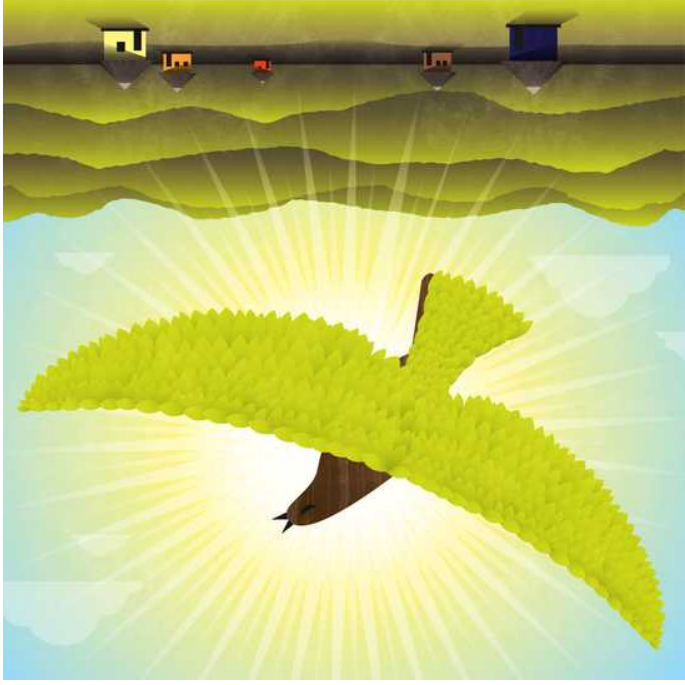
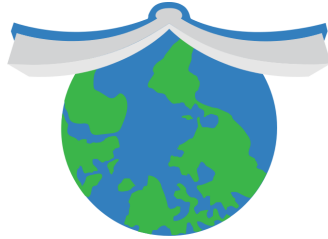


蜡做的孩子

Children of wax



Southern African Folktales ✎
Wiehan de Jager 📧
Vicky Liu 📧
2 ||
🗨️ 中文 / English (en)

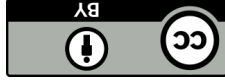


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很久很久以前，有一家人快乐地生活在一起。

...

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.

...

孩子们从来不打架，还帮助爸爸妈妈做家务，干农活。

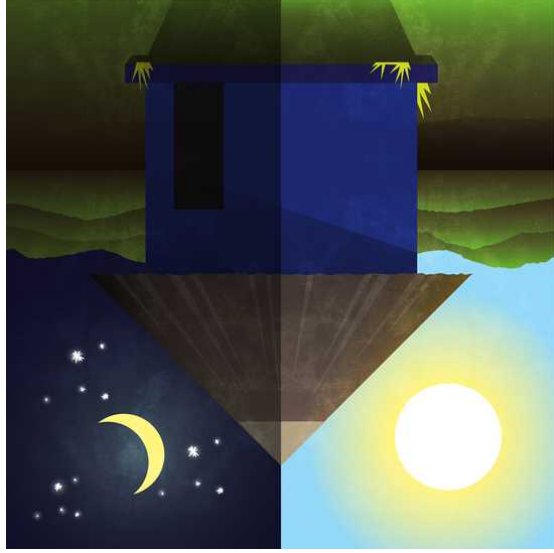




但是他们不能靠近火焰。

...

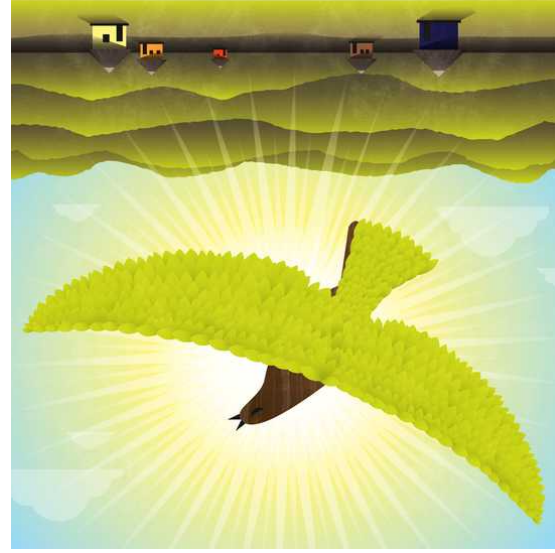
But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



没办法，他们只能在晚上工作，因为他们都是用蜡做的！

...

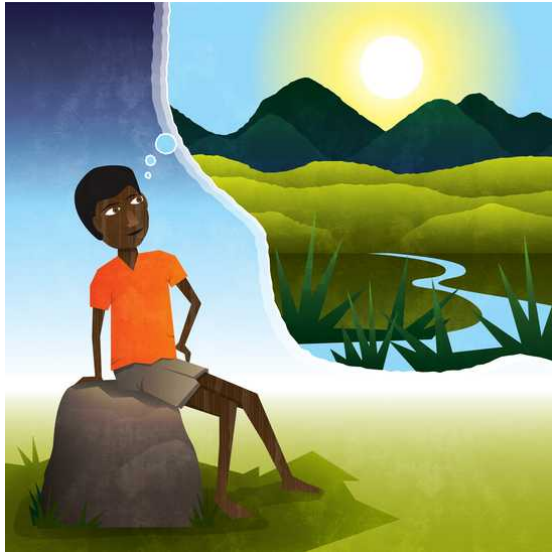
They had to do all their work during the night. Because they were made of wax!



太阳升起来了，他迎着晨光唱着歌，飞走了。

...

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



但是其中一个男孩非常想出门，他想走到太阳底下看看。

...

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



他们把变成鸟的兄弟带到了一座高山上。

...

They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.



有一天，这种渴望太强烈了。虽然他的兄弟们警告过他……

...

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



但是他们想出了一个好主意：他们把熔化的蜡块捏成了一只鸟。

...

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



但是太晚了！他在太阳底下融化了。

...

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



其他蜡做的孩子看到他们的兄弟融化消失了，非常伤心。

...

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