



Anansi no Matenek

Anansi and Wisdom

 Ghanaian folktale

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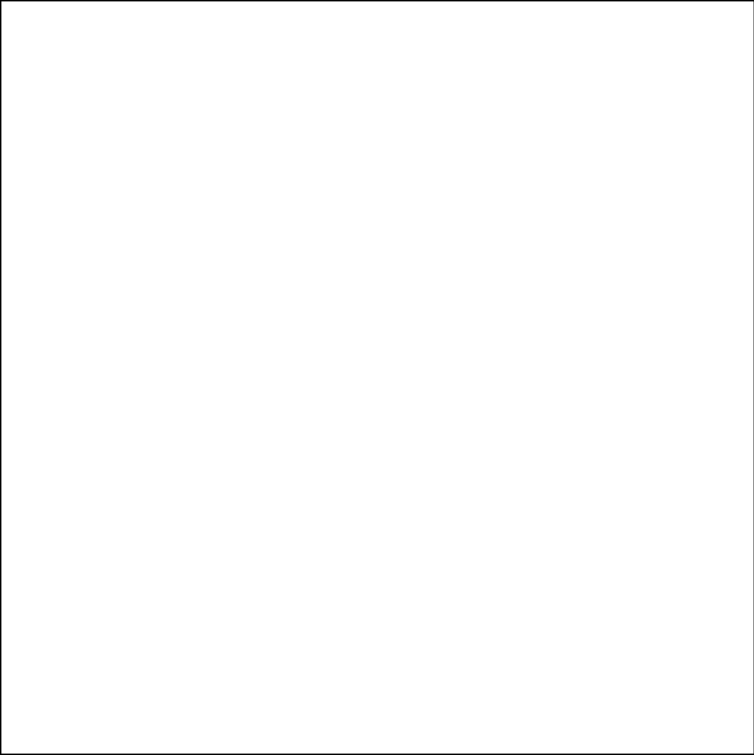
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Tinan barak liu ba ema la hatene buat ida. Sira la hatene oinsá atu kuda ai-horis sira, ka soru kabas, ka oinsá atu halo sasán besi kroat sira. Maromak Nyame iha kalohan leten ás mak iha matenek tomak husi mundu. Nia rai didi'ak matenek sira ne'e iha sanan-rai ida nia laran.

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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.



Loron ida, Nyame deside katak atu fó sanan-rai matenek ne'e ba Anansi. Bainhira Anansi hateke tama ba sanan-rai ida ne'e nia laran, nia aprende buat fóun ida. Furak tebes!

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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 ne'ebé kaan-teen hanoin ona, "Hau sei rai sanan-rai ne'e ho seguru iha ai-hun ás ida nia leten. Atu nune'e nia sai ha'u mesak nian!" Nia nakdulas ho kabas lahan naruk ida, dada haleu sanan-rai ne'e, no nia kesi ba ninia kanotak. Nia komesa atu sa'e ai-hun ne'e. Maibé difisil atu sa'e ai-hun ne'e tanba sanan-rai ne'e soke bebeik nia ain-tuur.

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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.



Tempu barak nia laran ona Anansi nia oan iha ai leten hodi hein nia. Nia dehan, “sei fasil ba o atu sa’e se karik o kesi sanan-rai ne’e ba o nia kotuk?” Anansi koko kesi sanan-rai nakonu ho matenek sira ba ninia kotuk, no fasil liu ba nia sa’e ai-hun.

...

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.



Lakleur nia to'o duni ba ai-tutun. Maibé depois nia para no hanoin, "Ha'u mesak mak atu iha de'it matenek sira ne'e hotu, no iha ne'e ha'u nia oan mane sai matenek liu fali ha'u!" Anansi hirus tebes kona-ba ne'e no nia soe tun sanan-rai husi ai-tutun ba kraik.

...

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.



Sanan-rai ne'e rahun bainhira kona-rai. Matenek sira ne'e livre no nakfahe ba ema hotu. Ho nune'e mak ema aprende atu halo to'os sira, ka soru kabas, ka halo sasán besi kroat sira, no buat sira seluk hotu ne'ebé ema hatene atu halo.

...

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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