

Anansi n'Obwenge Anansi and Wisdom



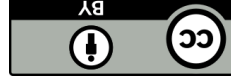
Ghanaian folktales
Wiehan de Jager
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Amos Mubunga Kambere (koo)



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Kera Kera abandu sibabya basi kindu. Isibasi erihera ebyalia, kutse erilhanda esyo'ngyimba, kutse erikolha emighera. Omulimu Nyame owo mwamwanya aby'awithe obwenge bwosi omwakhugho. Mwabubika ndeke omwiregha, ly'eribumba.

...

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.



Lyamawa ahisi, lyamathulhangika mwa bitweka binganabi. Neryo obwenge bwamabya bwabulimundu eriyimira bwa bbule. Neryo abandu bamamina erihingha, erilhanda esyangyimba, erihesa emighera, nebindi binene ebya bandu basi munabwire.

...

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.



Kiro kighuma, Nyame mwathwamu eriherya
 eriregha ly'obwenge ly'Anansi. Bulindambi
 Anansi anabya amalebya omw'iregha,
 inyakaminya ekindu kihyaka. Neryo
 inyakatsemai!

...

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!



Neryo omwathambi kake amahika okwa
 kasweswe komuthi. Neryo amimana
 nerilengekania, "ningye ngatholere eribya
 n'obwenge, kandi ibwa mughalha way!
 yowamanyilenga obwenge!" Anansi neryo
 amahithana, amapura eriregha ly'eribumba
 amalitsungya ahisi y'omuthi.

...

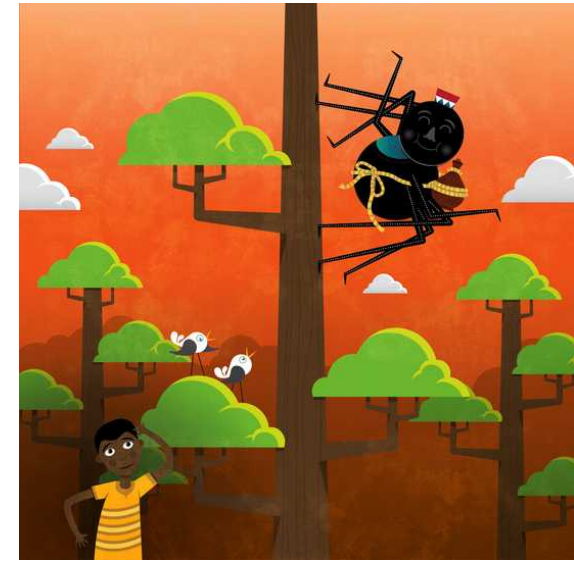
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But
 then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to
 be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son
 was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry
 about this that he threw the clay pot down out
 of the tree.



Neryo Omuhanya owomururu Anansi mwalengekana, “ngendibisa iriregha omwamuthi eyiwulhu kutsibu. Neryo nangayimirya amange wingyowene”. Neryo mwatimbia ekihururu kirikiri okw’iregha neryo amaboheralyo okwalibunda. Amatsuka erisamba omwamuthi. Nikwa neryo amalemwa erisamba kusangwa eriregha mulyabya likathulha okwa maru akabugha athi akasamba.

...

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.



Obo endambi yosi mughalha wa Anansi abya inyane ahisi akathasamalira kwa akasamba. Neryo amabulya, “sikyangabere kibuya kawabohera eriregha ly’okwamughongo?” Anansi mwalengesya eribohera eriregha ly’obwenge okwamughongo, neryo kyamamubera kyolho erisamba.

...

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.