

en / English ps www

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- ☞ Zahidullah Abid
- ☒ Wiehan de Jager
- ✎ Ghanaiian folktale



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جڑي گل آننسی / Anansi and Wisdom

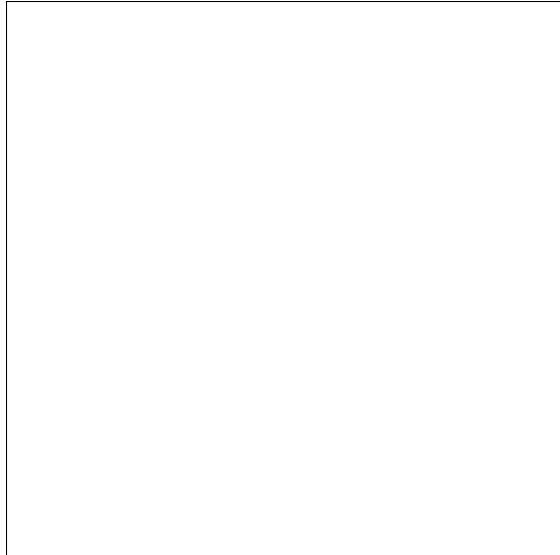
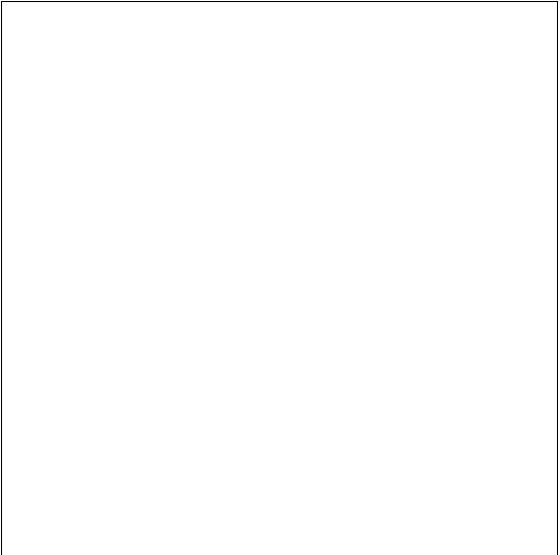
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Anansi and Wisdom

جڑي گل آننسی



یه پخوا زمانو کې خلک یه هېخ هم نه یوهبدل. د نباتاتو د
کښت کولو لارې چاري نه ورتلې، د توکراوبدلو هنر یې هم زده
نه، حتی یه دې هم نه یوهبدل چې له اوسيینې خڅه خه
دول وسایل جوړ کړي. نیام خدای چې یه آسمانونو کې و او د
نړۍ یه اړه یې ډېره یوهه لرله، خو هغه خپل عقل او یوهه یه
يو ختین لوښی کې خوندي کړي وه.

...

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.

لوښی پر حمکې توهه توهه شو. او عقل هر چا ته وریا ورسیده.
نو همدا و چې خلکو کرنه، د توکرو اوبدنه، د اوسيینې خڅه ګته
اخیستنه او نور تول هغه خه زده کړل چې اوس خلک یې
ترسره کولی شي

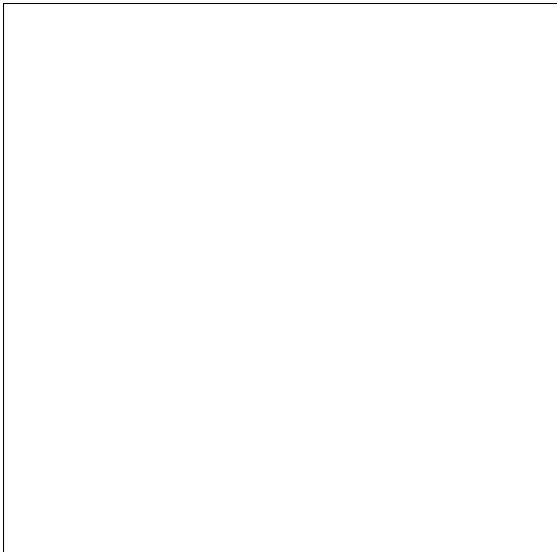
...

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.

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!

...

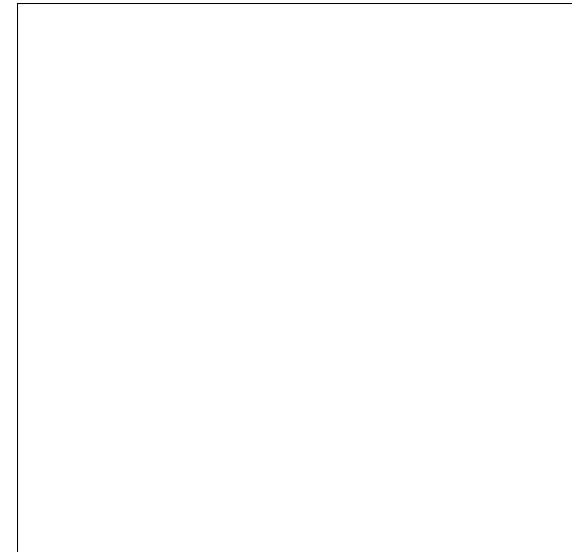
ഒരു ദിവസം ന്യാമേ അണ്ടിന്റെ കൂട്ടിൽ എത്രയും പാഠിച്ചു. അതിലുണ്ടായ വിജ്ഞാനം അണ്ടിന് മാറ്റുവാൻ ശ്രദ്ധിച്ചു. അതുകൊണ്ട് അണ്ടി സൗഖ്യം വിനായിച്ചു.



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.

...

അണ്ടി അണ്ടിന്റെ കൂട്ടിൽ എത്രയും പാഠിച്ചു. അതിലുണ്ടായ വിജ്ഞാനം അണ്ടിന് മാറ്റുവാൻ ശ്രദ്ധിച്ചു. അതുകൊണ്ട് അണ്ടി സൗഖ്യം വിനായിച്ചു.



خو هغه حریص و او له ئان سره يې دا ویتیله، چې همدا ختین لوښی د لوړي ونې يه سر کې پېت خوندي کړي چې دا تول عقل د ده شي. هغه اوږد یېری راواخښته او ختین لوښی يې د خیلې خېټې پورې وټه. او ونې ته يې په ختلو پیل وکړ. خو ختل ورته ستونزمن و، څکه چې د پورته کېدو پر مهال يې لوښی د زنګنو سره لګبده.

...

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.

يې دې وخت کې د انانسي کشر زوي چې د ونې لاندي ولاړو او خیل پلار ته يې کتل، ورته يې وویل: "که دا لوښی یه خیل شا پورې وټېرې ایا کار به دې آسانه نه شي؟" نو بیا انانسي هم د عقل خڅه ډک ختین لوښی په شا پورې وټړلو او بیخي ورته آسانه شوه.

...

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.