Anansi went to the road that led to the village's marketplace. He chose a spot on the side of the road where everyone on the way to market would have to pass. There, near a large Guangu tree, he decided to pile up five mounds of the rich brown soil. These mounds he called "yam hills". In the top of each yam hill, he planted a yam. A yam is a small yellow vegetable which looks similar to a potato. Anansi then drove a stake next to the yam on which its vine could grow. Anansi watered the yams until each one began to sprout. The green shoots looked like little trees.

Anansi made a hammock in the Guangu tree and patiently waited for someone to come by. The hours went by slowly. Anansi was beginning to feel tired and annoyed. The sun began to set on the horizon, its light fading. Anansi very quickly began to shiver in the night.

The next morning, Brother Dog came by on his way to the market. He was happy, as he had lots to trade with today. Dog balanced a basket of sweet-smelling fruits on his head as he walked down the road. The walk to market was long, and dog was tired, but he kept smiling because he would be able to feed his family soon!

"Good morning Brother Dog," said Anansi in a sugary voice. "I know that you are busy, and I feel so stupid. I am not an educated man like you. Would you help me to count how many yam hills that I have planted here?" Anansi asked.
“You should have gone to school to learn how to count!" Brother Dog said as he walked away from Anansi towards the market.