

Botlhale jwa ga Anansi Anansi and Wisdom



✎ Ghanaian folktale
🔗 Wiehan de Jager
📄 Antonia Madi
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🗨 Setswana tn-na / English en

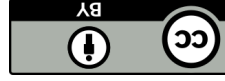


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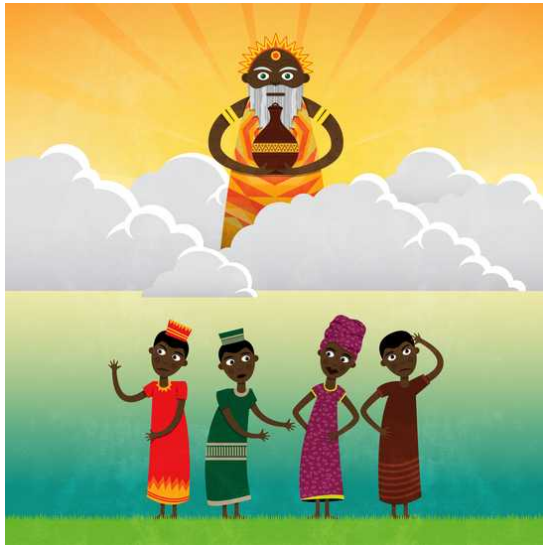
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Bogologolo tala batho ba ne ba sa itse sepe. Ba ne ba sa itse jaaka go tlhonngwa, go dira sepata, kgotsa go dira didirisiwa tsa tshipi. Modimi Nyame kwa loaping o na le botlhale jotlhe jwa lefatshe. O bo beile sentle mo pitseng ya boraga.

...

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.



Pitsa ya thuba mo diphatseng fa fatshe. Botlhare bo ne bo gololesegile go abalana le mongwe le mongwe. Ke gone jaaka batho itse go rua, go dira sepata, go dira didirisiwa tsa ditshipi, le dilo tse dingwe tse batho ba itseng go di dira.

...

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.



Ka nako e sa fediseng pelo a fitlha kwa setlhoeng sa setlhare. Mme a ema a akanya,"A mme tota ke nna fela yo o tshwanetseng go na le botlhale jotlhe, ke fa morwaake o ne a le botlhale go mphitisa!"Anansi o ne a kgotswa jaana gore a latlhele pitsa ya boraga fa fatshe go tswa mo setlhareng.

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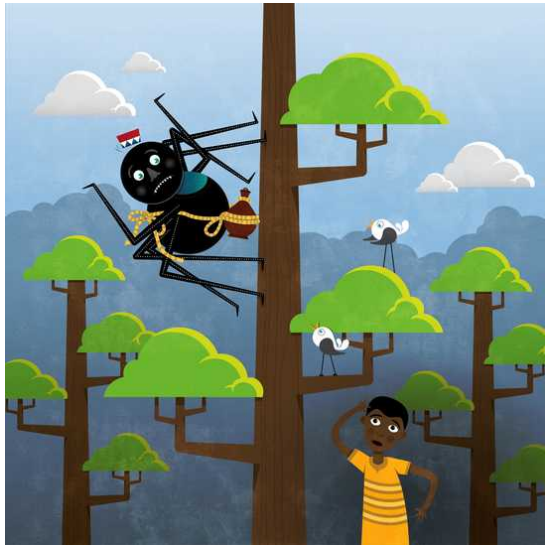
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry about this that he threw the clay pot down out of the tree.



Letsatsi lengwe, Nyame a tsaya tshwetso ya gore o ka naya Anansi pitsa ya botlhale,a ithuta sengwe se setsha.Go ne go itumedisa!

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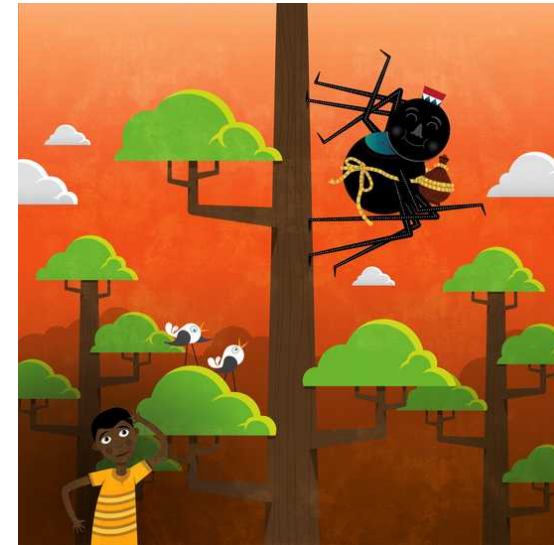
One day, Nyame decided that he would give the pot of wisdom to Anansi. Every time Anansi looked in the clay pot, he learned something new. It was so exciting!



Ke gopola fa Anansi a ne a le pelotshetlha, “ke tla baya pitsa sentle kwa setlhoeng sa setlhare se se leele. E be le gore ke kgona go bo e tshegeletsa!” A loga thudi e e telele a e gokela mo pitseng ya boraga, a e gokela mo mogodung wa gagwe. O ne a simolola go palama setlhare. Mme go le thata go palama setlhare ka pitsa e e mo ngatang mo mangoleng.

...

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.



Ka nako yotlhe mosimane yo motlana wa ga Anansi o ne a eme ka fa tlase ga setlhare a mo lebile. A re, “A go ne go se ka go na bofefo fa o palama o gokeletse pitsa ya boraga mo mokotleng wa gago? Anansi o a leka go gokelela pitsa ya boraga ya botlhale mo mokotleng wa gagwe, mme ruri ga nna bofefo.

...

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.