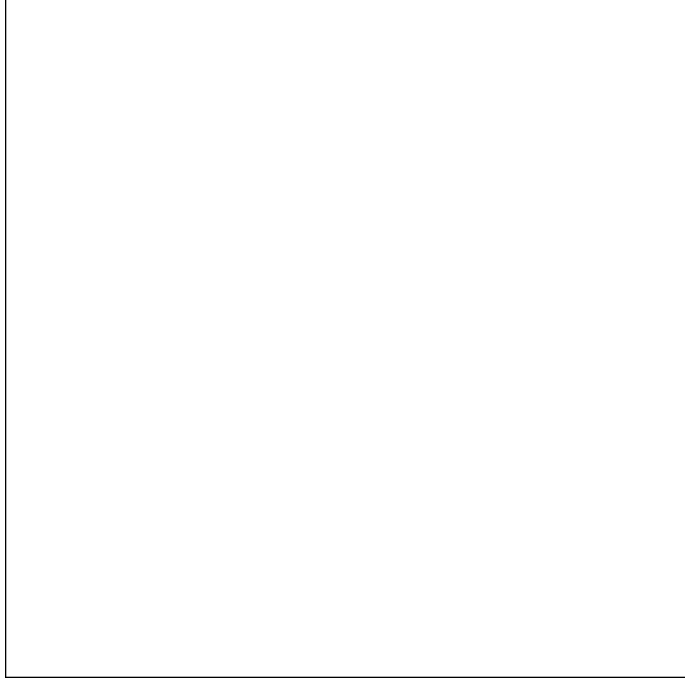




Det systera til Vusi sa

What Vusi's sister said



 Nina Orange

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Det systera til Vusi sa / What

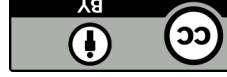
Vusi's sister said

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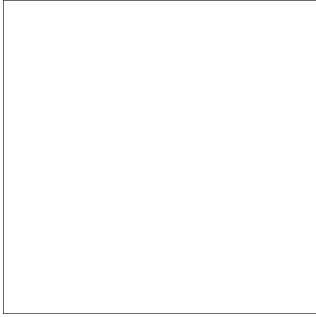


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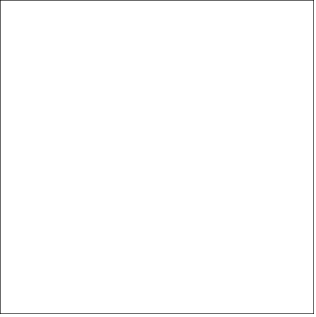




Tidleg ein morgon ropte bestemora til Vusi på han: «Vusi, ver snill og ta med dette egget til foreldra dine. Dei vil laga ei stor kake til bryllaupet til syster di.»

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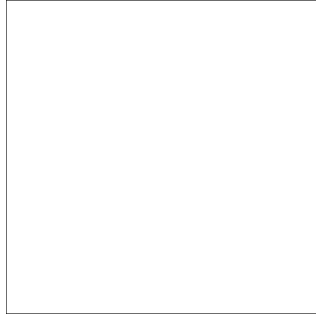
Early one morning Vusi's granny called him, "Vusi, please take this egg to your parents. They want to make a large cake for your sister's wedding."



På veg til foreldra sine møtte Vusi to gutar som plukka frukt. Ein gut snappa egget frå Vusi og kasta det på eit tre. Egget knuste.

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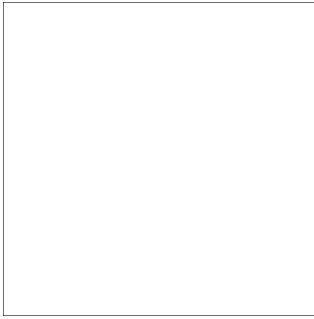
On his way to his parents, Vusi met two boys picking fruit. One boy grabbed the egg from Vusi and shot it at a tree. The egg broke.



Systema til Vusi tenkte eit bel, så sa ho: «Vusi, kjære bror, eg bryr meg verkeleg ikkje om gåver. Eg bryr meg ikkje ein gong om kakai! Vi er alle saman samla her, så eg er glad. Så ta på deg nokre fine klede, og la oss feira denne dagen!»
Så det var det Vusi gjorde.

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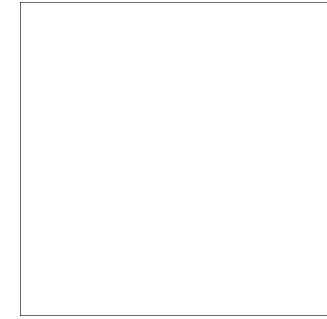
Vusi's sister thought for a while, then she said, "Vusi my brother, I don't really care about gifts. I don't even care about the cake! We are all here together, I am happy. Now put on your smart clothes and let's celebrate this day!" And so that's what Vusi did.



«Kva har du gjort?» ropte Vusi. «Det egget var meint for ei kake. Kaka var til bryllaupet til syster mi. Kva kjem syster mi til å seia viss det ikkje vert noka bryllaupskake?»

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“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That egg was for a cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. What will my sister say if there is no wedding cake?”



«Kva skal eg gjera?» ropte Vusi. «Den kua som sprang bort, var ei gåve til gjengjeld for halmen som bygningsarbeidarane gav meg. Bygningsarbeidarane gav meg halmen fordi dei knakk kjeppen frå fruktplukkarane. Fruktplukkarane gav meg kjeppen fordi dei knuste egget som var meint for kaka. Kaka var meint for bryllaupet. No er det ikkje noko egg, ikkje noka kake, og ikkje noka gåve.»

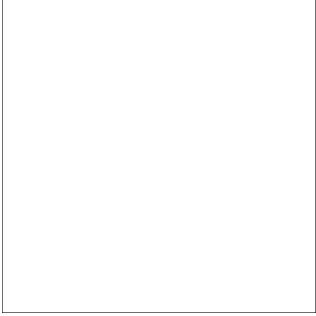
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“What shall I do?” cried Vusi. “The cow that ran away was a gift, in return for the thatch the builders gave me. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for the wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift.”

Gutane var lei seg for at dei erta Vusi. «Vi kan ikkje hjelpa deg med kaka, men her er ein kjøpp til systor di», sa han eine. Vusi heldt fram på reisa.

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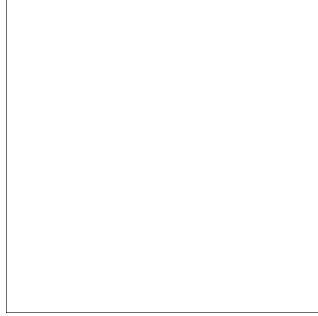
The boys were sorry for teasing Vusi. "We can't help with the cake, but here is a walking stick for your sister," said one. Vusi continued on his journey.

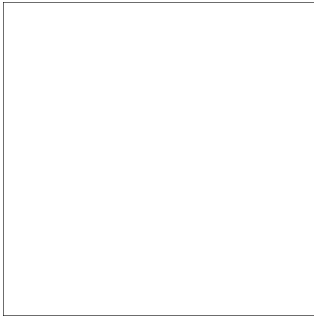


Men kua sprang tilbake til bonden rundt middagstid. Og Vusi gjekk seg vill på reisa. Han kom fram veldig seint til bryllaupet til systor si. Gjestene var allerede i gang med å eta.

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But the cow ran back to the farmer at supper time. And Vusi got lost on his journey. He arrived very late for his sister's wedding. The guests were already eating.

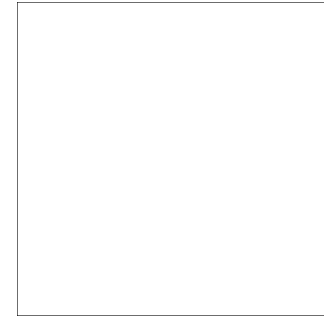




På vegen møtte han to menn som bygde eit hus. «Kan vi bruka den sterke kjeppen?» spurde han eine. Men kjeppen var ikkje sterk nok for bygningen, så han knakk.

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Along the way he met two men building a house. "Can we use that strong stick?" asked one. But the stick was not strong enough for building, and it broke.



Kua var lei seg for at ho var grådig. Bonden vart samd i at kua skulle følgja med Vusi som ei gåve til syster hans. Og slik heldt Vusi fram.

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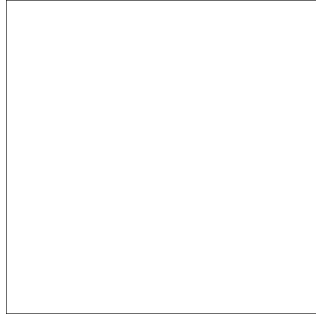
The cow was sorry she was greedy. The farmer agreed that the cow could go with Vusi as a gift for his sister. And so Vusi carried on.



«Kva har du gjort?» ropte Vusi. «Den kjøppen var ei gave til syster mi. Fruktplukkarane gav meg den kjøppen fordi dei knuste egget som var meint for kaka. Kaka var meint for bryllaupet til syster mi. No er det ikkje noko egg, ikkje noka kake, og ikkje noka gave. Kva kjem syster mi til å seia?»

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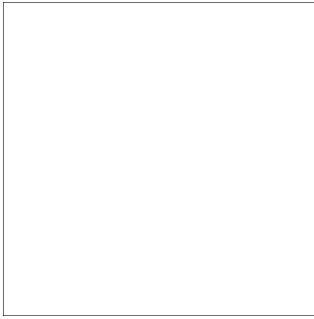
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That stick was a gift for my sister. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for the cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



«Kva har du gjort?» ropte Vusi. «Den halmen var ei gave til syster mi. Bygningsarbeidarane gav meg den halmen fordi dei knakk kjøppen frå fruktplukkarane. Fruktplukkarane gav meg kjøppen fordi dei knuste egget meint for kaka til syster mi. Kaka var meint for bryllaupet til syster mi. No er det ikkje noko egg, ikkje noka kake, og ikkje noka gave. Kva kjem syster mi til å seia?»

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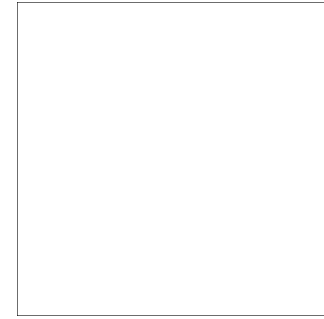
“What have you done?” cried Vusi. “That thatch was a gift for my sister. The builders gave me the thatch because they broke the stick from the fruit pickers. The fruit pickers gave me the stick because they broke the egg for my sister’s cake. The cake was for my sister’s wedding. Now there is no egg, no cake, and no gift. What will my sister say?”



Bygningsarbeidarane var lei seg for at dei knakk kjeppen. «Vi kan ikkje hjelpa deg med kaka, men her er litt halmtekke for huset til syster di», sa den eine. Og slik heldt Vusi fram på reisa.

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The builders were sorry for breaking the stick. "We can't help with the cake, but here is some thatch for your sister," said one. And so Vusi continued on his journey.



På vegen møtte Vusi ein bonde og ei ku. «For noko herleg halm, kan eg få ein smakebit?» spurde kua. Men halmen smakte så godt at kua åt opp alt!

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Along the way, Vusi met a farmer and a cow. "What delicious thatch, can I have a nibble?" asked the cow. But the thatch was so tasty that the cow ate it all!