



ብስምዒ ዝተሰርሑ ቆልዑት

Children of wax

 Southern African Folktale

 Wiehan de Jager

 Daniel Berhane Habte

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 ትግርኛ [ti](#) / English [en](#)



ሓደ እዋን፡ ሓንቲ ሕጉስቲ ስድራ ነበረት።

...

Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.

ንሐድሕድም ብፍጹም ተገኢሶም አይፈልጡን። አብ ቤት ኮነ
አብ በረኻ ንወለድም ይሕግዝዎም ነበሩ።

...

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





ጥቅ ሓዊ ክቐርቡ ግን ኣይፍቀደሎምን ነበረ።

...

But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



ኩሉ ስርሐቶም ኣብ ግዜ ምሽት የካይደዎ ነበሩ። ምክንያቱ ብስምዒ እዮም ተሰሪሖም።

...

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



ሓደ ካብቶም ኣወዳት ግን ብግዜ ብርሃን ጸሓይ ክወጽእ ባሃገ።

...

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



ሓደ መዓልቲ ባህጉ ምሒር ሓየሎ። ኣሕዋቱ ኣጠንቀቓዎ...

...

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

ግን እንታይ ይዳብስ! በታ መራር ጸሐይ መኻኸኑ።

...

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





እቶም ብስምዒ ዝተሰርሑ ቆልዑት ሓዎም ክመክኹ ከሎ
ርእዮም ኣመና ጐሃዩ።

...

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



ሓደ መደብ ግን ገበሩ። ነቲ ዝመኻኻ ስምዒ ቀሪጾሞ ሓደ ዑፍ ሰርሑ።

...

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



ነቲ ዝቐረጸዎ ዑፍ ሓዎም ናብ'ቲ በሪኽ ጎቦ ወሰድዎ።

...

They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.



እታ ጸሓይ ምስበረቐት ድማ፡ ናብ'ቲ ናይ ወጋሕታ ብርሃን
እናዘመረ ነፊሩ ከደ።

...

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




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