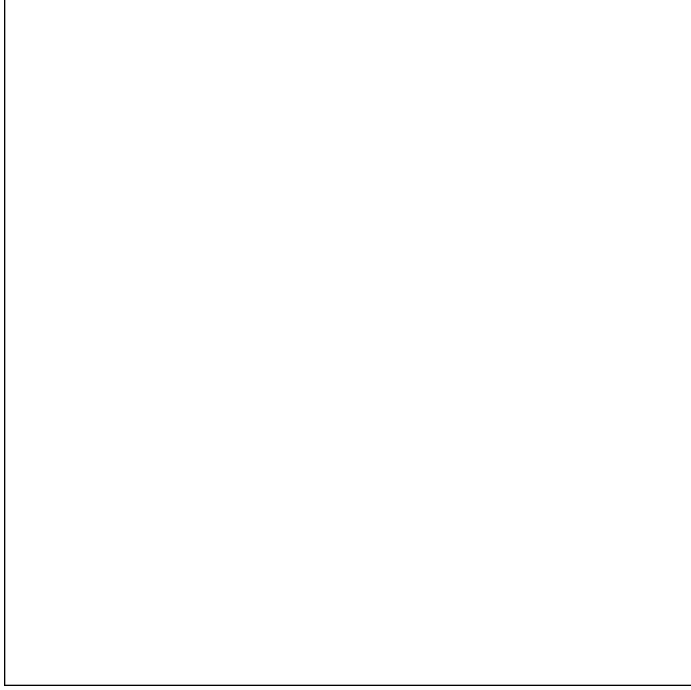




Høne og Ørn

Hen and Eagle



Ann Nduku 

Wiehan de Jager 

Espen Stranger-Johannessen, Martine 

Rørstad Sand

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 nynorsk  / English  en





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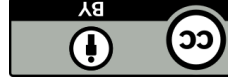
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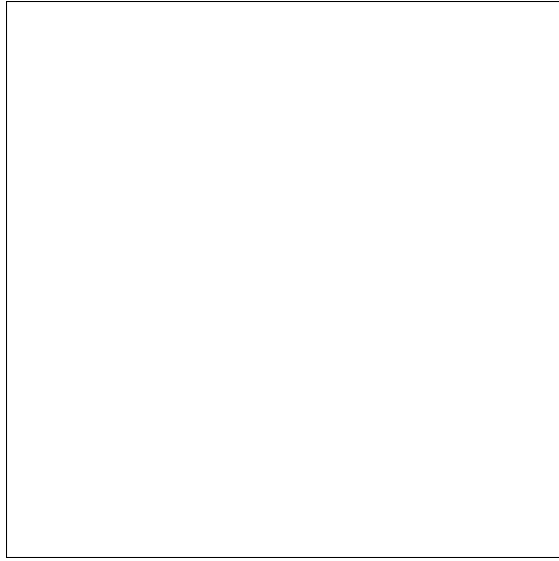
Espen Stranger-Johannessen, Martine 

Rørstad Sand (nn)



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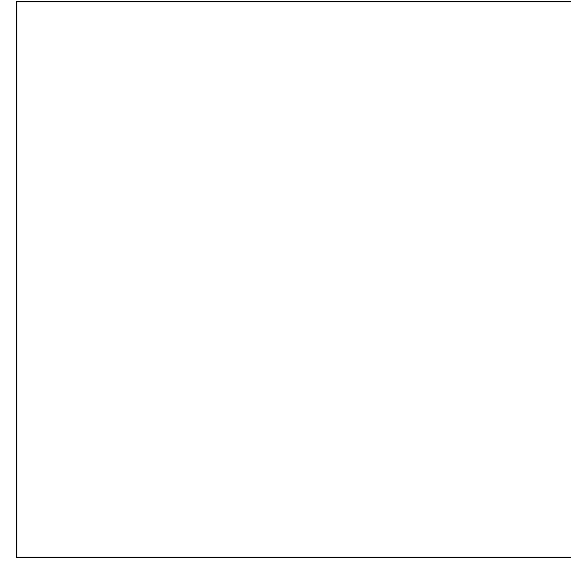




Det var ein gong Høne og Ørn var vener. Dei levde i fred med alle dei andre fuglane. Ingen av dei kunne fly.

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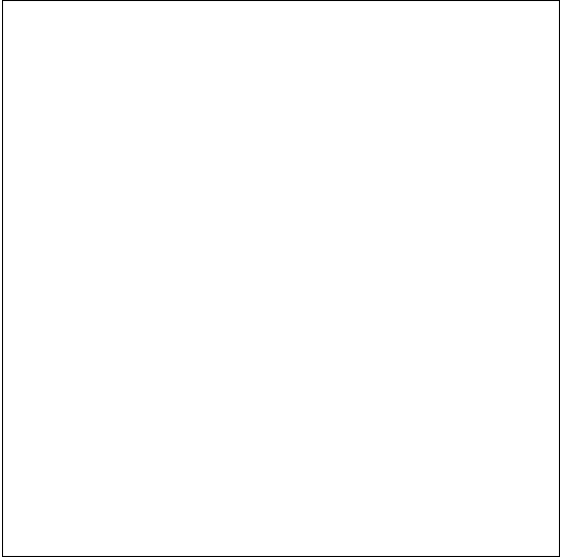
Once upon a time, Hen and Eagle were friends. They lived in peace with all the other birds. None of them could fly.



Når Ørn si venge kastar skuggen sin på bakken, varslar Høne kyllingane sine: «Kom dykk vekk frå den opne plassen.» Og dei svarar: «Vi er ikkje dumme. Vi skal springe.»

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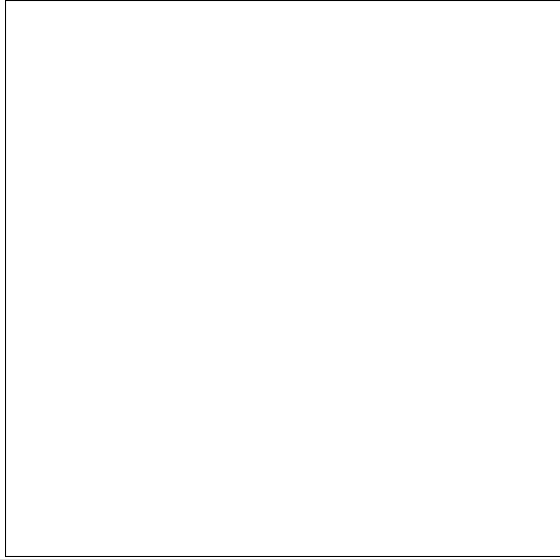
As the shadow of Eagle's wing falls on the ground, Hen warns her chicks. "Get out of the bare and dry land." And they respond: "We are not fools. We will run."



Ein gong var det hungersnød i landet. Ørn måtte gå veldig langt for å finna mat. Ho var veldig trøyt då ho kom tilbake. «Det må vera ein lettare måte å reisa på», sa Ørn.

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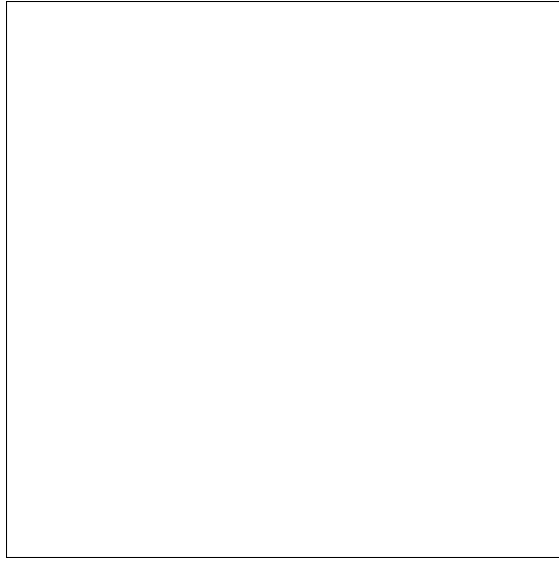
One day, there was famine in the land. Eagle had to walk very far to find food. She came back very tired. "There must be an easier way to travel!" said Eagle.



Då Ørn kom att dagen etter, såg ho Høne som rota i sanden, men ingen nål. Så Ørn stupte lynraskt ned, fanga ein av kyllingane og drog av garde med han. Sidan den gongen ser Ørn alltid at Høne rotar i sanden etter nåla når ho dukkar opp.

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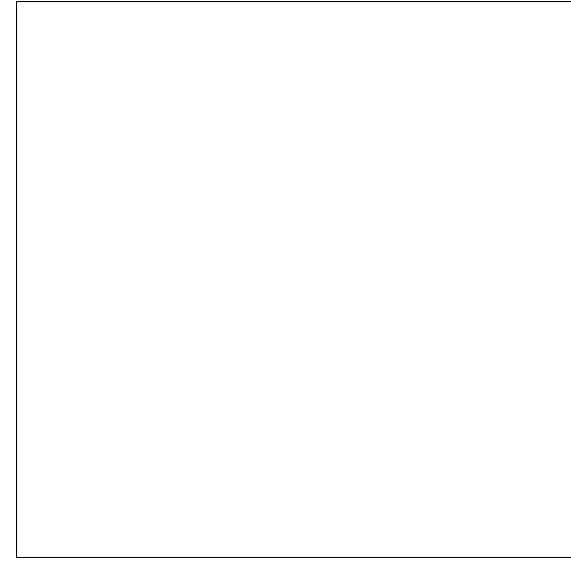
When Eagle came the next day, she found Hen scratching in the sand, but no needle. So Eagle flew down very fast and caught one of the chicks. She carried it away. Forever after that, whenever Eagle appears, she finds Hen scratching in the sand for the needle.



Etter ei god natts søvn fekk Høne ein lys idé. Ho byrja å samla saman fjør som hadde falle frå alle fuglevenene deira. «La oss sy dei fast utanpå fjørene våre», sa ho. Kanskje det vert lettare å reisa då.

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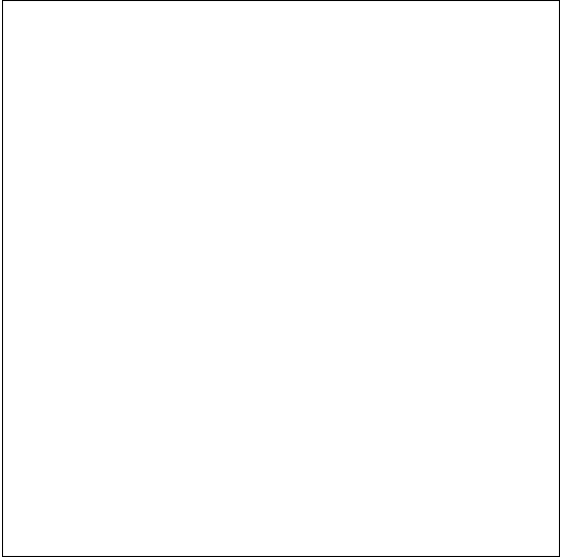
After a good night's sleep, Hen had a brilliant idea. She began collecting the fallen feathers from all their bird friends. "Let's sew them together on top of our own feathers," she said. "Perhaps that will make it easier to travel."



«Gje meg berre éin dag», bønnfall Høne Ørn. «Så kan du reparera venga di og finna mat igjen.» «Berre éin dag til», sa Ørn. «Finn du ikkje nåla må du gje meg ein av kyllingane dine som betaling.»

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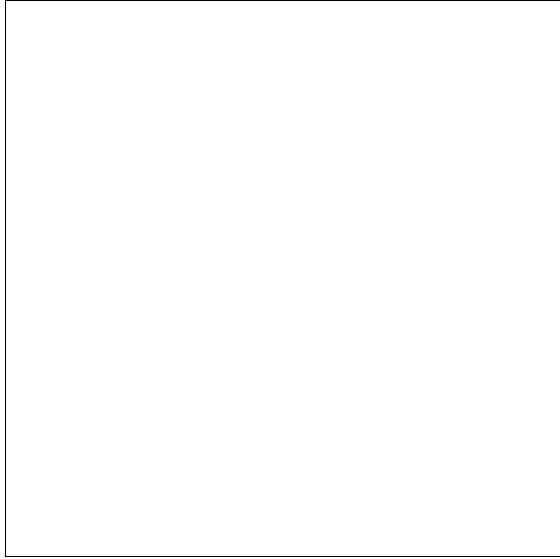
"Just give me a day," Hen begged Eagle. "Then you can fix your wing and fly away to get food again." "Just one more day," said Eagle. "If you can't find the needle, you'll have to give me one of your chicks as payment."



Det var berre Ørn i landsbyen som hadde ei synål, så ho byrja først å sy. Ho laga seg eit par nydelege venger og flaug høgt i sky. Høne lånte nåla, men vart fort trøyt av å sy. Ho la nåla i skapet og gjekk for å laga mat til borna sine.

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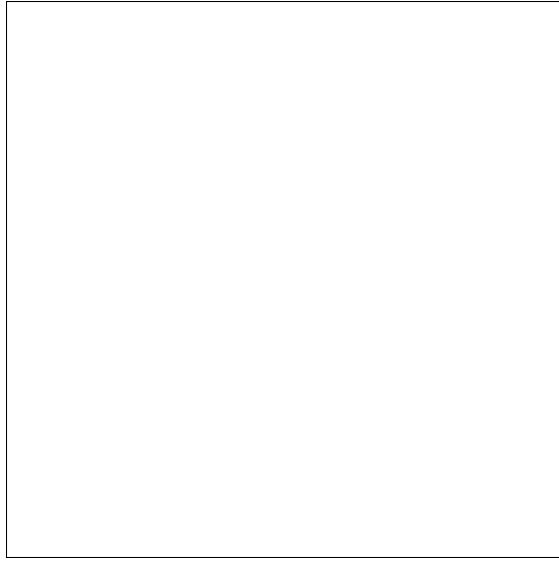
Eagle was the only one in the village with a needle, so she started sewing first. She made herself a pair of beautiful wings and flew high above Hen. Hen borrowed the needle but she soon got tired of sewing. She left the needle on the cupboard and went into the kitchen to prepare food for her children.



Seinare den ettermiddagen kom Ørn tilbake. Ho bad om nåla for å festa nokre fjør som hadde losna på turen. Høne leitte i skapet. Ho leitte på kjøkkenet. Ho leitte i gardsplassen. Men nåla var ikkje å sjå nokon stad.

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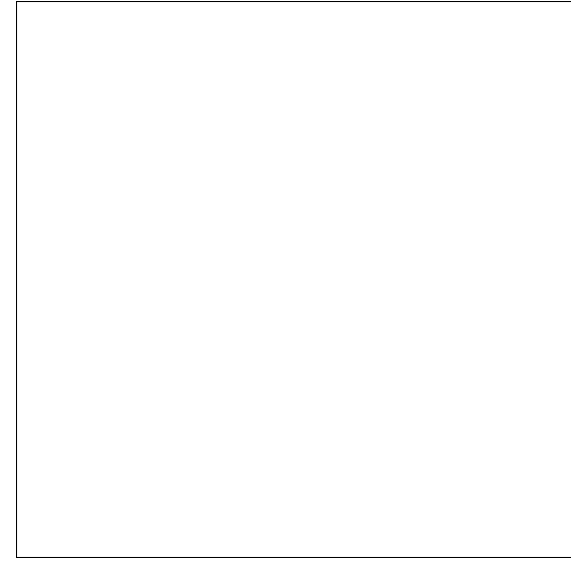
Later that afternoon, Eagle returned. She asked for the needle to fix some feathers that had loosened on her journey. Hen looked on the cupboard. She looked in the kitchen. She looked in the yard. But the needle was nowhere to be found.



Men dei andre fuglane hadde sett Ørn som flaug av garde. Dei bad Høne om å få låna nåla for å sy venger til seg sjølve òg. Snart flaug det fuglar overalt under himmelen.

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But the other birds had seen Eagle flying away. They asked Hen to lend them the needle to make wings for themselves too. Soon there were birds flying all over the sky.



Då den siste fuglen leverte tilbake nåla dei hadde lånt, var ikkje Høne der. Så borna hennar tok nåla og byrja å leika med ho. Då dei vart lei av å leika, lét dei nåla liggja att i sanden.

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When the last bird returned the borrowed needle, Hen was not there. So her children took the needle and started playing with it. When they got tired of the game, they left the needle in the sand.