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Anansi ndi Nzelu / Anansi and

Wisdom

✎ Ghanaian folk tale

👤 Wiehan de Jager

📖 Sitwe Benson Mkwandawire (ny)



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Anansi and Wisdom



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🗨️ Chichewa [ny](#) / English [en](#)



Matsiku amakedzana, anthu sanali kudziwa ciliconse. Sanadziwe kubzala mbeu, mwina kusoka zovala, mwina kupanga zisulo kucoka kunsimbi. Mulungu ochedwa Nyame wakumwamba anali ndi nzelu pa zonse zamziko. Nzeluzi anazisungilira bwinobwino mu poto yopangidwa ndi dothi.

...

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.



Poto yanzelu inang'ambika mutuzidunswa pamene inafika pansi. Nzelu zinafarisidwa ku munthu aliyonse. Ndiye mwamene anthu anaphunzilira kulima, kusoka zovala, kupanga zisulo za nsimba ndi zinthu zina zamene anthu aziwa kucita.

...

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.



Tsiku lina, Nyame anaganiza kupatsa Anansi potoya nzelu. Nthawi iliyonse Anansi anayangana mpoto, anaphunziramoo cinthu cimodzi catsopano. Anali okondwera kwambiri. . . .

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!



Posacedwa anafike pammamba pa mtengo. Koma iye anaganiza, "Ine ndine nifunikira kukhala ndi nzelu zonse, koma apa mwana wanga ndiye anali na nzelu kucilia ine!" Anansi anakalipa kwambiri paizi ndiponso, anataya potoya nzelu pansi kucoka mucimtengo.

...

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.



Maganizo a utani anabwera muli Anansi, “Poto yanzelu ndizaisugilira bwinobwino pamwamba pa mtengo. Mwakuti inde ndekha ndikhale ndi nzelu!” Anatenga nthambo itali nakumangilira poto pamala. Anayamba kukwela mtengo. Koma cinali covuta kukwela cifukwa poto inali kumukhumya kumyendo nthawi yonse.

...

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.



Pamene zonsezi zinali kucitika, mwana mwamuna mung’ono wa Anansi anali kutamba pansi pacimtengo imilire. Iye anati, “Kodi siczakhala capafupi kukwela mtengo ngati mwamangilira poto kumusana?” Anansi anayesa kumangilira poto ya nzelu kumusana ndipo iye anakwela mtengo kosavutika.

...

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.