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Vaksinfanøj / Children of wax

Southern African Folktales
Wiehan de Jager & dohliam (eo)



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Vaksinfanøj

Children of wax



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Wiehan de Jager &

dohliam

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Esperanto / English



Iam estis feliça familio.

...

Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.

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

...

Ili neniam interbatalis. Ili helpis siajn
gepatrojn hejme kaj kampe.

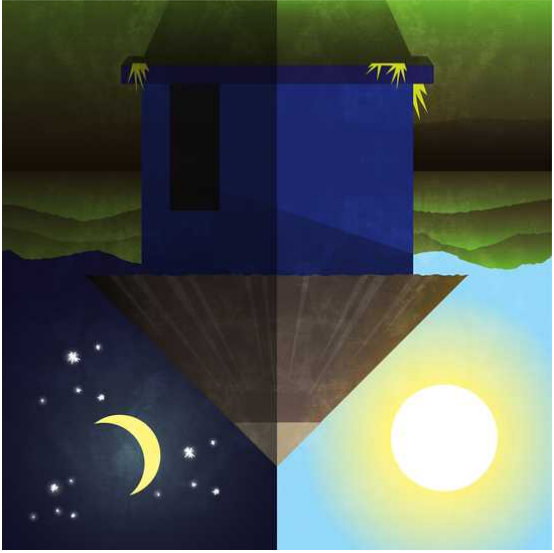




Sed ili ne rajtis proksimiĝi al fajro.

...

But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



Ili ĉiam devis nokte fari sian laboron.
Ĉar ili estis faritaj el vakso.

...

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



Kaj kiam la suno levigis, li forflugis
kanta en la matenlumo.

...

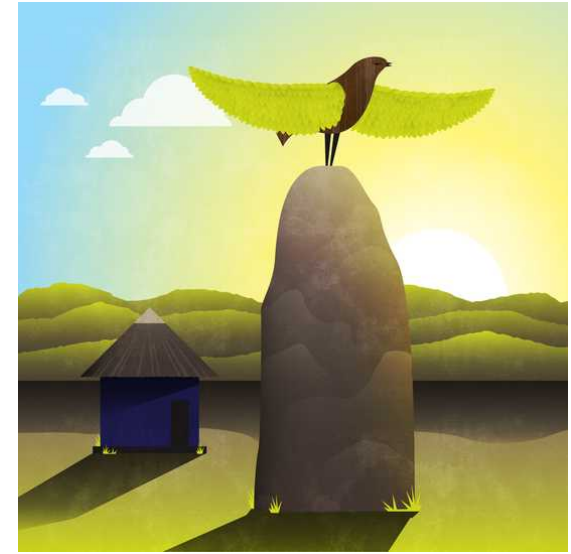
And as the sun rose, he flew away
singing into the morning light.



Sed unu el la knaboj sopiris eliri en la sunlumon.

...

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



Ili transportis sian birdo-fraton supren al alta monto.

...

They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.



Iun tagon la sopiro estis tro forta. Liaj
fratoj avertis lin...

...

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



Sed ili faris planon. Ili formis la
fandiĝintan vakson kaj kreis birdon.

...

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



Sed jam estis tro malfrue! Li fluidiĝis pro la varmega suno.

...

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



La vaksinfanoj tiel malĝojis vidi sian fraton forfandiĝi.

...

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