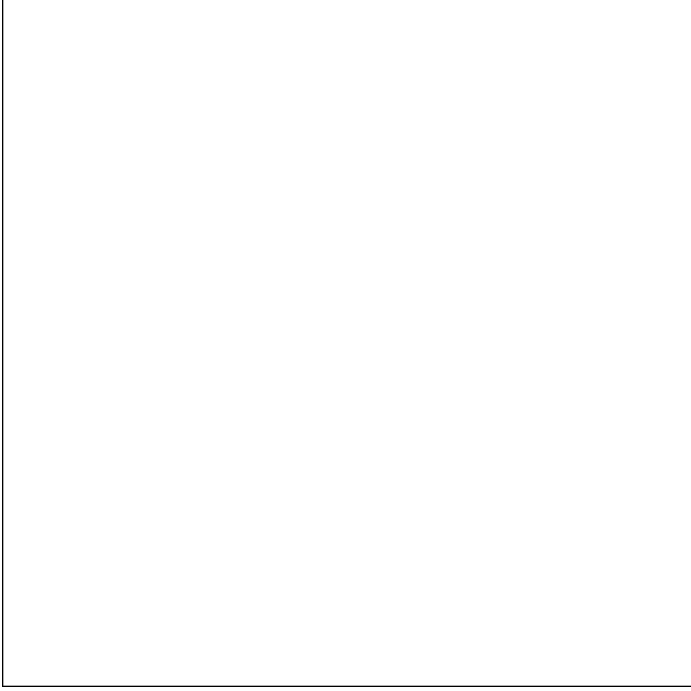



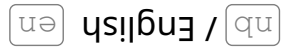


Anansi og visdommen

Anansi and Wisdom



 Ghanaian folktale
 Wiehan de Jager
 Finn Stranger-Johannessen
3
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Anansi og visdommen / Anansi

and Wisdom

 Ghanaian folktale

Wiehan de Jager

 Finn Stranger-Johannessen (nb)



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For lenge, lenge siden visste ikke folk noen ting. De visste ikke hvordan man dyrket jorda, de kunne ikke veve tøy eller lage redskaper av jern. Det var guden Nyame oppe i himmelen som hadde all verdens visdom. Han gjemte den i en leirkrukke.

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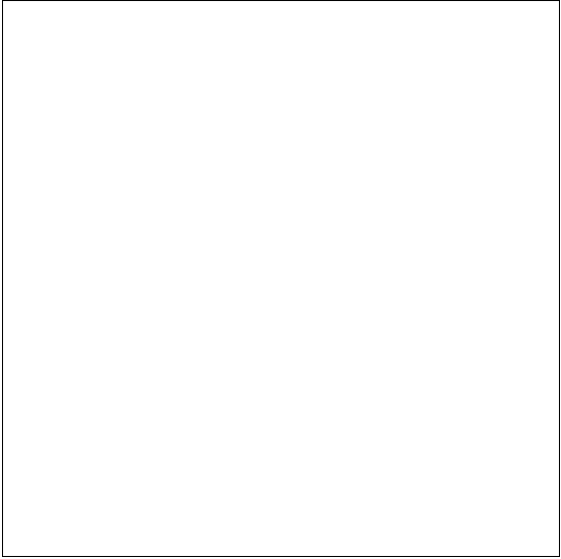
Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



Den gikk i tusen knas på bakken. Da ble det fritt for alle å dele visdommen. Og slik lærte folk å dyrke jorda, veve klær og lage redskaper av jern, og alle de andre tingene folk vet hvordan de skal lage.

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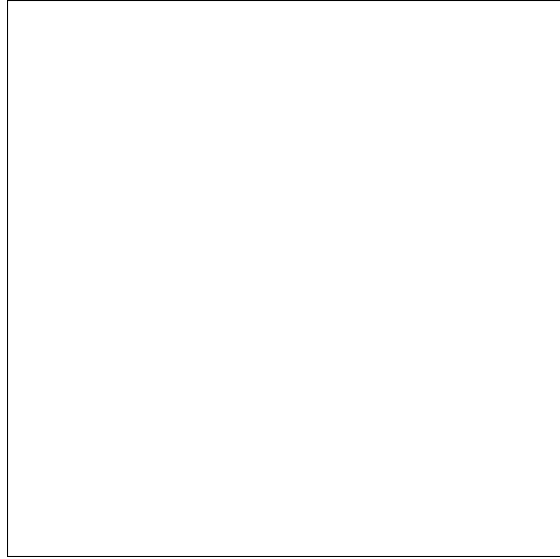
It smashed into pieces on the ground. The wisdom was free for everyone to share. And that is how people learned to farm, to weave cloth, to make iron tools, and all the other things that people know how to do.



En dag bestemte Nyame seg for å gi krukka med visdom til Anansi. Hver gang Anansi så i krukka lærte han noe nytt. Det var spennende!

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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!



Snart var han oppe i toppen av treet. Men så stusset han og tenkte: «Det var jo jeg som skulle ha all denne visdommen, men nå var sønnen min lure enn meg!» Anansi ble så sint at han kastet krukka ned fra treet.

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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.



Grådige Anansi tenkte: «Jeg gjemmer krukka i toppen av et høyt tre. Sånn kan jeg ha den helt for meg selv!» Han spant en lang tråd, bandt den rundt leirkrukka og knyttet den om livet. Og begynte å klatre. Men det var vanskelig å klatre i treet med krukka som slo borti knærne hans hele tiden.

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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.



Den lille sønnen til Anansi hadde stått og sett på ved foten av treet. «Hadde det ikke vært lettere å klatre med krukka på ryggen i stedet?» sa han. Anansi prøvde å binde fast leirkrukka full av visdom på ryggen. Og da ble det jo mye lettere.

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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.