



Die Koning van die Voëls

King of the birds

- ✎ South African Folktale
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- 🗣️ Afrikaans / English
- 📊 Level 3





Een dag, lank gelede, het al die voëls bymekaar gekom en 'n vergadering gehou. Hulle wou 'n koning hê, net soos die mense en die diere. Die vraag was watter voël sou hulle kies om hulle koning te wees?

...

Once long ago, the birds had a meeting. They wanted a king, just like people and animals. Which bird should be king?



“Dit moet Arend wees,” sê die een. “Hy is so sterk en koninklik!” “Nee. Hy het geen kroon nie en wanneer hy roep, klink hy te hartseer,” sê ‘n ander. “Dan moet Volstruis wees want hy is die grootste van al die voëls en hy brul soos ‘n leeu,” roep nog een uit.

...

“The Eagle, he is strong and kingly!” said one. “No, he has no crown, and when he calls, he sounds too sad,” said another. “Then Ostrich, because he is the largest and roars like a lion,” one called out. “No, he can’t fly. The king of the birds must be able to fly.”



“Ek dink EK moet koning wees,” stel Pou trots voor.
“Maar ék het die grootste oë van alle voëls en dus moet ek koning wees,” pleit Uil. “Nee Uil. Nie jy nie,” skree die voëls. “Jy slaap wanneer die son skyn.”

...

“I think I should be king,” said Peacock, fanning his tail. “I am so beautiful.” “You are too proud,” said Owl. “I have the largest eyes of any bird. I should be king.” “No, not you, Owl,” they shouted. “You go to sleep when the sun rises.”



En so het hulle met 'n gekwetter voortgestry en nie juis gevorder nie. Toe kry een voël 'n blink idee. "Die een wat die hoogste kan vlieg, kan koning wees," sê sy. "Ja! Ja!" skree almal en vlieg hoog in die lug op.

...

And so they didn't get very far. Then one bird had an idea. "He who can fly the highest will be king," he said. "Yes, yes," they shouted, and they all flew up, up, into the sky.



Gans het vir een dag reguit oor die hoogste berge gevlieg. Arend het vir twee dae bo-oor die berge gevlieg. Maar Aasvoël het vir drie hele dae reguit in die son in gesweef sonder om te stop.

...

The Goose flew for one day, straight over the highest mountains in the world. The Eagle flew for two days into the blue above the mountains. But the Vulture soared for three whole days without stopping, straight toward the sun.



Hoog bo hulle hoor die voëls hoe Aasvoël uitroep,
“Ek is die hoogste! Ek is koning!”

...

Way above them, the birds heard Vulture cry, “I am
the highest, I am king!”



Maar toe hoor Aasvoël 'n piepklein stemmetjie net bo sy kop. "Tienk, tienk, tienk! Ek is die hoogste! Ek is koning!" Dit was klein Neddikkie. Hy het die hele tyd aan aasvoël se vlerke vasgeklou soos hy in die lug gesweef het.

...

But then just above him Vulture heard a tiny voice, "Tink, tink, tink! I am the highest, I am king." It was Ncede, the Neddicky, the smallest bird of all! He had held onto the great wing feathers of Vulture as he soared into the sky!



“Jy sal my nie weer wen nie,” sê arme Aasvoël en sweef weer in die lug op. Hy vlieg hoër en hoër totdat hy nie meer kon nie. “Ek is hoër as enige ander voël. Ek is julle koning!” roep hy triomfantelik uit.

...

“You won’t beat me again,” said Vulture, and soared straight up into the air. He flew up and up until he could fly no more. “I am higher than any other bird. I am your king!” he cried.



Maar weereens, onder sy vlerk skuil die klein Neddikkie. "Tienk, tienk! Tienk, tienk! Dit is ek, die kleinste een! Ek is julle koning!" Aasvoël was dié keer te moeg om nog verder te vlieg.

...

But out from under his wing crept the tiny bird. "Tink, tink! Tink, tink! It is I, the smallest one! I am your king." Vulture was too exhausted to fly any further.



Met die klein voëltjie onder sy vlerk, sweef Aasvoël terug grond toe. Die ander voëls was baie kwaad vir Neddikkie. Hulle het op hom gewag, reg om al sy vere uit te pluk.

...

So down he sailed - with the little bird still under his wing. The other birds were furious with Ncede. They waited for him, ready to pluck out all his feathers.

Die klein voëltjie het gesien hoe kwaad hulle was,
en voor hulle iets kan doen, vlieg hy vining in 'n leë
slanggat in.



...

But the quick little bird saw how angry they were,
and flew into an empty snake hole.



“Met jou groot oë moet jy ‘n ogie hou op die gat en as Neddikkie uit kom, moet jy hom vang,” sê die voëls vir Uil. En so het Uil voor die gat gaan sit om wag te hou.

...

“With your big eyes, you must keep guard at the hole and catch him when he comes out,” they said to Owl. So Owl sat in front of the hole.



Maar die son was warm en Uil het vinnig aan die slaap geraak. Die klein voeltjie het skelm uit die gat geloer, gesien dat Uil vas aan die slaap was, en zz-zip, weg is hy!

...

But the sun was warm and soon Owl was fast asleep. The little bird peeped out, saw that Owl was asleep, and z-zip, away he went.



Uil was baie verleë omdat hy die voeltjie laat ontsnap het. Nou jag hy net in die nag en deur die dag slaap hy, weg van die ander voëls af.

...

Owl was very ashamed that he had let the little bird escape. Now he only hunts at night. In the day, he sleeps, away from the sight of the other birds.



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