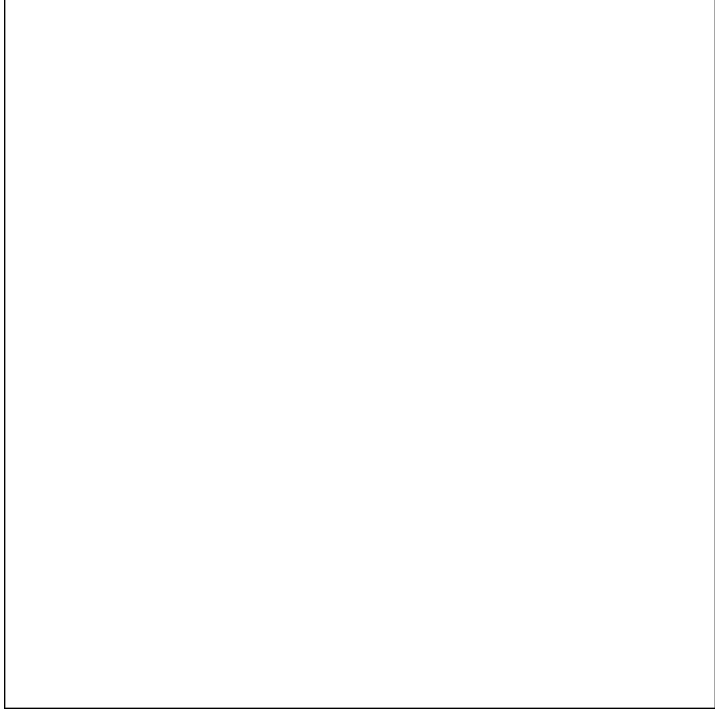




أطفال الصحراء
Children of wax



✎ Southern African Folktales

👤 Wiehan de Jager

📄 Abrar Wafa, Maaouia Haj Mabrouk

🗨️ Arabic / English

📖 Level 2

(imageless edition)



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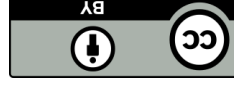
Written by: Southern African Folktales

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Mabrouk

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فِي يَوْمٍ مِنَ الْأَيَّامِ، كَانَتْ هُنَاكَ عَائِلَةٌ سَعِيدَةً.

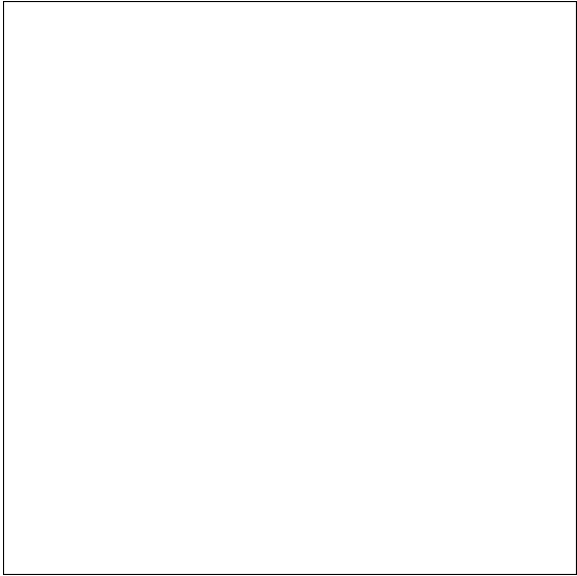
...

Once upon a time, there lived a happy family.

...

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

لم يجادلوا أبائهم وأمهاتهم في البيت ولا في الحقول. لم يجادلوا بعضهم البعض في البيت ولا في الحقول.





أَكُنْ لَمْ يُسْمَخْ لَهُمْ بِالْإِفْتِرَابِ مِنَ النَّارِ أَبَدًا.

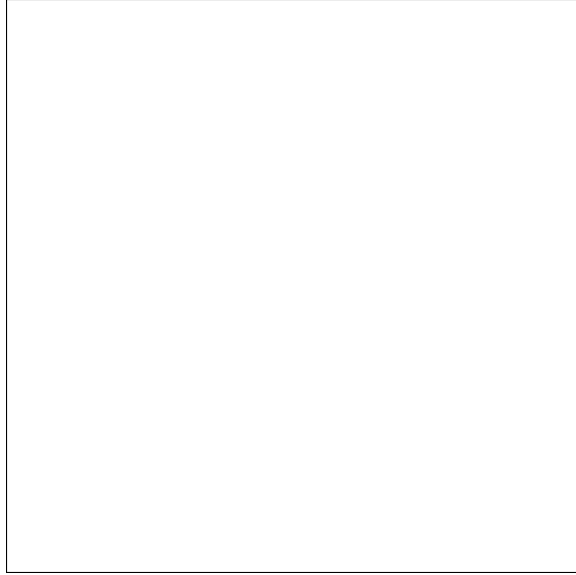
...

But they were not allowed to go near a fire.

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

...

وَمَعَ نَزْوَعِ الشَّمْسِ، طَارَ رُوحًا وَهُوَ يَتَغَيَّرُ فِي صَوْتِ الْبَهَائِرِ.



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

...

كَانَ عَائِدُهُمُ الْيَوْمَ بِحُلٍّ مَا لَتَبَهُمْ مِنْ أَعْمَالِ اللَّيْلِ، لِأَنَّهَا
مَصْنُوعُونَ مِنَ الشَّعْءِ.





وَلَكِنَّ أَحَدَ الْأَوْلَادِ كَانَ يَتَوَقَّعُ إِلَى الْخُرُوجِ فِي ضَوْءِ الشَّمْسِ.

...

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



بَعْدَ ذَلِكَ، أَخَذُوا أَخَاهُمْ الْمَتَشَكَّلَ عَلَى هَيْئَةِ طَيْرٍ إِلَى جَبَلٍ عَالٍ.

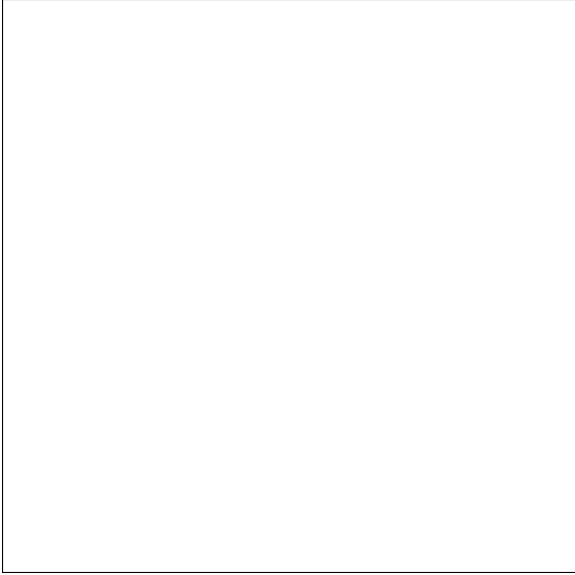
...

They took their bird brother up to a high mountain.

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

...

طَبَّرُوا طِينًا إِلَى طَيْرٍ.
فَصَبَّغُوا بِشَمْعٍ مَلْتَمِصٍ وَصَبَّغُوا
إِلَيْهِمْ قَائِمًا يَشْتَكِي بِظَهْرِ الشَّمْعِ الْمَلْتَمِصِ إِلَى طَيْرٍ.



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

...

وَإِذْ نَادَى يَوْمَ الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ رَجُلٌ مِّنْهُمُ الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ فِي الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ...
فَحَذَّرَهُ الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ فِي الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ...
وَأَنَّ يَوْمَ الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ رَجُلٌ مِّنْهُمُ الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ فِي الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ...
فَحَذَّرَهُ الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ فِي الْاِسْتِثْنَاءِ...





وَلَكِنْ بَعْدَ فَوَاتِ الْأَوَانِ! فَقَدْ ذَابَ فِي الشَّمْسِ الْحَارِقَةِ.

...

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



كَانَ أَطْفَالُ الشَّمْسِ حَزِينِينَ لِلْعَايَةِ لِرُؤْيَا أَخِيهِمْ يَذُوبُ.

...

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