

Hvad Vusis søster sagde

What Vusi's sister said

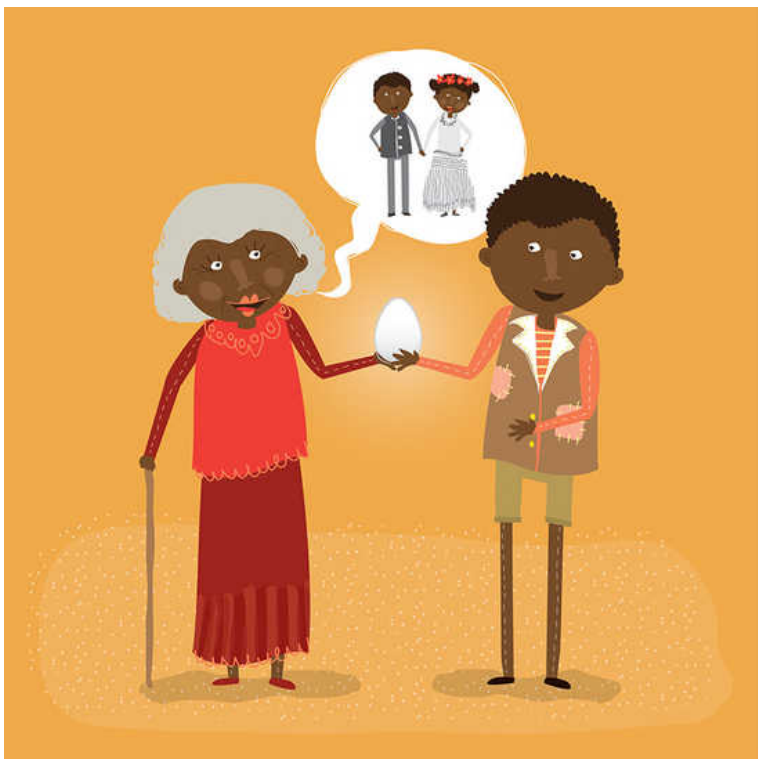
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🗨️ dansk / English



En tidlig morgen kaldte Vusis bedstemor på ham, "Vusi, vær sød at tage dette æg med til dine forældre. De vil lave en stor kage til din søsters bryllup."

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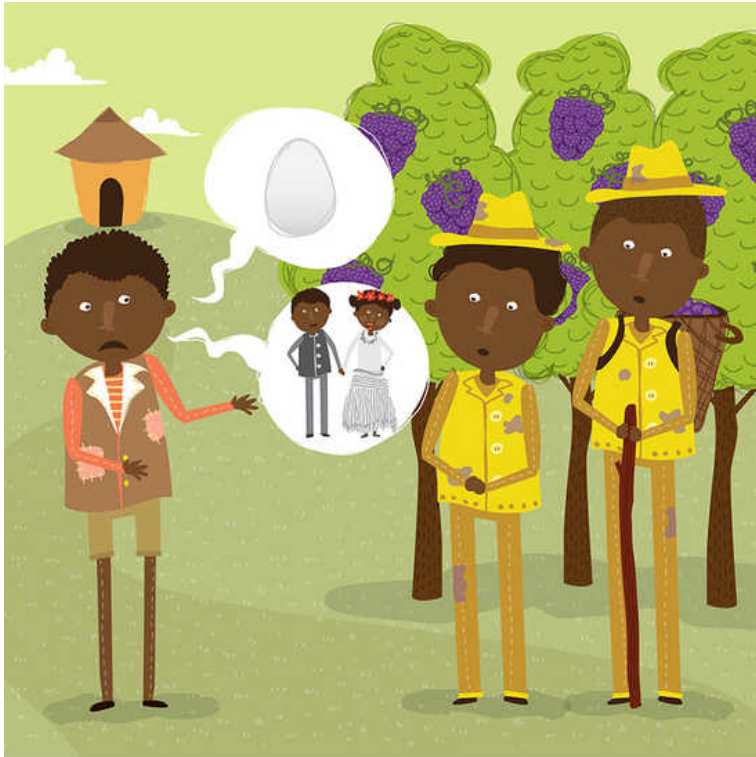
Early one morning Vusi's granny called him, "Vusi, please take this egg to your parents. They want to make a large cake for your sister's wedding."



På vej til sine forældre mødte Vusi to drenge, der plukkede frugt. En af drengene snuppede ægget fra Vusi og kastede det mod et træ. Ægget gik i stykker.

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On his way to his parents, Vusi met two boys picking fruit. One boy grabbed the egg from Vusi and shot it at a tree. The egg broke.



“Hvad har du gjort?” græd Vusi. “Det æg skulle bruges til en kage. Kagen var til min søsters bryllup. Hvad vil min søster sige, hvis der ikke er nogen bryllupskage?”

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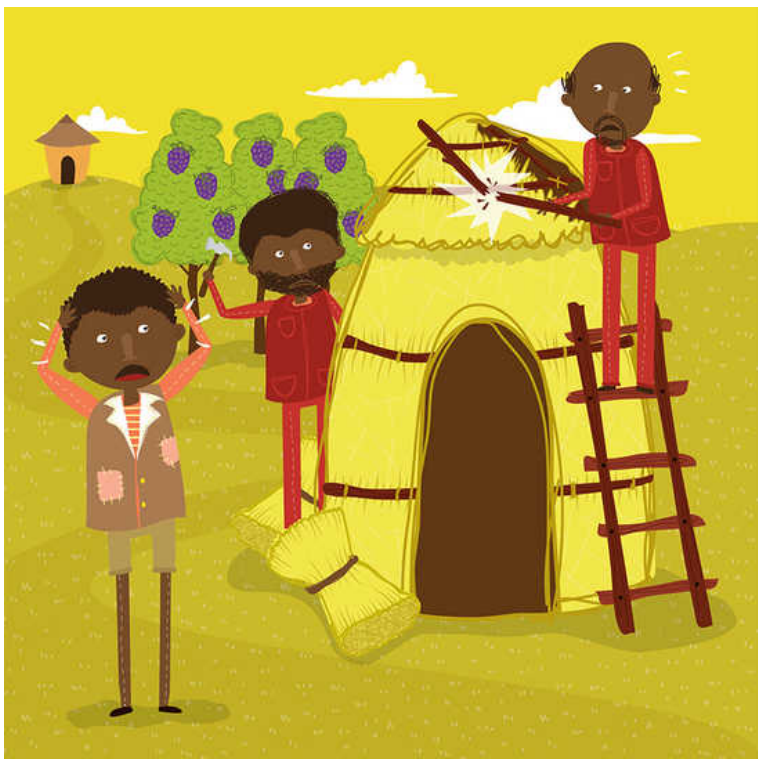
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That egg was for a cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. What will my sister say if there is no wedding cake?”



Drengene var kede af, at de havde drillet Vusi. "Vi kan ikke hjælpe med kagen, men her er en vandrepind til din søster," sagde den ene. Vusi fortsatte sin tur.

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The boys were sorry for teasing Vusi. "We can't help with the cake, but here is a walking stick for your sister," said one. Vusi continued on his journey.



På vejen mødte han to mænd, der var ved at bygge et hus. "Kan vi låne den der stærke pind?" spurgte den ene. Men pinden var ikke stærk nok til bygningen, og den gik i stykker.

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Along the way he met two men building a house. "Can we use that strong stick?" asked one. But the stick was not strong enough for building, and it broke.



“Hvad har du gjort?” græd Vusi. “Den pind var en gave til min søster. Frugtplukkerne gav mig pinden, fordi de ødelagde mit æg, som skulle bruges til kagen. Kagen var til min søsters bryllup. Nu er der ikke noget æg, ingen kage og ingen gave. Hvad vil min søster nu sige?”

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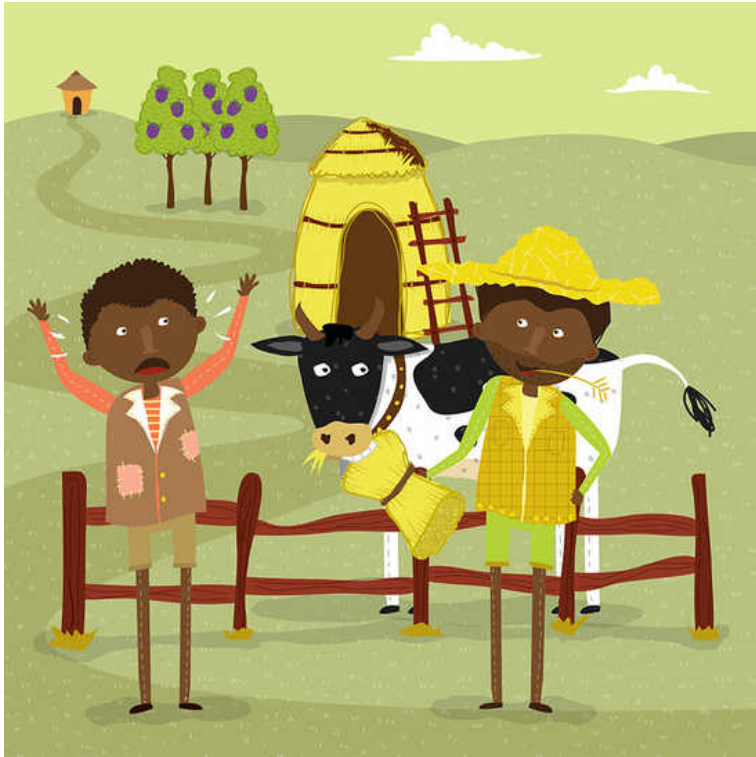
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That stick was a gift for my sister. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



Byggerne var kede af, at de havde ødelagt pinden. “Vi kan ikke hjælpe med kagen, men her er noget halm til din søster,” sagde den ene. Og så fortsatte Vusi sin tur.

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The builders were sorry for breaking the stick. “We can’t help with the cake, but here is some thatch for your sister,” said one. And so Vusi continued on his journey.



På vejen mødte Vusi en bonde og en ko. "Sikke noget lækkert halm. Må jeg smage lidt?" spurgte koen. Men halmen var så lækkert, at koen spiste det hele!

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Along the way, Vusi met a farmer and a cow. "What delicious thatch, can I have a nibble?" asked the cow. But the thatch was so tasty that the cow ate it all!



“Hvad har du gjort?” græd Vusi. “Halmen var en gave til min søster. Byggerne gav mig halmen, fordi de ødelagde pinden, jeg fik fra frugtplukkerne. Frugtplukkerne gav mig pinden, fordi de ødelagde ægget til min søsters kage. Kagen var til min søsters bryllup. Nu er der ikke noget æg, ingen kage og ingen gave. Hvad vil min søster nu sige?”

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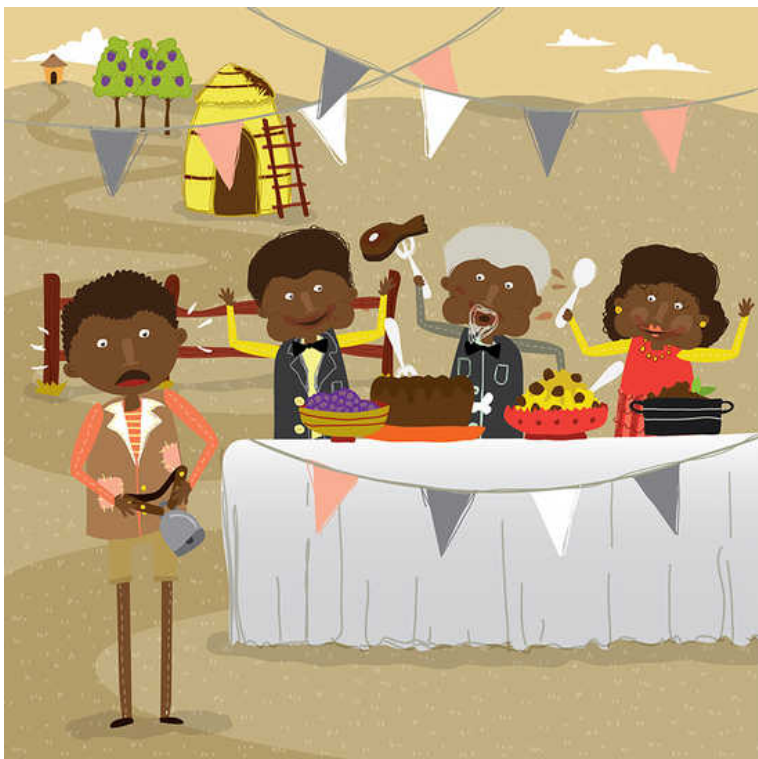
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



Koen ved ked af, at hun var så grådig. Bonden besluttede, at koen kunne gå med Vusi som gave til hans søster. Og så fortsatte Vusi sin tur.

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The cow was sorry she was greedy. The farmer agreed that the cow could go with Vusi as a gift for his sister. And so Vusi carried on.



Men koen løb tilbage til bonden ved middagstid. Og Vusi for vild på turen. Han ankom meget sent til sin søsters bryllup. Gæsterne spiste allerede.

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But the cow ran back to the farmer at supper time. And Vusi got lost on his journey. He arrived very late for his sister's wedding. The guests were already eating.



“Hvad skal jeg gøre?” græd Vusi. “Koen, der løb væk, var en gave, jeg fik for halmen, byggerne gav mig. Byggerne gav mig halmen, fordi de ødelagde pinden, jeg fik fra frugtplukkerne. Frugtplukkerne gav mig pinden, fordi de ødelagde ægget til kagen. Kagen var til brylluppet. Nu er der ikke noget æg, ingen kage og ingen gave.”

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“What shall I do?” cried Vusi. “The cow that ran away was a gift, in return for the thatch the builders gave me. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for the wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift.”



Vusis søster tænkte i et stykke tid, og så sagde hun, "Vusi, min bror, jeg er ligeglad med gaver. Jeg bryder mig ikke engang om kagen! Vi er alle sammen, og så jeg er glad. Tag noget fint tøj på og lad os fejre denne dag!" Og det gjorde Vusi.

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Vusi's sister thought for a while, then she said, "Vusi my brother, I don't really care about gifts. I don't even care about the cake! We are all here together, I am happy. Now put on your smart clothes and let's celebrate this day!" And so that's what Vusi did.



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