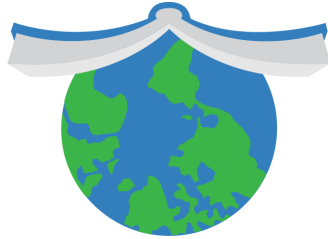


Vaxbarnen

Children of wax



Southern African Folktales ✎  
Wiehan de Jager 📧  
Lena Normén-Younger 📧  
2 ||  
svenska / English [en] 🌐



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**Vaxbarnen / Children of wax**

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Det var en gång en lycklig familj.

...

Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.

Barnen bråkade aldrig med varandra.  
De hjälpte sina föräldrar hemma och på  
åkrarna.  
...  
They never fought with each other.  
They helped their parents at home and  
in the fields.

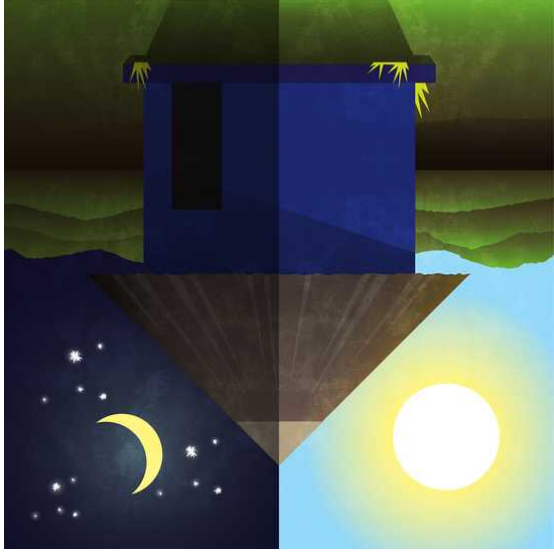




Men de fick inte gå nära eld.

...

But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



De var tvungna att göra alla sina sysslor  
under natten eftersom de var gjorda av  
vax!

...

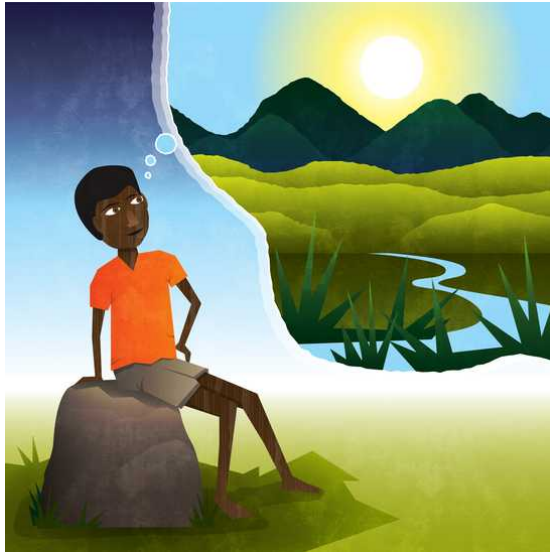
They had to do all their work during the  
night. Because they were made of wax!



Och när solen gick upp flög han bort!  
morgonljuset.

...

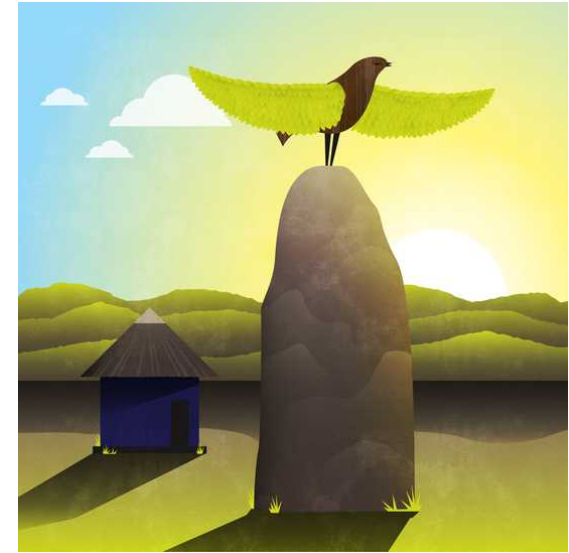
And as the sun rose, he flew away  
singing into the morning light.



Men en av pojkarna längtade efter att gå ut i solen.

...

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



De tog sin fågelbror upp till ett högt berg.

...

They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.



En dag blev hans längtan för stark.  
Hans bröder varnade honom...

...

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



Men de tänkte ut en plan. De formade  
vaxklumpen till en fågel.

...

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



Men det var för sent! Han smälte i den varma solen.

...

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



Vaxbarnen blev så ledsna över att se sin bror smälta bort.

...

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