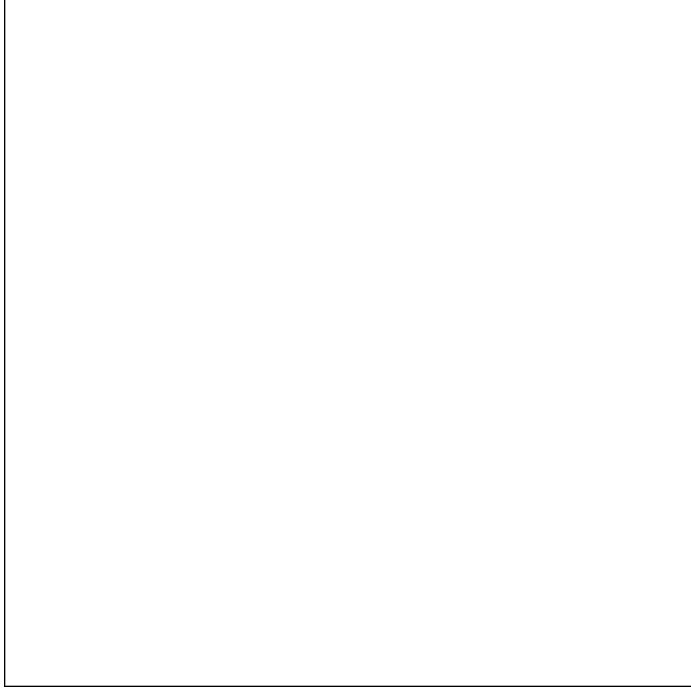



Anansi n'Obwenge

Anansi and Wisdom



 Ghanaian folktales

Wiehan de Jager

 Amos Mubunga Kambere

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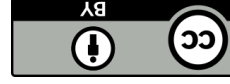
**Anansi n'Obwenge / Anansi and**

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 Ghanaian folktales

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Kera Kera abandu sibabya basi kindu. Isibasi erihera ebyalia, kutse erilhanda esyo'ngyimba, kutse erikolha emighera. Omulimu Nyame owo mwamwanya aby'awithe obwenge bwosi omwakhugho. Mwabubika ndeke omwiregha, ly'eribumba.

...

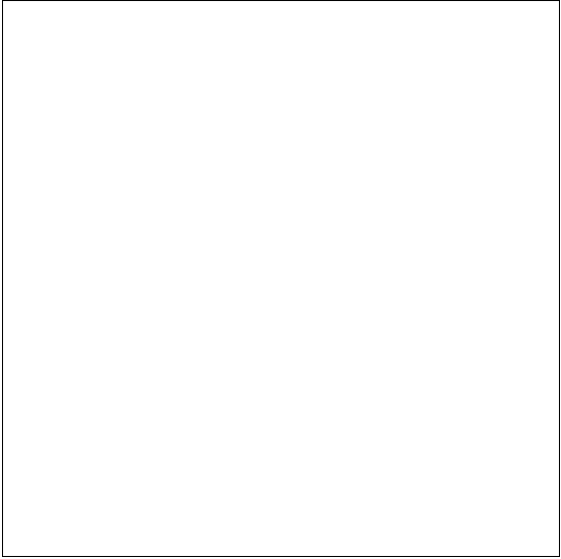
Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



Lyamawa ahisi, lyamathulhangika mwa bitweka binganabi. Neryo obwenge bwamabya bwabulimundu eriyimirya bwa bbule. Neryo abandu bamaminye erihingha, erilhanda esyangyimba, erihesa emighera, nebindi binene ebya bandu basi munabwire.

...

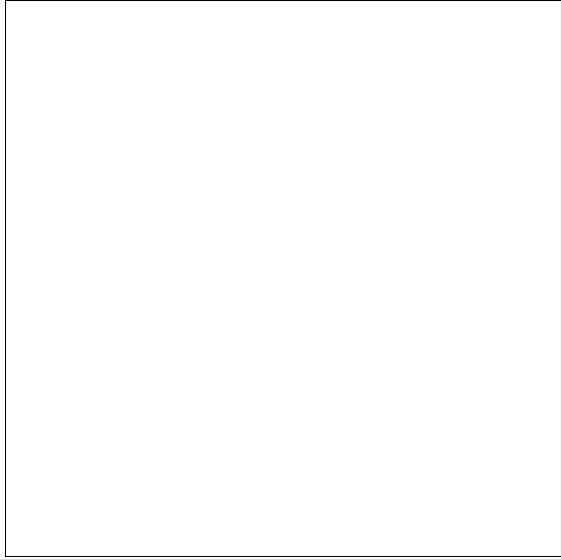
It smashed into pieces on the ground. The wisdom was free for everyone to share. And that is how people learned to farm, to weave cloth, to make iron tools, and all the other things that people know how to do.



Kiro kighuma, Nyame mwathwamu erihereya  
eriregha ly'obwenge ly'Anansi. Bulindambi  
Anansi anabya amalebya omw'iregha,  
inyakaminya ekindu kihyaka. Neryo  
inyakatsemai

...

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!



Neryo omwakathambi kake amahika okwa  
kasweswe komuthi. Neryo amimana  
nerilengekanja, "ningye ngatholere eribya  
n'obwenge, kandi ibwa mughalha wayi  
yowamanyilenga obwenge!" Anansi neryo  
amahithana, amapura eriregha ly'eribumba  
amallitsungya ahisi y'omuthi.

...

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.



Neryo Omuhanya owomururu Anansi mwalengekania, “ngendibisa iriregha omwamuthi eyiwulhu kutsibu. Neryo nangayimirya amange wingyowene”. Neryo mwatimbia ekihururu kirikiri okw’iregha neryo amaboheralyo okwalibunda. Amatsuka erisamba omwamuthi. Nikwa neryo amalemwa erisamba kusangwa eriregha mulyabya likathulha okwa maru akabugha athi akasamba.

...

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.



Obo endambi yosi mughalha wa Anansi abya inyane ahisi akathasamalira kwa akasamba. Neryo amabulya, “sikyangabere kibuya kawabohera eriregha ly’okwamughongo?” Anansi mwalengesya eribohera eriregha ly’obwenge okwamughongo, neryo kyamamubera kyolho erisamba.

...

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.