

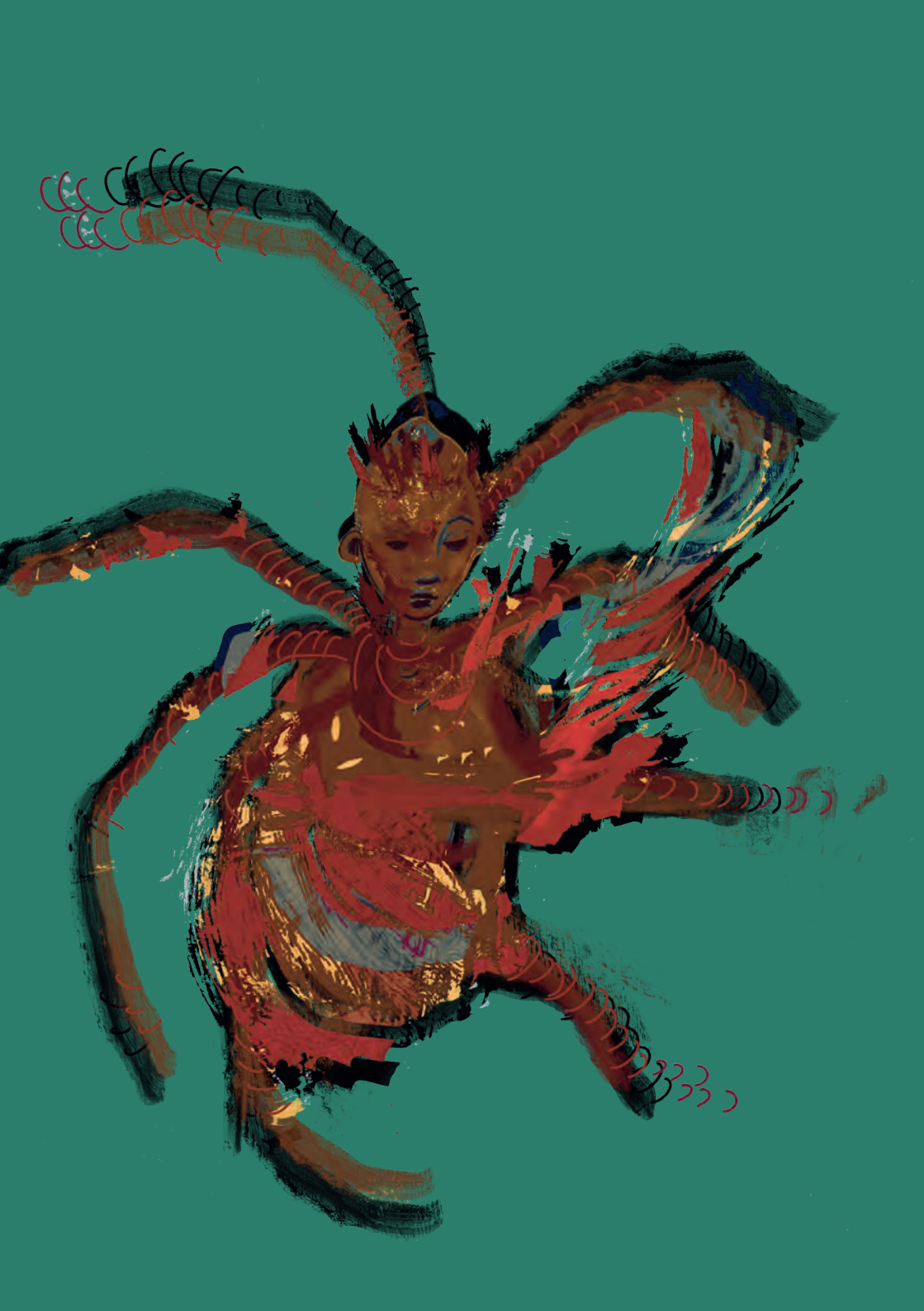


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Chapter One

. Crick.
. Crack.
. Let me tell you my story.
. Everybody knows my dad. The Great Spider God,
5 Anansi. Yes, him.
. Ah! I see, some of you do not know him? No problem,
. then this is for you!
. Who is Anansi? He is the original spider man,
. a spider with human ways or a human with spidery
10 ways, a spider with a human face, or a human with
. a spider face. He is a magnificent shape-changer
. and the master of storytelling.

. It is easy for me to tell you that now, but I did not
. find out he was all that until very recently. It's true!

15 That's because my sister, my baby brother and I, we
. just called him Dad, or Pops or something like that.
. Mom called him Anansi and he called her Crooky.
. We didn't have any other name for him because
. he was never there. Especially not when you really
20 needed him.

. He was always working on some new plan, or he had
. some new idea of how he could trick somebody out
. of their food or money. And when he did come home,
. most often late, after the sun had gone down, he
25 always had a story to tell. Dad's stories seemed too
. wild to be true. Like the story of how he managed to
. trick the chief of the village. Mom's eyes shone by
. the light of the fire when he told us that story, but
. I did not believe any of it. I asked him question after
30 question to trap him, but he answered me just as
. quickly. I never managed to throw him off his feet.

. And look at all the things he brought home:
. vegetables, fish, and once even a bag of money.

. Perhaps he was telling the truth in his stories. But
35 that meant Pops was a trickster, a liar, a thief!

. And he was my father.



Chapter Two

I can see some of you are shocked. You don't believe me. When I was a small boy, I believed his stories. Pops seemed so smart, so clever. But when I got older, I saw the truth. He told the worst lies to the villagers and played mean tricks on them. He really didn't care about anyone except himself. Our cottage got older and our clothes became more and more ragged. I began to hate him.

I know some of you are thinking I am a bit rough on my dad. Hate is a strong word after all. I can tell you so many stories of how Pops tricked everybody. But one day came when everything changed.

