Mrs Guinea fowl was a nice young mother of newly hatched children. She could not say 'no' to anyone. She and her husband shared the chore of selling their produce in the village.

That day it was her turn to go to the marketplace. She loaded up her hand basket and headed for the market. As she got closer to the yam hills Anansi was nowhere in sight. Just as she was about to pass yam hill number 4, Anansi the spider lowered himself down from his perch in the Guangu tree.

He called out in his sugary voice. Good morning Mrs Guinea Fowl. Could you help me with a problem?
Of course Anansi, the polite Mrs Guinea Fowl said.
I have these yam hills here, and I don't know how to count ...would you help me...? Please. Anansi begged.

Mrs Guinea Fowl, who had seen Anansi trick Bro' Scorpion, walked over to the last yam hill and climbed up on top of it.
She said You have 1 ... 2 ... 3 ... 4 ... and the one I am standing on.
What! What are you doing? That is not the way you count! Anansi shouted angrily.
What do you mean, Anansi? Mrs Guinea Fowl said.

I don't know of any number called 'the one I'm standing on’. Start again! Anansi ordered.
Mrs Guinea Fowl began again. You have 1, 2, 3, 4 ...and the one I am standing on.
That is not what you are supposed to say! Anansi shouted
even more angrily.
Well ... If you are so smart... What am I supposed to say? Mrs Guinea Fowl asked.
Anansi shouted, You are supposed to say 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 ... Oops…