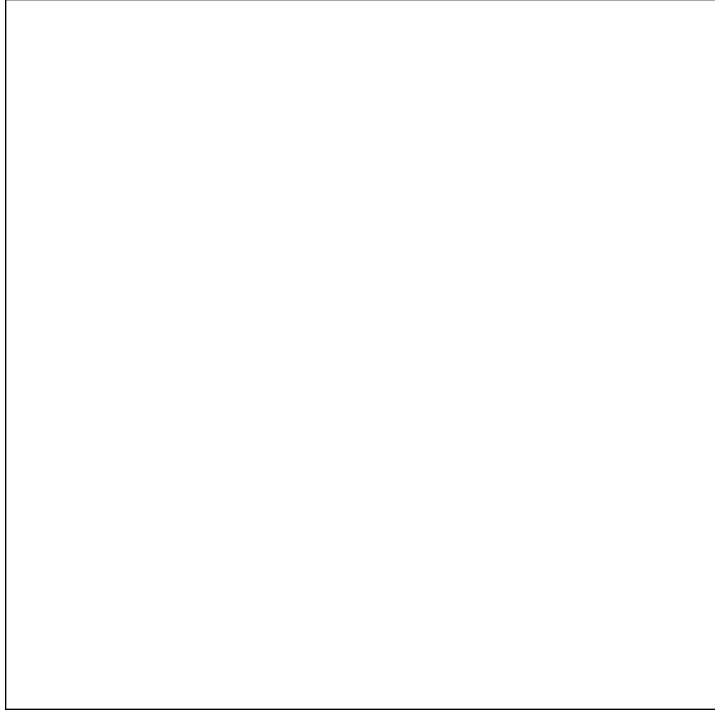




Anansi e o sábio
Anansi and Wisdom



Ghanaian folktales ✎
Wiehan de Jager 🗣️
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Portuguese / English 🗣️
Level 3 📖

(imageless edition)



Storybooks Canada

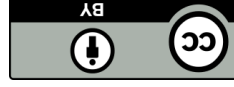
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Anansi e o sábio / Anansi and Wisdom

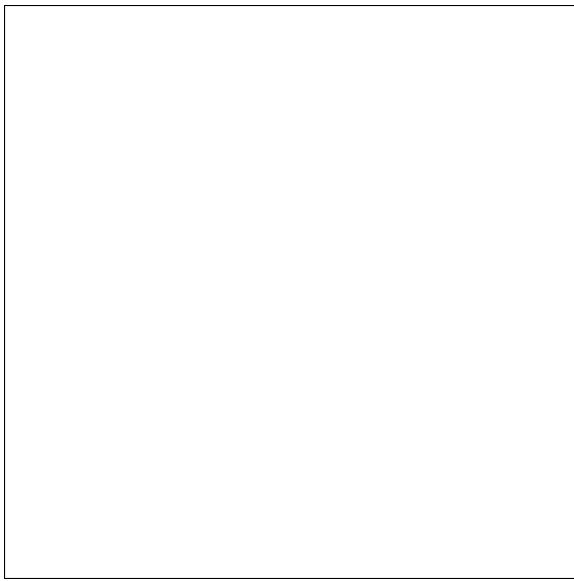
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Translated by: (pt) Priscilla Freitas de Oliveira

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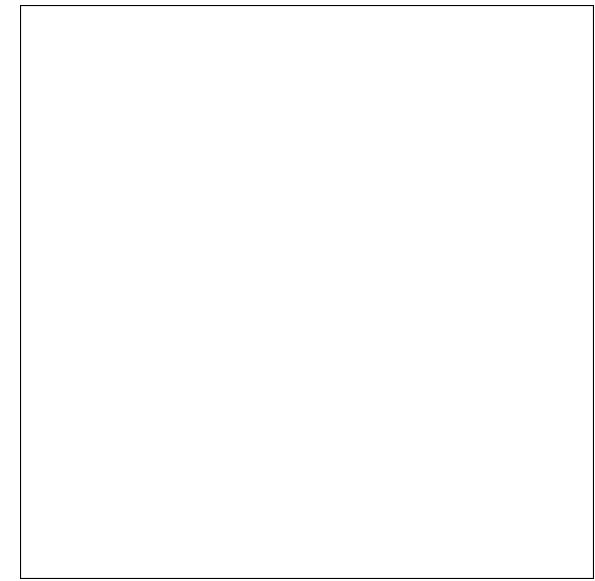
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Há muito tempo atrás as pessoas não sabiam sobre nada. Elas não sabiam como cultivar planta alguma, ou como tecer roupas, ou como fazer instrumentos de ferro. O Deus Nyame, bem lá no alto do céu, possuía toda a sabedoria do mundo. Ele guardava toda essa sabedoria num vaso de barro.

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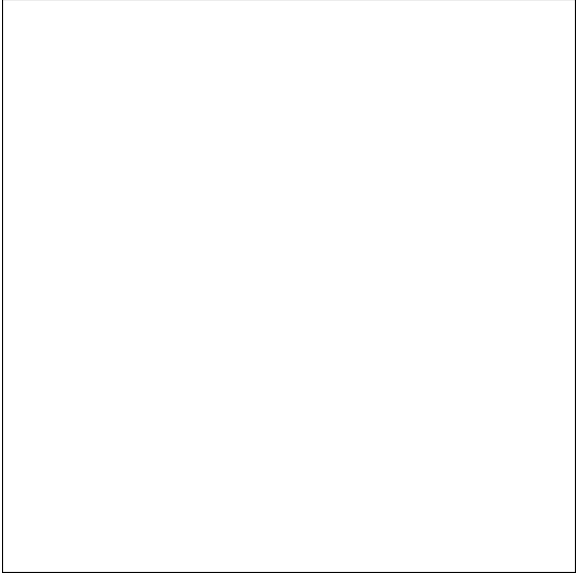
Long long ago people didn't know anything. They didn't know how to plant crops, or how to weave cloth, or how to make iron tools. The god Nyame up in the sky had all the wisdom of the world. He kept it safe in a clay pot.



O vaso despedaçou-se no chão. A sabedoria estava livre para ser dividida com todos. E foi assim que as pessoas aprenderam a cultivar, a tecer, a fazer instrumentos de ferro e todas as outras coisas que sabem fazer até hoje.

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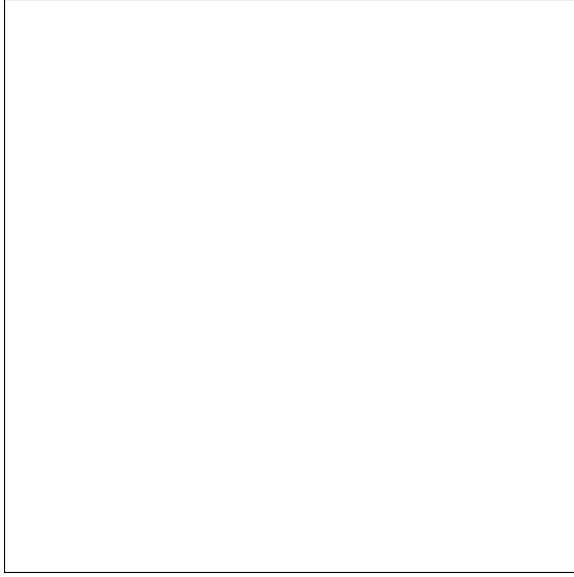
It smashed into pieces on the ground. The wisdom was free for everyone to share. And that is how people learned to farm, to weave cloth, to make iron tools, and all the other things that people know how to do.



Um dia, Nyame decidiu que ele daria o vaso da sabedoria para Anansi. Toda vez que Anansi olhava para dentro do vaso de barro, ele aprendia alguma coisa nova. Isso era muito legal!

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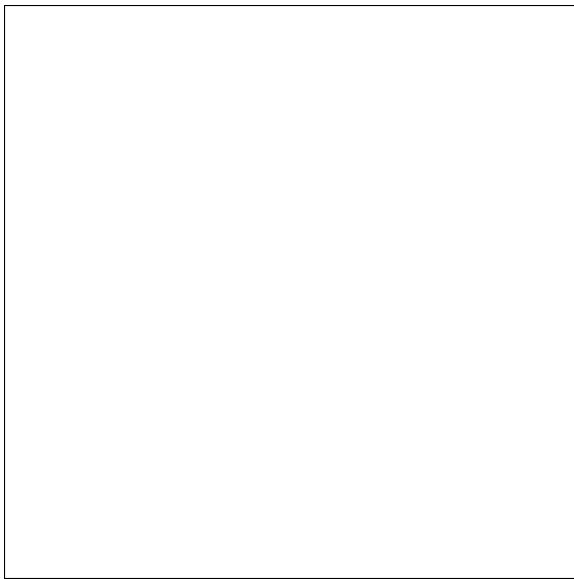
One day, Nyame decided that he would give the pot of wisdom to Anansi. Every time Anansi looked in the clay pot, he learned something new. It was so exciting!



Em pouco tempo ele alcançou o topo da árvore. Mas depois parou e pensou, "Eu deveria ser o único a possuir toda a sabedoria, e agora meu filho foi mais sábio do que eu!" Anansi estava tão zangado com isso que arremessou o vaso do topo da árvore.

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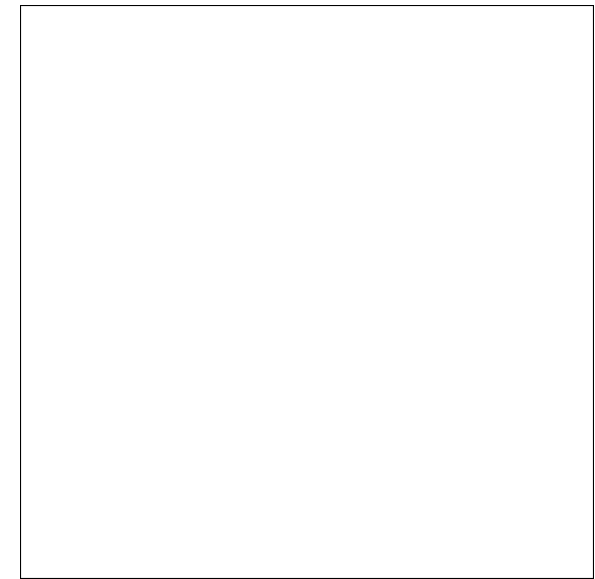
In no time he reached the top of the tree. But then he stopped and thought, "I'm supposed to be the one with all the wisdom, and here my son was cleverer than me!" Anansi was so angry about this that he threw the clay pot down out of the tree.



O ganancioso Anansi pensou, “Vou guardar o vaso com segurança no topo de uma árvore bem alta. Assim posso ficar com tudo só para mim!” Ele enrolou um fio longo em volta do vaso e amarrou-o a sua barriga. Então, começou a escalar a árvore, mas foi difícil subir com o vaso batendo o tempo todo em seus joelhos.

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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.



O tempo todo o filho mais jovem de Anansi tinha ficado embaixo da árvore, observando. Ele disse, “Não seria mais fácil subir se você tivesse amarrado o vaso a suas costas?” Anansi tentou amarrar o vaso cheio de sabedoria a suas costas e, realmente, assim foi muito mais fácil.

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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.