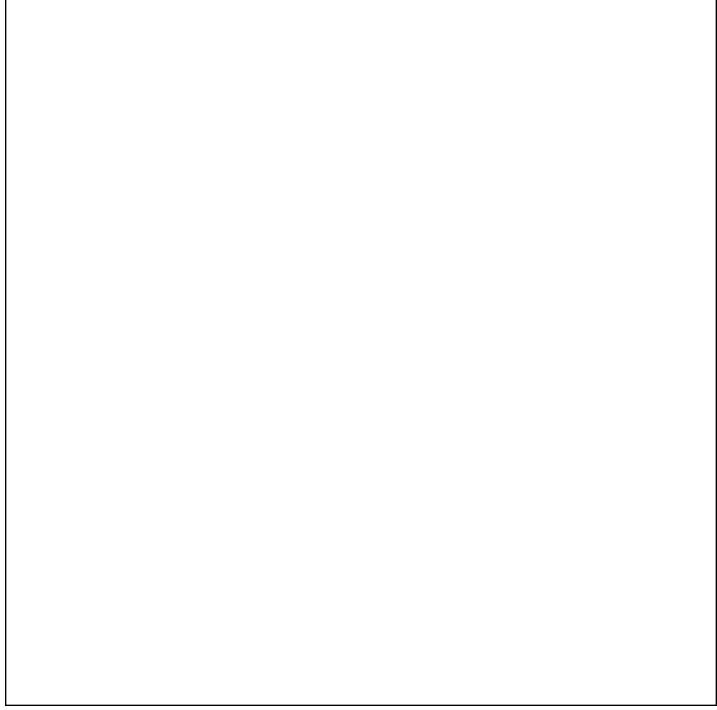


Anaanis fi Ogummaa
Anansi and Wisdom



✎ Ghanaian folktales
🔒 Wiehan de Jager
📄 Demoze Degefa
🗣️ Oromo / English
📖 Level 3



(imageless edition)

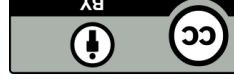


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Anaanis fi Ogummaa / Anansi and
Wisdom

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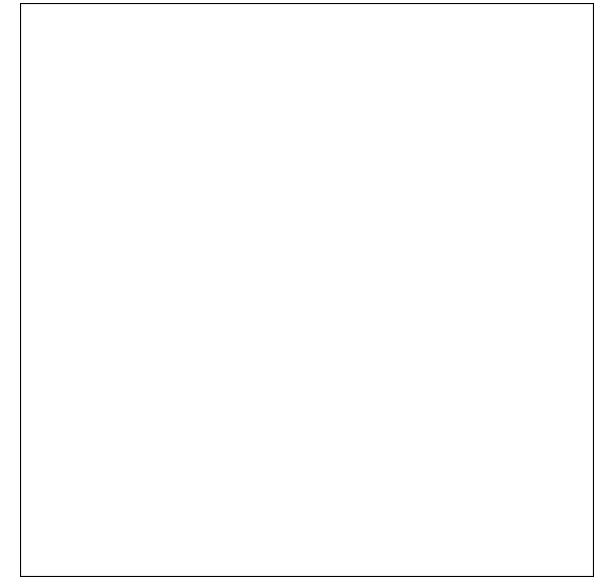
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Yeroo durii namoonni homaa hinbekan ture. Namoonni kuni akkaiitti wayya dhahan, akkaa midhaan facaasan, fi akkaiitti sibilaa tuman hinbeka ture. Ayyanni Nyamee jedhamu garuu ogummaa bayee qaba ture. Ogummaa kana okkotee keesaa ka'ee.

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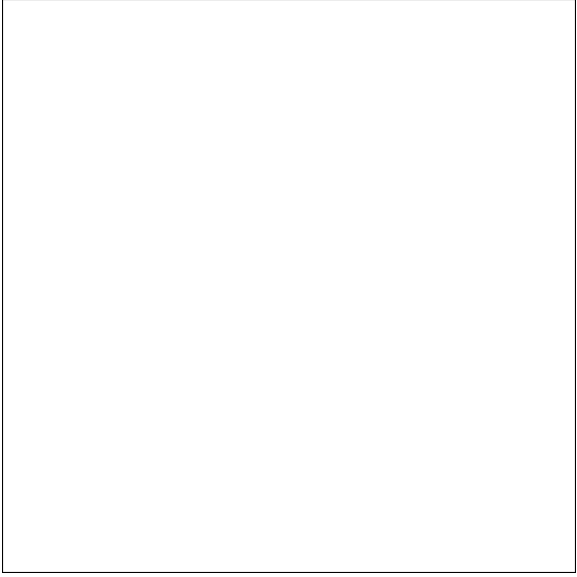
Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



Okkoteen nicacabdee. Ogummaan suni nama hundaafu bilsaa ta'e. Namoonni haala kanaan akkamiti akka qotan, akkamiti akka uffata dhahan, fi akkamiti akka sibiilaaf wantoota biraa hojatan baran.

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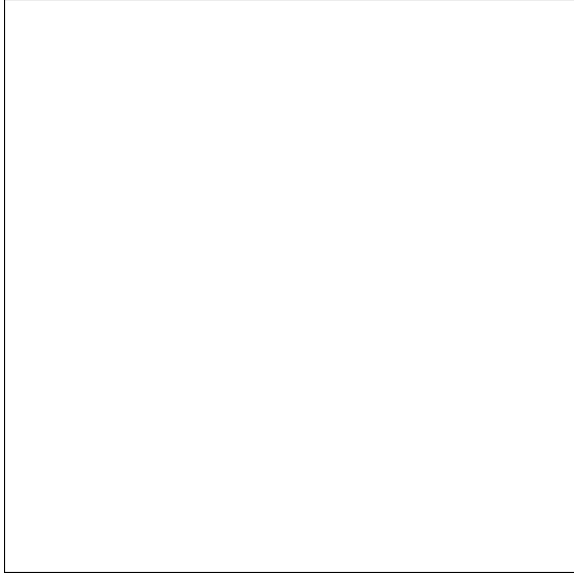
It smashed into pieces on the ground. The wisdom was free for everyone to share. And that is how people learned to farm, to weave cloth, to make iron tools, and all the other things that people know how to do.



Gaftokko, Nyameen okkotee kan Anaanisif kennuf murtesee. Anaanis yeroo okkotee kan ilalee hundaa waan bayee bartee. Bayee dinqii! ture.

...

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!



Yerooduma san qacee mukaa irra gahee. Sana booda yadee, "Ani namaa silaa ogumma hundaa qabaachuu yabu garuu mucaan koo akkamitti nacaa!lee!" Anaanis haala kannatti aaree okkotee mukarraa gadidarbee.

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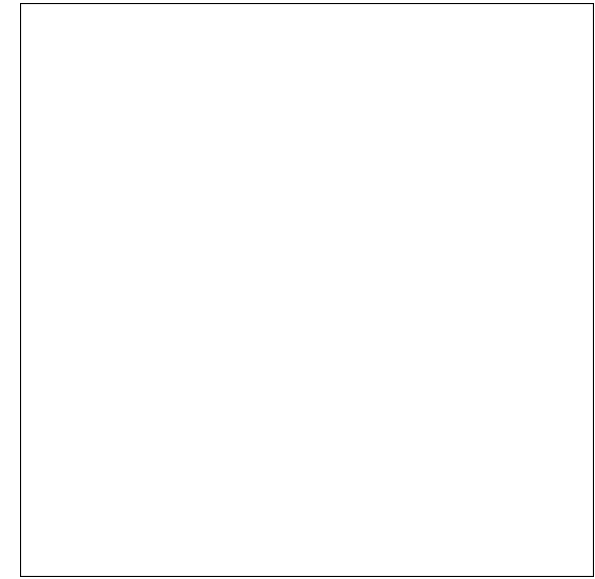
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry about this that he threw the clay pot down out of the tree.



Sassatuun Anaanis akkan yaade. “Okkotee tana muka gubban ka’a. Sana booda ana qofatu ittifayyadam!” Funyoo dheera fidee okkoteeti maree garaa isaa irratti hidhatee. Sana booda mukicha kore. Garu halaa saanan mukicha koru hindandenyee.

...

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.



Yeroo hundaa mucaan Anaanis muka jala dhabbate ilaalture. Akkan jedhe, “Okkotee sana oto dugdaa keetiratti hidhatee wayya ta’a lata?” Anaanis akkuma mucaan isaa jedhee sanatti dugdatti hindhatee shaakallin salphaa ta’ef.

...

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.