



Vaxbarnen

Children of wax

 Southern African Folktale

 Wiehan de Jager

 Lena Normén-Younger

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 svenska sv / English en



Det var en gång en lycklig familj.

...

Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.



Barnen bråkade aldrig med varandra. De hjälpte sina föräldrar hemma och på åkrarna.

...

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



Men de fick inte gå nära eld.

...

But they were not allowed to go near a fire.



De var tvungna att göra alla sina sysslor
under natten eftersom de var gjorda av vax!

...

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



Men en av pojkarna längtade efter att gå ut i solen.

...

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



En dag blev hans längtan för stark. Hans
bröder varnade honom...

...

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



Men det var för sent! Han smälte i den varma solen.

...

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



Vaxbarnen blev så ledsna över att se sin bror smälta bort.

...

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



Men de tänkte ut en plan. De formade
vaxklumpen till en fågel.

...

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



De tog sin fågelbror upp till ett högt berg.

...

They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.



Och när solen gick upp flög han bort i
morgonljuset.

...

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






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