

ICIMOD

Air pollution is a growing problem that needs increased awareness in young and old. With this book, funded by the Atmosphere Programme at the International Centre for Integrated Mountain Development (ICIMOD), we hope to plant the seeds for change in the minds of children in Nepal. The International Centre for Integrated Mountain Development (ICIMOD) is a regional intergovernmental learning and knowledge sharing centre serving the eight regional member countries of the Hindu Kush Himalayas and the global mountain community. We're working to develop an economically and environmentally sound mountain ecosystem to improve the livelihoods of mountain populations – now, and for the future.

Chanchale's Journey

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Room to Read

Room to Read seeks to transform the lives of millions of children in developing countries by focusing on literacy and gender equality in education, working in collaboration with local communities, partner organizations and governments. We develop literacy skills and a habit of reading among primary school children and support girls to complete secondary school with the relevant life skills to succeed in school and beyond.

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Chancho's Journey



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यो किताब हाम टु रिडको
पुस्तकालय सहयोग कार्यक्रम अर्न्तगत
उपलब्ध गराइएको हो ।
बिक्री गर्न पाइने छैन ।



Chanchale was playing in the yard. He looked towards the hills. They were completely covered with smoke !



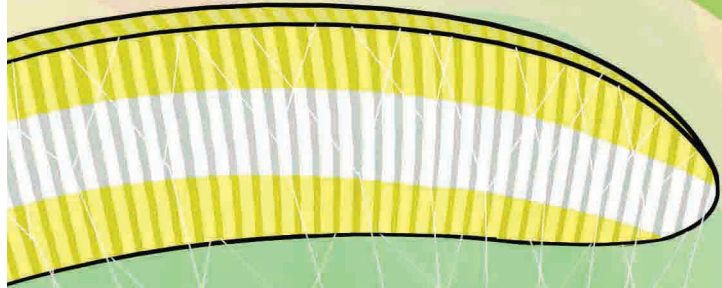


"Where does that smoke come from? What can be beyond those hills? I will certainly find out today." Chanchale decided.



Chanchale carried his paraglider and climbed on top of a nearby hill. He ran downhill and soon he was lifted up in the air.





"Wow, what great fun!"





After flying for a while, he reached over the place where the smoke was coming from. There was thick smoke everywhere. Smoke got into his eyes. His eyes burnt and he could not see anything. He lost control of his paraglider.



Chanchale's paraglider collided with a tall smokestack and got stuck. "Yuck! The air stinks and it is so difficult to breathe!" he screamed.

Chanchale pulled on the tangled paraglider. The paraglider came loose and Chanchale fell onto a big heap of garbage.





Chanchale looked around and was very surprised. The sky was covered with thick black smoke. Trucks and motorcycles went past him releasing thick plumes of smoke. "This is terrible!" He said.







Chanchale looked around for water. But there was garbage everywhere. His body itched. He sat in a corner gloomily.

A small monkey spotted Chanchale from a distance. She went near him. "My name is Chaturi. Who are you? Where have you come from?" she asked him. Chanchale began to sob.





“My name is Chanchale. My house is beyond those hills. There is no dust, smoke, and garbage like you have here. The smoke has covered my way home. My glider is also broken. How will I go home now?” Chanchale cried.





"A place without smoke? How is that possible?" Chaturi asked, surprised. "Just look at you. You are covered with filth. Let's go to my house."

Chaturi introduced Chanchale to her parents. "I too have heard about a city beyond those hills. But I have never seen it. This side of the hills is always covered with smoke. So how can we see anything beyond?" Chaturi's father said, coughing.





“Dad, Chanchale says that we can see the hills above his city if the smoke is removed,” Chaturi said.

“Yes, there is a lot of pollution in this city. You are coughing because of the smoke. When we breathe in, the smoke reaches our lungs. It makes it difficult for us to breathe. That is what my teacher said,” Chanchale added.





Just then, the room filled with smoke. It came through the door and the windows. Chaturi ran outside. She saw her uncle burning plastic and garbage on the road near her house. "Uncle! what are you doing? The smoke has entered our room. My father cannot breathe". Chaturi shouted.



Ha! Ha! Ha! Her uncle chuckled. "What am I supposed to do with this garbage if not burn it? Shall I dump it in your house? Don't try to act smart. Why don't you close the doors and windows if the smoke bothers you?"



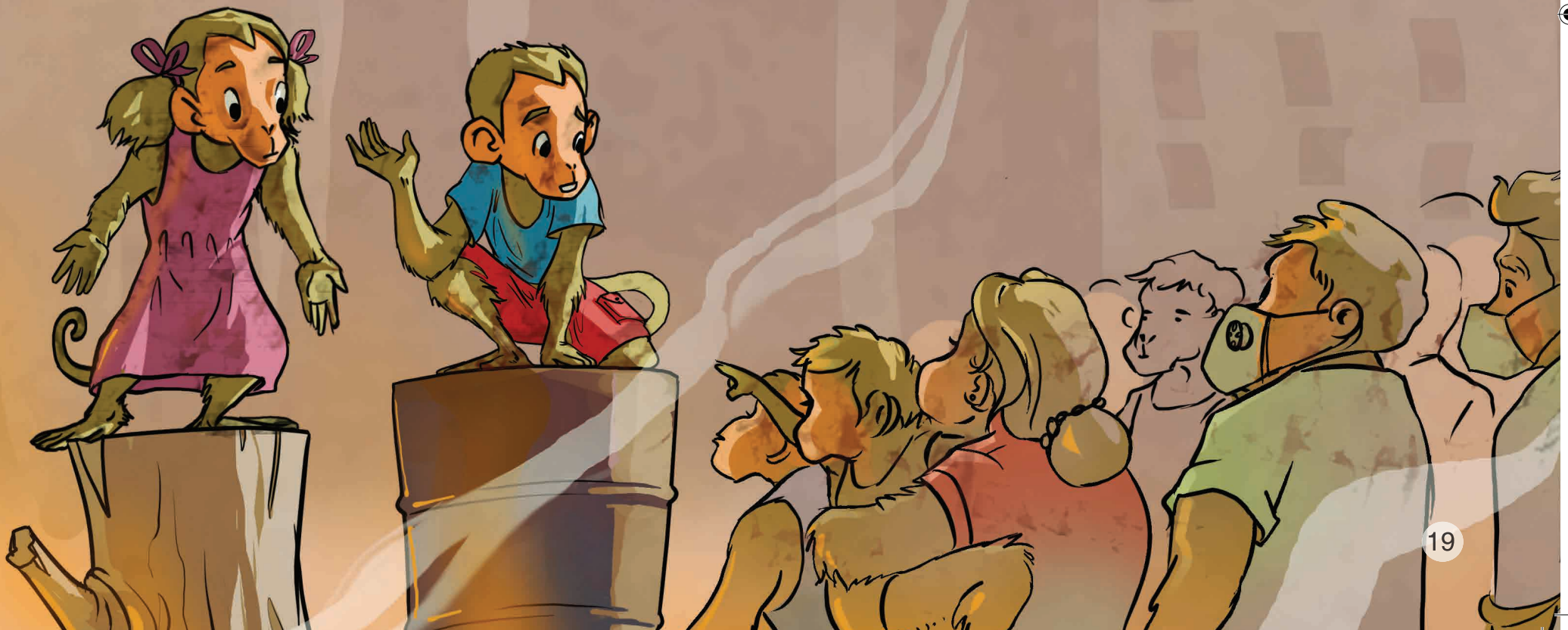


Chaturi got very angry. She got a bucket of water from nearby and poured it onto the fire.

“What are you doing?” Her uncle yelled. By then, Chaturi’s parents and Chanchale too had come outside. The whole neighborhood gathered.



Chanchale announced, "Hello! My name is Chanchale. I live in a city beyond those hills. I always used to see smoke from this side of the hills coming towards my city. I followed the smoke and came here. Your city is very beautiful but the pollution is harming you."





"But what can we do? We have to burn our garbage. The vehicles and factories need to run. We have to burn wood to cook food." One of the monkeys shouted from the crowd.



“That is no excuse. People in my city have the same needs. But it is up to us to reduce the smoke. We shouldn’t burn garbage. Vehicles should be serviced on time. We should walk or cycle more. We can use electricity to operate factories and vehicles instead of diesel. We can use smokeless stoves in our kitchen.” Chanchale explained.



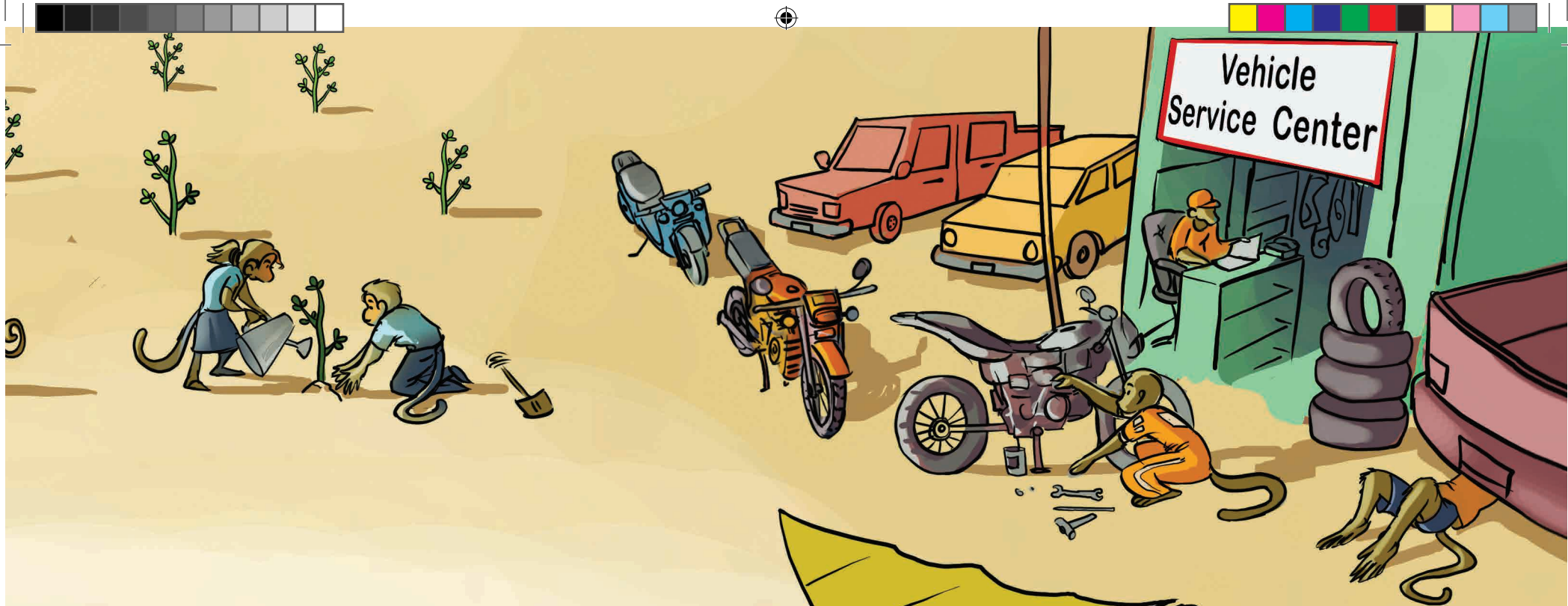




“Hmm! We didn’t think of that. If doing these simple things can reduce the pollution in our city, we should start now.” Chaturi said.
“Yes. Let us all get together and make our city clean,” Everyone agreed.







The cleaning campaign took off in the city. Meanwhile Chanchale began assembling an aircraft with old and discarded items.



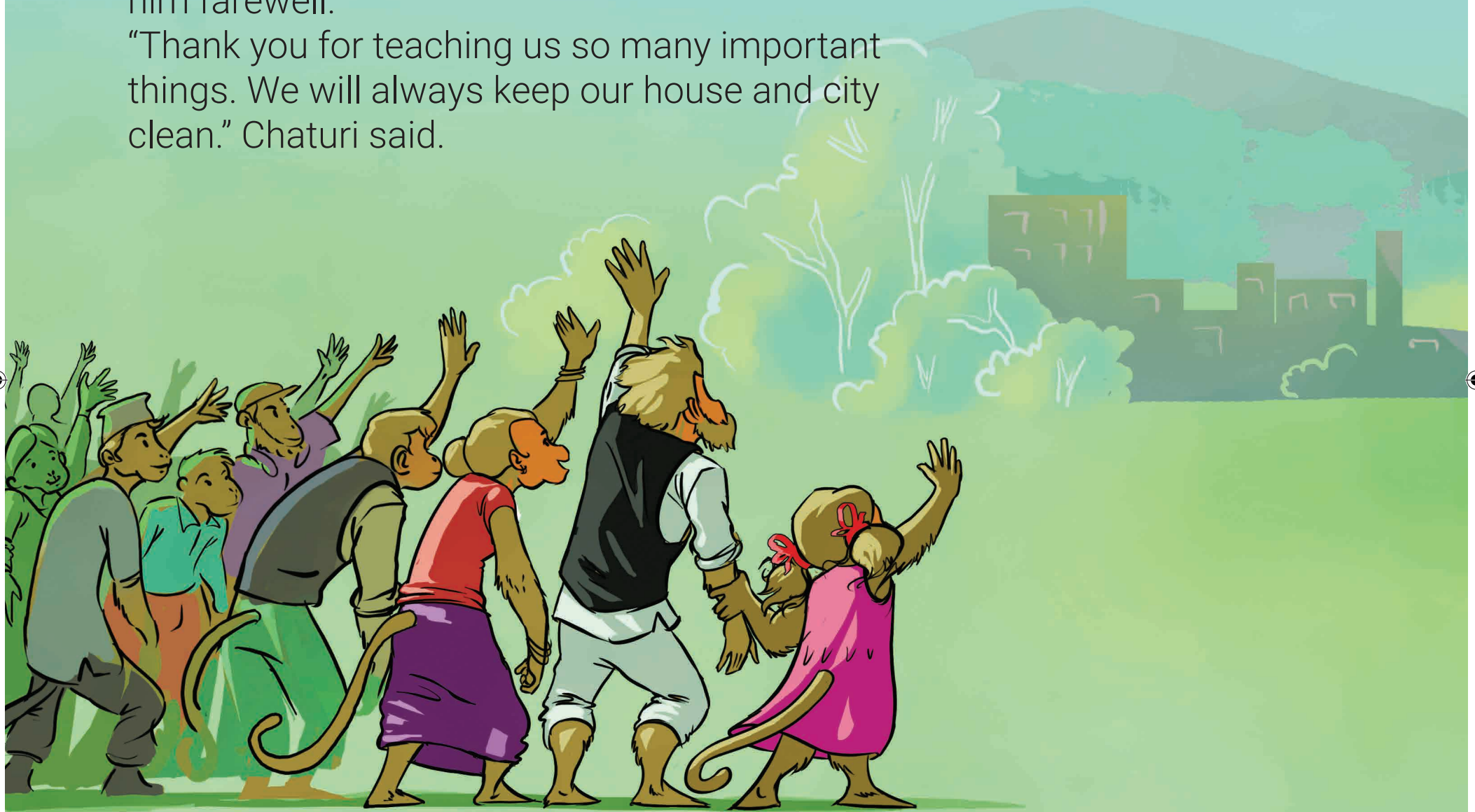
The city became cleaner by the day. The sky started to look clear and blue. The hills around became more visible. By then, Chanchale's aircraft was also ready.

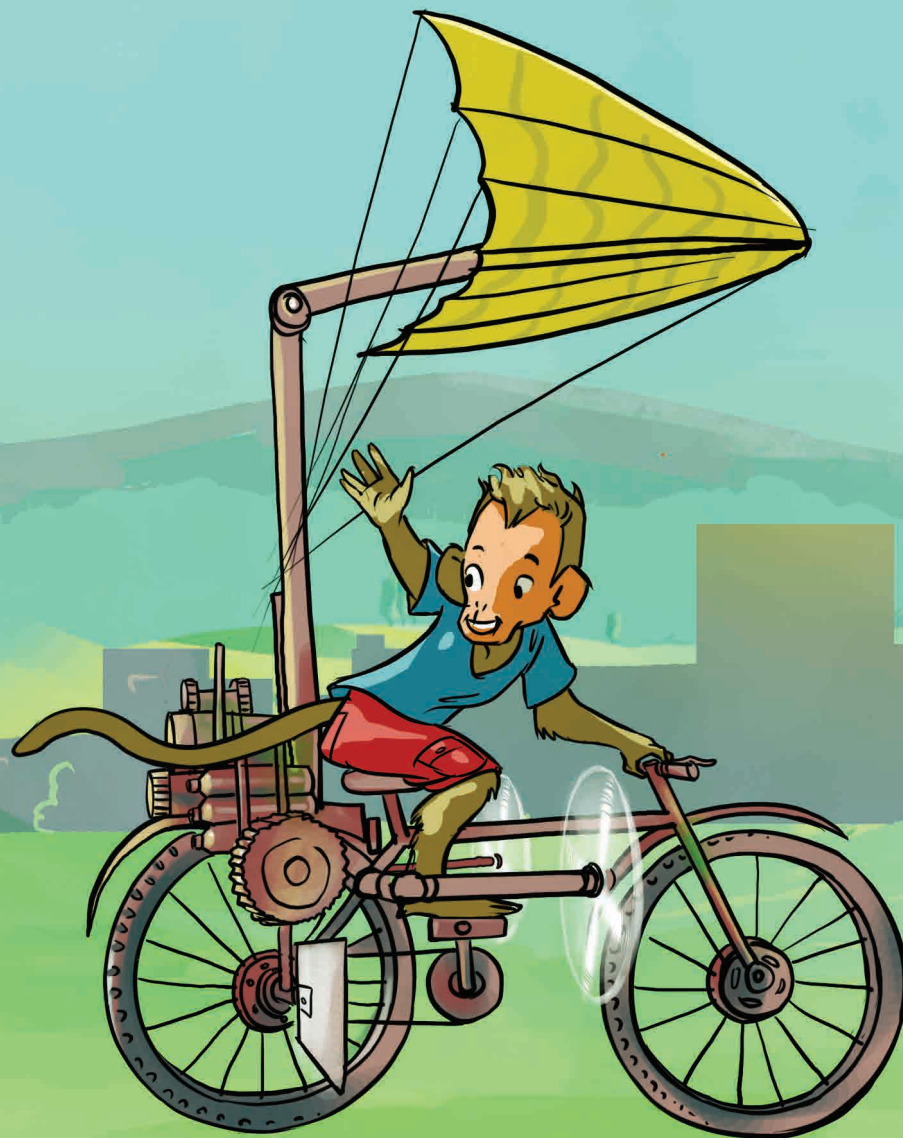




Chanchale was ready to return home. Chaturi, her parents, and everyone from the city came to bid him farewell.

“Thank you for teaching us so many important things. We will always keep our house and city clean.” Chaturi said.





"Thank you for helping me. I will come back soon to visit you all and your beautiful city." Chanchale said as he boarded his craft and flew home.



