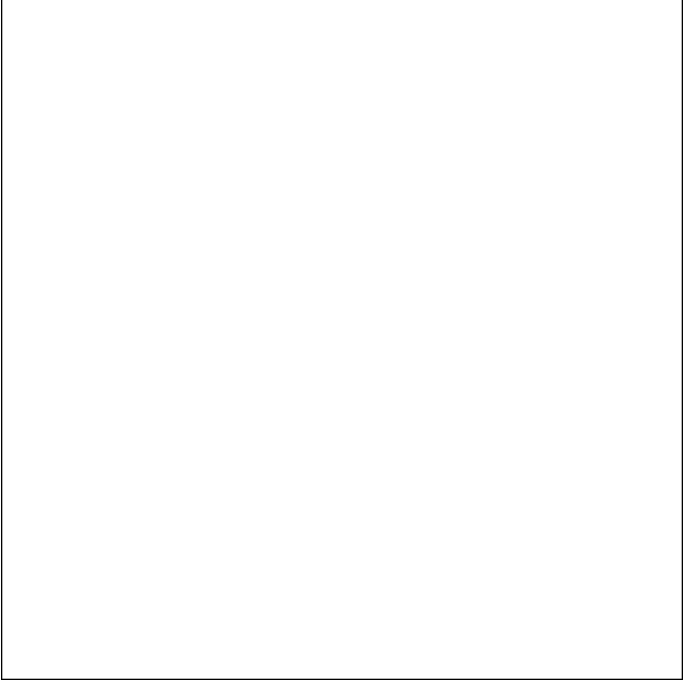




Kinderen van was
Children of wax





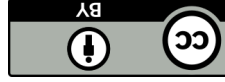
 Southern African Folktales
 Wiehan de Jager
 Thomas Depoortere
|| 2

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globalstorybooks.net
Kinderen van was / Children of
wax

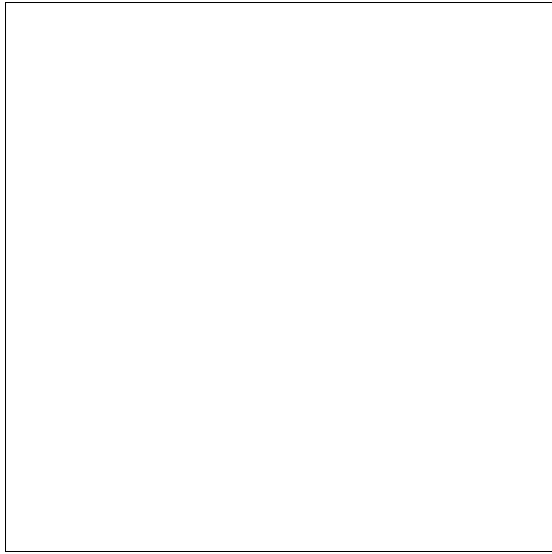


 Southern African Folktales
 Wiehan de Jager
 Thomas Depoortere (nl)



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Er was eens een gelukkig gezin.

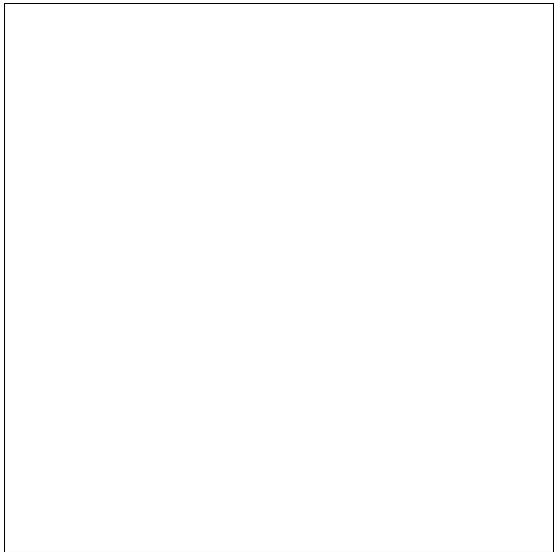
...

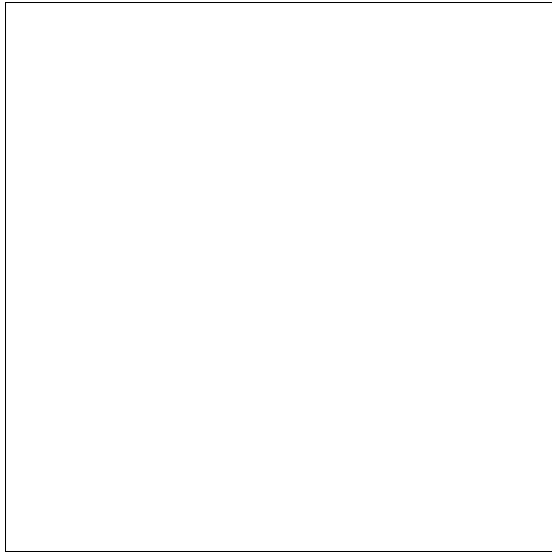
Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.

Ze vochten nooit met elkaar. Ze hielpen hun ouders thuis en op het veld.

...

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





Maar ze mochten niet in de buurt van
vuur komen.

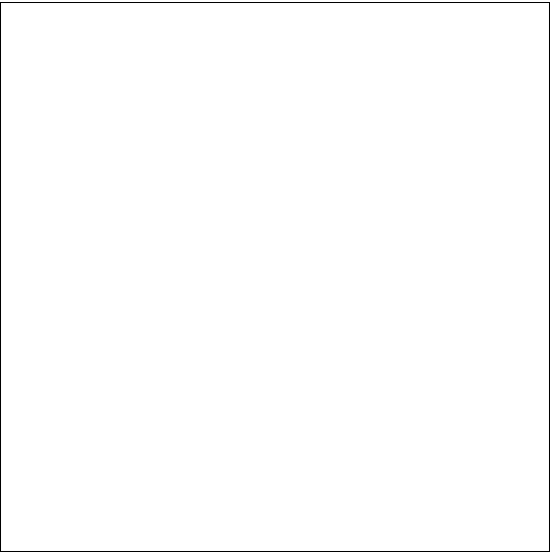
...

But they were not allowed to go near a
fire.

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

...

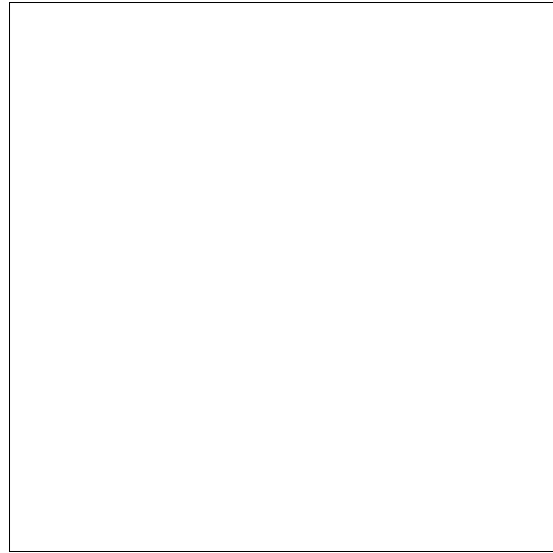
Ze moesten all hun werk 's nachts doen.
Want ze waren gemaakt van was!

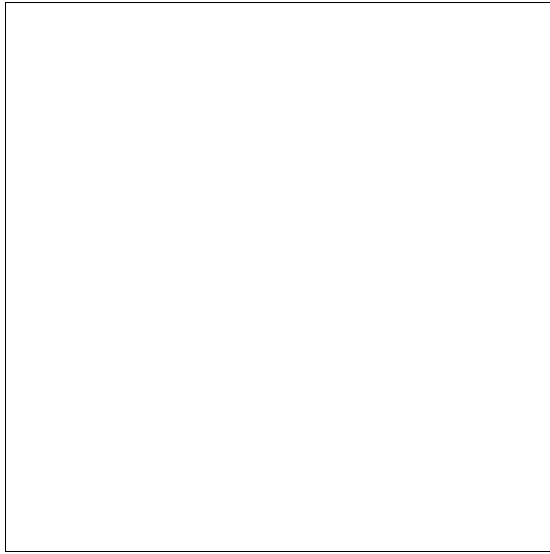


And as the sun rose, he flew away singing into the morning light.

...

En toen de zon opkwam vloog hij zingend het morgenlicht in.

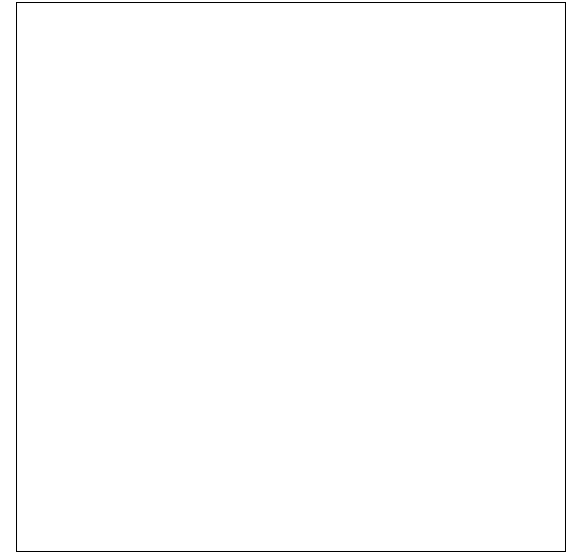




Maar één van de jongens wilde naar
buiten in het zonlicht.

...

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



Ze namen hun vogelbroer mee naar
een hoge berg.

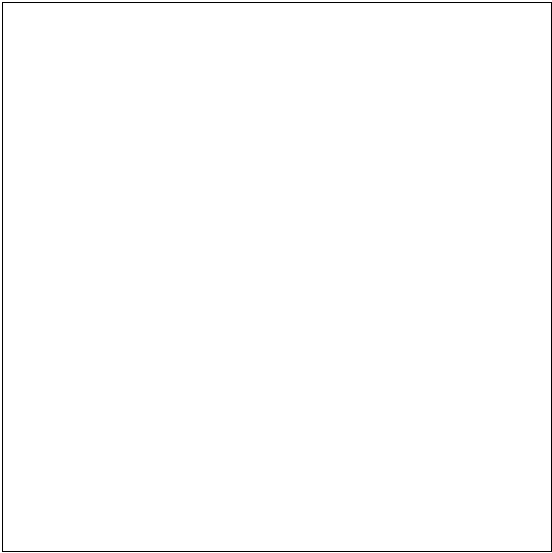
...

They took their bird brother up to a
high mountain.

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

...

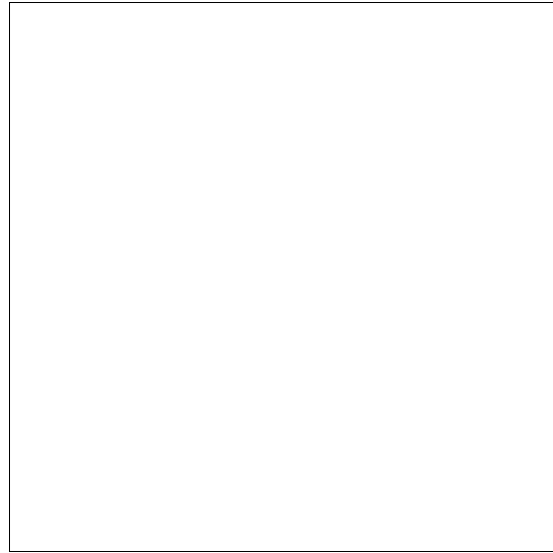
Op een dag was het verlangen te sterk.
Zijn broers waarschuwden hem...



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

...

Maar ze hadden een plan. Ze
boetseerden de gesmolten was in de
vorm van een vogel.

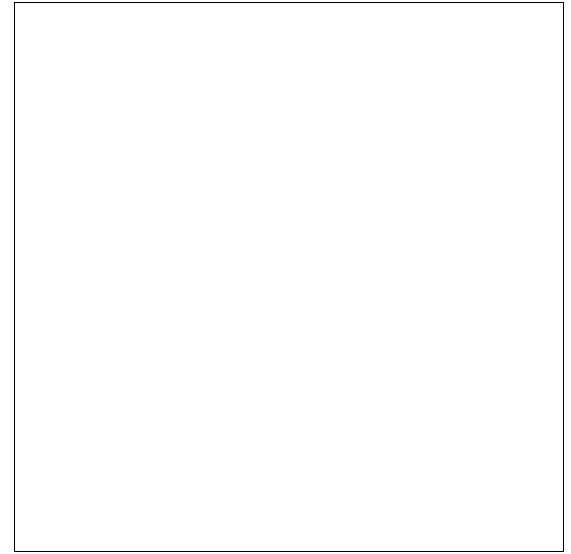




Maar het was te laat! Hij smolt in de hete zon.

...

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



De wassen kinderen waren zo verdrietig toen ze hun broer zagen wegsmelten.

...

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