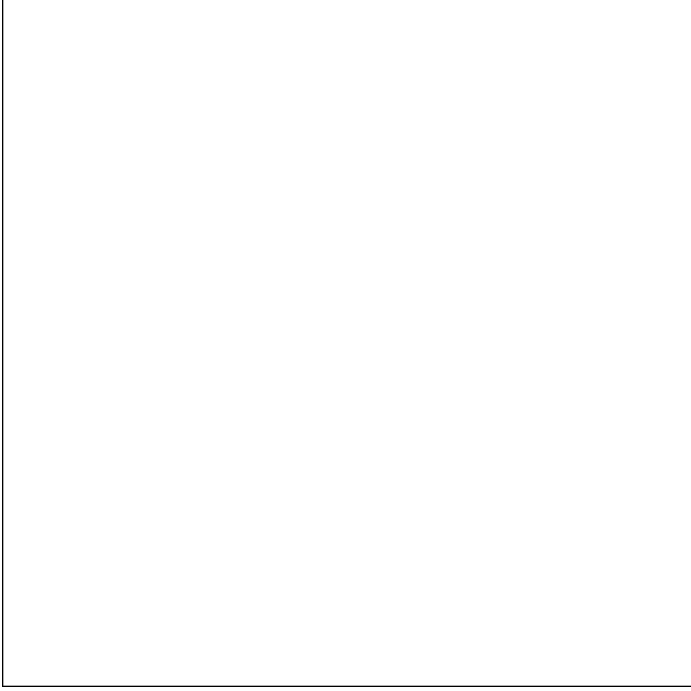





Anansi ndi Nzelu

Anansi and Wisdom



 Ghanaian folktales  
 Wiehan de Jager  
 Sitwe Benson Mkwandawire  
3  
 Chichewa / English / English




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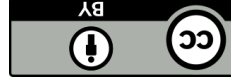
**Anansi ndi Nzelu / Anansi and**

**Wisdom**

 Ghanaian folktales

Wiehan de Jager

 Sitwe Benson Mkwandawire (ny)



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Matsiku amakedzana, anthu sanali kudziwa ciliconse. Sanadziwe kubzala mbeu, mwina kusoka zovala, mwina kupanga zisulo kucoka kunsimbi. Mulungu ochedwa Nyame wakumwamba anali ndi nzelu pa zonse zamziko. Nzeluzi anazisungilira bwinobwino mu poto yopangidwa ndi dothi.

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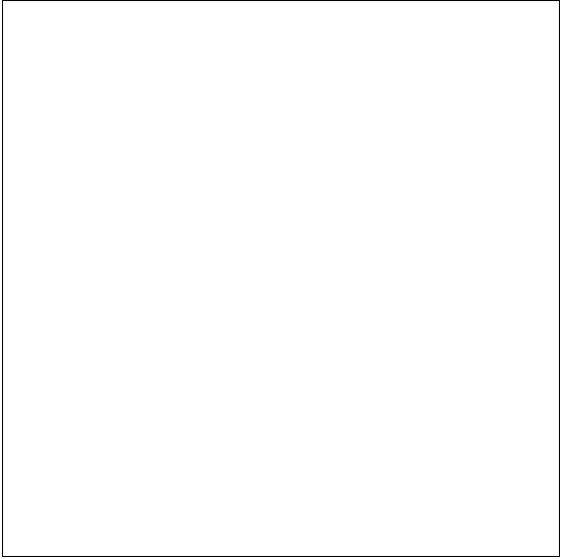
Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



Poto yanzelu inang'ambika mutuzidunswa pamene inafika pansi. Nzelu zinafarisidwa ku munthu aliyonse. Ndiye mwamene anthu anaphunzilira kulima, kusoka zovala, kupanga zisulo za nsimba ndi zinthu zina zamene anthu aziwa kucita.

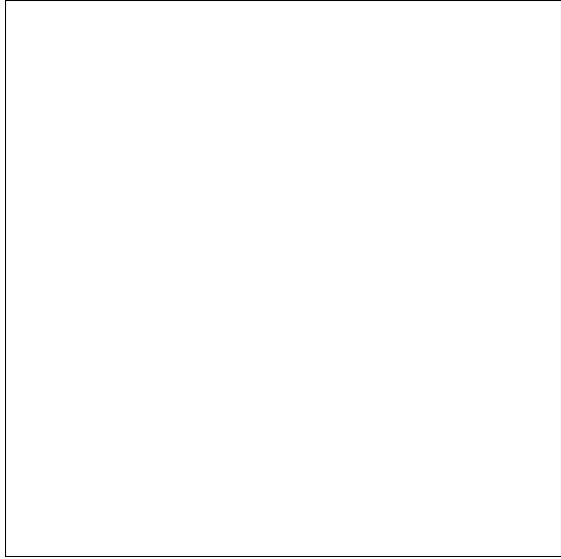
...

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.



Tsiku lina, Nyame anaganiza kupatsa Anansi  
poto ya nzelu. Nthawi iliyonse Anansi  
anayangana mupoto, anaphunziramoo cinthu  
cimodzi catsopano. Anali okondwera kwambiri.  
...

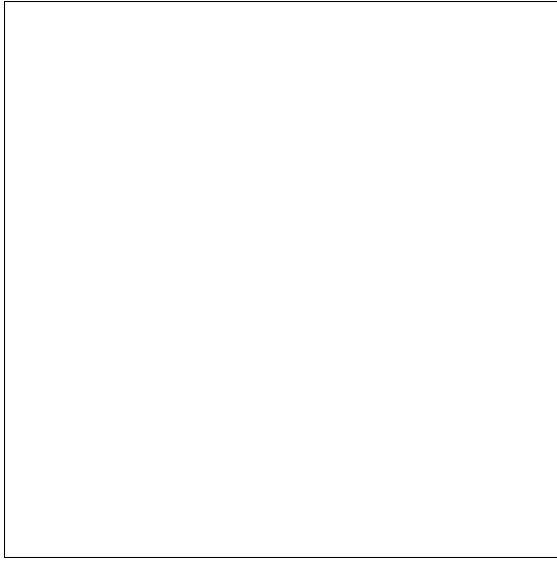
One day, Nyame decided that he would give the  
pot of wisdom to Anansi. Every time Anansi  
looked in the clay pot, he learned something  
new. It was so exciting!



Posacedwa anafike pammamba pa mtengo.  
Koma iye anaganiza, "Ine ndine nifunikira  
kukhala ndi nzelu zonse, koma apa mwana  
wanga ndiye anali na nzelu kucila ine!" Anansi  
anakalipa kwambiri paizi ndiponso, anataya  
poto ya nzelu pansi kucoka mucimtenngo.

...

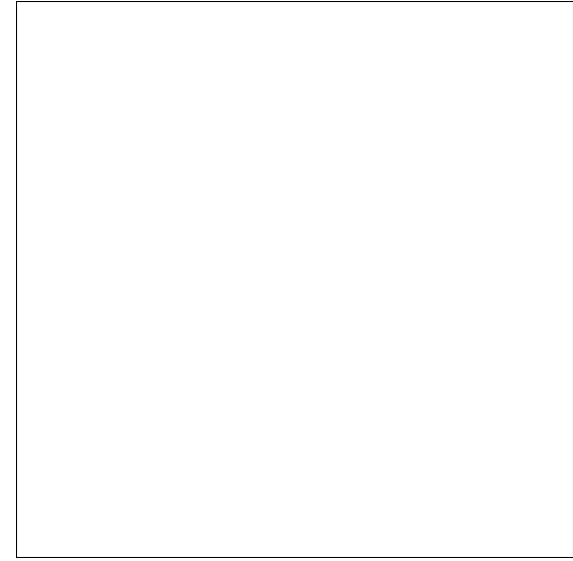
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But  
then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to  
be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son  
was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry  
about this that he threw the clay pot down out  
of the tree.



Maganizo a utani anabwera muli Anansi, “Poto yanzelu ndizaisugilira bwinobwino pamwamba pa mtengo. Mwakuti inde ndekha ndikhale ndi nzelu!” Anatenga nthambo itali nakumangilira poto pamala. Anayamba kukwela mtengo. Koma cinali covuta kukwela cifukwa poto inali kumukhumya kumyendo nthawi yonse.

...

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.



Pamene zonsezi zinali kucitika, mwana mwamuna mung’ono wa Anansi anali kutamba pansi pacimtengo imilire. Iye anati, “Kodi sicizakhala capafupi kukwela mtengo ngati mwamangilira poto kumusana?” Anansi anayesa kumangilira poto ya nzelu kumusana ndipo iye anakwela mtengo kosavutika.

...

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.