

Anansi ak Lasajès

Anansi and Wisdom



✎ Ghanaian folk tale

👤 Wiehan de Jager

📍 ACE Haiti-University of Notre Dame USA

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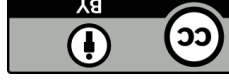
Wisdom

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Nan tan lontan, moun yo pate konn fè anyen. Yo pate konnen kijan pou yo fè jaden, trese pay oswa fè zoutil fè. Bondye Nyame ki nan syèl la te gen anpil anpil lasajès. Li te kenbe tout sajès sa nan yon po tè kwit.

...

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.



Po an krase tibout enpi tout moun jwenn mòso ladan'l. Se lè sa a ke moun yo aprann fè jaden, trese pay, fè zouti fè ak tout lòt bagay ke moun konn fè koulyè a.

...

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.



Yon jou Nyame decide ke lap bay Anansi po lasajès sa a. Chak fwa Anansi te gade andan po tè kwit lan li te aprann yon lòt bagay. Ala yon bèl bagay!

...

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!



Nan yon títan Anansi rive sou tèt pyebwa a. Li kanpe epi li di tèt li « Mwen te kwè ke se mwen sèl ki te gen tout lasajès epi men pitit gason'm nan gen plis lasajès pase mwen ! ». Anansi te tèlman fache sou bagay sa a ke li jete po tè kwit la atè a.

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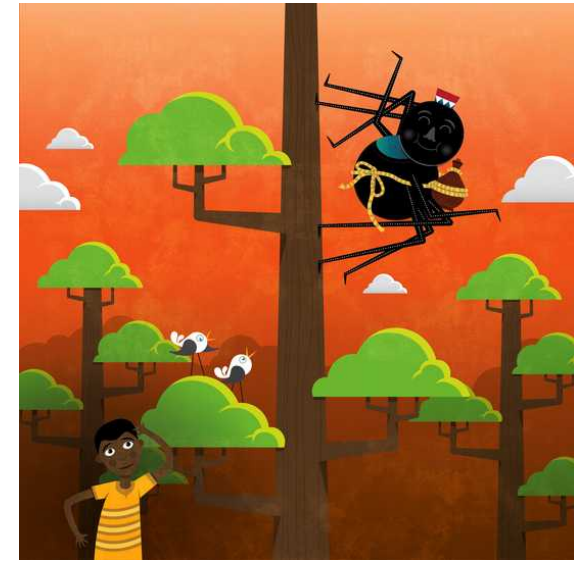
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry about this that he threw the clay pot down out of the tree.



Anansi ki te yon moun egoyis di tèt li « Mwen pral sere po sa a sou tèt gwo pyebwa sa a konsa lap rete pou mwen sèl!” Li file yon kòd byen long nan po tè kwit la epi li mare li sou vant li. Li kòmanse grenpe pyebwa a. Men li te difisil pou’l monte pyebwa a paske po an tap bat sou jenou’l toutan.

...

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.



Pandan toutan sa a, ti gason Anansi te kanpe anba pyebwa a lap gade : « Li pa ta pi fasil si’w te mare po sa a sou do ou pito ». Anansi eseye mete po lasajès la sou do’l epi li te pi fasil toutbon.

...

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.