

Anansi

and the **Feast Day**



Anansi the
spider has a
big round tum.
He is so proud
of it. But a big
feast day is
on the way.





The feast day
comes to all the
camps. Each camp
cooks yam, corn
and hot soup. The
good smell drifts
on the wind for
days.

Anansi wants to eat at each camp. But the camps are far, and each feast starts at one time of day. He can not pick just one. 'Anansi, do not wish for it all!' says Jay the bird. But Anansi will not stay.



By dawn Anansi has a plan.
He gets a long rope and
cuts it up. He gives one
rope to each camp boss.
'Tug the rope, and I will run
to the feast,' he says.
Then he will wait in the mid
wood.





Anansi takes a rope to each camp. Each boss grins and takes it. Back at his spot, Anansi ties all the rope ends to his waist. Then he sits down to wait.

Anansi waits and waits. He plans his run: hill camp, then bay camp. 'I will eat a lot at each one,' he says. He grins to him. He does not know the pain on the way.



This year the corn
is the best. Each
camp cooks fast.
Each boss looks at
the feast and
smiles. Each boss
grabs a rope at one
time. No one waits.





yank yank yank. All the ropes go tight at one time. They pull Anansi's mid so hard. He flies up. He spins like a top. The knots do not fail. They stay tight, and that is the bad news.

The ropes pull him this way and that, up the hills and down. Each boss tugs and tugs. Anansi tries to wail for aid. Just a tiny mew comes out. The ropes squeeze him tight.



At last the ropes go
slack. Each boss lets
go at one time.

Anansi drops like a
stone and looks up at
the sky. His fat round
tum is gone. Now his
mid is thin as a hair.
He sits up and sighs.





Anansi runs to the hill camp. The food is gone. He runs to the bay camp. The pots are gone too. At each camp he is too late. Jay sees him come and says it again: 'Anansi, do not wish for it all!' Now all can see his tiny waist.

Anansi goes home with an empty tum. His big round tum is gone for good. That is why each spider has a tiny waist. Jay was right. When a kid piles food up too high, mum says it too: 'Do not wish for it all!'





Anansi and the Feast Day

Why does Anansi the spider tie seven ropes around his round belly and sit waiting in the middle of the forest? When all seven villages call him to their feasts at once, what happens to a spider who simply cannot choose? A funny folktale about wanting it all. This book practises the /e/ sound with words like 'day', 'stay', 'waist', 'wait', and 'aid'.

Reading Skills: <ai> <ay>

aid, bay, day, days, fail, hair, jay, pain, say, stay, wail, waist, wait, waits, way

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