






Viaszgyermekek Children of wax





 Southern African Folktales
 Wiehan de Jager
 Boglárka Vermeki
|| 2
 Magyar  / English 

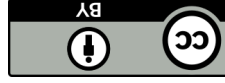


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Viaszgyermekek / Children of wax

 Southern African Folktales
 Wiehan de Jager
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Egyszer volt, hol nem volt, élt egyszer
egy boldog család.

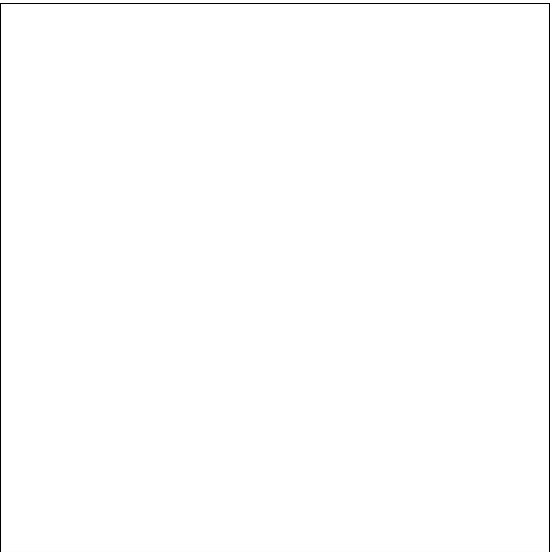
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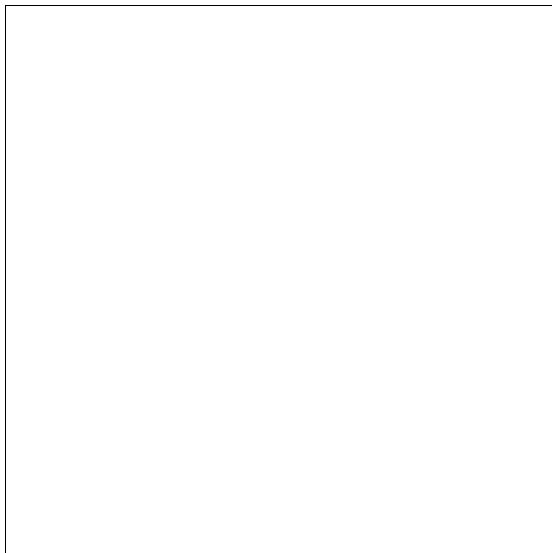
Once upon a time, there lived a happy
family.

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

...

A gyerekek sohasem veszekedtek.
Otthon és a földeken is segítettek
szüleiknek.





Azonban nem mehettek a tűz közelébe.

...

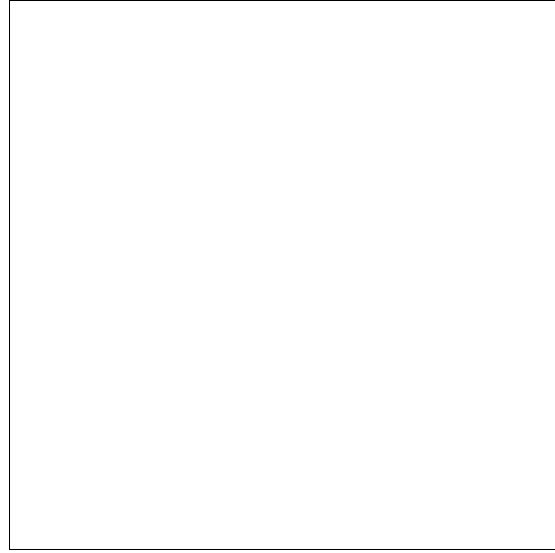
But they were not allowed to go near a
fire.



Minden munkájukat éjszaka kellett
végeznük, mert a gyerekek viaszból
voltak.

...

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



Ahogy a nap felkelt, a madár énekelve
repült tova a reggeli napfénybe.

...

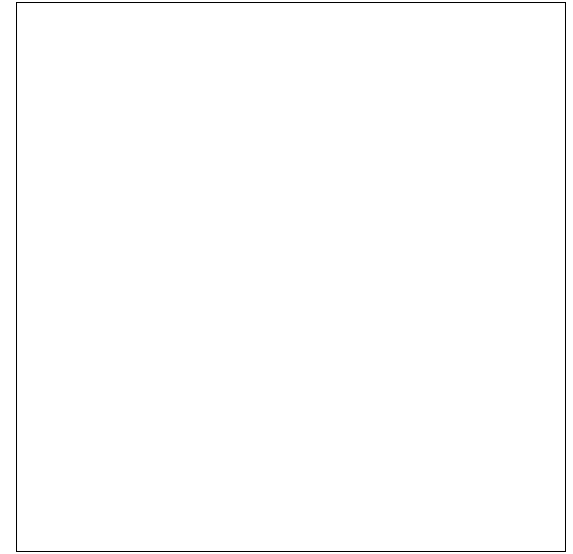
And as the sun rose, he flew away
singing into the morning light.



A legkisebb fiú nagyon vágyott rá, hogy egyszer lássa a napot.

...

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



Majd elvitték a madárrá formált bátyjukat egy magas hegyre.

...

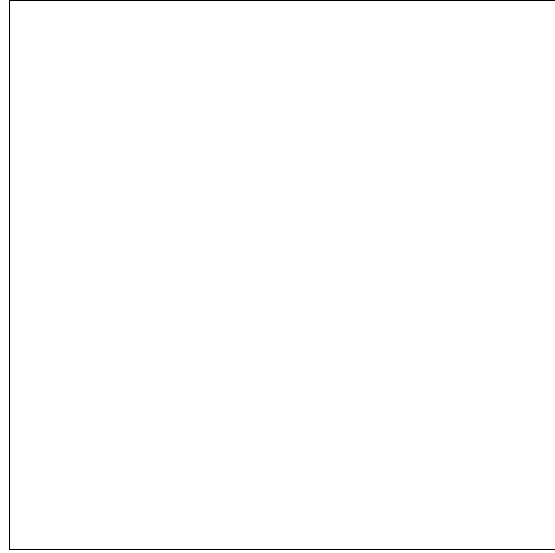
They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.



Egy nap ez a vágy eluralkodott rajta.
Hiába figyelmeztették testvérei...

...

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



Hirtelen jó ötletük támadt. Az olvadt
viaszból madarat formáltak.

...

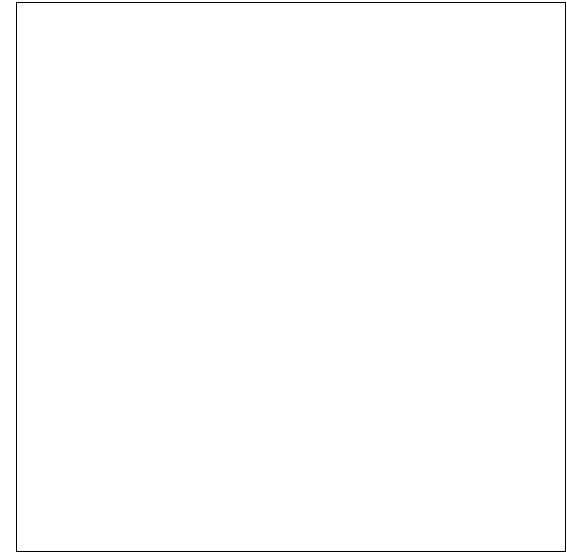
But they made a plan. They shaped the
lump of melted wax into a bird.



Már túl késő volt! Elolvadt a forró napon.

...

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



A viaszgyermek nagy szomorúak voltak, mert látták, hogy testvérük elolvadt.

...

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