

Python Wants Anansi.



Anansi owes a debt. Long ago the river flooded and swept away his yam garden.

Large Python let Anansi eat from his food and asked for no pay.

Now Python comes to collect. And what Python wants is Anansi, cooked with pepper in a bright pot.





'Anansi owes me a meal,'
says Python, flicking his
tongue. 'And that meal is
Anansi.' His voice is smooth.
His body is thick as a mango
tree.

When Python smiles, his
mouth opens **huge**, wide
enough to swallow Anansi
three times over.

Anansi's knees knock together.
He needs a plan, fast.

'Wait!' says Anansi, holding up one leg. 'Python cannot eat me today.' Python's eyes go thin. 'Cannot? I am the longest, most **agile** snake in this forest. I do what I like.' 'Of course, great Python,' says Anansi smoothly. 'But if Python eats me now, the animals will say Python did it like any old snake. Is that a job for a king?'



Anansi keeps talking, spinning words like web-silk. 'I am on my way to get royal rope, the red kind, for Nyame the Sky-God. It is the strongest rope in the forest, strong with **age**.

Strong enough,' Anansi adds with a sly look, 'to hold any knot a true king might wish to tie.'

He holds up a coil of bright red rope he grabbed on his way out.





Python has always been proud. He is the longest, the heaviest, the strongest. But in all the forest, no one has ever called him a king who ties the perfect knot. The words settle in his chest, **strange** and heavy, like a stone in still water.

'Tell me more about this knot,' he says. Anansi smiles his most careful smile. 'Only the greatest king can tie the perfect knot,' he says softly.

Python wants to know what the knot looks like. Anansi tells him all of it: a looping, folding, royal knot, so hard that only a body long enough can **manage** all seven loops. 'Lesser snakes fail at loop three,' Anansi says sadly. Python scoffs. 'Show me the first loop.' And Anansi shows him, just the start of something grand.



Python begins. His great body coils once. 'That is loop one, very good!' He twists back. 'Loop two, wonderful!' He folds under. 'Loop three! Most snakes give up here!'

With each loop, Python smiles wider. With each loop, Python gets more tangled. He is trying so hard to look grand that he does not notice the **danger**.





'Now loop seven,' says Anansi. 'The last royal loop. Through, around, and under, just like so.' Python stretches, **agitated**, and twists his long neck through the final loop.

He puffs up with pride. 'A king ties the perfect knot!' he calls.

Then he tries to **charge** at Anansi. He cannot move one inch.

Python thrashes. He grunts. He hisses. He pulls left and the knot gets tighter. He pushes right and it gets tighter still. The red rope, threaded through his loops, holds everything in place. 'Anansi! Untie me now!' Python **rages**. But Anansi is already far down the path, skipping through the ferns. Only a king can undo such a knot, he calls back, laughing all the way to the river.



But Python has one trick left. He sucks in a **giant** breath, the deepest breath a snake has ever taken, and yells so loudly that every animal in the forest freezes.

'Anansi cheated a debt!'
Python's voice rolls through the trees.

'Tell Nyame the Sky-God!
Tell every creature! Anansi of the eight legs is a cheat!'





Anansi stops. He stands very still under a palm tree and thinks. If Nyame the Sky-God hears that Anansi truly cheated a debt, Anansi will lose the right to tell stories forever. There is only one thing to do. Anansi walks back.

He unties loop seven, then six, then five. 'I did not cheat,' he tells Python plainly. 'I gave Python something better than one small spider-meal. Python tied a knot no other snake has ever tied. That story will be told in every **village**. That clears the debt.' Python thinks for a long, quiet moment. 'Yes,' he says at last, and this time he means something new.

Python lets Anansi go free. The debt is settled, not with Anansi in a bright pot, but with a story that spreads to every corner of the forest. Animals still argue about who won that day. Anansi says he tricked Python. Python says he was never really caught. And somewhere in the middle, both are probably right.

A king ties the perfect knot, but the cleverest knot of all is the one Anansi tied with words. That tale is a **legend** now. And the red rope? Anansi keeps it. A spider always finds a use for good rope.





Python Wants Anansi

Anansi owes great Python a debt, and Python has decided that the payment will be Anansi himself, cooked with pepper in a bright pot! But this clever spider has never met a problem he cannot talk his way out of. Can Anansi spin a story about a royal knot cunning enough to trap a giant snake? What happens when a trickster faces a hungry legend of the forest? This Bookbot Level G book practices the soft 'g' sound with lesson words like 'giant', 'legend', 'danger', 'huge', and 'village'.

Reading Skills: Soft g

age, agile, agitated, charge, danger, giant, huge, large, legend, manage, rages, strange, village

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