

# Anansi na Ukwiluka Anansi and Wisdom



😊 IciBemba bem / English en

|| 3

✎ Ghanaian folktales  
👤 Wiehan de Jager  
📄 Sandra Mulesu



# Global Storybooks

[globalstorybooks.net](http://globalstorybooks.net)

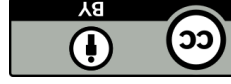
Anansi na Ukwiluka / Anansi and

## Wisdom

✎ Ghanaian folktales

👤 Wiehan de Jager

📄 Sandra Mulesu (bem)



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons

[Attribution 3.0 International License.](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0)

<https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0>





Munshita yakale abantu tabaishibe nangu cimo. Tabaishibe ifyakubyala ifilimwa nangu ukupikula, ne fyakupanga amasembe. Lesa Nyambe uwali mumulu umutali ewakwete ukwiluka konse mucalo. Akusungilile munongo.

...

Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



Yatobaika pamushili. Efyo cilaonse asendeleko ukwiluka. Ukufuma apo, efyo abantu baishibe ukulima, ukupikula nokufula ifishimbi nafimbipo ifyo abantu baishiba ukucita.

...

It smashed into pieces on the ground. The wisdom was free for everyone to share. And that is how people learned to farm, to weave cloth, to make iron tools, and all the other things that people know how to do.



Bushiku bumo, Nyambe atile apele impoto yakwiluka kuli Anansi. acilanshita Anansi alelosha munongo, alesambillamo icintu cimo icipya. Cali icakusansamusha sana. ...

One day, Nyame decided that he would give the pot of wisdom to Anansi. Every time Anansi looked in the clay pot, he learned something new. It was so exciting!



Bwangu bwangu afika napamulu wacimuti. Nomba atontonkaya ati, "ninebofye nfwile nakwata ukukwiluka konse, nomba umwana wandi acenjlapo ukuncila!" Anansi epakufiwa sana. Aposa nenongo panshi yacimuti. ...

In no time he reached the top of the tree. But then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry about this that he threw the clay pot down out of the tree.



Ukuiitemwa kwakwa Anansi atontokanya ati, “Nalasunga impoto bwino pamulu wacimuti. Pankuti ibefye yandi neka!” Epakupomba intambo iitaki kunongo nokuikaka pamala. Efyo ayambile ukunina icimuti. Nomba cali icayafya ukunina icimuti nempoto, yalemupunka mumakufi cilanshita.

...

Greedy Anansi thought, “I’ll keep the pot safe at the top of a tall tree. Then I can have it all to myself!” He spun a long thread, wound it round the clay pot, and tied it to his stomach. He began to climb the tree. But it was hard climbing the tree with the pot bumping him in the knees all the time.



Inshita yonse iyi, umwana umulumendo uwakwa Anansi aliminine mwisamba lyamuti aletamba. Epakusosa ati, “bushe tacayangukepo ngacakuti mwaka impoto panuma?” Efyo Anansi aeseshe ukukaka inongo panuma nokwanguka cayanguka.

...

All the time Anansi’s young son had been standing at the bottom of the tree watching. He said, “Wouldn’t it be easier to climb if you tied the pot to your back instead?” Anansi tried tying the clay pot full of wisdom to his back, and it really was a lot easier.