

Anansi iyo xikmad Anansi and Wisdom



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Soomaali / English / English

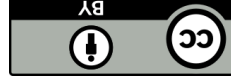
Ghanaian folktales
Wiehan de Jager
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Waagii hore dadku waxba ma aysan aqoon. Ma aynan aqoon sida miro loo beero ama sida dhar loo sameeyo ama sida bir qalab looga sameeyo. Illaaha cirka kore ee Nyame ayaa lahaa xikmadi aduunka oo idil. Waxa uu na ku kaydiyey dhari dhoobo ah.

...

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.



Dhulka ayuuna jajab ugu burburay. Xikmaddii way xorowday si qof waliba qayb uga helo. Waana sababta ay hadda dadku u barten sid loo beerto, sida dhar loo tosho, qalab looga sameysto birta, iyo wax walba oo kale oo dadku ay hada yaqaanaan sida loo sameeyo.

...

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.



Maalin maalmaha ka mid ah, Nyame waxuu goansaday in uu dhariga xikmada ah siiyo Anansi. Mar walba oo uu Anansi eego gudaha dhariga dhoobada ah, waxuu bartaa wax cusub. Waxa ayna ahayd arin aad u xiiiso badan!

...

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!



Waqti yar ba waxuu gaaray geedka dushiisa. Laakiin markiiba wuu istaagay waxa uu na ka fikiray, "Aniga un bay ahayd midka heysto xikmad oo dhan, hadana meeshan wiilkayga ayaaliga xariifsan aniga!" Anansi aad buu u carooday dharigi! dhoobada ayuu geedka kasoo tuuray.

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.



Damaaci Anansi waxuu ku fikiray “waa in aan ku xafidaa dhariga dusha geed dheer. Si aan dhamaan kaligay u heysto!” Waxa uu soohay xarig dheer, dharigii dhoobada ayuu ku wareejiyay, dhexda ayuuna ku sii xirtay. Waxuu bilaabay in uu geedka fuulo. Lakin aad ayay ugu adkayd fuulida geedka ayadoo dhariga ka garaacayay jilbaha mar walba.

...

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.



Intaa oo dhan Anansi wiilkiisi yaraa ayaa taagnaa geedka hoostiisa oo daawanayay. Waxuu yiri, “Miyaysan sahlanaan laheyn in aad fuusho hadii aad dhariga dhabarka ku xirato?” Anansi waxa uu isku dayay ku xirashada dharigii dhoobada ahaa oo ay xikmadu ka buuxday dhabarkiisa, waxayna dhab ahaanti aheyd mid in badan fudud.

...

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.