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Voksbarna / Children of wax

Southern African Folktales ✎

Wiehan de Jager

Espen Stranger-Johannessen (nb) 📖

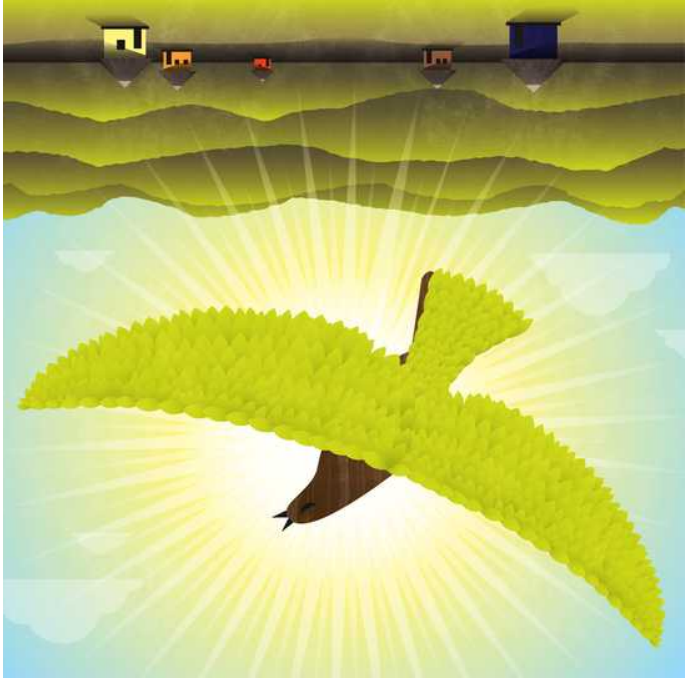


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Voksbarna

Children of wax



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norsk (nb) / English (en) 🌐



Det var en gang en lykkelig familie.

...

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.

...

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

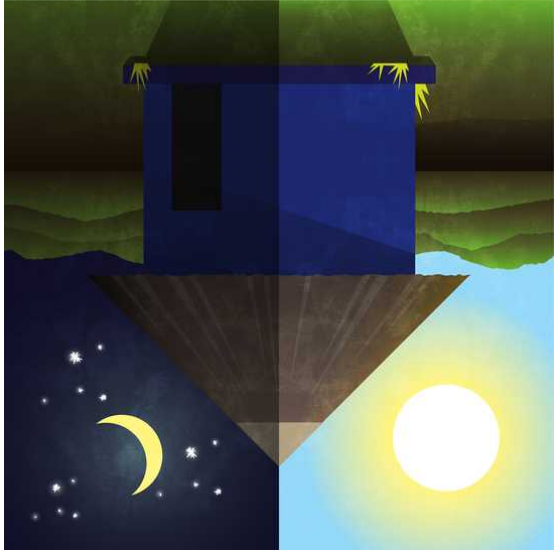




Men de fikk ikke lov til å gå nær ilden.

...

But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



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

...

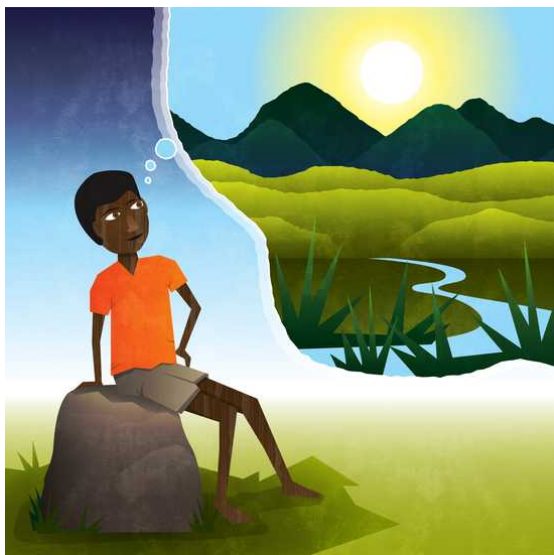
They had to do all their work during the
night. Because they were made of wax!



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

...

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



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

...

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



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

...

They took their bird brother up to a
high mountain.



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

...

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



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

...

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



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

...

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



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

...

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