



(imageless edition)

- III Level 3
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- Ghanaiian folktale

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Ahachn n MyApocrb / Anansi and Wisdom

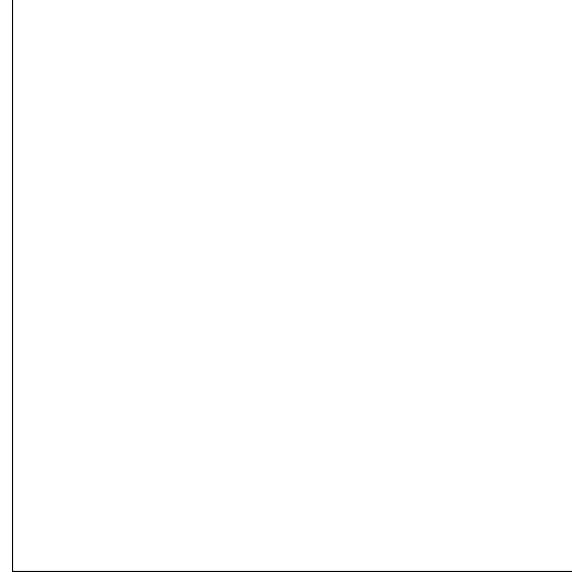
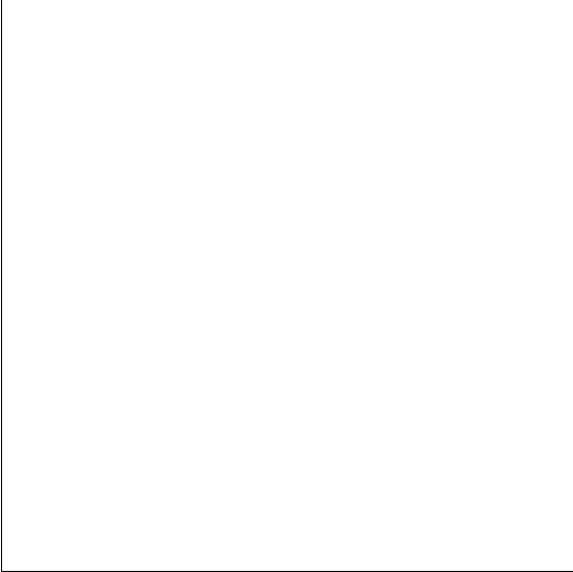
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Anansi and Wisdom

Ahachn n MyApocrb



Давным давно люди ничего не знали. Они не знали как собирать урожай, как делать ткани или железные инструменты. У бога Ньяме высоко на небе была вся мудрость в мире. Он хранил её в глиняном горшке.

...

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.

Он разбрёлся на куски на земле. Теперь все могли разделить мудрость. И так люди научились собирать урожай, делать ткани, железные инструменты и все другие вещи, которые умеют теперь.

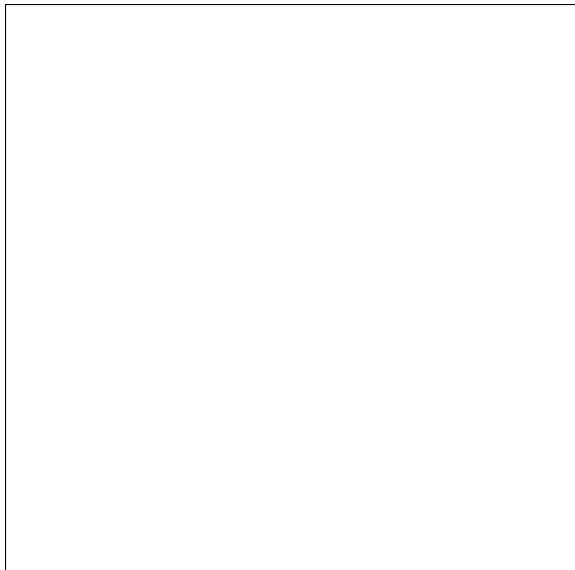
...

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.

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!

...

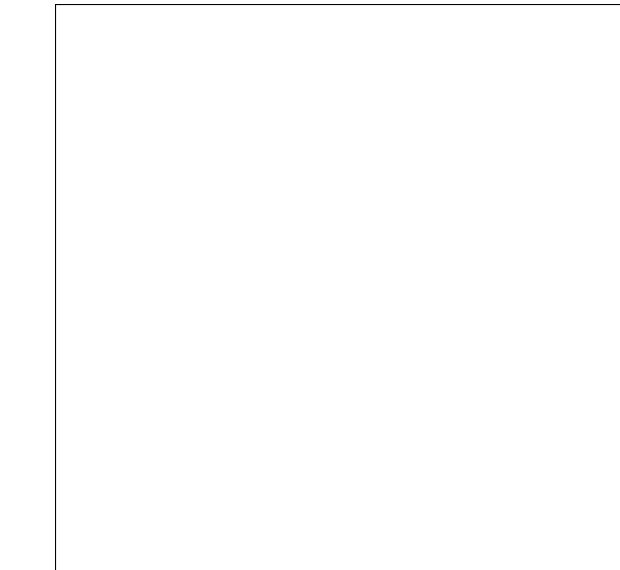
QAhak**4**pi Hbame peumnit otAatp ropmok c MyApoc**t**
AHACHN. Kakk**4**pi pas kor**4**a AHACHN cmotpern B
runnahpin ropmok, oh y3haban hto-to h0b0e. kak ke
ato gpiro nhtepc**h**o!



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.

...

OH HE 3ametnu kak 3a6parica ha Bepxyuky Apereba. Ho motom oh octahobnica n no4ymar, "Y Meha Aouirkha 6ptb bca MyApoc**t**, a Moñ cpih 6pih ymhe Meha!" AHACHN 6pih tak 3ou n3-a 3t0r0, ato oh cgpcn*u* ropmok c Apereba.





Жадный Ананси подумал, “Я буду хранить горшок на верхушке высокого дерева. Тогда он весь будет только моим!” Он сделал длинную веревку, обвязал ее вокруг глиняного горшка и привязал к животу. Он стал забираться на дерево. Но Ананси было сложно забираться на дерево, когда горшок постоянно бил ему по коленям.

...

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.

Всё это время молодой сын Ананси стоял у подножья дерева и смотрел на него. Он спросил, “Тебе не было бы легче, если бы ты привязал горшок спине?” Ананси попробовал привязать глиняный горшок полный мудрости к спине, и так действительно было легче.

...

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.