






Voksborn

Children of wax





 Southern African Folktales  
 Wiehan de Jager  
 Kim Sandvad West  
|| 2  
 dansk  / English 

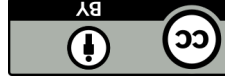


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**Voksborn / Children of wax**

 Southern African Folktales  
 Wiehan de Jager  
 Kim Sandvad West (da)



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Der var engang en lykkelig familie.

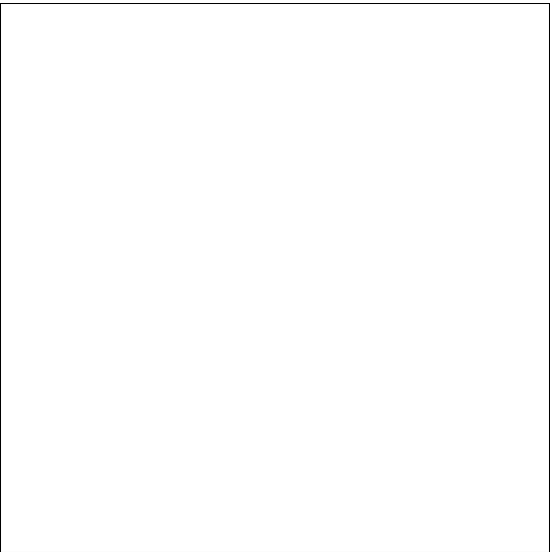
...

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.

...

De skændtes aldrig med hinanden. De  
hjalp deres forældre derhjemme og i  
markerne.

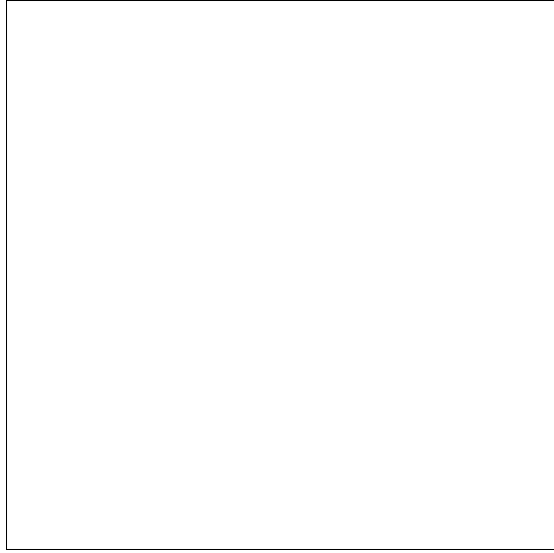




Men de måtte ikke gå i nærheden af ilden.

...

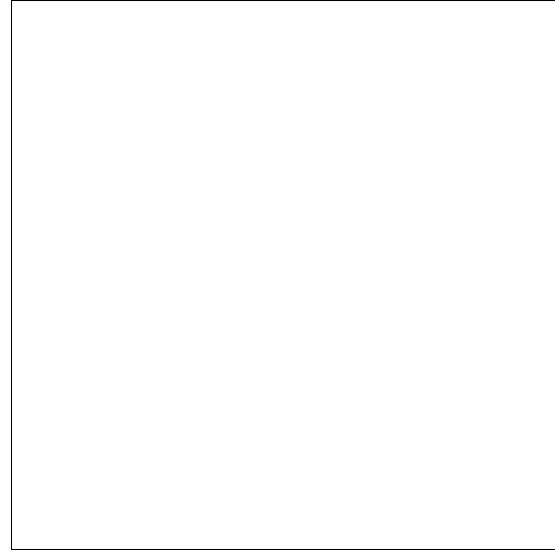
But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



De måtte arbejde om natten. For de var  
lavet af voks!

...

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



Og da solen stod op, fløj han syngende  
ud i morgenlyset.

...

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



Men en af drengene længtes efter at gå  
ud i sollyset.

...

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



De tog deres fuglebror op på et højt  
bjerg.

...

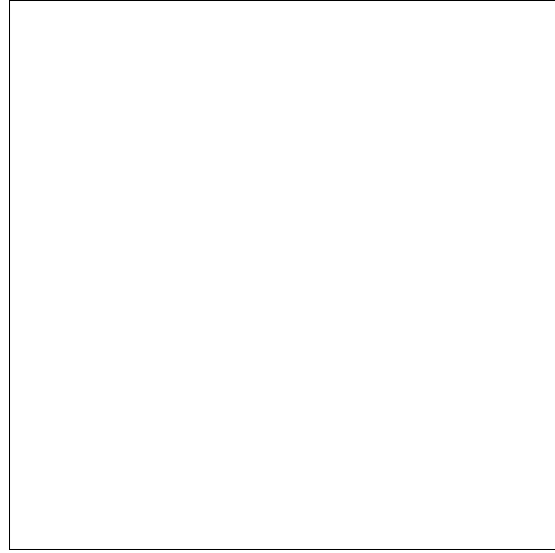
They took their bird brother up to a  
high mountain.



En dag blev længslen for stor. Hans  
brødre advarede ham ...

...

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



Men de lagde en plan. De formede en  
fugl af voksklumpen.

...

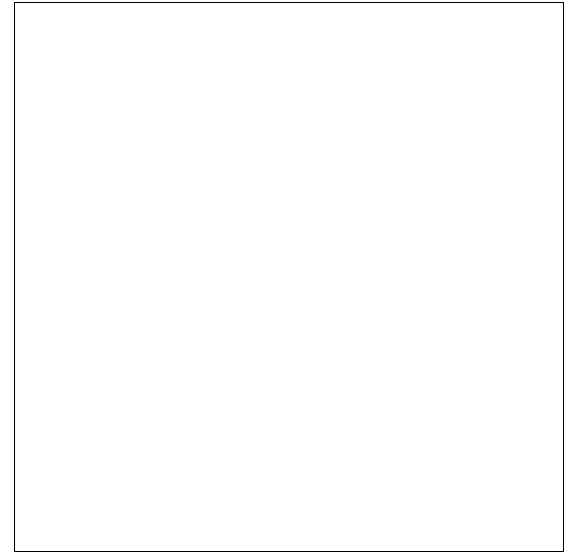
But they made a plan. They shaped the  
lump of melted wax into a bird.



Men det var for sent! Han smeltede i den varme sol.

...

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



Voksbornene var så kede af at se deres bror smelte bort.

...

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