ष्णववःषे: ५८: र्त्ते: र्चेषा

Anansi and Wisdom

- Ghanaian folktale
- ☑ Wiehan de Jager
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चर्वाः मृत्यक्वितः लूर्यः प्रस्ति। वर्ण्यः ताः स्ट्री क्रिंटः वृष्यः मृष्यः चुः स्ट्रिंगः क्रिंगः क्रिंगः व्याः व्याः व्याः स्वायः क्रिंगः व्याः व्यः व्याः व्याः

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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.

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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! भ्रम्यरार्न्स न्यायेयराके:मदीन्ये:ययराग्धी:येयरात्य "म्याह्मःयादर्ने:मिमः र्ष्ट्रेट अर्वे व 'र्ये विवा वी के 'ला ब्रेट 'द्वें रा ग्री 'यर् वा दे 'क्षेर 'तुर्य 'या प्येव 'व 'यर्टे ' क्ट सार र पार्डवा र्धेर प्रार्थ में रेपा वि र र वीष ने वर्ष वा प्रथम था र्र्त र्विट.बीथ.घवा.न.र्रट.त्.खेवा.क्रिंथ.न.रटा घवा.न.ट्या ह्या.ट्रा.का.से. रवायान्यकेटयापासुरान्ग्रीयानकुवान्ययानकेटया ववापिते स्रेर्धावाकेवार्षा रटावी'अर्व'वी'श्लेट'या'या'पन्गवायायरेता दे'वयाविं रटाविटार्बेटादेवे हे' लायह्वाक्चितिकातारूटी लुवावयटा क्रिस्टालरायह्वाः सैनकाशिह्यारी वितुः सुषा अर्वी ता तर्वे वा व षा विदार्शेदा वी के ता तहे वा विवार्ध हिंदा ता से दा

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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.

त्याः श्रीः श्रूरः चिरः चः रूरी व्याः व्यः व्याः व्यः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्याः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः व्यः

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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.

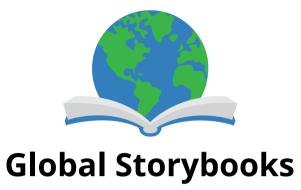
लट्याने हि.श.ट्रे.च्रेट.क्रूट.च्रे.झ्.चयायायातीचा.त.स्ट्री स्वा.त.क्रिट.त्र.पट्टेच व्य.व्य.यु. लुय.ट्रंच्या.झ्.प्य.पह्चा.ब्रेच.यूट.च्रंच्या.च्या.च्या.च्रंच्या.च्या.च्या.च्रंच्या.च्या.च्या.च्या.च्या.च्या.च्या.च

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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.

. . .

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.



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