




Voksborn

Children of wax

 Southern African Folktale

 Wiehan de Jager

 Kim Sandvad West

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 dansk da / English en



Der var engang en lykkelig familie.

...

Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.



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

...

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



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!



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

...

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



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

...

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



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.



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.



De tog deres fuglebror op på et højt bjerg.

...

They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.



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

...

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




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