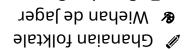


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سهاری ایسان ۱ Anansi and Wisdom

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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.

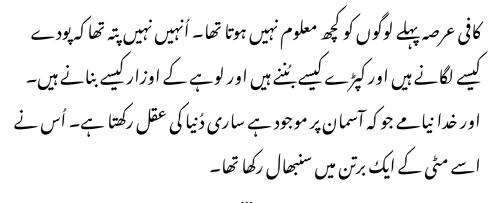


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Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.

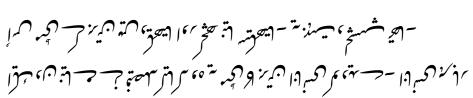


وہ زمین پر گر کر ٹکڑے ٹکڑے ہو گیا۔ اب عقل سب میں بانٹنے کے لیے آزادی تھی۔ اور اسطرح لو گوں نے پودے لگانا، کپڑے بُننا، لو ہے کے اوزار بنانا اور باقی تمام چیزیں کرنا سیکھیں۔

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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.





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One day, Myame 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!

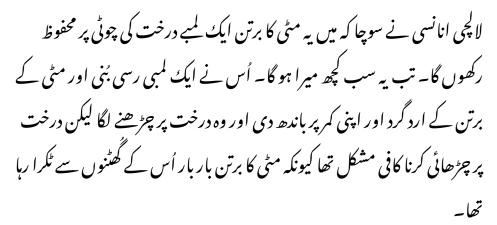


رأى الأره، بعن على - ليأرفخ ورني في الداره الما الداره الما الداره الما الداره الما الداره الما الداره الما ال ان مسرح لهذا بيرا بلم هي من ملا لا له المحالية الميدارية الميدارية الميدارية الميدارة المناه المناه

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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.





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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.



سارا وقت انا نسی کا چھوٹا بیٹا درخت کے نیچے کھڑے یہ سب دیکھتا اور کہتا۔
کیا یہ سب آسان نہیں ہو گا اگر آپ اس مٹی کے برتن کو اپنی کمرسے باندھ
لیں؟ انانسی نے عقل سے بھرے اُس مٹی کے برتن کو اپنی کمرسے باندھنے کی
کو شش کی اور یہ سب بہت آسان تھا۔

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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.