ha gu tsxabi
ha taqe hoqorokhoe te !'auce tsitsa'a. "Aia, !hoan toa re jus
jao?"

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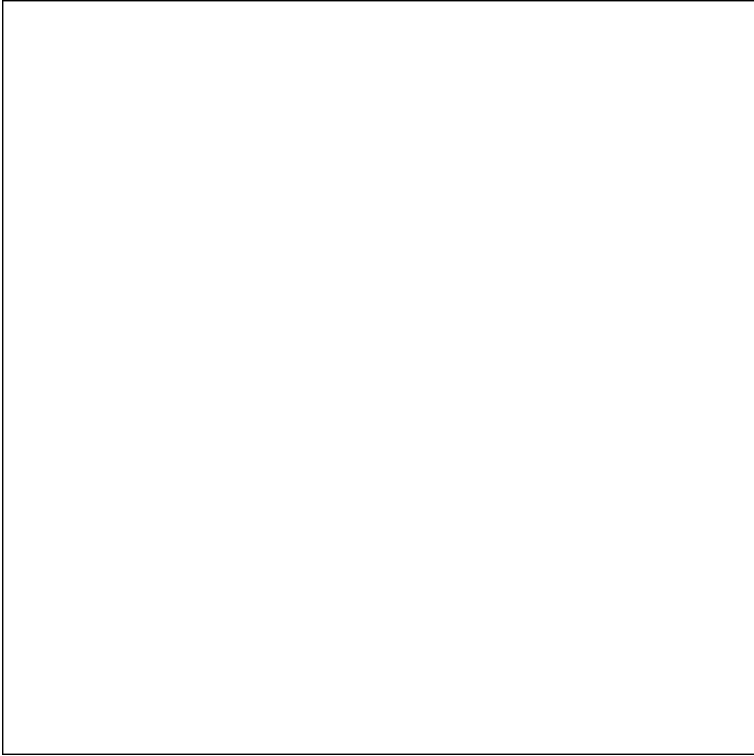
Rico stares at the whistling man and thinks, "Maybe he's
blind." Rico has never seen a blind person before. He feels
scared. He grabs his mother's dress and asks softly, "Mommy,
is that man blind?"



Ha gu ha g!au. “Eh,” ha mani “Eh, ha jao. Se, ha kxae !ahina !a’u ko ha g!aun!ang. Ju sa jao ||ae !ahin sa !au. Ha nɬai||koa ka ko dom!angsi !’ang tsa’a kota !ansi nɬa’am tsa’a.”

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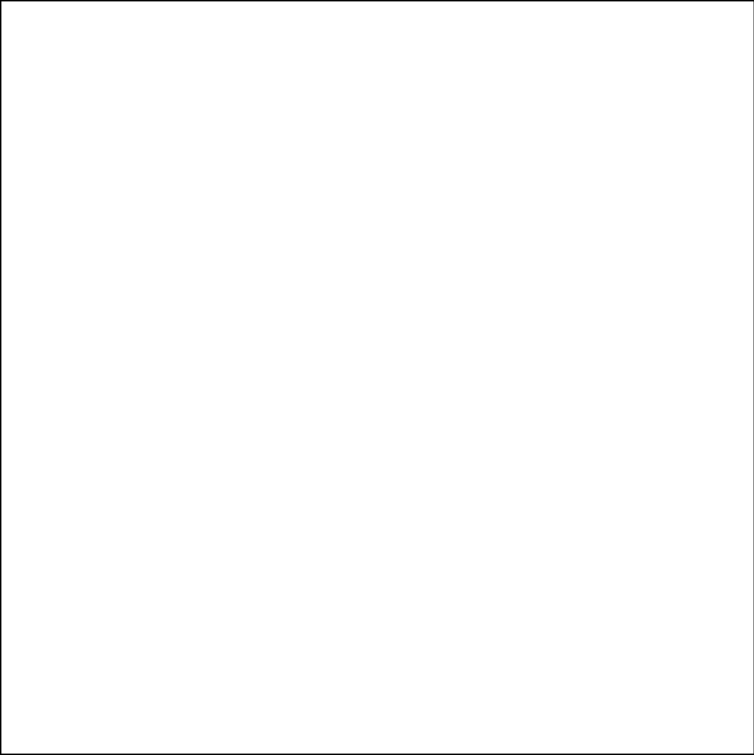
She takes his hand. “Yes,” she answers, “yes, he’s blind. Look, he has a white stick. Many blind people carry a white stick. He uses this stick to feel for holes and other obstacles.”



“Te ha re naun tsia dorpa? Te hare naun !hara ju?” Rico tsitsa’a.

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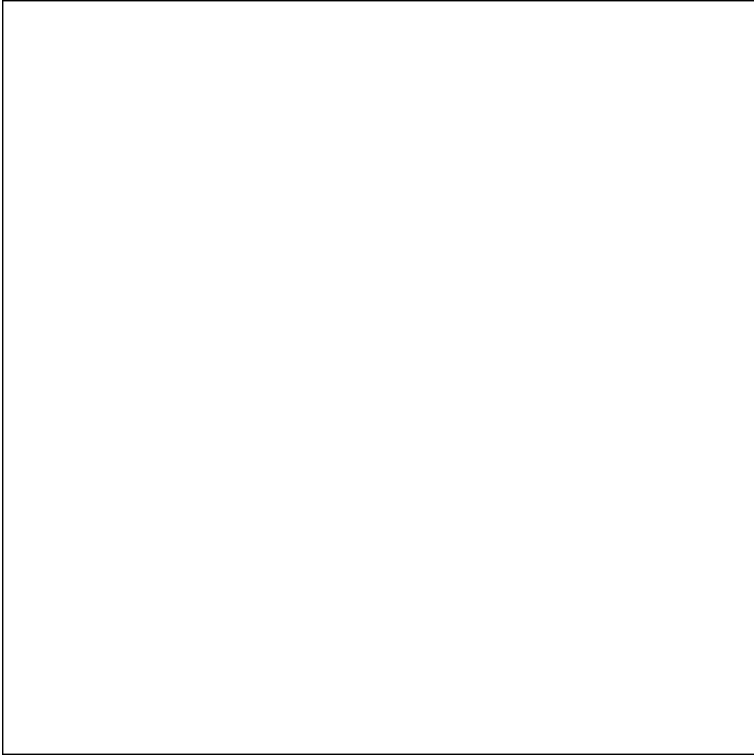
“But how did he come to town? How did he find his way through all the people?” Rico asks.



Ha taqe ko !oa ha, “Ha khoetca kxae ju n|uia hui ha ka ha du tcisi.” E !’aua ||’a jua ko !’uinkxao.

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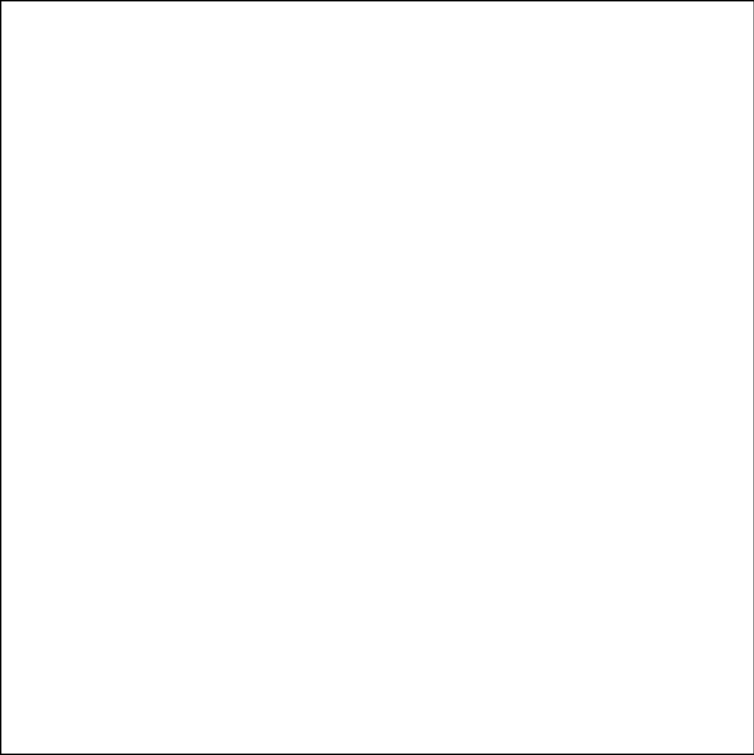
His mother tells him, “Maybe he has someone who helps him to find his way around. We call that person a guide.”



Si!a nɛhao ua jom mh kxa!ho. Traffik da'asi mani n!u'ubu!auhn
te utosi n!omtuih te nɛhao kxaosi coa te !xai n!ama.

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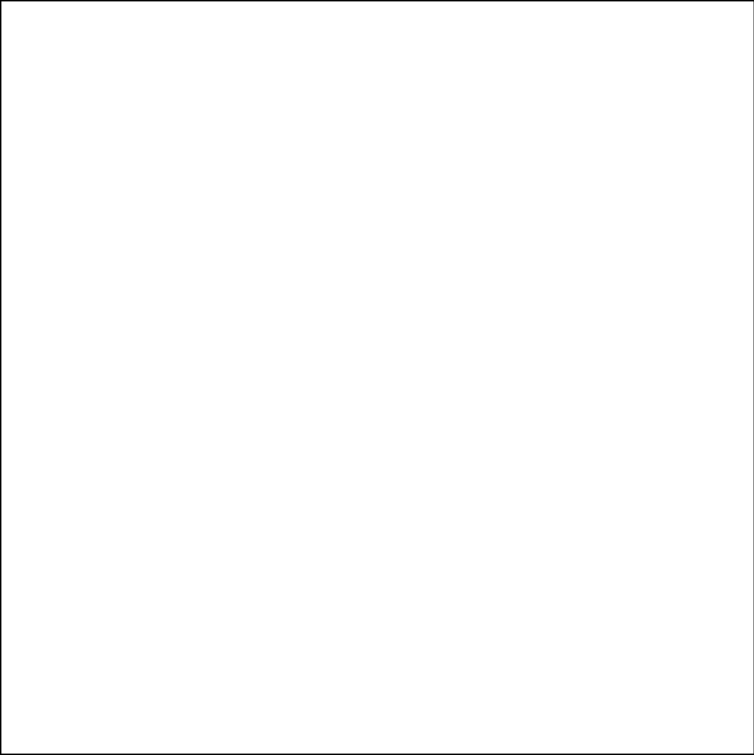
They walk to the zoopark. The traffic lights change to green,
the cars stop and the pedestrians cross the street.



“Se da’a n!u’ubu|auhn. Ka hi ɬoq’i okaa m!a jan te gea koqe te xoana !xai dao. N!ore gesin !ahin kxui nɬai!’han.” Rico ||’a ha taqe koe n||ae. “Ka jusa jao tsa’a pip okaa sih, !’han tca dao te koqe te ha ɬ’au !xai dao.”

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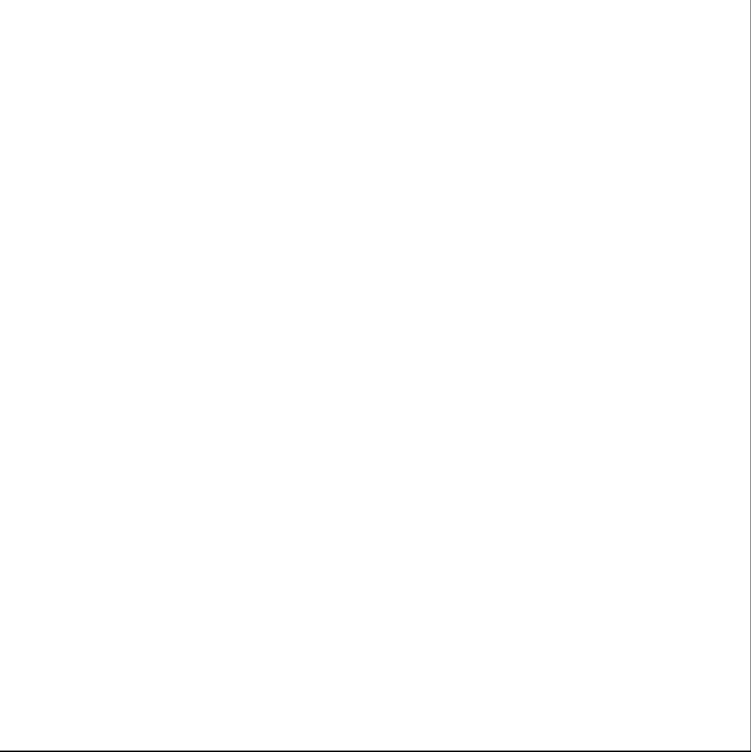
“Look at the green light. When it is green we can see it is safe to cross the road. In some countries there is also a beeping sound,” Rico’s mother says. “When blind people hear the beeping, they know it is safe to cross the road.”



Si!a g!hoa ||'aisi |hoa o !hamh kxa|ho ga te se ju tca sih o n#hao
cua. "Ju gesin jao te kxae g#huin sa !'uin sih," Ha taqe ko n||ae.
"G#huin sa toa n!aroh hi |'aesi ||'a hi |'uin ju sa jao khoe hi
kxaosi. Xabe hi kaice #ani. !'Uin g#huin sa |koromh gea
Namibia."

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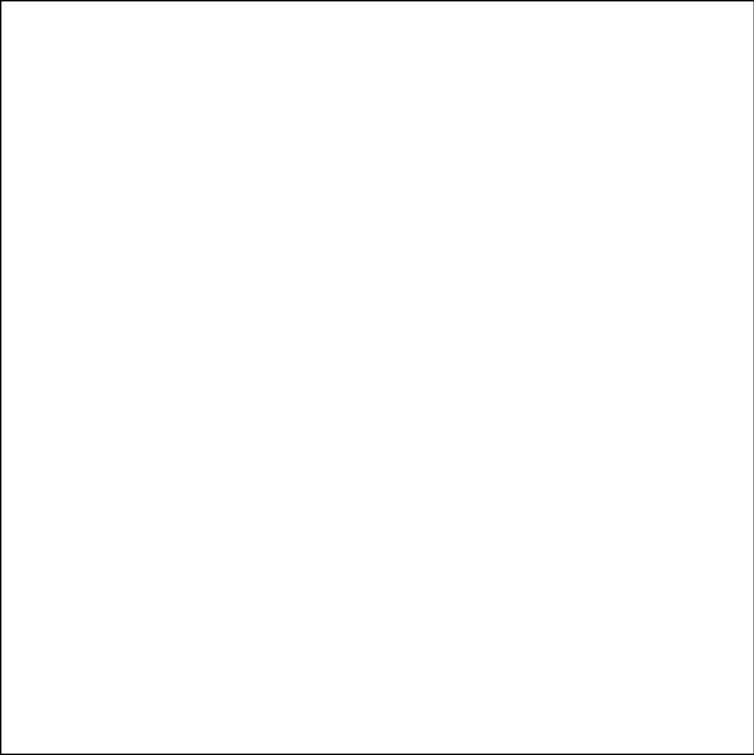
They sit on the green grass of the zoopark and watch the
people walking by. "Some blind people have a guide dog," his
mother says. "These dogs are trained to guide their owner,
but they are very expensive. There are very few guide dogs in
Namibia."



“Jua jao |oa se TV,” Rico ko n||ae. “Ha tsa’a TV kota radion,” Rico
||’a ha taqe !oa ha. “Jusa jao ꞤaeꞤae tahn jusa se.”

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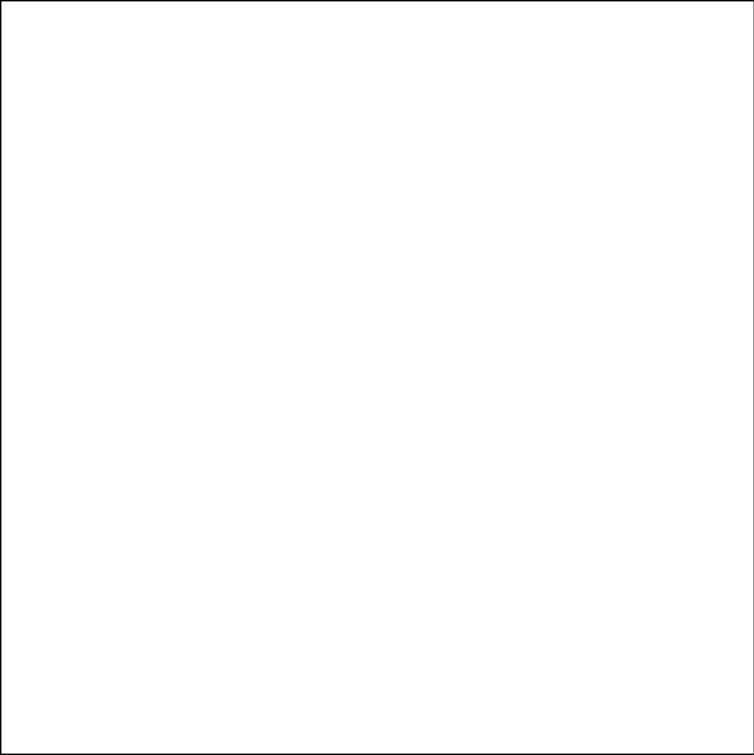
“The blind man can’t watch TV,” Rico says. “He can hear the TV
and radio,” Rico’s mother tells him. “Blind people can often
hear things much better than people who can see.”



“Xabe si!a |oa n||aq’ara ꞑxaunusi kota kuantisi,” Rico ko n||ae.
“ꞑxaunu gesin |ore hi |’aesi ko jao tciooa. ||’Ae ꞑ’au ka ka o
|oresi okaa ka ta o !’hobasi sa kuru ||xam-a khoe ko ka |’aesi he
du leters, ka n!ana kode.”

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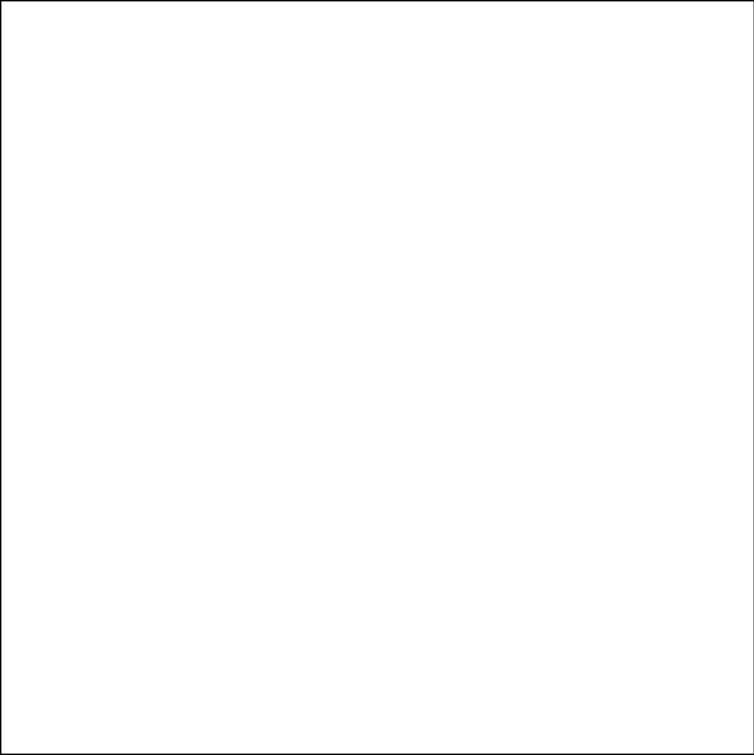
“But he can’t read books or newspapers,” says Rico. “There are books written in Braille. Instead of words printed with ink, there are raised dots which make letters. It’s like a code.”



“Ha re noun n||aq’ara ka ha |oa ho?” “Ha n||aq’ara |xoa ho
g!ausi, ka sin khoe tca toa a se leters ka n||aqara ||xam.”

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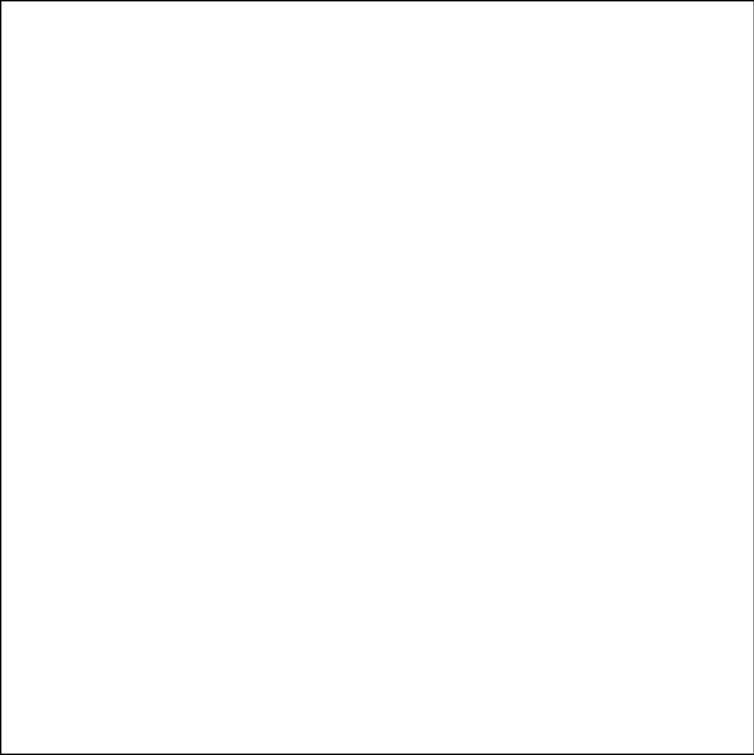
“How can he read if he can’t see?” “He reads with his hands. He
feels the raised dots with his fingers, just like you see the
letters with your eyes.”



Rico are ha ꞑ'angsi ka ha ꞑ'ang ko ju sa jao te dua tcisi |o |am
n|ui waqnke, khoe nꞑamm ge'e, n||aq'are.

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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.



Ha taqe !oa ha, “Tca kuru ꞑ’asara sin o jua jao |oa se te a se.”
“Mi se, mi se xabe nꞑaam ge’e mi |oa du ꞑoa jua jao,” Rico
zoma.

• • •

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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