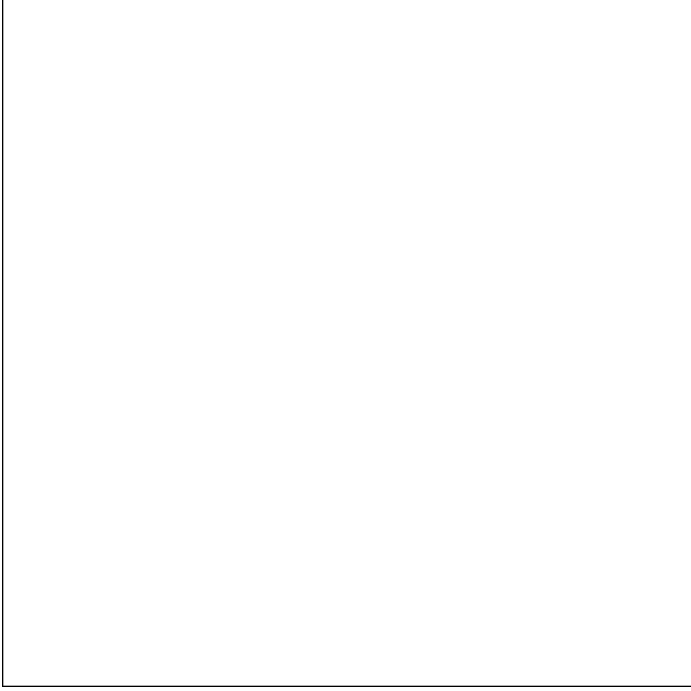



Anansi og visdomen

Anansi and Wisdom



 Ghanaian folktale

Wiehan de Jager

 Espen Stranger-Johannessen, Martine

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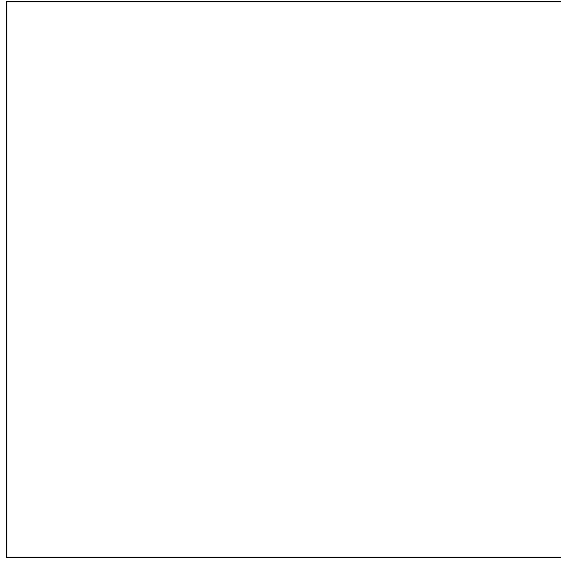


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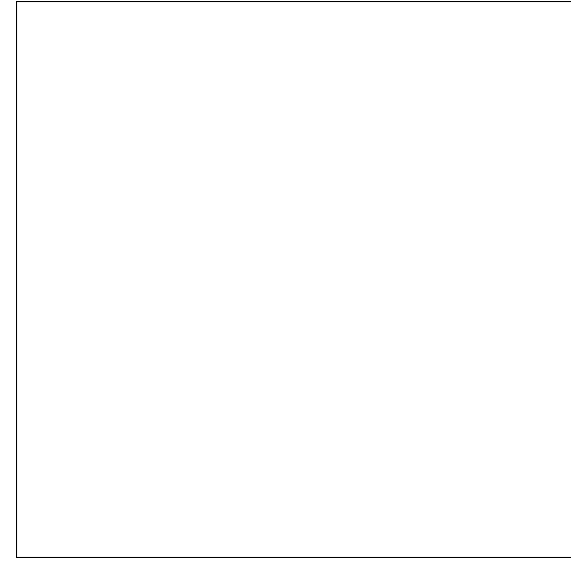




For lenge, lenge sidan visste ikkje folk nokon ting. Dei visste ikkje korleis ein dyrka jorda, dei kunne ikkje veva tøy eller laga reiskapar av jarn. Det var guden Nyame oppe i himmelen som hadde all visdomen i verda. Han gøymde den i ei leirkrukke.

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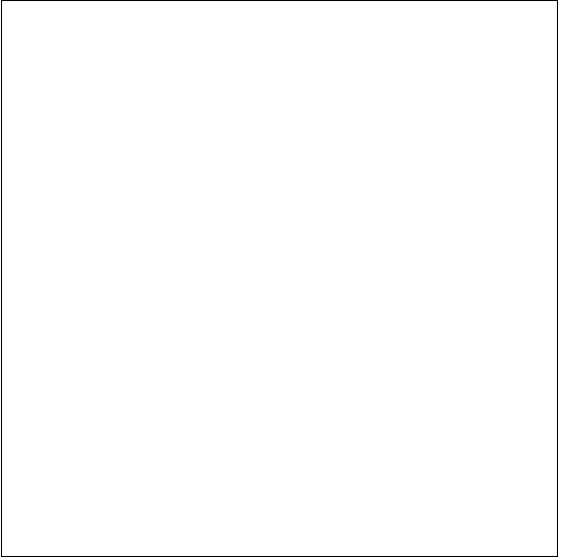
Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



Ho gjekk i tusen knas på bakken. Då vart det fritt for alle å dela visdomen. Og slik lærte folk å dyrka jorda, veva klede og laga reiskapar av jarn, og alle dei andre tinga folk veit korleis dei skal laga.

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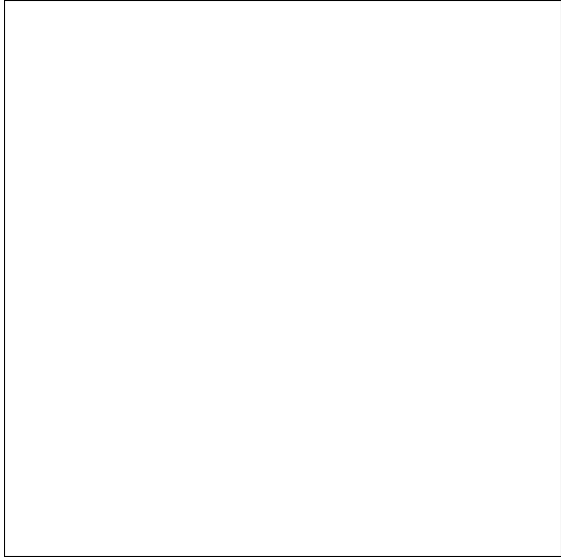
It smashed into pieces on the ground. The wisdom was free for everyone to share. And that is how people learned to farm, to weave cloth, to make iron tools, and all the other things that people know how to do.



Ein dag bestemte Nyame seg for å gje krukka med visdom til Anansi. Kvar gong Anansi såg i krukka lærde han noko nytt. Det var spennande!

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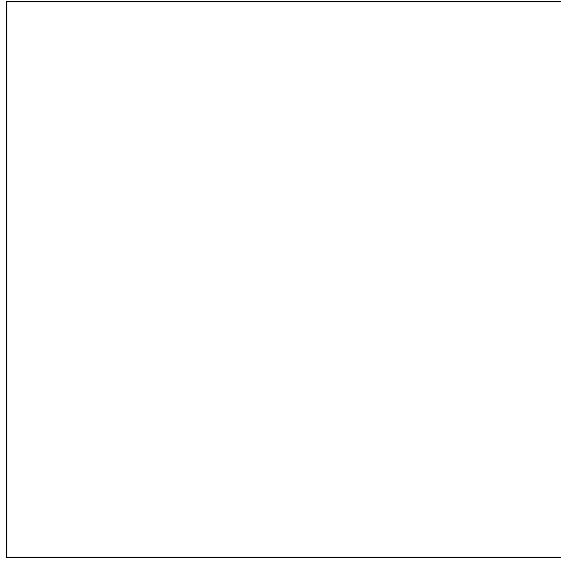
One day, Nyame decided that he would give the pot of wisdom to Anansi. Every time Anansi looked in the clay pot, he learned something new. It was so exciting!



Snart var han oppe i toppen av treet. Men så stussa han og tenkte: «Det var jo eg som skulle ha all denne visdomen, men no var sonen min lurare enn meg!» Anansi vart så sinna at han kasta krukka ned frå treet.

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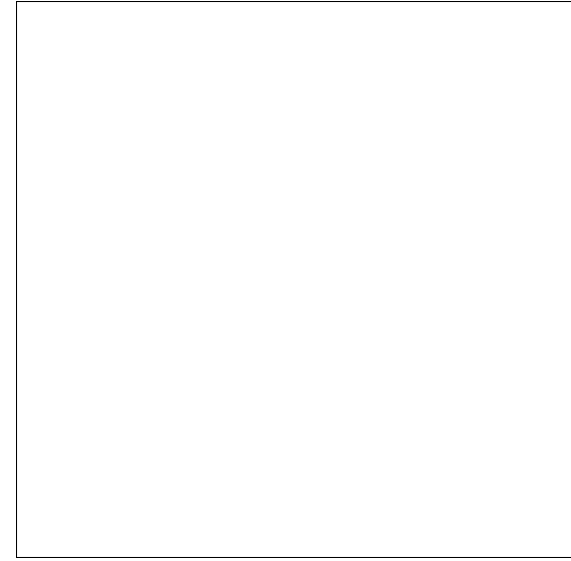
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry about this that he threw the clay pot down out of the tree.



Grådige Anansi tenkte: «Eg gøymer krukka i toppen av eit høgt tre. Sånn kan eg ha han heilt for meg sjølv!» Han spann ein lang tråd, batt han rundt leirkrukka og knytte han om livet. Og byrja å klatra. Men det var vanskeleg å klatra i treet med krukka som slo borti knea hans heile tida.

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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 vesle sonen til Anansi hadde stått og sett på ved foten av treet. «Hadde det ikkje vore lettare å klatra med krukka på ryggen i staden?» sa han. Anansi prøvde å binda fast leirkrukka full av visdom på ryggen. Og då vart det jo mykje lettare.

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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.