

Anansi And The Tribal Conflict

A tale of Anansi The Spider

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A long time ago in Ghana there were two villages owned by two different tribes. The village to the East was called the water village, and the village to the West was called the wind village. Both villages were always having disagreements, and this story is about one of those disagreements.

In between both villages there was the common meeting place where both of the different village elders met. Both elders needed to discuss matters that were going on in the meeting place and to remember they wrote their ideas for tomorrow to discuss in the dry, dry dirt. But in the next morning, the ideas that were written were gone over night because the wind shifted the dirt and wild animals ran among the ground, but the elders did not know that. One day one of the elders from the wind village had enough. He shouted at the elders of the water village

“I know you are destroying our thoughts and our ideas to discuss!” The elders of the water village shouted back at them,

“We know you are the one who are taking away our topics to discuss!”

“Liars!” said the wind village elders at the water village elders.

“Liars!” said the water village elders to the wind elders and both sides stormed away from the meeting place back to their own villages. Rumors of war were spreading throughout both villages and the people of of both villages were scared. Anansi lived in the East side of Ghana and his home was close to the village of water. The people of the water village ran to the wise Anansi’s home and shouted

“Anansi, Anansi we need your help.” Anansi came out of his spider cave and said

“What do you need my help with?” The people in a hurry told the Anansi the spider all about the dispute at the elders meeting and how that the two village might wage war against each other and how they were so afraid. Anansi agreed to help the people because he loved all the people of the water village and loved all the people of the wind village.

The next day, Anansi gathered all the elders of both villages into the meeting place and had a proposition. He said he will put guards at the meeting to catch the person who was destroying the writings. The elders carried out business as usual that day and they wrote down their ideas in the dirt next to the acacia tree where the guards would be guarding the ideas. That night, there was a terrible storm.

Woosh! One of the guards got blown in the river from the wind.

Woosh! Another guard got stuck in a tree.

Pit pat pit pat! A guard slipped on the rain and fell.

Woosh, the dirt shifted from the wind and the rain washed away the writings. The next morning they found all three guards sleeping, one in the river bank, one in the tree, and one on the grass. Most importantly the writings were gone! What happened here cried the Elders. We had guards and the writings are gone, how do we know who did this? Anansi said maybe the guards spotted who did this, we will ask them when they wake up. They woke up the guards and they learned the whole story of how they did not see who destroyed the writings because it was in the dark night and some were picked up by the wind or slipped. When the Elders heard the story some thought the spirits were angry at them. Most thought the other village did it, and the talk of war in both villages was the only thing that the villagers talked about and everyone was scared.

A group of villagers walked up to Anansi’s Spider home.

“ O’ Anansi O’ Anansi we need your wisdom and help!” Anansi came out of his spider house and asked the people

“Kind people what do you need my help with?” The people answered

“The talk of war is closer than ever we need your help.”

“Don’t fear people I will think of an idea,” Anansi said, and went back into his house and thought for two days and two nights straight. Then, Anansi had a wonderful idea. He would visit a friend of his which was in fact a spirit and ask him to do something for him. He went to visit where the spirit lived and asked

“Oh friend and great spirit I have a favor to ask you.”

“ Sure Anansi I owe you any way since you beat me in Oware last time,” said the spirit

“So what is your request?”

“ I was wondering if I could borrow a seeing eye,” Anansi said.

“A seeing eye! Anansi you know I have a bunch could lend you one for one day,” His friend the spirit said.

“That would be perfect I need it for something very important I will give it back tomorrow,” Then Anansi left. Anansi snuck up to the meeting place right before night, he took the seeing eye made a hole in the tree nearby and put the secret seeing eye in. He called the elders in for a quick meeting and told them when they were finished to write down their ideas in the dirt. One elder said

“But Anansi you know the ideas get erased!”Then Anansi said

“It is ok, I have a plan.” After the elders wrote down their ideas they headed home and so did Anansi. He sat at home and activated the magical seeing eye by doing a sacred dance, suddenly he could see what was going on in the meeting place and the seeing eye replaced his vision.

“Aha,” Anansi said later that night. “I think I finally have my answer!” Anansi began working straight away, he fashioned a square with his spider thread and attached that square to some sticks and rolled it up. He took some dye and with his spider hand, made a little speck on the square. “It works perfectly.” Anansi said. In the morning the elders were called for a big meeting in the meeting place. Anansi presented his creation to them and told them how he saw

the dirt sifting and the wind blowing the ideas away. He told them, they could write in this and called it a scroll. He said since it was small they could keep it in a safe place and the dye would not come off the paper. Everyone was happy with this idea and they used this invention, and there was no more talk of war.