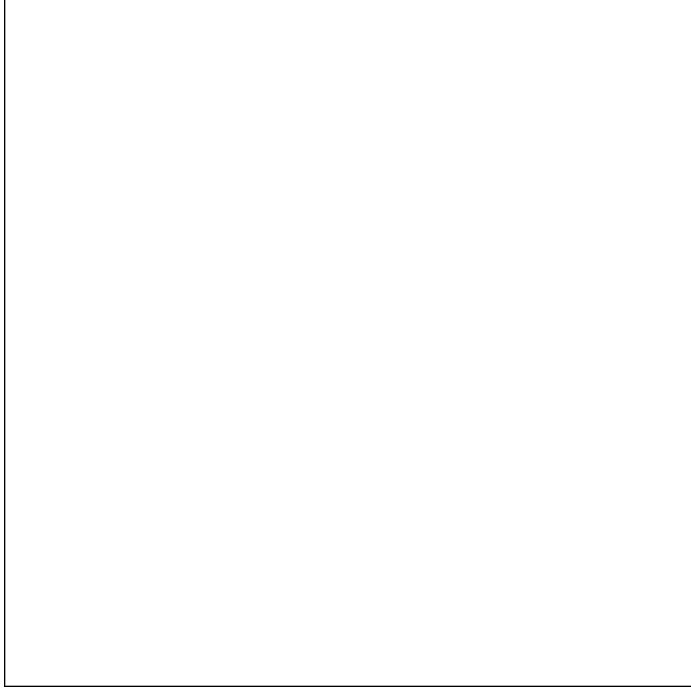




Anansi ek Lasazes

Anansi and Wisdom



 Ghanaian folk tale

Wiehan de Jager

 Shameem Oozeerally & MIE French Students

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Lontan bann dimoun pa ti konn nanye. Zot pa ti kone kouma plant legim ouswa kouma koud ouswa kouma ranz bann zouti an feray. Bondie Nyame lao dan lesiel ti ena tou lasazes dan lemond. Li ti pe gard li an sekirite dan enn po later.

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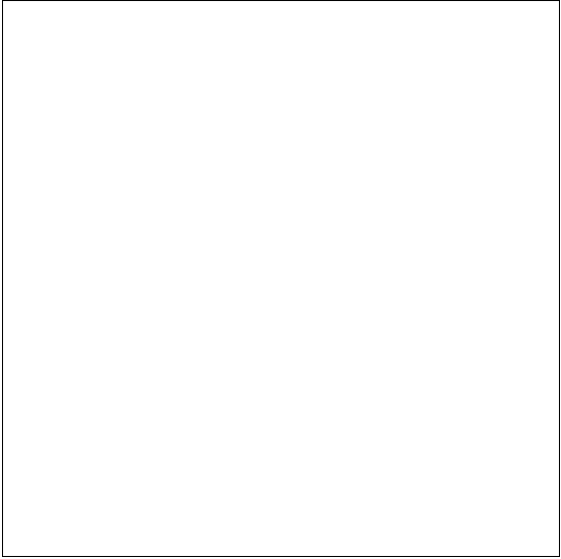
Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



Po-la finn kase bout-bout lor later. Lasazes finn vinn disponib pou tou dimoun kapav partaze. Ek koumsamem ki bann dimoun finn aprann kouma plante, koud, ranz bann zouti an feray avek tou lezot zafer bann dimoun ti konn fer.

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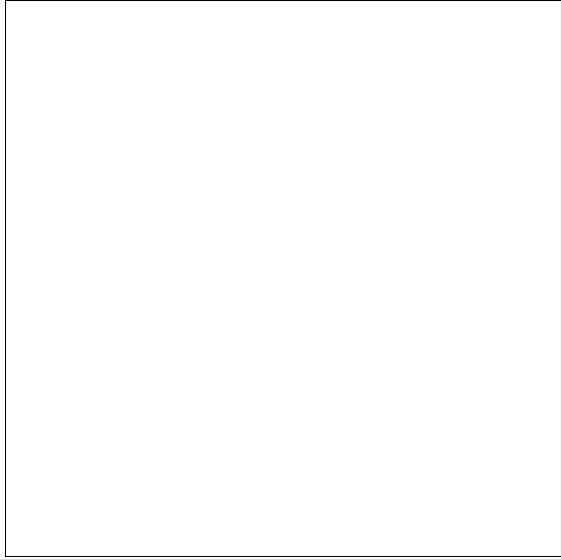
It smashed into pieces on the ground. The wisdom was free for everyone to share. And that is how people learned to farm, to weave cloth, to make iron tools, and all the other things that people know how to do.



Enn zour, Nyame finn decide ki li pou donn
Anansi so po lasazes. Sak fwa Anansi ti pe get
dan sa po later la, li ti pe aprann enn nouvo
kiksoz. Sa ti bien interesan !

...

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!



Dan enn ti mama li finn ariv lao pie-la. Me li finn
arete ek li finn panse, « mwa mo ti sipoze ena
tou lasazes ek ala mo garson pli malin ki mwa ! »
Anansi ti telman ankoler akoz sa ki li finn zet sa
po later la depi lor pie.

...

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, ki gourman, finn mazine, « mo pou gard sa po-la an sekirite lao enn pie. Koumsa mo kapav gagn li pou mwa tousel. » Li finn fil enn long difil, li finn anroul li otour po later la ek li finn atass li avek so lestoma. Li finn koumans mont lor pie-la. Me, li ti difisil pou grimnp lor pie-la avek sa po ki ti pe touletan tap avek so zenou.

...

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.



Tou sa ler la, Anansi so ti garson ti pe debout anba pie-la et li ti pe get li. Li finn dir, « li pa ti pou pli fasil si to ti pou atas po la avek to ledopli to ? » Anansi finn sey atas po later ki rampli ar lasazes la avek so ledoe zisteman, li ti bien pli fasil.

...

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.