

ગુજરાતી પસ / English એન

III ૩

- ☞ Zahidullah Abid
- ☞ Wihean de Jager
- ☞ Ghanaiyan folktale



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જ્ઞાન ગુજરાતી / Anansi and Wisdom

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Anansi and Wisdom

જ્ઞાન ગુજરાતી



یه پخوا زمانو کې خلک یه هېخ هم نه یوهبدل. د نباتاتو د
کښت کولو لارې چاري نه ورتلې، د توکراوبدلو هنر یې هم زده
نه، حتی یه دې هم نه یوهبدل چې له اوسيینې خڅه خه
دول وسایل جور کړي. نیام خدای چې یه آسمانونو کې و او د
نړۍ یه اړه یې ډېره یوهه لرله، خو هغه خپل عقل او یوهه یه
يو ختنین لوښی کې خوندي کړي وه.

...

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.



لوښی پر ځمکې توقه توقه شو. او عقل هر چا ته وریا ورسیده.
نو همدا و چې خلکو کرنه، د توکرو اوبدنه، د اوسيینې خڅه ګته
اخیستنه او نور تول هغه خه زده کړل چې اوس خلک یې
ترسره کولی شي

...

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.

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!

...

ஆனால் நயமே என்னிடத்திலே விரும்பி கூறினார். “ஏன் அதை என்னிடத்திலே விரும்பி கூறினார்? அதை என்னிடத்திலே விரும்பி கூறினார்?” என்று நயமே அவனை விரும்பி கூறினார்.



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

...

ஆனால் நயமே என்னிடத்திலே விரும்பி கூறினார். “ஏன் அதை என்னிடத்திலே விரும்பி கூறினார்? அதை என்னிடத்திலே விரும்பி கூறினார்?” என்று நயமே அவனை விரும்பி கூறினார்.

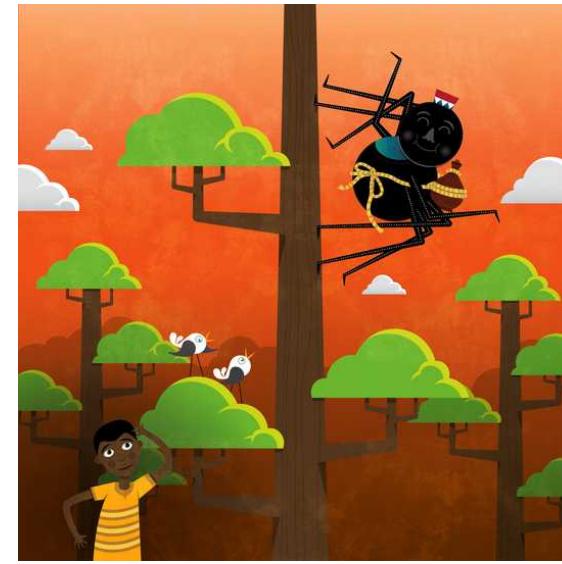




خو هغه حریص و او له ظان سره یې دا ویتیله، چې همدا
ختین لوښی د لورې ونې یې سر کې پېت خوندي کړي چې دا
تول عقل د ده شي. هغه اوږد یېری راواخښته او ختین لوښی
یې د خیلې خېټې پورې وټه. او ونې ته یې په ختلو پیل وکړ.
خو ختل ورته ستونزمن و، څکه چې د پورته کډو پر مهال یې
لوښی د زنګنو سره لګبده.

...

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.



یې دې وخت کې د انانسي کشر زوي چې د ونې لاندي ولاړو
اوخيل پلار ته یې کتل، ورته یې وویل: "که دا لوښی یه خیل
شا پوري وټري ایا کار به دې آسانه نه شي؟" نو بیا انانسي هم
د عقل خڅه دک ختین لوښی په شا پوري وټرلو او بیخي ورته
آسانه شوه.

...

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.