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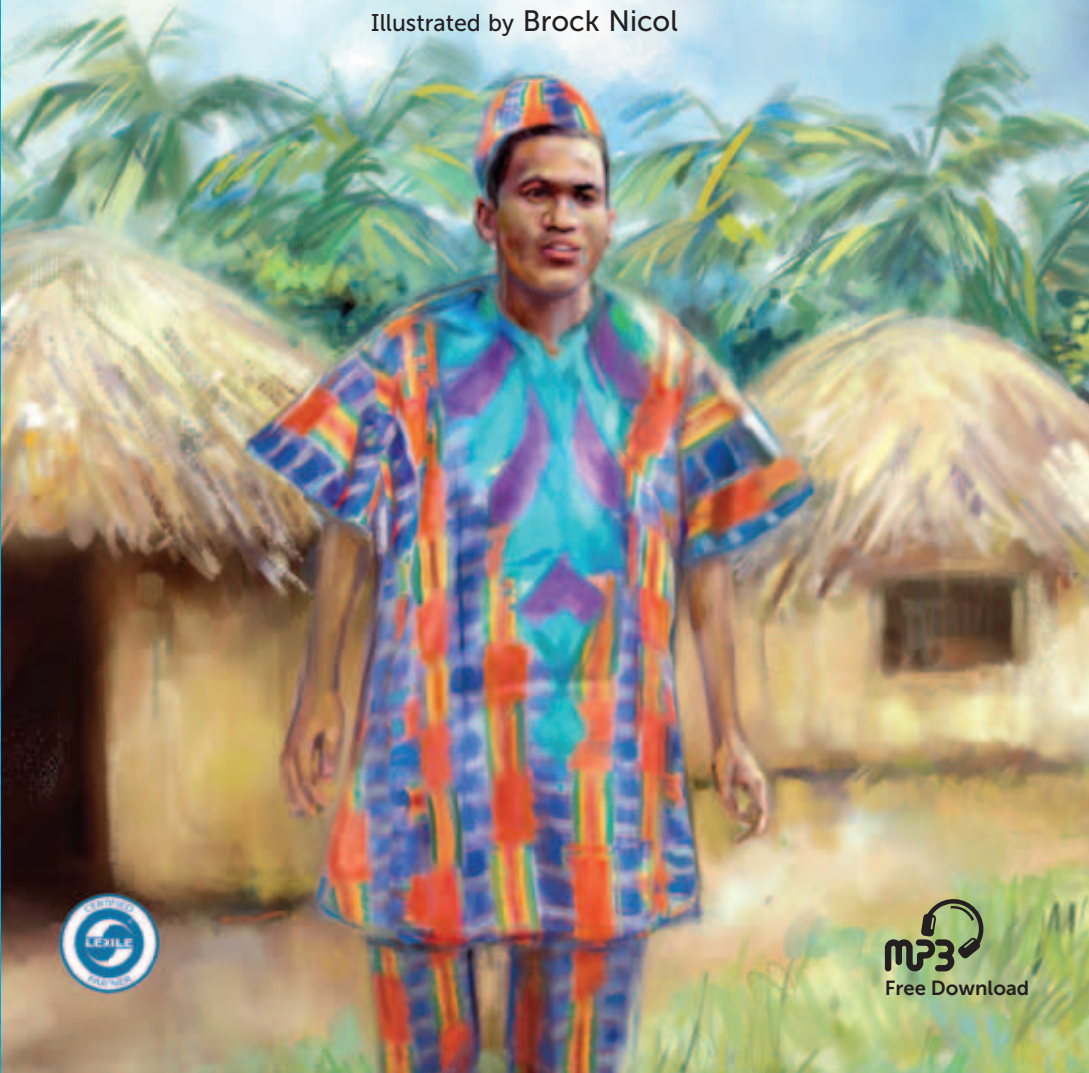
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The Magnificent Minu: An African Folktale

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Atu's Travels

Long ago in the kingdom of Ghana in Africa, there lived a poor man named Atu. He never traveled outside of the town of Kibi, where he grew up. Atu lived in a small hut with his mother and father.

Atu wished he had money in his pocket. He wished he had a large hut of his own. When Atu complained, his wise father said, "It does not matter if you are rich or poor. All men must die in the end."





B. Nico

Atu grew tired of seeing the same people and the same grass huts each day. He wished to see more of his country. On his birthday, he decided to visit the distant city of Accra near the sea. He had heard villagers talk about a big outdoor **market** there.

At first, Atu was worried because he only spoke the language of his village. He packed his bag and soon forgot his worries. He said goodbye to his family and walked south toward the sea.



Atu walked and walked and walked. He slept on his old blanket under a full moon. After many days and nights, Atu smelled the sea air. He felt warm sand between his toes. When he saw the market, he knew he had reached Accra at last.



The Market

Atu had never seen such riches before! The **vendors** sold many things: clay pots, brown sugar, and various meats. The smell of **chichinga** made him want to take a bite of the roasted meat.



Atu saw a pen full of fat goats across the road. He wished he had sweet goat's milk to drink. If only his family were not so poor.

"Who owns this **herd** of fine goats?" Atu asked. The vendor looked confused. Atu asked again.

"Minu," she said.

"Minu must be a rich man to own so many animals," said Atu. The chief of Kibi owned only a few thin goats himself.

