

Anansi og Wisdom

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🗨️ dansk / English

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✍️ Ghanaian folktale
🔗 Wiehan de Jager
📄 Kim Sandvad West



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For længe, længe siden vidste folk ingenting. De vidste ikke, hvordan de skulle så planter, eller hvordan de skulle væve tøj, eller hvordan de skulle fremstille værktøj af jern. Guden Nyame oppe i himlen havde al visdom i verden. Han opbevarede den i en lerkrukke.

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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.



Den blev smadret i mange stykker på jorden. Visdommen var fri, så alle kunne få del af den. Og sådan lærte folk, hvordan de skulle så, hvordan de skulle væve, hvordan de skulle fremstille værktøj af jern og alle de andre ting, folk kan finde ud af.

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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.



En dag besluttede Nyame, at han ville give krukken med visdom til Anansi. Hver gang Anansi kiggede ned i lerkrukken, lærte han noget nyt. Det var så spændende!

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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!



I løbet af ingen tid nåede han toppen af træet. Men så stoppede han og tænkte: "Det burde være mig, der har al visdom, og her var min søn klogere end mig!" Anansi blev så vred over dette, at han kastede lerkrukken ned fra træet.

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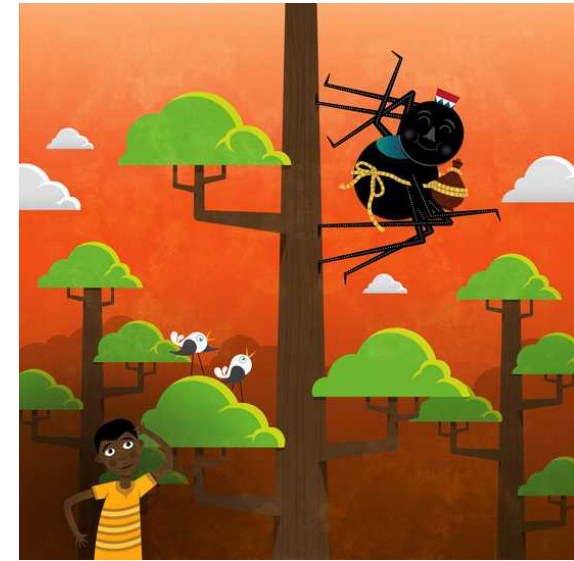
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry about this that he threw the clay pot down out of the tree.



Grådige Anansi tænkte: "Jeg gemmer krukken i toppen af et højt træ. Så kan jeg beholde det hele for mig selv!" Han spandt en lang tråd, snoede den rundt om lerkrukken og bandt den om sit liv. Han begyndte at klatre op i træet. Men det var svært at klatre op i træet, når krukken slog mod hans knæ hele tiden.

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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.



Hele tiden havde Anansis unge søn stået ved foden af træet og kigget på. Han sagde: "Ville det ikke være lettere at klatre, hvis du bandt krukken på ryggen i stedet?" Anansi prøvede at binde lerkrukken fyldt med visdom på ryggen, og det gik virkelig meget lettere.

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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.