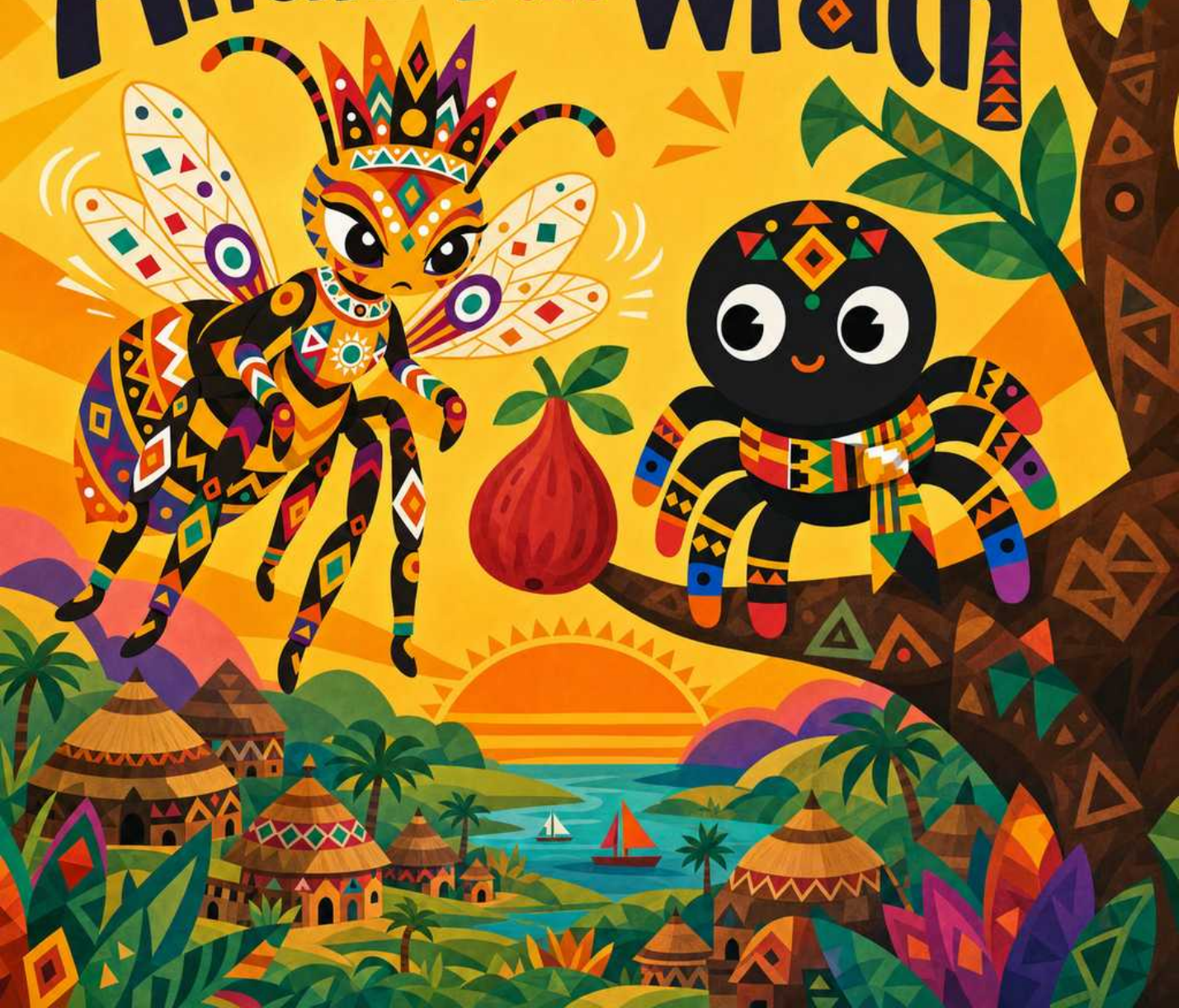


Anansi and the Wrath



A big fig tree grew
at the edge of the
village. It held the
best figs in all the
forest, sweet and red
as the sunset.

But this season,
hornets **wrapped** the
tree, and they took
every single fig.





The hornets stung anyone who came near. They stung goats, chickens, and children. They even stung old Granny, who dropped her basket and **wriggled** away as fast as she could.

For seven days the village ate only plain yams. No figs for the children. No figs at all.

Anansi the sly spider heard the fuss, and his belly rumbled. He wanted figs more than anything. He ran to the tree and called up to the hornets. 'I will fix this,' he said with a **wry** grin. Nobody believed him, but nobody had a better plan.



First, Anansi went to find Kofi the drummer. He **wrapped** some gold into Kofi's hand. 'Take that hollow-log drum across the river, deep into the ravine,' said Anansi. 'Beat it, and do not stop, no matter what noise comes.'

Kofi did not ask questions. A spider who paid well was worth it. He held the drum under his arm and went.





Then Anansi climbed onto a branch close to the fig tree. The hornets turned to face him, wings shaking with **wrath**.

'Oh, great hornets,' he said softly, 'I come only to tell the hornets something. I thought the swarm should know.'

The whole swarm went still. Hornets love to know things, most of all things about how great they are.

'There is another swarm,' said Anansi, 'living across the river in the ravine. Big hornets. Loud hornets. They say the buzz here is weak, like a bug with a cough.' He stopped. 'They say they are the true kings of this forest.'

The whole swarm broke into an angry **wrangle** of noise.

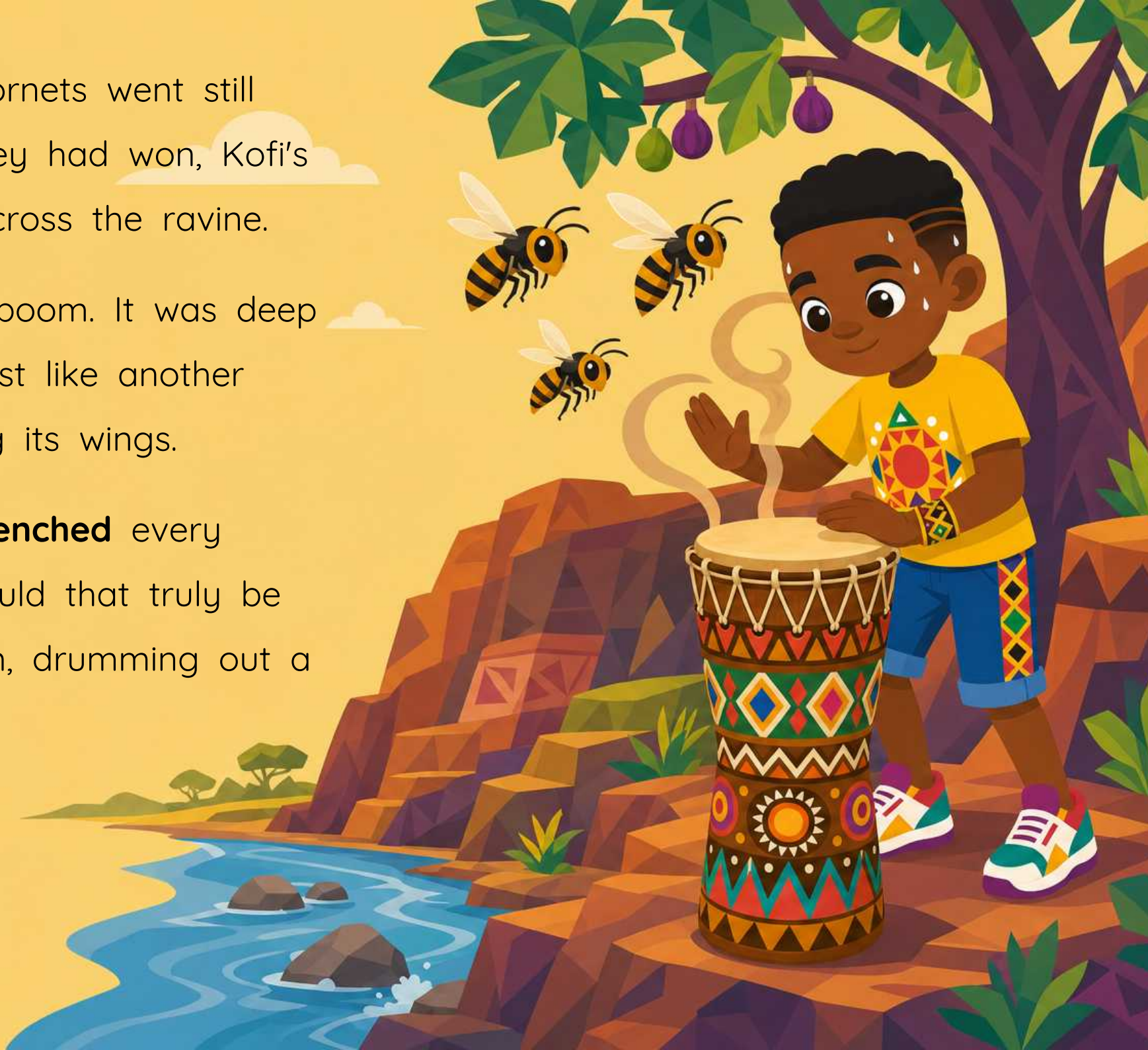
'Buzz louder, prove we are best!' the queen yelled, and every hornet buzzed as hard as it could.



Just as the hornets went still again, sure they had won, Kofi's drum rolled across the ravine.

Boom, boom, boom. It was deep and steady, just like another swarm shaking its wings.

The sound **wrenched** every hornet still. Could that truly be another swarm, drumming out a challenge?





Anansi came close. 'Hear that?' he whispered. 'They are laughing at the **wretched** buzz here. They drum because they say it cannot even reach the river.'

The queen's eyes blazed. She turned to her swarm. 'We will fly there and buzz in their faces until they flee!'

Anansi nodded slowly. 'Yes,' he said. 'The swarm should go. Buzz louder, prove we are best!'

The hornets streamed across the sky in a long, roaring ribbon, every last one of them. Kofi heard them coming. He grabbed his drum and ran up the far bank, deep into the forest. The swarm flew down into the empty ravine and buzzed at the rocks and tree roots, looking for the other swarm. But something was **wrong**. There was no one there at all.



Anansi raced back to the village. 'Come quick!' he yelled. 'Bring the baskets, all of them!'

The people ran out with pots and baskets, and **wrapped** figs in cloth bundles. They picked figs as fast as their hands could move. The children ate as they picked, and old Granny filled three baskets.

Then, from across the river, came an angry buzz, growing louder. The hornets had found the trick.





The hornets came racing back across the sky. Anansi was still up in the fig tree.

He grabbed one last fat fig, just one, and dropped into his web, spinning down so fast that no one could see him. He hit the ground running.

The hornets reached the tree to find it stripped bare, and Anansi running into the village, waving with a **wry** grin as he went.

That night, the village had a feast of figs and warm soup. Children danced with figs on their hands. Anansi sat in the best seat and ate until his belly was round as the full moon. He had beaten the hornets not with muscle or magic, but with their own pride. That is an old, old trick. The hornets flew far away and found a new tree. And to this day, when pride pulls someone into a foolish fight, the elders give a **wry** smile and say, 'Buzz louder, prove we are best!' They know just what comes next.





Anansi and the Wrath

Anansi the spider has a plan. The great fig tree drips with sweet fruit, but a swarm of hornets has claimed every last one, stinging anyone who dares come close. How can one small spider outwit a whole angry swarm and win back the figs for his hungry village? With a 'wry' grin and a clever trick, Anansi sets to work, while the hornets buzz with 'wrath' at his whispered words. This Bookbot level practices the 'wr' sound in words like 'wrapped', 'wrangle', and 'wriggled'.

Reading Skills: <wr>

wrangle, wrapped, wrath, wrenched, wretched, wriggled, wrong, wry

Learn to read with confidence

The Bookbot app and its carefully designed decodable books help children practise the sounds and words they are learning, building strong phonics and reading skills one step at a time. In the app, children can listen to stories read aloud, follow highlighted words as they are spoken, and read independently when they are ready. Together, the decodable books and oral reading support help develop accuracy, fluency, confidence and a love of reading. Learn more at www.bookbotkids.com.

