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Anansi na hekima / Anansi and Wisdom

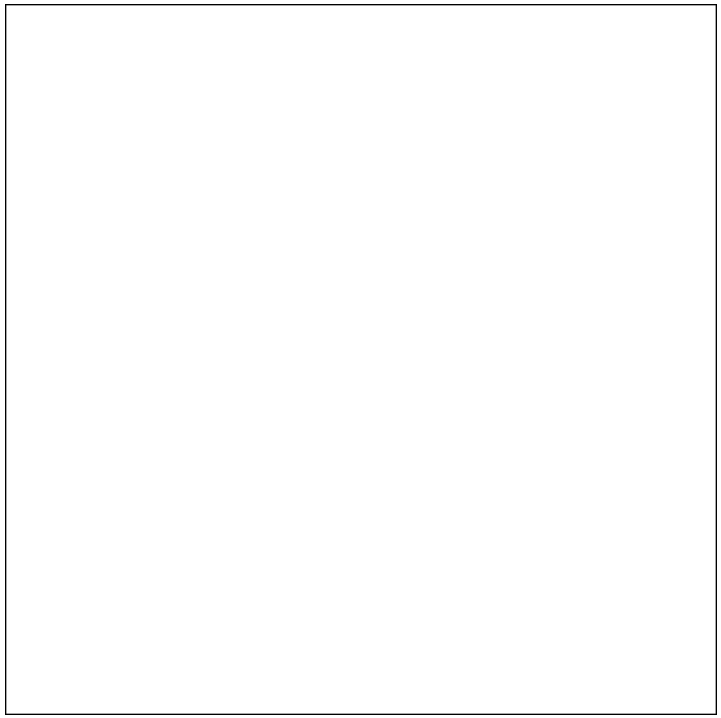
Written by: Ghanaian folktale
Illustrated by: Wiehan de Jager
Translated by: (sw) Mutugi Kamundi

This story originates from the African Storybook (africanstorybook.org) and is brought to you by Storybooks Canada in an effort to provide children's stories in Canada's many languages.

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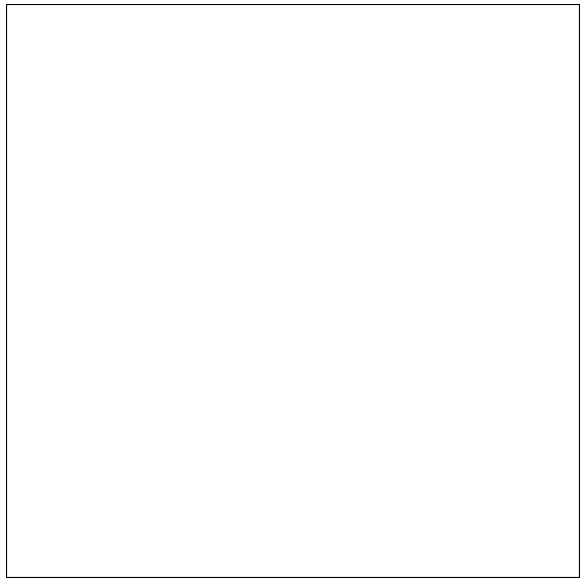
Anansi na hekima

Anansi and Wisdom



Ghanaian folktale
Wiehan de Jager
Mutugi Kamundi
Kiswahili / English
Level 3

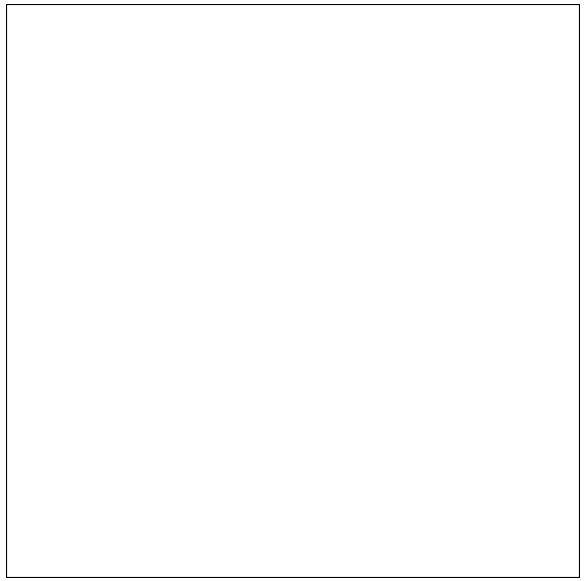
(imageless edition)



Hapo zamani za kale, watu hawakujua chochote. Hawakujua kupanda mimea, hawakujua kushona nguo, wala hawakujua kuunda zana za chuma. Nyame, mungu aliyekuwa mbinguni, ndiye aliyekuwa mwenye hekima zote za dunia. Alihifadhi hekima hiyo kwenye chungu cha udongo.

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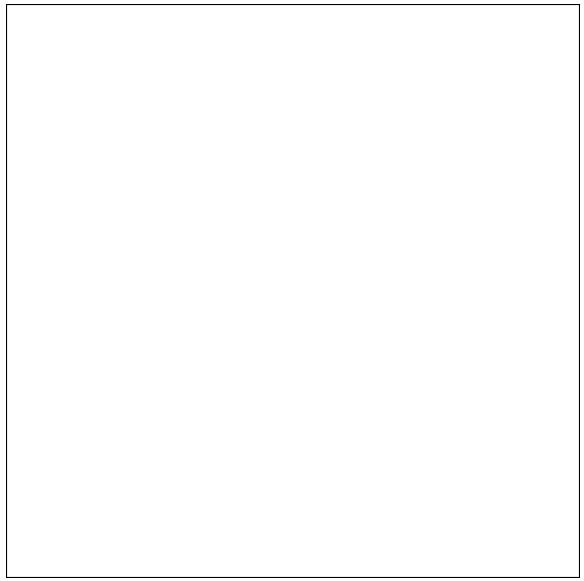
Long long ago people didn’t know anything. They didn’t know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



Chungu kilivunjika vipandevipande pale chini. Hekima zikawa za bure kwa mtu yeyote kujichukulia. Na hivyo ndivyo watu walivyojifunza kulima, kushona nguo, kuunda zana za chuma, na mambo yote mengine ambayo watu wanajua kuyafanya.

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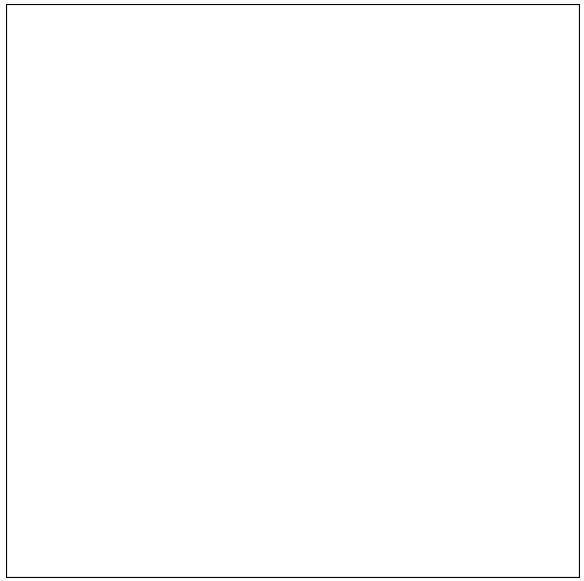
It smashed into pieces on the ground. The wisdom was free for everyone to share. And that is how people learned to farm, to weave cloth, to make iron tools, and all the other things that people know how to do.



Punde tu alifika juu ya mti, aliwaza, “Natakiwa kuwa ndiye mwenye hekima zote, lakini hapa mwanangu ndiye mwenye akili kuliko mimi.” Anansi alikasirishwa sana kiasi kwamba alikitupa kile chungu chini ya mti.

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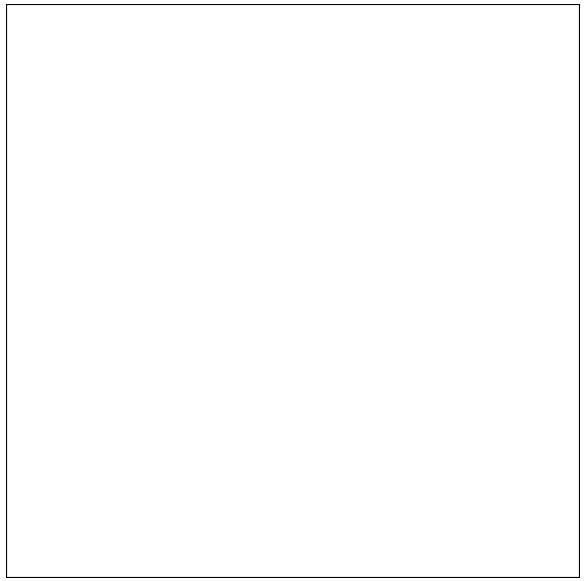
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But then he stopped and thought, “I’m supposed to be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son was cleverer than me!” Anansi was so angry about this that he threw the clay pot down out of the tree.



Siku moja, Nyame aliamua kumpa Anansi chungu hicho cha hekima. Kila Anansi alipotazama ndani ya chungu cha udongo, alijifunza jambo jipya. Alifurahi sana!

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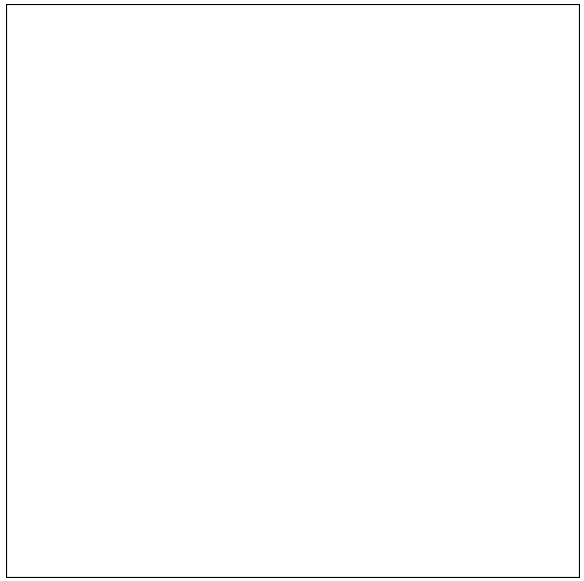
One day, Nyame decided that he would give the pot of wisdom to Anansi. Every time Anansi looked in the clay pot, he learned something new. It was so exciting!



Anansi mlafi alinong’ona moyoni, “Nitakificha chungu hiki juu ya mti mrefu ili nikifaidi mwenyewe.” Akasokota uzi mrefu na kuuzungusha kwenye chungu. Kisha, akajifunga tumboni. Akaanza kupanda kwenye mti. Lakini ilikuwa vigumu kupanda kwenye mti huku chungu kikimgonga magotini kila mara.

...

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.



Wakati huo wote, mwanawe alikuwa amesimama chini ya ule mti akimtazama baba yake. Akamwambia, “Baba, si ingekuwa rahisi kupanda endapo ungekifungia chungu mgongoni?” Basi Anansi akajaribu kukifungia chungu kilichojaa hekima mgongoni mwake, na kweli ikawa rahisi zaidi.

...

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.