

Anansi, yi makwai, na ya mavwai

Anansi, the crows, and the crocodiles



Translated by Robi Szabo and Melanie Miles

Ndzwani Comorian, English

Story Book



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Writer: Ghanaian folktale

Illustration: Wiehan de Jager

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Peace Corps Comoros

Ndzwani Comorian, English

Ndzuwani, Comoros



Suku moja, shahula shikomo ntsini pia. Wantru wengi wako kiya ndza swafi. Ya makwai tu de wa kana shahula. Kula asubuhi, ya makwai wa yoha mbali swafi maana vwaka mzavuka. Umzavuka waka harimwa mro dribwavu.

One day, there was a great famine. Many people were very hungry. Only the crows had food. Every morning, the crows flew very far because there was an avocado tree. The avocado tree sat in the middle of a large river.



Kula suku ya makwai wa regeya na zavuka nyengi na wa ladza wadjemazawo. Anansi a wona zi zavuka na mimba yahe yi triya fidjo. Atso para zavukaa namna jeje?

Everyday the crows returned with avocados and fed their families. Anansi saw the avocados and his stomach rumbled. How could he get the avocados?



Anansi afikiri swafi. A kadza ngizi ya nyoshi mpatsaju ya nzu yahe. Ivo a renga bundru ya nyungu na a endra a wone ya makwai. “Samahani. Basi utso shindra nisaidiya?” awadzisa. “Itsolazimu ni para maha ya moro maana moro yangu yi zimi.”

Anansi thought hard. He covered his bottom with honey. Then he took a piece of clay pot and went to see the crows. “Please, could you help me?” he asked. “I need a hot coal because my fire went out.”



Ya makwai wa endre wa ving'e maha ya moro. Anansi a kentsi uju mwa zavuka dribwavu. Yi zavuka yi sikidza mpatsaju ya nzu yahe! Anansi a rongowa marahaba, ivo a lawa.

The crows went to bring the hot coal. Anansi sat on a large avocado. The avocado stuck to his bottom! Anansi said thank you to the crows, then left.



Be zavuka moja kayi mutosha Anansi. A regeya tsena na a renga tsena. Mara ya raru, ya makwai kawamuamini. Makwai warongoa, “Usija warenge maha ya moro tsena maana ntrini?”

But one avocado wouldn't satisfy Anansi. He returned again and he took another one. The third time, the crows didn't believe him. “Why are you coming to take more coals?” they said.



Anansi a djibu, “Nahi waswili dagoni, yi maha ya moro yi zimwa kamwe!” “Eh wawe! Usi hada!” ya makwai wa rongowa. “Usi zunguwa shahula shatru TU!” “Zo ntrambo!!” Anansi a rongowa na hulia.

Anansi answered, “When I get to my house, the hot coals have already burnt out!” “Hey! You are lying!” the crows said. “You are only looking for our food!” “That's not true!!” Anansi said crying.



Ya makwai wa muvereha. Asubuhi ijau, kila kwai a muva puzi moja. Anansi na makwai wa yohana mzavuka harimwa mro dribwavu.

The crows felt sorry for him. The next morning, every crows gave him one feather. Anansi and the crows flew together to the avocado tree in the middle of the big river.



Ahi wono zizavuka zayivu fetre, a tsaha pia zike zahe. Wakati kwai apuwa zavuka, Anansi ashemeledza “Iyo yangu! Wami de wahandra ayiwono!” Na arenga yi zavuka na atriya mkobani yahe. Azitriya piya mkobani ata ya makwai kawakana ta moja.

When he saw the very ripe avocados, he wanted all of them to be his. When a crow picked an avocado, Anansi shouted, “That's mine! I saw it first!” and he took the avocado and put it in his bag. He put them in his bag until the crows had none.



Ya mwakwai wa ja hasira na wa mulishi weke wahe. Uku yika yi ngiya! “Nahika tsi tsaha ni bake mzavukani ata mpaka kiyama,” a dji rongowa. “Itsolazimu ni yohe mawuri ya makwai.”

The crows were angry and they left him by himself. The night was coming! “If I don't want to stay in an avocado tree until Judgement Day,” he said to himself. “I need to fly like the crows.”



A hedza zimpumu, a yoha, na... TSAAH! A puwa mroni harmiwa ya mavwai.

He took a deep breath, a jumped, and... SPLASH! He fell in the river among the crocodiles.



“Basi ini ntrini?” iwwai arongowa. “Itso kana lada...”
“Tafaddali, usi ni le!” Anansi a rongowa. Aliya. “Wami kwai, kusi wona? Tsi latsiha hale hale hoho na tsa ka onehana. Wanyu de udjemazangu be kara paro jiliana!” Anansi aliya swafi. Ya mavwai wa muvereha.

“What is this?” a crocodile said. “It will be so tasty...” “Please, don't eat me!” Anansi said. He cried. “I am a crocodile, don't you see? I was lost a long long time ago and I was not found. You are all my family, but we have never met!” Anansi cried very hard. The crocodiles felt sorry for him.



Yi mamba ya muhu a rongowa, “Ritso juwa amba wawe mamba nahika ushindri hula mtsuzi ya godra na hu jiviwa. Risi la mtsuzi ya godra kula suku.” Wa muva nyungu ya madji ya ntronro. “Isi fana na mtsuzi ya koko wangu!” Anansi a rongowa.

The oldest crocodile said, “We’ll know you’re one of us if you can eat and enjoy mud sauce just like we do.”

They gave him a pot of dirty brown water. “Just like my grandmother used to make it!” Anansi said.



Be atsimba ngama na mundru ya nyuma yahe na a foroa nyungu na mundru ya mbeli yahe. Anasi a no yi mtsuzi, be yi mtsuzi yi vuja ngamani.

But he made a hole in the ground with his back foot, and a hole in the pot with his front foot. As he pretended to drink the sauce, it oozed down through the pot into the hole beneath his feet.



“Yina lada!” Anansi arongowa. Awaregeza yi nyungu. “Eh we! Avasani risi juwa amba wawe famyi yatru!” ya mamba wa rongowa. Wa mulishi Anansi a lale fukoni yawo. “Meso, nitso mwatowa hadisi ya maesha yangu,” Anansi a rongowa. Wa lala.

"This is delicious!" Anansi said. He returned the pot. "Wow! Now we know that you are our family!" the crocodiles said. They let Anansi sleep in their house. "Tomorrow I'll tell you the story of my life," Anansi said. They slept.



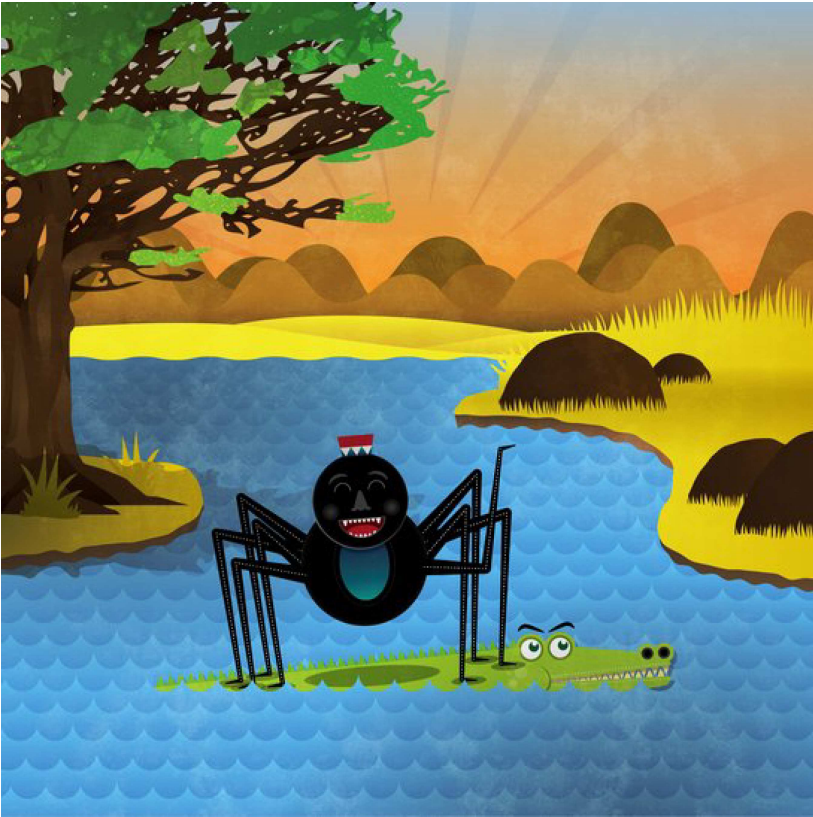
Suku yijau, Anansi amidza vwai moja. “Nisitsaha ni shiye yi mro. Mshe wangu na wana watru wasikentsi vale. Ritsotowa hadisi ya maesha yangu. Utsonisaidiya kabla ya mawwai piya wa hime?” Anansi a dzisa yi vwai.

The next day, Anansi woke up one crocodile. “I want to cross the river. My wife and our children live there. We will tell the story of my life. Will you help me before all of the crocodiles wake up?”



Yi wwai aja hasira. Akana tsindzi swafi! “Tafaddali, nisaidiya! Wawe uyela haraka raha na wami,” Anansi a rongowa. Yi wwai akubali.

The crocodile was angry. He was very sleepy.
“Please, help me! You swim much faster than I do,”
Anansi said. The crocodile agreed.



Anansi na yi vwai wa shiya mro. Wakati wa waswili, Anansi a shuka yi vwai. “Nitso regeya haraka! Nilindre!” Anansi arongowa. Aendre dzahe.

Anansi and the crocodile crossed the river. When they arrived, Anansi hopped off of the crocodile. “I will be right back! Wait for me!” Anansi said. He went along his way.



Leo, yi vwai asi lindra tarapva na matso yahe uju mwa
yi maji.

Today, the crocodile is still waiting with his eyes
above the water.

Samahani, nahika uwono nkosa, awu usitsaha shiyo shangina, awu una fikira la hwangiha shiyo... tafadhwali unambie harimwa:
pcvcwhcomoros@gmail.com

If you see any mistakes, want another book, or want helping writing your own book please contact me at: pcvcwhcomoros@gmail.com

Marahaba ivo wasoma!

Thanks for reading!

Cam - Bako Mkoni