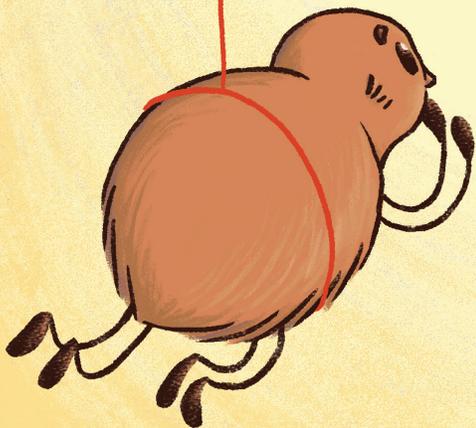


Anansi's Narrow Waist

A Tale from Ghana



H. J. Arrington
Illustrated by
Nicole Allin

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“Now this sounded like work to Anansi and he did not want to work . . . He got an idea.”

Spiders weren't always the way they are today. Long ago, all spiders were round and plump, and the roundest and plumpest of them all was the legendary Anansi in West Africa. Not only was he cunning and clever, but Anansi was also greedy and lazy.

One day, a very hungry Anansi travels from village to village, inviting himself to eat the food that each is preparing. Instead of sticking around to help with the cooking (because there is so much lazing around to be done), Anansi leaves one end of his web at each village and ties the other end around his big belly. He instructs the villagers to pull on the web string when the food is done. He goes on his way, but soon the tugs start coming . . . and coming . . . and coming! What will happen when Anansi is pulled in all different directions?

This retelling of a Ghanaian folktale combines wit, color, and timeless wisdom to spin a tale that will delight children and parents alike. Just be careful not to get caught in Anansi's web!



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Time was, in Ghana-land, folks say all spiders were as round as the sun. Now Anansi (pronounced Ah-nahn-see) the spider was thought to be the roundest of all. Maybe it was because he was the greediest fellow in town. Anansi loved to eat more than anything else in the world.

Not only was he greedy, but he was also known to be very clever. Anansi spent most of his time trying to get his next meal through trickery. Maybe he was the laziest fellow in town. He was certainly one of the cleverest.

One fine day, Anansi woke very early and felt mighty hungry. He rubbed his big belly as he hunted through his house for food. Finding none, he set out to find something delicious to eat.





He went walking, walking, walking. Woo!
Suddenly, his nose started to twitch.
“Hmm,” Anansi mumbled to himself. “Where
is that sweet smell coming from?”

He followed his nose for a bit.

“Oh! I smell yams cooking!” Anansi
screached loudly with delight! “I LOVE
yams!”

