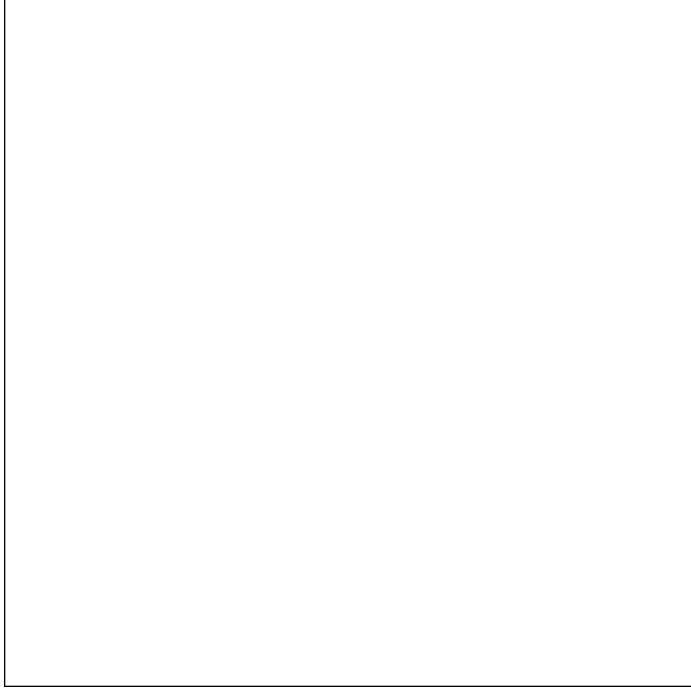






Anansi an Wizdom

Anansi and Wizdom



 Ghanaian folktales
 Wiehan de Jager
 Georgette McGlashen
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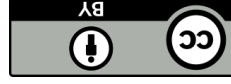
Anansi an Wizdom / Anansi and

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 Ghanaian folktales

Wiehan de Jager

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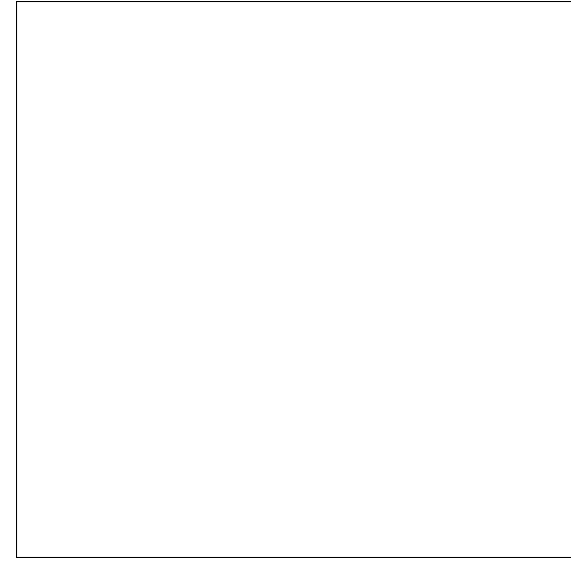




Wie bak inna di diez piipl neva nuo notn. Dem neva nuo ou fi plaant fuud, ar ou fi mek klaat, or ou fi mek tuul outa aiyan. Di gad niem Nyaame op ina di skai did av aal a di wizdom fi di wol. Im did kip it sief inna wahn pat we mek outa klie.

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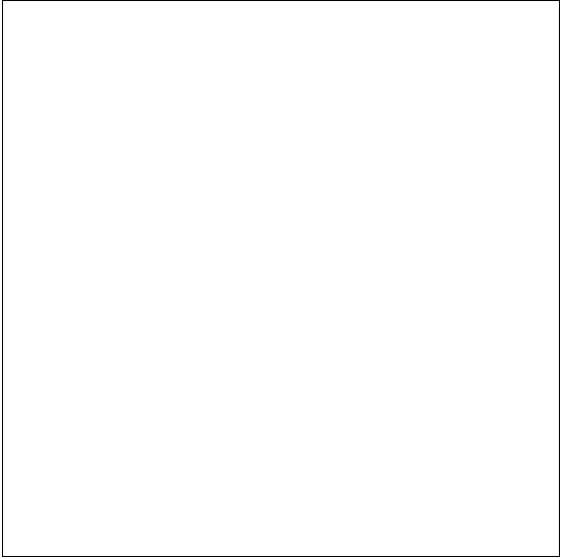
Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



It brok op inna piisiz pan di grong. Di wizdom did frii fi evribadi shier op. An a so komz piipl lorn ou fi faam, ou fi mek klaat, ou fi mek tuul outa aiyan, an aal di ada tingz dem we piipl nuo ou fi du.

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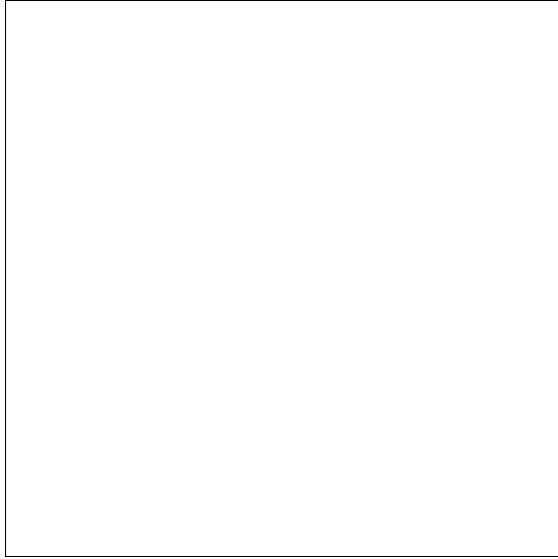
It smashed into pieces on the ground. The wisdom was free for everyone to share. And that is how people learned to farm, to weave cloth, to make iron tools, and all the other things that people know how to do.



Wan die, Nyame mek op im main se im wuda gi
di pat a wizdom to Anansi. Evertaim Anansi luk
ina di klie pat, im lorn sopm nyuu. A pyuur
eksaitmenti

...

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!



Inna no taim im riich a di tap a di chril. Bot den
im stap an tingk tu imself se, "Mi sopuz fi bi di
wan wid aal a di wizdom, an si mi bwaai pikni
did smata dan mi!" Anansi did so beks bout it
so til im dash we di klie pat outa di chril.

...

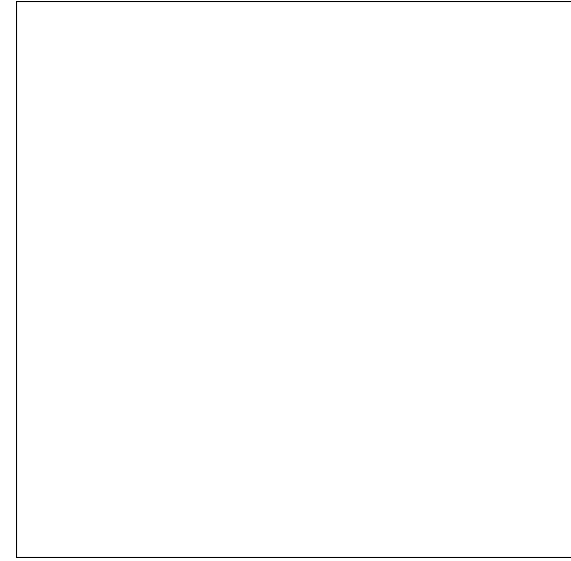
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But
then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to
be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son
was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry
about this that he threw the clay pot down out
of the tree.



Anansi get krievn an staat tingk tu imself se, "Mi ago kip di pat sief op a di tap a wahn ai chrii. Den mi wi av it aal tu miself!" Im spin wahn lang chred, wain it roun di klie pat, an tai it op pan im beli. Im staat fi klaim di chrii. Bot it did aad fi klaim wid di pat a lik op pan im nii dem evritaim.

...

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.



Aal dis taim Anansi likl bwaai pikni did a stan op a di fut a di chrii a wach im. Im se tu im se, "It no wuda iiziya fi klaim ef yu tai di pat baka yu insted?" Anansi chrai fi tai di klie pat ful a wizdom baka im, an it di riili iiziya.

...

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.