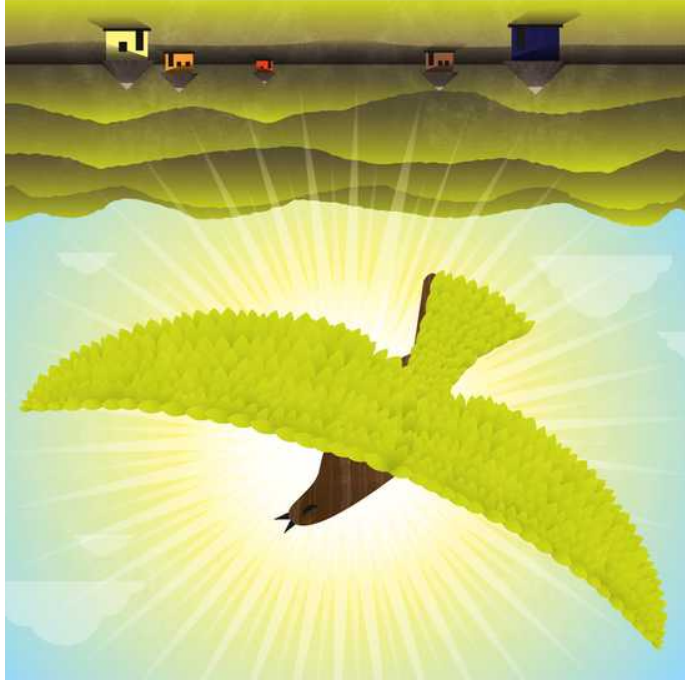


蠟做嘅細路仔

Children of wax



Southern African Folktales
Wiehan de Jager
dohliam
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粵語 / English
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dohliam (yue)



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好耐好耐之前，有一個好快樂嘅家庭。

...

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.

...

班細路仔從來都唔會打交，仲成日嘅屋企
同埋農田度幫爹咁媽咪做嘢。

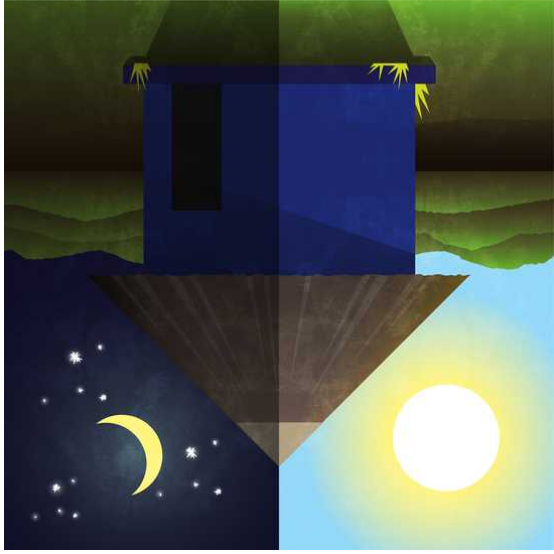




但係佢哋唔准靠近火。

...

But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



佢哋淨係可以喺夜晚黑做嘢。冇計啦，因為佢哋都係用蠟做嘅！

...

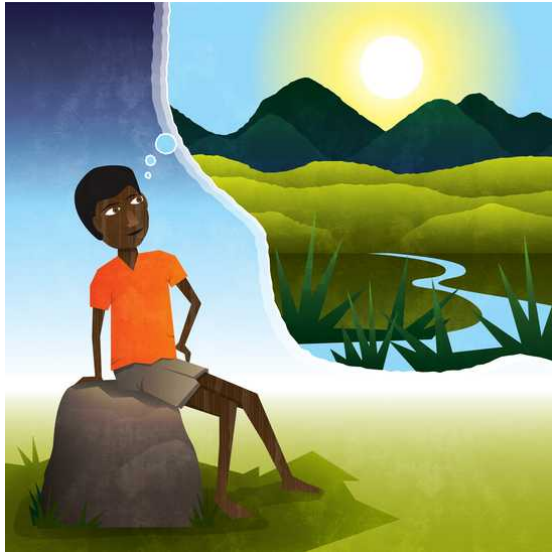
They had to do all their work during the night. Because they were made of wax!



太陽慢慢升起，佢一路迎向晨光唱歌，一路遠走高飛。

...

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



但係其中一個男仔好想出去，感受一下陽光。

...

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



佢哋將變成雀仔嘅兄弟帶去一座高山上面。

...

They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.



有一日，佢終於忍唔住啦。雖然兄弟都警告過佢……

...

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



但係佢哋諗出咗一個好辦法：就係將融化咗個嚙蠟捻成一隻雀仔。

...

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



但係已經太遲啦！佢喺炎熱嘅太陽底下融化。

...

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



其他蠟做嘅細路仔見到佢哋嘅兄弟逐漸融化、消失，非常之傷心。

...

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