

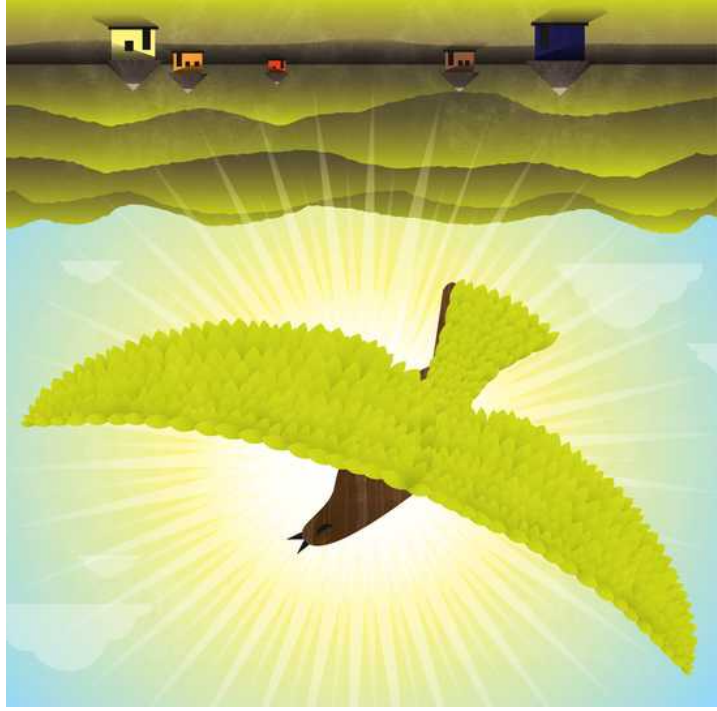
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Children of wax
Voksbarna



 Southern African Folktales  Wiehan de Jager  engelsk / bokmål || nivå 2



Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.

...

Det var en gang en lykkelig familie.



They never fought with each other. They helped their parents at home and in the fields.

...

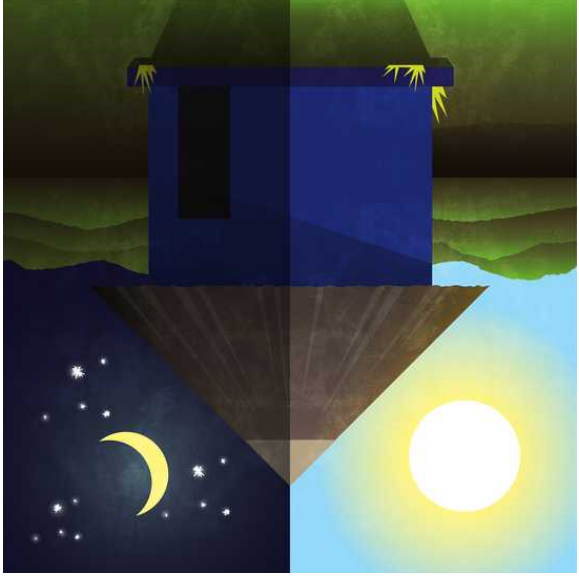
De kranget aldri. Barna hjalp foreldrene sine hjemme og i åkeren.



But they were not allowed to go near a fire.

...

Men de fikk ikke lov til å gå nær ilden.



They had to do all their work during the night.
Because they were made of wax!

...

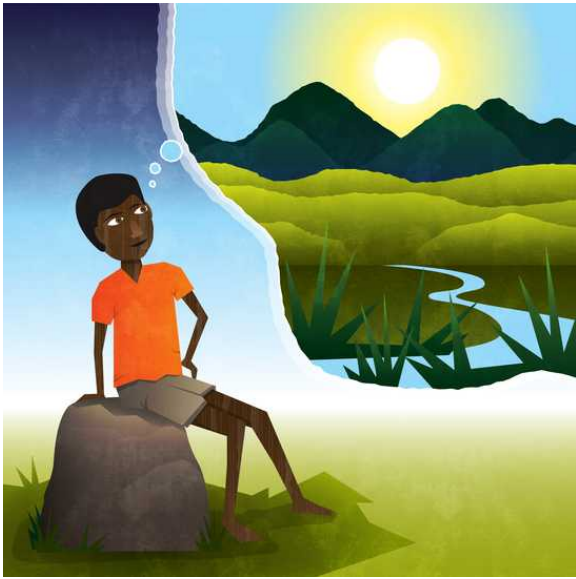
De måtte gjøre alt arbeid om natten. Fordi de
var lagd av voks!



And as the sun rose, he flew away singing into
the morning light.

...

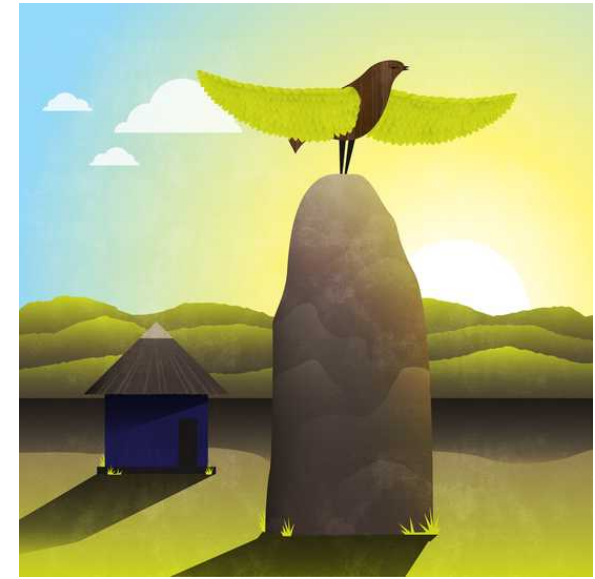
Og da sola steg, fløy han syngende inn i
morgenlyset.



But one of the boys longed to go out in the sunlight.

...

Men én av guttene lengtet etter å gå ut i sollyset.



They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.

...

De tok med seg fuglebroren sin opp på et høyt fjell.



One day the longing was too strong. His brothers warned him...

...

En dag ble lengselen for sterk. Brødrene hans advarte ham.



But they made a plan. They shaped the lump of melted wax into a bird.

...

Men de la en plan. De formet en fugl av den smeltede voksklumpen.



But it was too late! He melted in the hot sun.

...

Men det var for sent! Han smeltet i den varme sola.



The wax children were so sad to see their brother melting away.

...

Voksbarne ble lei seg av å se broren sin smelte bort.