



 Ghanaian folk tale  
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አናንሲን ጥበብን / Anansi and Wisdom

 Ghanaian folk tale

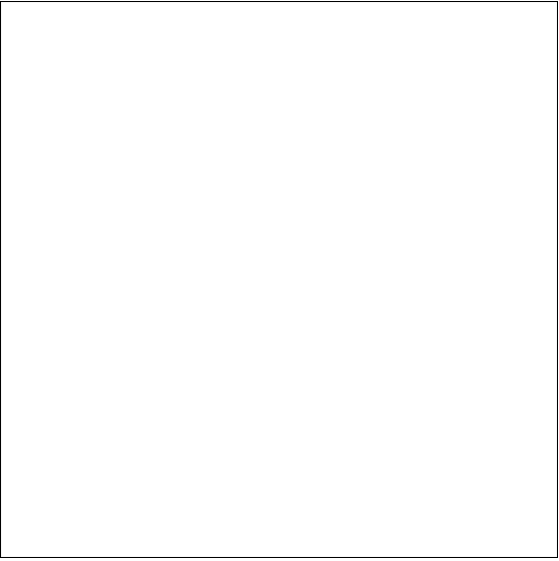
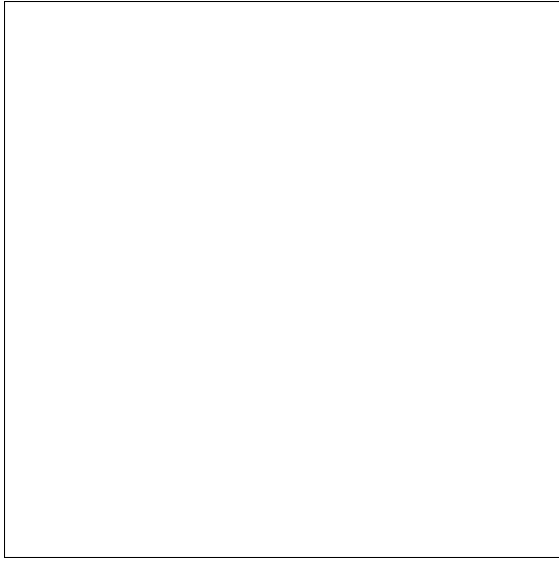
Wiehan de Jager

 Daniel Berhane Habte (ti)



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ቅድሚያ ሃዳኝ ዘመን ሰባት ዋላሓደ ኣይፈልጡን ነበሩ። ናይ ኣዝርእቲ ምብቋል፡ ክዳውንቲ ምስፋይ ኮነ ምቕጥቃጥ ሓዲን ኣፍልጦ ኣይነበሮምን። ኩሉ እቲ ጥበብ ናይ ዓለም ምስቲ ኣብ ሰማይ ዝነበር ኣምላኽ ንያመ ጥራይ ነበረ። ንሱ ነቲ ጥበብ ኣብ ሓንቲ ናይ ካይላ ዕትሮ ብስቱር ዓቂብዎ ነበረ።

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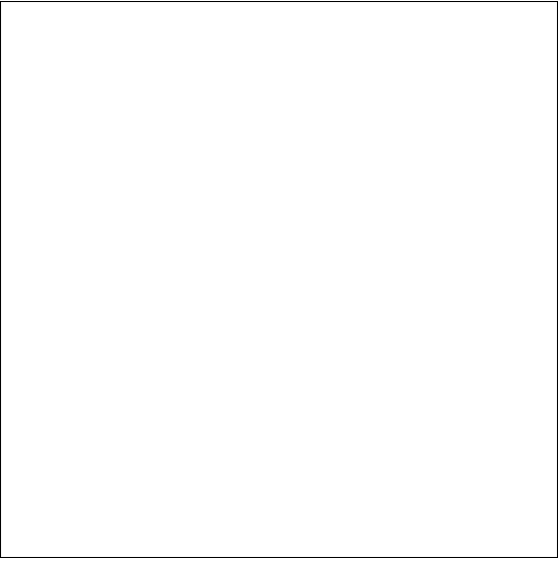
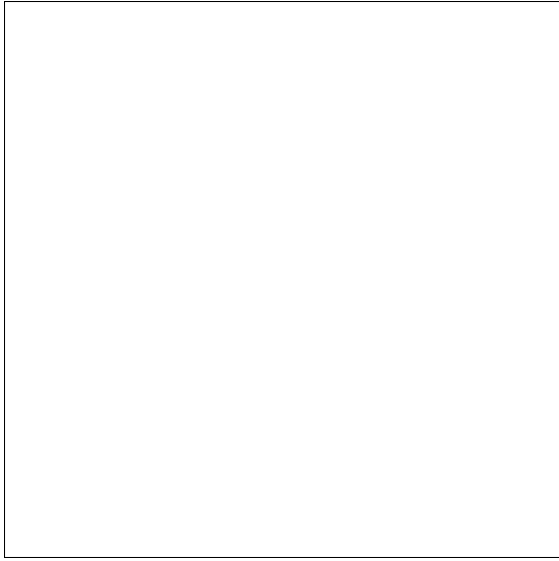
Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.

ኣብቲ መሬት ሕምሽሽ ኢላ ተሰባበረት። እቲ ጥበብ ብነጻ ንኹሉ ሰብ ከምዝባጸሕ ኩነ። በዚ ድማ እዮም ሰባት ነቲ ኩሉ ሕጂ መሊኹም ዘለዉ ጥበባት ከም ሕርሻ፡ ምስፋይ ክዳውንቲ፡ ምቕጥቃጥ ሓዲን ኩነ ካልእ ጥበባት ክፈልጡ ዝኸኣሉ።

...

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.





ስሱዕ ኣናንሲ: “ነዛ ዕትሮ ኣብ ጫፍ ናይዚ ነዊሕ ገረብ ብስቱር ክዕቅባ እየ። ሸዑ ንዓይ ጥራይ ትኸውን።” ኢሉ ሓሰበ። ሓደ ነዊሕ ሃሪ ኣሊሙ። ኣብታ ናይ ካይላ ዕትሮ ኣሲሩ ኣብ ዙርያ ናይ ከብዱ ጠምጠም። ናብታ ገረብ ክድይብ ጀመረ። ግና እታ ዕትሮ ኣብ ብርኩ ደጋጊማ እናሃረመት ናብቲ ለዕሊ ምድያብ ኣጸገመቶ።

...

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.

እዚ ኩሉ ክገብር ከሎ፡ ንእሽቶ ወዲ ንኣናንሲ ኣብ ትሕቲታ ገረብ ደው ኢሉ ይከታተሎ ነበረ። ከምዚ ድማ በሎ፡ “ምድያብ ክቐለልካስ ነዛ ዕትሮ እንተትሓዝላ’ዶ ኣይምሓሽን?” ኣናንሲ ነታ ጥበብ ዝመልእት ዕትሮ ክሓዝላ ፈተነ፡ ብሓቂ ድማ ኣዝዩ ዝቐለለ ኹነ።

...

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.