



Anansi an Wizdom

Anansi and Wisdom

 Ghanaian folktale

 Wiehan de Jager

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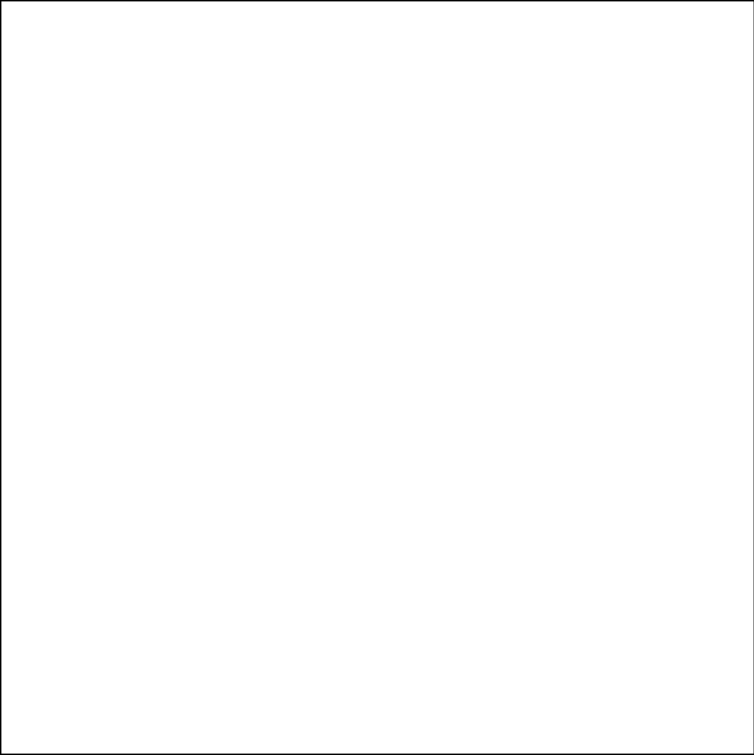
 Patwa jam / English en



Wie bak inna di diez piipl neva nuo notn. Dem neva nuo ou fi plaant fuud, ar ou fi mek klaat, or ou fi mek tuul outa aiyan. Di gad niem Nyaame op ina di skai did av aal a di wizdom fi di wol. Im did kip it sief inna wahn pat we mek outa klie.

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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.



Wan die, Nyaame mek op im main se im wuda gi di pat a wizdom to Anansi. Evritaim Anansi luk ina di klie pat, im lorn sopm nyuu. A pyuur eksaitment!

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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!



Anansi get krieven an staat tingk tu imself se, "Mi ago kip di pat sief op a di tap a wahn ai chrii. Den mi wi av it aal tu miself!" Im spin wahn lang chred, wain it roun di klie pat, an tai it op pan im beli. Im staat fi klaim di chrii. Bot it did aad fi klaim wid di pat a lik op pan im nii dem evritaim.

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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.



Aal dis taim Anansi likl bwaai pikni did a stan op a di fut a di chrii a wach im. Im se tu im se, “It no wuda iiziya fi klaim ef yu tai di pat baka yu insted?” Anansi chrai fi tai di klie pat ful a wizdom baka im, an it di riili iiziya.

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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.



Inna no taim im riich a di tap a di chrii. Bot den im stap an tingk tu imself se, "Mi sopuoz fi bi di wan wid aal a di wizdom, an si mi bwaai pikni did smaata dan mi!" Anansi did so beks bout it so til im dash we di klie pat outa di chrii.

...

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 brok op inna piisiz pan di grong. Di wizdom did frii fi evribadi shier op. An a so komz piipl lorn ou fi faam, ou fi mek klaat, ou fi mek tuul outa aiyan, an aal di ada tingz dem we piipl nuo ou fi du.

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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.



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