



Anansi and Wisdom

ଆନ୍ଶିଳ ଓ ମାନ୍ଦିଲ

(imageless edition)

- III Level 3
- Ⓐ Arabic / English
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- ✍ Ghanaiian folktale

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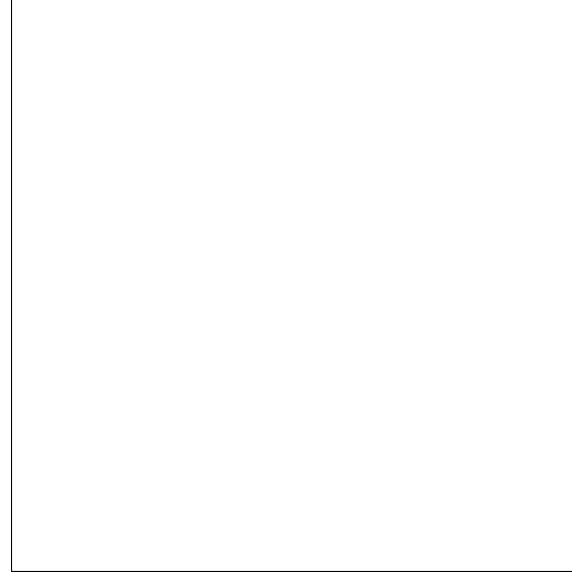
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في قديم الزمان، كان الناس لا يعرفون شيئاً. كانوا لا يعرفون طريقة زراعة المحاصيل، أو نسج الأقمشة، أو صناعة الأدوات الحديدية. كان هناك إله نيات في السماء وكان يملك كل الحكمة الموجودة في العالم. وكان محتفظاً بها في وعاء من الفخار.

...

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.

تحطم الوعاء إلى قطع صغيرة على الأرض. وأصبحت الحكمة للجميع لكي يتشاركوها. وهكذا تعلم الناس الفلاحة، ونسج الأقمشة، وصناعة الأدوات الحديدية، وجميع الأشياء الأخرى التي يعرف الناس كيفية القيام بها.

...

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.

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

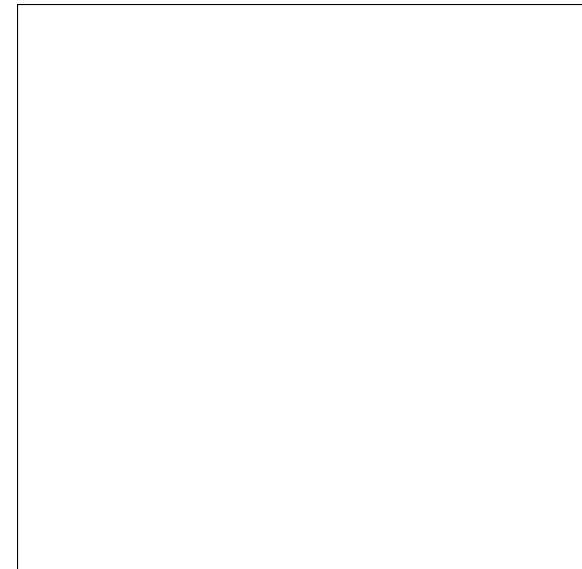
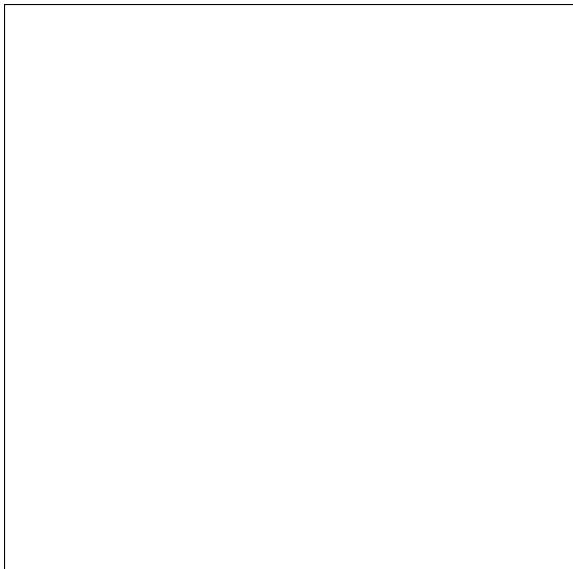
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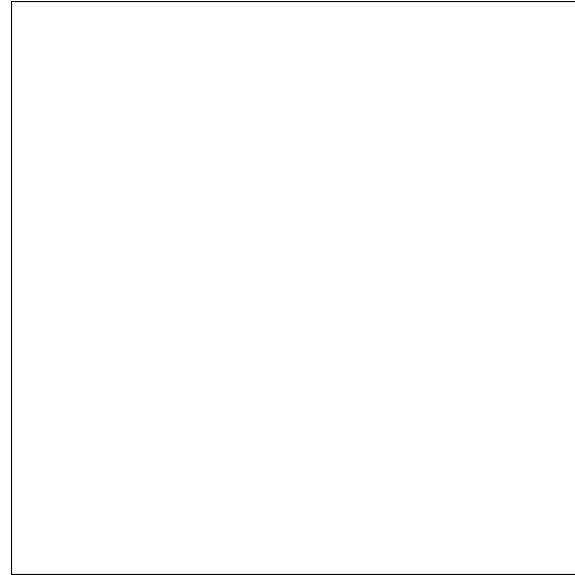
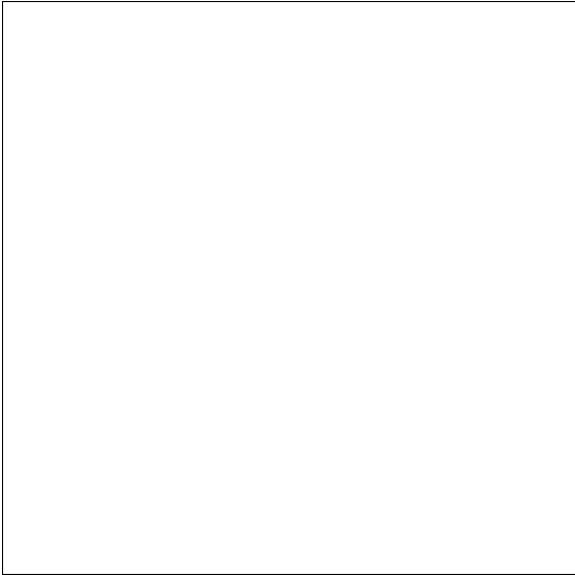
"**أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**!"  
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One day, Nyame decided that he would give the pot of wisdom to Anansi. Every time Anansi looked in the clay pot, he learned something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

...

**أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**!  
**أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**! **أَنْانِي**!





فَكِرَ الْجُشُعُ أَنَانْسِيَ: "أَنَا سَوْفَ أَحْتَفِظُ بِالْوَعَاءِ فِي مَكَانٍ آمِنٍ فِي أَعْلَى شَجَرَةٍ طَوِيلَةٍ. بَعْدَ ذَلِكَ يَمْكُنُ أَنْ يَكُونَ كُلُّ شَيْءٍ لِنَفْسِي!" وَنَسَجَ خَيْطًا طَوِيلًا، وَلَفَهُ حَوْلَ وَعَاءِ الطِينِ، وَرَبَطَهُ إِلَى بَطْنِهِ. بَدأَ تَسلِقَ الشَّجَرَةِ. وَلَكِنَّ كَانَ كَانَ مِنَ الصَّعِبِ تَسلِقُ الشَّجَرَةِ وَالْوَعَاءِ يَخْبُطُ فِي رَكْبَتِيهِ طَوالَ الْوَقْتِ.

...

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.

خَلَالَ كُلِّ هَذَا الْوَقْتِ كَانَ ابْنُ أَنَانْسِي الصَّغِيرُ يَشَاهِدُ مِنْ أَسْفَلِ الشَّجَرَةِ. وَقَالَ: "أَلَنْ يَكُونُ مِنَ الْأَسْهَلِ تَسلِقُ الشَّجَرَةِ إِذَا كَانَ الْوَعَاءُ مَرْبُوطًا إِلَى ظَهَرِكَ بَدْلًا مِنْ بَطْنِكَ؟" حَاوَلَ أَنَانْسِي رِبَطُ وَعَاءِ الْفَخَارِ الْمُلِيءِ بِالْحِكْمَةِ إِلَى ظَهَرِهِ، وَأَصْبَحَ فَعْلًا تَسلِقُ الشَّجَرَةِ أَسْهَلًا.

...

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.