





Voksborna

Children of wax

 Southern African Folktale

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Det var ein gong ein lukkeleg familie.

...

Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.

Dei krangla aldri. Borna hjalp te foreldra sine heime og i åkeren.

...

They never fought with each other. They helped their parents at home and in the fields.





Men dei fekk ikkje lov til å gå nær elden.

...

But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



Dei måtte gjera alt arbeid om natta. Fordi dei var laga av voks!

...

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



Men éin av gutane lengta etter å gå ut i sollyset.

...

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



Ein dag vart lengsla for sterk. Brørne hans
åtvara han.

...

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

Men det var for seint! Han smelta i den varme sola.

...

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





Voksborna vart lei seg av å sjå bror sin smelte bort.

...

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



Men dei la ein plan. Dei forma ein fugl av den smelta voksklumpen.

...

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



Dei tok med seg fuglebror sin opp på eit høgt fjell.

...

They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.



Og då sola steig, flaug han syngande inn i morgonlyset.

...

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



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