

# Anansi n'Ubwenge

# Anansi and Wisdom



🗨️ Ikinyarwanda / English / English

📄 3

📄 Patrick Munyurangabo

👤 Wiehan de Jager

✎ Ghanaian folktales



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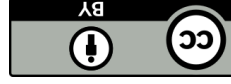
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Kera kera hashize abantu ntibari bazi ikintu nakimwe. Ntibari bazi uko bahinga ibihingwa, cyangwa uko badoda umwenda, cyangwa uko bakora imikoresho by'icyuma. Imana Nyame mu ijuru yari ifite ubwenge bwose mu isi. Yabubikaga mu ingono y'ibumba.

...

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.



Yamenetse mo ibice k'ubutaka. Ubwenge bwari aho bwo gusangirwa na buri umwe. Kandi nuko abantu bamenye guhinga, kufuma umwenda, gukora ibikoresho by'ibyuma, n'ibindi bintu abantu bazi gukora.

...

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.



Umunsi umwe, Nyame yanzuye ko iha Anansi  
 ingono y'ubwenge. Buri gihe Anansi yarebaga  
 mu inkono y'ibumba, yamenyaga ikintu gishya.  
 Byari bishimishije!

...

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!



Mu gihe gito yari yageze mu ubushorishori  
 bw'igiti. Ariko ubwo yarahagaze aranatekereza,  
 "ninge wakagobye kuba nite ubwenge bwose,  
 none dore umuhungu wange ni umunyabwenge  
 kundusha!" Anansi yari arakaye cyane kubera  
 byo bimutera kujugunya inkono y'ibumba hasi  
 kuba mu giti.

...

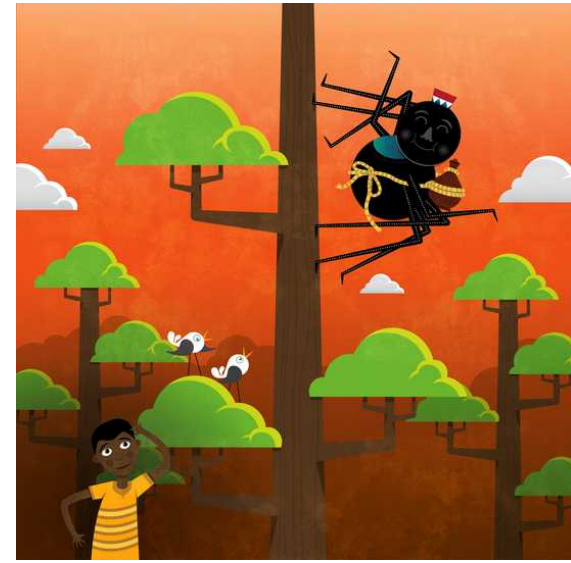
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But  
 then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to  
 be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son  
 was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry  
 about this that he threw the clay pot down out  
 of the tree.



Igisambo Anansi yatekereje, “Nzahisha inkono mubushorishori bw’igiti kirekire. Izaba ari iyange gusa!” Yafumbye akagozi karekare, akazengurutse inkono y’ibumba, inayizirika ku igifu (inda) ke. Yatangiyeye kurira igiti. Ariko byari bigoye kuri igiti n’inkono imukubita ku amavi buri gihe.

...

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.



Buri gihe umuhungu muto wa Anansi yarari hasi areberera. Yaravuze, Ntibyari kukorohera iyo wurira inkono iziritse ku mugongo ahubwo?” Anansi yagerageje kuzirika inkono y’ibumba kumugongo, byo byari byoroshye cyane.

...

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.