

# MULLAH NASRUDDIN

## Baqer



The name that every Afghan remembers hearing about in childhood. Here is few of the thousands of humorous and thoughtful stories about Him. His identity is being claimed by three countries. Afghanistan, Iran and Turkey.

The stories of Nasrudin are popular because they deal with experiences of day-to-day life. He had been a tailor, a merchant, a doctor, a judge or a farmer, and he had traveled widely. Some of his stories, while narrating a funny situation describe a fact and serve as an advice for people.

A thief went into Nasrudin's house and carried away almost all the possessions of the Mullah to his own home. Nasrudin had been watching from the street. After a few minutes Nasrudin took up a blanket, followed him, went into his house, lay down, and pretended to go to sleep. The thief asked Mullah, "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" Mullah replied, "Well, we were moving house, were we not?"

"Why are you sitting at the crossroad, Mullah?"  
"One day something will happen here, and a crowd will gather. When that comes about, I may not be able to get close enough-so I'm putting in my time now."

"What are you doing in that tree, Mullah?"  
'Looking for eggs" But those are last year's nests!"  
'Well, if you were a bird, and wanted a safe place to lay, would you build a new nest, with everyone watching?'

Nasrudin was riding along one day when his donkey took fright at something in its path and started to bolt. As he sped past them at an unaccustomed pace some countrymen called out: 'Where are you going, O Nasrudin, so fast?'  
'Mullah shouted, 'don't ask me, ask my donkey!'

*'You may have lost you donkey, Mullah, but you don't have to grieve over it more than you did*

The Mullah's neighbor wanted to borrow his cloth-line. Nasrudin said 'Sorry, I'm using it'.  
Drying flour!  
The neighbor said, 'How on earth can you dry flour on a clothes-line?'  
Mullah replied, 'It is less difficult than you think when you do not want to lend it.'

'When I die', said Nasrudin, 'have me buried in an old grave.'  
'Why?' Asked his relatives.  
'Because when Munkir and Nakir, recording angels of good and bad actions, come, I'll be able to wave them on, saying that this grave has been counted and entered for punishment already.'

Nasrudin bought a large number of eggs and at once sold them at a lower price than he bought them. When asked why he did it he said: "Surely you don't want me to be called a profiteer?"

Mullah Nasrudin surprised the building of his own tomb. At last, after one shortcoming after another had been righted, the mason came for his money.

'It is not right yet builder.'  
'Whatever more can be done with it?'  
'We still have to supply the body.'

*'You may have lost you donkey, Mullah, but you don't have to grieve over it more than you did about the loss of your first wife.'*

*'You may have lost you donkey, Mullah, but you don't have to grieve over it more than you did about the loss of your first wife.'*

The Mulla went to see a rich man.

'Give me some money.'

'Why?'

'I want to buy ... an elephone.'

If you have no money, you can't afford to keep an elephant.'

'I came here', said Nasrudin, 'to get money, no advice.'

'What is truth?' a disciple asked Nasrudin.

'Something which I have never, at any time, spoken-nor shall I.'

**A neighbor who Nasruddin didn't like very much came over to his compound one day. The neighbor asked Nasruddin if he could borrow his donkey. Nasruddin not wanting to lend his donkey to the neighbor he didn't like told him, "I would love to loan you my donkey but only yesterday my brother came from the next town to use it to carry his wheat to the mill to be grounded. The donkey sadly is not here."**

**The neighbor was disappointed. But he thanked Nasruddin and began to walk away.**

**Just as he got a few steps away, Mullah Nasruddin's donkey, which was in the back of his compound all the time, let out a big bray.**

**The neighbor turned to Nasruddin and said, "Mullah Sahib, I thought you told me that your donkey was not here.**

**Mullah Nasruddin turned to the neighbor and said, "My friend, who are you going to believe? Me or the donkey?"**

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**One day Nasruddin repaired tiles on the roof of his house. While Nasruddin was working on the roof, a stranger knocked the door.**

- What do you want? **Nasruddin** shouted out.

- Come down, replied stranger So I can tell it.

**Nasruddin** unwilling and slowly climbed down the ladder.

- Well! replied **Nasruddin**, what was the important thing?

- Could you give little money to this poor old man? begged stranger.

Tired **Nasruddin** started to climb up the ladder and said,

- Follow me up to the roof.

When both **Nasruddin** and beggar were upside, on the roof, **Nasruddin** said,

- The answer is no!

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**Nasruddin opened a booth with a sign above it:**

Two Questions On Any Subject Answered For Only 100 Silver Coins

A man who had two very urgent questions handed over his money, saying:

- A hundred silver coins is rather expensive for two questions, isn't it?

- Yes, said **Nasruddin**, and the next question, please?

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**Nasruddin used to stand in the street on market-days, to be pointed out as an idiot. No matter how often people offered him a large and a small coin, he always chose the smaller piece.**

One day a kindly man said to him:

- **Nasruddin**, you should take the bigger coin. Then you will have more money and people will no longer be able to make a laughing stock of you.

- That may be true, said **Nasruddin**, but if I always take the larger, people will stop offering me money to prove that I am more idiotic than they are. Then I would have no money at all.

As **Nasruddin** emerged from the mosque after prayers, a beggar sitting on the street solicited alms. The following conversation followed:

- Are you extravagant? asked **Nasruddin**.

- Yes **Nasruddin**. replied the beggar.

- Do you like sitting around drinking coffee and smoking? asked **Nasruddin**.

- Yes. replied the beggar.

- I suppose you like to go to the baths everyday? asked **Nasruddin**.

- Yes. replied the beggar.

- ...And maybe amuse yourself, even, by drinking with friends? asked **Nasruddin**.

- Yes I like all those things. replied the beggar.

- Tut, Tut, said **Nasruddin**, and gave him a gold piece.

A few yards farther on. another beggar who had overheard the conversation begged for alms also.

- Are you extravagant? asked **Nasruddin**.

- No, **Nasruddin** replied second beggar.

- Do you like sitting around drinking coffee and smoking? asked **Nasruddin**.

- No. replied second beggar.

- I suppose you like to go to the baths everyday? asked **Nasruddin**.

- No. replied second beggar.

- ...And maybe amuse yourself, even, by drinking with friends? asked **Nasruddin**.

- No, I want to only live meagerly and to pray. replied second beggar.

Whereupon the **Nasruddin** gave him a small copper coin.

- But why, wailed second beggar, do you give me, an economical and pious

man, a penny, when you give that extravagant fellow a sovereign?

Ah my friend, replied **Nasruddin**, his needs are greater than yours.

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**One day Nasruddin went to a banquet. As he was dressed rather shabbily, no one let him in. So he ran home, put on his best robe and fur coat and returned. Immediately, the host came over, greeted him and ushered him to the head of an elaborate banquet table. When the food was served, Nasruddin took some soup with spoon and pushed it to the his fur coat and said,**

- Eat my fur coat, eat! It's obvious that you're the real guest of honor today, not me!

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**One hot day, Nasruddin was taking it easy in the shade of a walnut tree. After a time, he started eying speculatively, the huge pumpkins growing on vines and the small walnuts growing on a majestic tree.**

- Sometimes I just can't understand the ways of God! he mused. Just

fancy letting tinny walnuts grow on so majestic a tree and huge pumpkins on the delicate vines!

Just then a walnut snapped off and fell smack on **Mullah Nasruddin's** bald head. He got up at once and lifting up his hands and face to heavens in supplication, said:

- Oh, my God! Forgive my questioning your ways! You are all-wise. Where would I have been now, if pumpkins grew on trees!

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**At a gathering where Mullah Nasruddin was present, people were discussing the merits of youth and old age. They had all agreed that, a man's strength decreases as years go by. Mullah Nasruddin dissented.**

- I don't agree with you gentlemen, he said. In my old age I have the same strength as I had in the prime of my youth.

- How do you mean, **Mullah Nasruddin**? asked somebody. Explain yourself.

- In my courtyard, explained **Mullah Nasruddin**, there is a massive stone. In my youth I used to try and lift it. I never succeeded. Neither can I lift it now.

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**The wit and wisdom of Mullah Nasruddin never leaves him tongue-tied. One day an illiterate man came to Mullah Nasruddin with a letter he had received.**

- **Mullah Nasruddin**, please read this letter to me. **Mullah Nasruddin** looked at the letter, but could not make out a single word. So he told the man.

- I am sorry, but I cannot read this. The man cried:

- For shame, **Mullah Nasruddin** ! You must be ashamed before the turban you wear (i.e. the sign of education)

Mullah Nasruddin removed the turban from his own head and placed it on the head of the illiterate man, said:

- There, now you wear the turban. If it gives some knowledge, read the letter yourself.

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**One day Mullah Nasruddin lost his ring down in the basement of his house, where it was very dark. There being no chance of his finding it in that darkness, he went out on the street and started looking for it there. Somebody passing by stopped and enquire:**

- What are you looking for, **Mullah Nasruddin** ? Have you lost something?

- Yes, I've lost my ring down in the basement.

- But Mullah Nasruddin , why don't you look for it down in the basement where you have lost it?

asked the man in surprise.

- Don't be silly, man! How do you expect me to find anything in that darkness!

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**Mullah Nasruddin had visited a town for some personal business. It was a frigid winter night when he arrived. On the way to the inn a vicious looking dog barked at him. Mullah Nasruddin bent down to pick up a stone from the street to throw at the animal. He could not lift it, for the stone was frozen to the earth.**

- What a strange town this is! **Mullah Nasruddin** said to himself. They tie up the stones and let the dogs go free.

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**One day Mullah Nasruddin went to the market and bought a fine piece of meat. On the way home he met a friend who gave him a special recipe for the meat. Mullah Nasruddin was very happy. But then, before he got home, a large crow stole the meat from Mullah Nasruddin's hands and flew off with it.**

- You thief! **Mullah Nasruddin** angrily called after departing crow. You have stolen my meat! But you won't enjoy it; I've got the recipe!

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**Mullah Nasruddin was dreaming that someone had counted nine gold pieces into his hand, but Mullah Nasruddin insisted that he would not accept less than ten pieces. While he was arguing with the man over one gold piece, he was awakened by a sudden noise in the street. Seeing that his hand was empty, Mullah Nasruddin quickly closed his eyes, extended his hand as if he was ready to receive, and said,**

- Very well, my friend, have it your way. Give me nine.

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**Mullah Nasruddin was unemployed and poor but somehow he got little money to eat beans and pilaf at a cheap restaurant. He ate and examined walking people outside with the corner of the eye. He noticed a long, handsome swashbuckler (bully man) behind crowd. The Man was well dressed from head to foot, with velvet turban, silver embroidered vest, silk shirt, satin baggy-trousers and golden scimitar (short curved sword). Mullah Nasruddin pointed the man and asked restaurant keeper,**

- Who is that man over there!

- He is Fehmi Pasha's servant, answered restaurant keeper.

**Mullah Nasruddin** sighed from far away, looked at the sky and said:

- Oh, my Good Lord! Look at that Fehmi Pasha's servant and look at your own servant, here.

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**One day a visitor came to Mullah Nasruddin with a question.**

- Mullah Nasruddin, the place that we humans come from and the place that we go to, what is it like?

- Oh, said **Mullah Nasruddin**, it is a very frightening place.

- Why do you say that? the visitor asked.

- Well, when we come from there as babies, we are crying, and when somebody has to go there, everybody cries.

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**Nasruddin went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and on the way he passed through Medina. As he was walking by the main mosque there, a rather confused-looking tourist approached him.**

- Excuse me sir, he said, but you look like a native of these parts; can you tell me something about this mosque? It looks very old and important, but I've lost my guidebook.

**Mullah Nasruddin**, being too proud to admit that he, too, had no idea what it was, immediately began an enthusiastic explanation

- This is indeed a very old and special mosque. he declared, It was built by Alexander the Great to commemorate his conquest of Arabia.

The tourist was suitably impressed, but presently a look of doubt crossed his face.

- But how can that be? he asked, I'm sure that Alexander was a Greek or something, not a Muslim. . . Wasn't he?

- I can see that you know something of these matters. replied **Mullah Nasruddin** with chagrin, In fact, Alexander was so impressed at his good fortune in war that he converted to Islam in order to show his gratitude to God.

- Oh, wow. said the tourist, then paused. Hey, but surely there was no such thing as Islam in Alexander's time?

- An excellent point! It is truly gratifying to meet an English man who understands our history so well, answered **Mullah Nasruddin**. As a matter of fact, he was so overwhelmed by the generosity God had shown him that as soon as the fighting was over he began a new religion, and became the founder of Islam.

The tourist looked at the mosque with new respect, but before **Mullah Nasruddin** could quietly slip into the passing crowd, another problem occurred to him.

- But wasn't the founder of Islam named Mohammed? I mean, that's what it said in the newspaper; at least I'm sure it wasn't Alexander.

- I can see that you are a scholar of some learning, said **Mullah Nasruddin**, I was just getting to that. Alexander felt that he could properly dedicate himself to his new life as a prophet only by adopting a new identity. So, he gave up his old name and for the rest of his life called himself Mohammed.

- Really? wondered the tourist, That's amazing! But...but I thought that Alexander the Great lived a long time before Mohammed? Is that right?

- Certainly not! answered **Mullah Nasruddin**, You're thinking of a different Alexander the Great. I'm talking about the one named Mohammed.

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**One day Mullah Nasruddin wished to learn playing zurna (a kind off shrill pipe) and visited a zurna player.**

- How much does it cost to learn playing zurna? asked **Mullah Nasruddin**.



- Three hundred akche (coin) for the first lesson and one hundred akche for the next lessons, asked zurna player.

- It sounds good, replied **Mullah Nasruddin**. We may start with second lesson. I was a shepherd when I was a young boy, so I already had some whistle experiences. It must be good enough for first lesson, isn't it?

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**One day Mullah Nasruddin went to market to buy new clothes. First he tested a pair of trousers. He didn't like the trousers and he gave back them to the shopkeeper. Then he tried a robe which had same price as the trousers. Mullah Nasruddin was pleased with the robe and he left the shop. Before he climbed on the donkey to ride home he stopped by the shopkeeper and the shop-assistant.**

- You didn't pay for the robe, said the shopkeeper.

- But I gave you the trousers instead of the robe, isn't it? replied **Mullah Nasruddin** .

- Yes, but you didn't pay for the trousers, either! said the shopkeeper.

- But I didn't buy the trousers, replied **Mullah Nasruddin**. I am not so stupid to pay for something which I never bought.

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**Once a renowned philosopher and moralist was traveling through Nasruddin's village when he asked him where there was a good place to eat. He suggested a place and the scholar, hungry for conversation, invited Mullah Nasruddin to join him. Much obliged, Mullah Nasruddin accompanied the scholar to a nearby restaurant, where they asked the waiter about the special of the day.**

- Fish! Fresh Fish! replied the waiter.

- Bring us two, they answered.

A few minutes later, the waiter brought out a large platter with two cooked fish on it, one of which was quite a bit smaller than the other. Without hesitating, **Mullah Nasruddin** cooked the larger of the fish and put in on his plate. The scholar, giving **Mullah Nasruddin** a look of intense disbelief, proceed to tell him that what he did was not only blatantly selfish, but that it violated the principles of almost every known moral, religious, and ethical system. **Mullah Nasruddin** calmly listened to the philosopher's extempore lecture patiently, and when he had finally exhausted his resources, **Mullah Nasruddin** said,

- Well, Sir, what would you have done?

- I, being a conscientious human, would have taken the smaller fish for myself.

- And here you are, **Mullah Nasruddin** said, and placed the smaller fish on the gentleman's plate.

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- **Mullah! What do they do with the old full moons?**

- They cut them up into small pieces and make the star

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**One day people founded Mullah Nasruddin pouring the remains of his yogurt into the lake.**

- **Mullah Nasruddin** , what are you doing? A man asked.

- I am turning the lake into yogurt, **Mullah Nasruddin** replied.

- Can a little bit of yeast ferment the great river? The man asked while others laughed at **Mullah Nasruddin** .

- You never know perhaps it might, **Mullah Nasruddin** replied, but what if it should!

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- **Mullah Nasruddin, which side must I walk when carrying a coffin, at the front, back, left or right?**

- Take which you like best, so long as you are not inside!

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**One day Mullah Nasruddin was asked**

- Could you tell us the exact location of the center of the world?

- Yes, I can, replied **Mullah Nasruddin** . It is just under the left hind of my donkey.

- Well, maybe! But do you have any proof?

- If you doubt my word, just measure and see.

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**A group of philosophers traveled far and wide to find, and, contemplated for many years, the end of the world but could not state a time for its coming. Finally they turned to Mullah Nasruddin and asked him:**

- Do you know when the end of the world will be?

- Of course, said **Mullah Nasruddin** , when I die, that will be the end of the world.

- When you die? Are you sure?

- It will be for me at least, said **Mullah Nasruddin** .

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**One day two small boys decided to play a trick on Mullah Nasruddin. With a tiny bird cupped in their hands they would ask him whether it was alive or dead. If he said it was alive they would crush it to show show him he was wrong. If he said it was dead they would let it fly away and still fool him.**  
When they found the wise old man they said,

- **Mullah Nasruddin** , that which we are holding, is it alive or dead?

**Mullah Nasruddin** thought for a moment and replied,

- Ah, my young friends, that is in your hands!

- **Mullah Nasruddin**, why do you always a question with another question?

- Do I?

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**A certain man asked Mullah Nasruddin** ,

- What is the meaning of fate, **Mullah Nasruddin** ?

- Assumptions, **Mullah Nasruddin** replied.

- In what way? the man asked again.

**Mullah Nasruddin** looked at him and said,

- You assume things are going to go well, and they don't - that you call bad luck. You assume things are going to go badly and they don't - that you call good luck. You assume that certain things are going to happen or not happen - and you so lack intuition that you don't know what is going to happen. You assume that the future is unknown. When you are caught out - you call that Fate.

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**On a frigid and snowy winter day Mullah Nasruddin was having a chat with some of his friends in the local coffee house. Mullah Nasruddin said that cold weather did not bother him, and in fact, he could stay, if necessary, all night without any heat.**

- We'll take you up on that, **Mullah Nasruddin** . they said. If you stand all night in the village square without warming yourself by any external means, each of us will treat you to a sumptuous meal. But if you fail to do so, you will treat us all to dinner.

- All right it's a bet, **Mullah Nasruddin** said.

That very night, **Mullah Nasruddin** stood in the village square till morning despite the bitter cold. In the morning, he ran triumphantly to his friends and told them that they should be ready to fulfill their promise. But as a matter of fact you lost the bet, **Mullah Nasruddin** , said one of them. At about midnight, just before I went to sleep, I saw a candle burning a window about three hundred yards away from where you were standing. That certainly means that you warmed yourself by it.

- That's ridiculous, **Mullah Nasruddin** argued. How can a candle behind a window warm a person three hundred yards away?

All his protestations were to no avail, and it was decided that **Mullah Nasruddin** had lost the bet. **Mullah Nasruddin** accepted the verdict and invited all of them to a dinner that night at his home. They all arrived on time, laughing and joking, anticipating the delicious meal **Mullah Nasruddin** was going to serve them. But dinner was not ready. **Mullah Nasruddin** told them that it would be ready in a short time, and left the room to prepare the meal. A long time passed, and still no dinner was served.

Finally, getting impatient and very hungry, they went into the kitchen to see if there was any food cooking at all. What they saw, they could not believe. **Mullah Nasruddin** was standing by a huge cauldron, suspended from the ceiling. There was a lighted candle under the cauldron.

- Be patient my friends, **Mullah Nasruddin** told them. Dinner will be ready soon. You see it is cooking.

- Are you out of your mind, **Mullah Nasruddin**? they shouted. How could you with such a tiny flame boil such a large pot?

- Your ignorance of such matters amuses me, **Mullah Nasruddin** said. If the flame of a candle behind a window three hundred yards away can warm a person, surely the same flame will boil this pot which is only three inches away.

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**One December day the village boys decided to play a trick on Mullah Nasruddin to fool him. They hid Mullah Nasruddin's coat when he was performing ablution for Friday ritual. But Mullah Nasruddin perceived that a trick on the way.**

- **Mullah Nasruddin** , it's a cold day, why don't you wear your coat? asked one of them

- I left my coat at home to keep the place warm! answered **Mullah Nasruddin**.

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Nasruddin was cutting a branch off a tree in his garden one day. While he was sawing, a man passed by in the street and said, "Excuse me, but if continue to saw that branch like that, you will fall down with it." He said this because Nasruddin was sitting Nasruddin said nothing. He thought, "This is some foolish person who has no work to do but go around telling other people what to do and what not to do."

The man continued on his way.

Of course, after a few minutes, the branch fell and Nasruddin fell with it.

"My God!" he cried. "That man knows the future!" He ran after him to ask how long he was going to live. But the man had already gone.

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**Qazi (Judge) Nasruddin was working in his room one day when a neighbor ran in and said, "If one man's cow kills another's, is the owner of the first cow responsible?"**

"It depends," answered Nasruddin.

"Well," said the man, "your cow has killed mine."

"Oh," answered Nasruddin. "Everyone knows that a cow cannot think like a human, so a cow is not responsible, and that means that its owner is not responsible either."

"I'm sorry, Judge," said the man. "I made a mistake. I meant that my cow killed yours."

Judge Nasruddin thought for a few seconds and then said, "When I think about it more carefully, this case is not as easy as I thought at first." And then he turned to his clerk and said, "Please bring me that big black book from the shelf behind you..."

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Nasruddin had to give a lecture in an university every Saturday, but he did not like this duty very much and was always looking for ways to avoid it. One Saturday he came up with an idea. When he went up to speak to the students, he said to them, "Do y The students were surprised and answered, "No, we don't!" Then Nasruddin said, "Well, if you do not know anything about such an important matter, it is a waste of time for me to talk to you about it." And he went away without speaking to the students.

"Well," said Nasruddin, if some of you know, and some of you do not, those that do know can tell those that do not," and again he went down without saying another word....

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**Mullah Nasruddin and his wife came home one day to find the house burgled. Everything portable had been taken away.**

- It's all your fault, said his wife, for you should have made sure that the house was locked before we left.

The Neighbor took up the chant:

- You did not lock the windows, said one.

- Why did you not expect this? said another.

- The locks were faulty and you did not replace them, said a third.

- Just a moment, said Nasruddin, surely I am not the only one to blame?

- And who should we blame? they shouted.

- What about the thieves? said Nasruddin. Are they totally innocent?

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**That was the time Mullah Nasruddin's family was very poor.**

One day Nasruddin 's wife woke him in the middle of the night and whispered,

- Nasruddin, There is a thief in the kitchen!

- Shhh... Stupid woman! replied Nasruddin. Let him be. Perhaps he find

something then we seize it!

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**Ahmad, who was working a long way from home, wanted to send a letter to his wife, but he could neither read nor write. And since he was working during the day, he could only look for somebody to write his letter during the night. At last he found the ho "What does that matter?" answered Ahmad. "Well, my writing is so strange that only I can read it, and if I have to travel a long way to read your letter to your wife, it will cost you a lot of money."**

Ahmad went out of his house quickly.

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**Nasruddin was returning home one night with one of his students when he saw a gang of thieves standing in front of a house, trying to break the lock. Nasruddin perceived that he would probably get hurt if he spoke up, so he decided to stay quite and pass by quickly. But his student however, did not understand what was happening so he asked:**

- What are all those men standing there doing?

- Shhh! replied Nasruddin. They're playing music!

- But I can't hear anything!

- Well we shall hear the noise tomorrow! Nasruddin said

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**Nasruddin was awakened in the middle of the night by the cries of two quarreling men in front of his house. Nasruddin waited for a while but they continued to dispute with each other. Nasruddin couldn't sleep, wrapping his quilt tightly around his shoulders, he rushed outside to separate the men who had come to blows. But when he tried to reason with them, one of them snatched the quilt off Mul shoulders and then the both of men ran away. Nasruddin, very weary and perplexed, returned to his house.**

- What was the quarrel about? wondered his wife when Nasruddin came in.

- It must be our quilt, replied Nasruddin. The quilt is gone, the dispute is ended.

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Mulla Nasruddin! He is not a fictitious figure, he was a Sufi and his grave still exists. But he was such a man that he could not resist even to joke from his grave. He made a will that his gravestone will be nothing but a door, locked, and the keys thrown away into the ocean.

Now this is strange! People go to see his grave: they can go round and round the door because there are no walls, there is just a door standing there, no walls at all!—and the door is locked.

The man Mulla Nasruddin must be laughing in his grave.

I have loved no one as I have loved Nasruddin.

He is one of the men who has brought religion and laughter together; otherwise they have always stood back to back. Nasruddin forced them to drop their old enmity and become friends, and when religion and laughter meet, when meditation laughs, and when laughter meditates, the miracle happens...the miracle of all miracles.

*books08*

People behave differently, because they have been conditioned differently. I have been searching for a joke that is purely Indian, but I have not been able to find one, all jokes are imported. It is good that there is no taxation on imported jokes; otherwise, in India there would be no jokes at all.

The Indians have been too serious about things, about God, about the ultimate. You cannot conceive of Gautam Buddha laughing, or Shankaracharya laughing, or Mahavira laughing—that is impossible. I have always wondered about it....

*spirit10*

So if you know life, you know that life is not serious at all. Religious people have made it serious because they are anti-life. But to me, that is not religion at all. That is just a metaphysics for suicide. To me, religion means a very non-serious attitude: very childlike, very innocent....

If I tell a joke, I create tension in you, expectation. curiosity. What is going to happen? How will it turn out? You become tense with expectation. You become serious, your mind begins to work. How is the joke going to end? if it ends just as you expected it to, you will not laugh because then there is no release. But if the end turns out to be completely unimagined, if it is a complete turnabout; if you never expected that this could be the end, then the tension that has been brought to a climax is released. You laugh. But the laughter is not innocent because it is just a release of tension. Every joke has to create a tension in you. Then, when you laugh, you feel released.

Innocent laughter is something very different. It is not a release mechanism, it is a way of living.

It is just a way of living! Take laughing as a way of living. Exist as laughter You will be absolutely nonserious. It may be that you will not be able to achieve anything, but what is the meaning of achievement? Even one who achieves—what does he achieve? Even when achieving, nothing is achieved.... This I call a religious mind: nonserious, playful, innocent—without any struggle.

=====

1.

A rich farmer had been trying desperately to marry off his daughters. One day he met Mulla Nasrudin. "I have several daughters," the farmer told the Mulla. "I would like to see them comfortably fixed. And I will say this, they won't go to their husbands without a little bit in the bank, either. The youngest one is twenty-three and she will take Rupees 25,000 with her. The next one is thirty-two, and she will take Rupees 50,000 with her. Another is forty-three and she will take Rupees 75,000 with her." "That's interesting," said Nasrudin. "I was just wondering if you have one about fifty years old."

[Top](#)

2.

Mulla Nasrudin's family was upset because the girl he was planning to marry was an atheist. "We'll not have you marrying an atheist," his mother said. "What can I do? I love her," the young Nasrudin said. "Well," said his mother, "if she loves you, she will do anything you ask. You should talk religion to her. If you are persistent, you can win her over." Several weeks went by, then one morning at breakfast the young Mulla seemed absolutely brokenhearted. "What's the matter?" his mother asked. "I thought you were making such good progress in your talks about religion to your young girlfriend." "THAT'S THE TROUBLE," said Nasrudin. I OVER DID IT. LAST NIGHT SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS SO CONVINCED THAT SHE IS GOING TO STUDY TO BE A NUN."



[Top](#)

3.

The young lady's hopes had been high for two years while Mulla Nasrudin remained silent on the question of marriage. Then one evening he said to her, "I had a most unusual dream last night. I dreamed that I asked to marry you. I wonder what that means." "THAT MEANS," said his girlfriend, "THAT YOU HAVE MORE SENSE ASLEEP THAN YOU HAVE AWAKE."

[Top](#)

4.

Mulla Nasrudin had been calling on his girlfriend for over a year. One evening the girl's father stopped him as he was leaving and asked, "Look here, young man, you have been seeing my daughter for a year now, and I would like to know whether your intentions are honorable or dishonorable?" Nasrudin's face lit up. "DO YOU MEAN TO SAY, SIR," he said, "THAT I HAVE A CHOICE?"

[Top](#)

5.

Mulla Nasrudin's mother, worrying about her son's safety, said to him: "Didn't I say you should not let that girl come over to your room last night? You know how things like that worry me." "But I didn't invite her to my room," said Nasrudin. "I went over to her room. NOW YOU CAN LET HER MOTHER DO THE WORRYING."

[Top](#)

6.

"Well, young man, I understand you want to become my son-in-law," said the father to his daughter's boyfriend, Mulla Nasrudin. "NO, SIR, NOT EXACTLY," replied Nasrudin. "BUT IF I MARRY YOUR DAUGHTER, I DON'T SEE HOW I CAN GET OUT OF IT."

[Top](#)

7.

Mulla Nasrudin was talking to a friend about his recently broken romance. "Do you mean," asked the friend, "that at her request, you gave up drinking, and smoking, and gambling, and dancing, and playing pool?" "Yes, just because she insisted," said the Mulla. "Then why didn't you marry her?" the fellow asked. "WELL, AFTER ALL THAT REFORMING," said Nasrudin, "I DECIDED I COULD DO BETTER."

[Top](#)

8.

A girlfriend at a cocktail party said to Mulla Nasrudin, "I keep hearing you use the word 'idiot;' I hope you are not referring to me." "DON'T BE SO CONCEITED," said the Mulla. "AS IF THERE WERE NO OTHER IDIOTS IN THE WORLD!"

[Top](#)

9.

Mulla Nasrudin sat fishing in a bucket of water. A visitor, wishing to be friendly, asked, "How many have you caught?" "YOU ARE THE NINTH," said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

10.

The young lady became angry with her boyfriend, Mulla Nasrudin, and said, "You are a perfect dope!" "DON'T TRY FLATTERY," said Nasrudin. "NONE OF US IS PERFECT!"

[Top](#)

11.

One night, Mulla Nasrudin's father noticed a light in his barn. He went to see what it was all about and he found Nasrudin with a lantern, all dressed up. "What are you doing all dressed up and with that lantern?" asked his father. "I am going to call on my girlfriend, Dad," said Nasrudin. "I have got to go through the woods and it is dark." "When I was your age calling on my wife for the first time," said the father, "I went through the woods without a lantern." "I KNOW," said Nasrudin, "BUT LOOK WHAT YOU GOT, DAD!"

[Top](#)

12.

"Darling," said the young woman, "I could die for your sake." "YOU ARE ALWAYS PROMISING THAT," said Mulla Nasrudin, "BUT YOU NEVER DO IT."

[Top](#)

13.

Mulla Nasrudin, who was really unaccustomed to public speaking, arose in confusion after dinner and muttered hesitatingly: "M-m-my f-f-friends, when I came here tonight only God and myself knew what I was about to say to you AND NOW ONLY GOD KNOWS!"

[Top](#)

14.

After the bride's first dinner, she asked her husband, Mulla Nasrudin, "Now, dear, what will I get if I cook a dinner like that for you everyday?" "MY LIFE INSURANCE," said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

15.

Mulla Nasrudin's young wife, recently returned from her honeymoon, was complaining to her friend about her husband's drinking habits. "If you knew he drank, why did you marry him?" her friend asked. "I DID NOT KNOW HE DRANK," said Nasrudin's wife, "UNTIL ONE NIGHT HE CAME HOME SOBER."

[Top](#)

16.

Mulla Nasrudin, who had just passed his test for his first-aid certificate, was on his way home. Suddenly, he saw a man lying face down in the street. Without a second thought, he threw himself upon the man and began applying artificial respiration. After a while, the man raised his head and said, "SIR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TRYING TO DO, BUT I AM TRYING TO FISH A WIRE DOWN THIS MANHOLE."

[Top](#)

17.

Mulla Nasrudin was drunk and at a football game was making such a nuisance of himself that the people around him threatened to call the police if he didn't sit down and shut up. At that he

shouted, "show me a policeman, and I will show you a dope." The words were no sooner spoken when a big six-foot policeman arrived on the scene and said: "I am a policeman." "WONDERFUL!" said Nasrudin. "I AM A DOPE!"

[Top](#)

18.

The lady contributed to Mulla Nasrudin on crutches, but could not resist the temptation to preach to him. "It must be terrible to be lame," she said, "but think how much worse it is to be blind." "That's right, Lady," said the Mulla. "WHEN I WAS BLIND, PEOPLE KEPT PASSING COUNTERFEIT MONEY OFF ON ME."

[Top](#)

19.

The young father was pushing the crying baby down the street with what appeared to be absolute calm and self-assurance. People on the street could hear what he was saying as he passed. "Take it easy, Nasrudin," he said. "Don't let it get you down, Nasrudin, you will soon be safe back home. Things will be all right, Nasrudin, if you just keep calm." One motherly type woman waiting for a bus, heard and saw the young father and said to him, "I think you are wonderful the way you are taking care of the baby." Then she leaned over to the baby and said, "Now, don't cry, Nasrudin, everything is going to be all right." "LADY," said the father, "YOU HAVE GOT IT ALL WRONG. HIS NAME IS TOMMY -- I AM NASRUDIN."

[Top](#)

20.

"I don't guess I have anything to complain about," said the mused up young man, Mulla Nasrudin, as he listened to another mused up young man describe his ejection from a dance hall. "They treated me all right." "What do you mean, treated you all right," said the other young man. "They threw you out, didn't they?" "Yes," said Nasrudin, "They threw me out the back door, but when I told the bouncer that my family was in the social register, he picked me up gently, brushed me off, and escorted me back into the dance hall. THEN HE THREW ME OUT THE FRONT DOOR."

[Top](#)

21.

"You don't love me any more," said Mulla Nasrudin's wife through her tears. "When you see me crying, you never ask why." "I am sorry, Darling," said Nasrudin, "BUT THAT SORT OF QUESTION HAS ALREADY COST ME AN AWFUL LOT OF MONEY."

[Top](#)

22.

The hay wagon had upset in the road and the young driver, Mulla Nasrudin, was terribly worried about it. A kindhearted farmer told the young fellow to forget his troubles and come in and have some supper with his family. "Then we will straighten up the wagon," the farmer said. The Mulla said he didn't think his father would like it. "Oh, don't worry about that," said the farmer. "Everything will be all right." So Nasrudin stayed for supper. Afterwards he said he felt better and thanked the farmer. "But," he said, "I still don't think my father will like it." "Forget it," said the farmer. "By the way," he added, "Where is your father?" "He's under the hay!" said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

23.

Mulla Nasrudin was getting ready to apply to a local department store for a job. A friend told him that it was the policy of the store to hire nobody but Catholic Christians, and that if he wanted a job there, he would have to lie about being a Catholic Christian. Nasrudin applied for the job and the personnel man asked him the usual questions. Then he said to the Mulla, "And what church do you belong to?" "I am a Catholic," said Nasrudin. "And all my family are Catholics. IN FACT, MY FATHER IS A PRIEST AND MY MOTHER IS A NUN, SIR."

[Top](#)

24.

Mulla Nasrudin was applying for a job. "Does the company pay for my hospitalization?" he asked. "No, you pay for it," the personnel director said. "We take it out of your salary each month." "The last place I worked, they paid for it," said the Mulla. "That's unusual," the personnel man said. "How much vacation did you get?" "Six weeks," replied the Mulla. "Did you get a bonus?" the personnel man asked. "Yes," said the Mulla. "Not only that, they gave us an annual bonus, sent us a turkey on Thanksgiving, gave us the use of a company car and threw a big barbecue for us each year." "Why did you leave?" asked the personnel director. "THEY WENT BUSTED," said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

25.

Mulla Nasrudin got on a double-decker bus and climbed to the upper deck. A few minutes later, he staggered down the steps, muttering to himself. "Is anything the matter?" asked the driver. "IT AIN'T SAFE UP THERE," said Nasrudin. "NO DRIVER."

[Top](#)

26.

Mulla Nasrudin and his wife were arguing. "I was a fool when I married you," said the wife. "I GUESS YOU WERE," replied Nasrudin, "BUT I WAS SO INFATUATED AT THE TIME, I DIDN'T NOTICE IT."

[Top](#)

27.

The town's richest man had died. The next morning, another rich, and particularly miserly, old man said to Mulla Nasrudin, "I wonder how much he left." Mulla Nasrudin laughed and said, "EVERY CENT OF IT, SIR."

[Top](#)

28.

Mulla Nasrudin used to say: "Every man should have at least one wife, because there are somethings that just can't be blamed on the government."

[Top](#)

29.

Mulla Nasrudin had just checked into the hotel. "Welcome," said the clerk at the desk. "We want you to know you are welcome. We are going to do everything we can to make you comfortable and help you to feel at home." "PLEASE DON'T," said the Mulla. "I LEFT HOME SO I COULD FIND A CHANGE. FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS I WANT TO FEEL AS IF I AM AT A BEACH RESORT."

[Top](#)

30.

The lady said to Mulla Nasrudin at the door, "Have you ever been offered work?" "Only once Lady," said Nasrudin. "Aside from that, I HAVE MET WITH NOTHING BUT KINDNESS."

[Top](#)

31.

The judge was questioning Mulla Nasrudin. "I understand that your wife is scared to death of you," he said. "That's right, your Honor," said the Mulla. The judge leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Man to man," he said, "HOW DO YOU DO IT?"

[Top](#)

32.

The man said to Mulla Nasrudin on the street who had asked him for a handout, "You would stand more chance of getting a job if you would shave and clean yourself up." "Yes, Sir," the Mulla said. "I FOUND THAT OUT YEARS AGO."

[Top](#)

33.

Mulla Nasrudin reported to the superintendent of the mental hospital and asked: "Have any of your male patients escaped lately?" "Why do you ask?" said the superintendent. "BECAUSE," said the Mulla, "SOMEONE HAS RUN OFF WITH MY WIFE."

[Top](#)

34.

Mulla Nasrudin was chatting with his master who had taken up art. "When I look at one of your paintings, Sir," he said, "all I can do is stand and wonder." "Wonder how I do it?" asked the master. "No," said Nasrudin. "WHY YOU DO IT."

[Top](#)

35.

Mulla Nasrudin approached a genteel-appearing, elderly man with his tale of woe and a request for assistance. The old gentleman refused him, saying, "I am sorry, my friend, I have no money, but I can give you some good advice." The Mulla said in a disgusted tone, "No thanks, IF YOU AIN'T GOT NO MONEY, I DON'T GUESS YOUR ADVICE IS WORTH ANYTHING, SIR."

[Top](#)

36.

A man said to his friend Mulla Nasrudin: "Who is the boss in your house?" "Well," said Nasrudin, "my wife assumes command of the children, the servants, the dog and the parakeet. BUT I SAY PRETTY MUCH WHAT I PLEASE TO THE GOLDFISH."

[Top](#)

37.

A young man had just passed his examination for his private pilot's license. He wanted to show off and persuaded the Mulla Nasrudin to go up with him. When they landed, the Mulla said: "Thanks for the two rides." "What do you mean, two rides, Uncle?" asked the young man. "You had only one." "Oh no," said Nasrudin. "TWO. MY FIRST AND MY LAST."

[Top](#)

38.

Mulla Nasrudin was lying beside the wrecked car with a broken leg. He was being questioned by the highway patrolman. "Married?" asked the patrolman. "NO," said Nasrudin. "THIS IS THE WORST MESS I HAVE EVER BEEN IN."

[Top](#)

39.

The housewife gave Mulla Nasrudin a sandwich, but asked him, "Haven't you been able to find work?" "Yes, Lady, there is plenty of work," said the Mulla, "but everybody wants a reference from my last employer." "Can't you get one?" she asked. "NO," said Nasrudin. "HE HAS BEEN DEAD TWENTY YEARS."

[Top](#)

40.

"What in the world happened at the picnic yesterday?" a fellow asked Mulla Nasrudin. "They are saying around the tavern that you acted like a coward." "Well, I am no fool," the Mulla said. "Some of the girls found a big hornet's nest in the top of a tree and dared me to climb up and get it. And I just didn't do it, that's all." "Whether you were smart or not," said the friend, "That sort of thing makes you unhonored and unsung around here." "THAT'S RIGHT," said Nasrudin, "BUT I AM ALSO UNHARMED AND UNSTUNG."

[Top](#)

41.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife said to him at a buffet supper: "That's the fifth time you have gone back for more fried chicken. Doesn't it embarrass you?" "NOT AT ALL," he said. "I KEEP TELLING THEM I AM GETTING IT FOR YOU."

[Top](#)

42.

Mulla Nasrudin came up and shook hands with the future bridegroom. "Congratulations, friend," he said, "on this, one of the happiest days of your life." "But I am not getting married until tomorrow," said the future bridegroom. "I KNOW," said the Mulla. "THAT'S WHAT MAKES THIS ONE OF YOUR HAPPIEST DAYS."

[Top](#)

43.

Mulla Nasrudin and his wife were gossiping about the recent wedding scandal. "Just think," said the wife, "it was just as the bride was coming down the aisle that the groom suddenly turned and ran from the church and skipped town. I guess he lost his nerve." "OH, I DON'T THINK SO," said the Mulla. "I FIGURE HE FOUND IT."

[Top](#)

44.

"Daddy, Daddy," the girl cried. "Mummy has just fallen off the roof!" "I KNOW, DEAR," said Mulla Nasrudin. "I SAW HER PASS THE WINDOW."

[Top](#)

45.

The election was being challenged by the defeated candidate, Mulla Nasrudin. "I know it was crooked," said the Mulla. "A FRIEND OF MINE VOTED FOR ME FIFTEEN TIMES IN THE THIRD PRECINCT AND I DIDN'T GET BUT FOUR VOTES THERE."

[Top](#)

46.

The rival political candidates were scheduled to speak at the county fair on the same program. Mulla Nasrudin was chosen to introduce them. He arose and said, "I want to present to you a man who, above anyone, has the welfare of each and everyone of you at heart. More than anyone I know, he is devoted to our great and glorious nation." Then he turned to the candidates and asked, "WHICH OF YOU FELLOWS WANTS TO TALK FIRST?"

[Top](#)

47.

Mulla Nasrudin was complaining about the slowness of the bus to the driver. After he couldn't stand the complaining any longer, the driver said, "If you don't like it, why don't you get out and walk?" "I WOULD," said the Mulla, "BUT MY WIFE IS GOING TO MEET ME AND SHE DOESN'T EXPECT ME UNTIL THIS BUS GETS THERE."

[Top](#)

48.

The new man in town told Mulla Nasrudin, "I have come out here to make an honest living." "WELL," said the Mulla, "THERE'S NOT MUCH COMPETITION."

[Top](#)

49.

Mulla Nasrudin rushed into a bar and said breathlessly, "The usual, please, and hurry, I gotta catch my train." The bartender set up five martinis in a row and the Mulla gulped the second, third and fourth, leaving the first and last drinks on the bar. Then he rushed out as rapidly as he had entered. A bystander asked the bartender why the customer left the two drinks. "Oh, he does that all the time," said the bartender. "He says THE FIRST ONE ALWAYS TASTES TERRIBLE AND THE LAST ONE GETS HIM IN TROUBLE AT HOME."

[Top](#)

50.

Mulla Nasrudin was complaining about his wife to a friend. "I don't know what I am going to do about her," he said. "She has the worst memory in the world." "You mean she forgets everything?" asked his friend. "HECK, NO," said Nasrudin. "SHE REMEMBERS EVERYTHING."

[Top](#)

51.

"Doctor," a woman said as she rushed into Mulla Nasrudin's house, "I want you to tell me frankly, exactly what is wrong with me." Nasrudin looked her over from head to foot, then said, "Madam, I have three things to tell you. First, you are about fifty pounds overweight, Second, your looks would be improved if you took off several layers of rouge and lipstick. AND THIRD, I AM NOT THE DOCTOR. THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE IS ACROSS THE STREET."

[Top](#)

52.

Mulla Nasrudin had been fishing all afternoon. A man, who had just walked up, asked him, "How many have you caught today, Mulla?" "Well," said Nasrudin, "IF I CATCH THIS ONE THAT'S NIBBLING, AND THEN TWO MORE, I WILL HAVE THREE."

[Top](#)

53.

Mulla Nasrudin went to see his lawyer about a divorce. "What grounds do you think you have for a divorce?" the lawyer asked. "It's my wife's manners," said the Mulla. "She has such bad table manners that she is disgracing the whole family." "That's bad," the lawyer said. "How long have you been married?" "Nine years," said the Mulla. "If you have been able to put up with her table manners for nine years, I can't understand why you want a divorce now," the lawyer said. "WELL," said Nasrudin, "I DIDN'T KNOW IT BEFORE. I JUST BOUGHT A BOOK OF ETIQUETTE THIS MORNING."

[Top](#)

54.

"Insurance is the greatest thing in the world," the eager insurance salesman said to his prospect, Mulla Nasrudin. "Why, I carry a \$75,000 policy on my own life, payable to my wife." "IN THAT CASE," said Nasrudin, "WHAT EXCUSE DO YOU HAVE FOR LIVING?"

[Top](#)

55.

Mulla Nasrudin was telling his wife about a dream he had experienced the night before. "It was terrible," he said. "I was at a birthday party at Joe's house. His mother had baked a chocolate cake three feet high, and when she cut it everybody was given a piece that was so large that it hung over the sides of the plate. Then she dipped up some homemade ice cream. She had so much of it that she had to give each one of us our share in a soup bowl." "What was so terrible about that dream?" asked his wife. "OH," said Nasrudin, "I WOKE UP BEFORE I COULD GET THE FIRST TASTE."

[Top](#)

56.

It had been a real big night at the tavern. Mulla Nasrudin had to be carried back to his shack by his friends. When he woke up the next day, he was started to see a huge ape sitting on the foot of his bunk. He carefully reached for his 45. He took careful aim and said, "IF YOU ARE A REAL MONKEY, YOU ARE IN A BAD FIX. BUT IF YOU ARE NOT, THEN I AM."

[Top](#)

57.

Mulla Nasrudin said to his wife, "My dear, this article says women need more sleep than men." "Is that right?" she said. "YES, DEAR," said the Mulla, "SO MAYBE YOU'D BETTER NOT WAIT UP FOR ME TONIGHT."

[Top](#)

58.

Mulla Nasrudin called on a psychiatrist and told him that he had problems and needed help. "I want to talk to you," said the Mulla, "because my ethics have not been what they should be and



my conscience is bothering me." "I understand," the psychiatrist said, "and you want me to help you build up a stronger will power, is that it?" "NO," said Nasrudin, "THAT'S NOT IT. I WANT YOU TO TRY TO WEAKEN MY CONSCIENCE."

[Top](#)

59.

Mulla Nasrudin had lost out in the last election and was feeling sorry for himself. "I was a victim," he said, "nothing but a victim." "A victim?, asked a friend. "A victim of what?" "A VICTIM OF ACCURATE COUNTING," said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

60.

A young playwright gave a special invitation to Mulla Nasrudin to watch his new play. The Mulla came to the play, but slept through the entire performance. The young playwright was indignant and said, "How could you sleep when you knew how much I wanted your opinion?" "YOUNG MAN," said Nasrudin, "SLEEP IS AN OPINION."

[Top](#)

61.

"Oh, what a funny-looking cow," the young city-girl said to Mulla Nasrudin. "There are many reasons," said Nasrudin, "why a cow does not have horns. Some do not grow them until late in life. Others are dehorned. Some breeds are not supposed to have horns. AND, THIS PARTICULAR COW DOES NOT HAVE HORNS BECAUSE IT IS A HORSE!"

[Top](#)

62.

Mulla Nasrudin thought he was going to die with a toothache. He asked his friend, "What can I do to relieve the pain?" "I will tell you what I do," his friend said. "When I have a toothache, or a pain, I go over to my wife, and she puts her arms around me, and caresses me, and soothes me until finally I forget all about the pain." Nasrudin brightened up and said: "GEE, THAT'S WONDERFUL! IS SHE HOME NOW?"

[Top](#)

63.

A well-known dead-beat caught Mulla Nasrudin on the street one day before the Mulla could duck. "I am really in a jam and need money," he said to the Mulla, "and I have not any idea where I am going to get some." "I AM SURE GLAD TO HEAR THAT," said Nasrudin. "I WAS AFRAID YOU MIGHT HAVE THE MISTAKEN IDEA YOU COULD BORROW SOME FROM ME."

[Top](#)

64.

Mulla Nasrudin was telling his friends in the tavern one day about his family. "Nine boys," he said, "and all good, except Abdul. HE LEARNED TO READ."

[Top](#)

65.

Mulla Nasrudin came home and was told by his wife that the cook had quit. "Again?" moaned the Mulla. "What was the matter this time?" "You were!" said his wife. "She said you used insulting language to her over the phone this morning." "GOOD GRIEF!" said Nasrudin. "I AM SORRY, I THOUGHT I WAS TALKING TO YOU. "

[Top](#)

66.

The bus was crowded when the little old lady got on, and Mulla Nasrudin stood up. She pushed the Mulla back gently and said, "No, thanks." Nasrudin tried to rise again and she pushed him back a second time. Finally, Nasrudin said to her, "PLEASE LET ME GET UP, LADY, I AM TWO BLOCKS PAST MY STOP NOW."

[Top](#)

67.

A member of the finance committee called on Mulla Nasrudin. "I am calling about the yearly contribution to the fund for converting the heathen," he said. "last year you gave a rupee." "WHAT!" said Nasrudin in surprise "HAVEN'T YOU CONVERTED THEM YET?"

[Top](#)

68.

Mulla Nasrudin lived far beyond his means and was constantly hounded by his creditors. But he was so used to them that their presence caused him no distress. In fact, he treated them with the utmost courtesy. Once he even served a bill collector champagne. "If you cannot afford to pay your debts," the bill collector demanded, "how can you afford to serve champagne?" "DON'T GET SORE," said Nasrudin, "I ASSURE YOU, THIS HASN'T BEEN PAID FOR EITHER, SIR."

[Top](#)

69.

Mulla Nasrudin had been working day and night throughout his district in a life or death struggle for reelection. He was relaxing one evening, following a speech, in the home of a friend. "I have heard your speeches," his friend said, "but I think the real question is what will you do if you are reelected." "NO," said Nasrudin, "THE REAL QUESTION IS WHAT WILL I DO IF I AM NOT."

[Top](#)

70.

A young preacher was just getting acquainted with his duties. One of his first chores was to visit the hospital where Mulla Nasrudin, a member of his flock, was confined as a result of an automobile accident. The Mulla had been seriously injured: a broken leg, both arms broken, a broken collar bone, terrible cuts over his face and head, and several broken ribs. He was so thoroughly bandaged and taped and strapped up that only his two eyes and mouth were showing. The young preacher was at a loss for words, but realized that he must say something, so he asked the Mulla: "How do you feel today? I suppose all of those broken bones and cuts cause a great deal of pain. Do you suffer very much?" "NO, NOT MUCH," said Nasrudin, "ONLY WHEN I LAUGH."

[Top](#)

71.

A mechanic sold a car he had fixed up and repaired to his friend, Mulla Nasrudin. The next day he was sorry he sold it, so he went to see the Mulla. "I will buy the car back from you," he said, "and give you fifty dollars' profit." So Nasrudin sold him the car. The following day, he looked up the mechanic. "I am sorry I sold the car back to you," the Mulla said. "I will give you seventy-five dollars' profit for it." So the Mulla bought the car back. The next day, the mechanic was sorry he sold it and bought it back again, giving Nasrudin one hundred dollars profit. The

following day, the Mulla came to buy it back, but learned that the mechanic had sold it to a used-car dealer. "YOU DOPE! WHY DID YOU SELL IT TO A STRANGER?" said Nasrudin, "ESPECIALLY WHEN WE WERE BOTH MAKING SUCH A WONDERFUL LIVING OUT OF IT."

[Top](#)

72.

Mulla Nasrudin was drinking too much. So much that it began to worry his friends. Finally, they figured out a plan to cure him. The plan was for one of them to dress up like a devil, with horns and a pitchfork. They planned to scare the Mulla into giving up drink. Late one night, as Nasrudin headed home drunk, his friend jumped from behind a tree and shouted, "You will have to stop drinking!" "Who are you?" asked the Mulla. "I am the devil," said his friend. "OH, YOU ARE THE DEVIL," said Nasrudin. "I AM GLAD TO MEET YOU. I AM THE GUY WHO MARRIED YOUR SISTER."

[Top](#)

73.

Mulla Nasrudin was sitting under a tree chatting with a neighbour, when his boy came up the road carrying a chicken. "Where did you get that chicken?" Nasrudin asked his boy. "Stole it," said the boy. Mulla Nasrudin turned to his friend and said proudly, "THIS IS MY BOY. HE MAY STEAL, BUT HE WON'T LIE."

[Top](#)

74.

Mulla Nasrudin and one of his friends were lying on the green grass beside a country road. Above them was the warm sun. Birds were singing in the trees. It was quiet, restful, and a peaceful scene. "Boy," said the Mulla, "right now I would not change places with anybody not for a million dollars." "How about five million, Mulla?" asked his friend. "No, not even for five million," said the Mulla. "Well," said the other, "how about one dollar?" Mulla Nasrudin sat up. "WELL," he said, "THAT'S DIFFERENT. NOW YOU ARE TALKING REAL MONEY."

[Top](#)

75.

"Where have you been for the last two hours?" demanded the man's wife. "I MET MULLA NASRUDIN IN FRONT OF THE POST OFFICE AND MADE THE MISTAKE OF ASKING HIM HOW HE WAS FEELING," said the man.

[Top](#)

76.

Mulla Nasrudin: "A pack of cigarettes, please." Clerk: "Yes, Sir, regular or king size?" Nasrudin: "King size." Clerk: "Filter or plain?" Nasrudin: "Filter." Clerk: "Menthol or non-menthol?" Nasrudin: "Non-menthol." Clerk: "Pack or box?" Nasrudin: "Box." Clerk: "Turkish blend or --" Nasrudin: "FORGET IT PLEASE! I JUST GAVE UP THE HABIT!"

[Top](#)

77.

Mulla Nasrudin limped into a doctor's office with a badly swollen ankle. "Goodness, Man," said the doctor, after looking at Nasrudin's ankle, "how long has it been in this condition?" "About three weeks," said the Mulla. "Why, this ankle is broken," said the doctor. "Why didn't you come to me right away?" "Well, I sort of hesitated," said the Mulla, "BECAUSE EVERY TIME I SAY ANYTHING IS WRONG WITH ME, MY WIFE INSISTS THAT I STOP SMOKING."

[Top](#)

78.

Mulla Nasrudin called on the minister and told him a distressing story of poverty and misery in the neighborhood. "This poor widow," said the Mulla, "with four starving children to feed, is sick in bed with no money for the doctor, and besides that she owes \$100 rent for three months and is about to be evicted. I'm out trying to help raise the rent money. I wondered if you can help?" "I certainly can," said the minister. "If you can give your time to this cause, so can I. By the way, who are you?" "I AM THE LANDLORD," said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

79.

As usual, Mulla Nasrudin showed up for supper with dirty hands and a dirty face. "Go wash up," his wife screamed at him. "Night after night I tell you. And night after night you always come to the table without washing. Why don't you ever do it without my shouting at you?" "WELL," said the Mulla, "IT'S ALWAYS WORTH A TRY. WHO KNOWS? YOU MIGHT FORGET ONCE."

[Top](#)

80.

The burglar was not only carrying a mean-looking gun, he also appeared to be drunk. "Get ready to die," he said to Mulla Nasrudin. "I am going to shoot you." "Why shoot me?" asked the Mulla. "I have always said that I would shoot anyone who looked like me," the burglar said. "And do I look like you?" asked the Mulla. "Yes, you do," said the burglar. "THAN GO AHEAD AND SHOOT," said Nasrudin. "ONE LESS LIKE YOU, THE BETTER."

[Top](#)

81.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife played bridge wisely and according to the rules. Mulla Nasrudin boasted of knowing no rules. However, one evening, he bid and made a grand slam, doubled and redoubled. Excitedly he said to his wife, "See, you thought I couldn't do it!" "WELL, DARLING," said his wife, "YOU COULDN'T HAVE, IF YOU'D PLAYED IT CORRECTLY."

[Top](#)

82.

A man and wife checked in at a resort hotel. After cleaning up, the lady forgot to turn off the faucets in the bathroom. Half an hour later, Mulla Nasrudin, the guest in the room directly under them, opened his window, stuck out his head and called upstairs to attract their attention. "Hey, you up there!" shouted the Mulla. The man upstairs opened his window and stuck out his head. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Turn off those faucets in your bathroom!" demanded Nasrudin. "It's pouring down here. What's the matter with you? You must be a dope." He ended his tirade with a wild outburst of profanity. "Wait a minute," said the man upstairs. "Stop your cursing. I have got a lady up here." "WHAT DO YOU THINK I HAVE GOT DOWN HERE," yelled Nasrudin, "A DUCK?"

[Top](#)

83.

Mulla Nasrudin stopped the doctor on the street one summer day. "You remember when you cured my rheumatism ten years ago, Doctor," asked the Mulla, "and told me not to get wet?" "Y-e-s, Yes, I remember," said the doctor. "WELL, I JUST WONDERED IF YOU THINK IT'S SAFE FOR ME TO TAKE A BATH YET," said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

84.

The clerk was waiting on a customer, Mulla Nasrudin, at the meat counter, when a woman pushed herself ahead of the Mulla and said, "Give me a pound Or cat food, quick, I am in a hurry." Then she turned to the Mulla and said, I hope you don't mind my being waited on ahead of you." "NOT IF YOU ARE THAT HUNGRY," said Nasrudin sweetly.

[Top](#)

85.BR> The parents-teachers association meeting was becoming rather spirited as the question of male versus female teachers was being discussed. "I say that women make the best teachers," said one large and noisy woman. "Where would man be if it were not for women?" "IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN EATING WATERMELON AND TAKING IT EASY," shouted Mulla Nasrudin from the back.

[Top](#)

86.

Mulla Nasrudin said to a man sitting next to him in a bar, "one drink always makes me drunk." "Really?" asked the stranger, "only one?" "YES," said the Mulla. "AND IT'S USUALLY THE SIXTH."

[Top](#)

87.

Mulla Nasrudin had just bought a dog and was bragging about his good points to a friend. "He is not what you would call a pedigree dog," said the Mulla, "but no prowler could come near the house without him letting us know about it." "What does he do?" asked the friend. "Bark and arouse the neighbourhood?" "NO," said Nasrudin proudly, "HE CRAWLS UNDER THE BED."

[Top](#)

88.

Mulla Nasrudin was weeping and complaining in a bar. "I don't have anything to worry about," he said. "My wife takes care of my money. My mother-in-law tends to my business. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WORK."

[Top](#)

89.

A friend gave a bottle of cheap liquor to Mulla Nasrudin as a birthday present. Later he asked the Mulla how it was. "It was just exactly right," said the Mulla. "What do you mean just right?" asked the friend. "WELL," said Nasrudin, "IF IT HAD BEEN ANY BETTER YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN IT TO ME, IF IT HAD BEEN ANY WORSE, I COULDN'T HAVE DRUNK IT."

[Top](#)

90.

Mulla Nasrudin was bragging to his friend about his family. "When I go home at night," he said, "everything is ready for me, my slippers, my pipe, the easy chair in the corner with the light turned on, my book open at the same place I left it the night before -- and always plenty of hot water." "I get all that stuff about the slippers and easy chair and book and the pipe," his friend said, "but what about the hot water, Mulla?" "WELL," replied Nasrudin, "MY FAMILY LOVES ME. YOU DON'T THINK THEY ARE GOING TO MAKE ME WASH DISHES IN COLD WATER, DO YOU?"

[Top](#)

91.

Every chair in the doctor's waiting room was taken. Several people were standing. There was no word from the doctor. Finally, Mulla Nasrudin stood up wearily and said, "WELL, I GUESS I WILL JUST GO HOME AND DIE NATURAL DEATH."

[Top](#)

92.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife was feeling a bit sorry for herself. "You don't seem as devoted to me as you used to," she complained. "Do you still love me?" Nasrudin looked up from his newspaper and shouted, "YES, I STILL LOVE YOU. NOW SHUT YOUR BIG MOUTH AND LET ME READ MY PAPER."

[Top](#)

93.

"Look here," she said to Mulla Nasrudin, "Why do you always come to my house to beg?" "Doctor's orders, lady," said the Mulla. "What do you mean, doctor's orders?" she asked. "He told me," said Nasrudin, "THAT WHEN I FOUND FOOD THAT AGREED WITH ME, I SHOULD STICK TO IT."

[Top](#)

94.

"When I was broke," Mulla Nasrudin told his neighbour, "Harry volunteered to lend me \$1000" "Did you take it?" his neighbour asked. "NO," said Nasrudin. "THAT KIND OF FRIENDSHIP IS TOO VALUABLE TO LOSE."

[Top](#)

95.

Mulla Nasrudin and his friend were talking about their wives. "My wife is very touchy," said the friend. "The least little thing sets her off." "You are lucky," said Nasrudin. "MINE IS A SELF-STARTER."

[Top](#)

96.

Mulla Nasrudin and his neighbour were chatting. "Yesterday, I took a girl to the coke bar in the afternoon," said the neighbour, "and I paid for that. Then I took her to the drive-in for a hot dog and I paid for that. After that, I took her to a movie, and I paid for that. Then I took her to a nightclub and I paid for that. Do you think I should have kissed her goodnight, Mulla?" "NO," said Nasrudin. "I THINK YOU DID ENOUGH FOR HER FOR ONE DAY."

[Top](#)

97.

Mulla Nasrudin had listened to the encouragement of a friend who had touted a certain horse pretty highly. The next day, after the horse had come in last, the Mulla saw the tipster and screamed, "Brother, have I got it in for you. That horse you told me to bet on came in last." "Last?" the fellow said. "I can't understand it. He should have been able to win that race in a walk." "THAT'S THE WAY HE TRIED IT," said Nasrudin, "BUT HE STILL CAME IN LAST."

[Top](#)

98.

One day Mulla Nasrudin visited a large department store to buy his wife some nylon hose. Inadvertently, he got caught in a mad rush at a counter where a bargain sale was going on. He soon found himself being pushed and stepped on by frantic women. He stood it as long as he could. Then with head lowered and elbows out, he plowed through the crowd. "You there!" said a woman. "Can't you act like a gentleman?" "NOT ANY MORE," said Nasrudin. "I HAVE BEEN ACTING LIKE A GENTLEMAN FOR AN HOUR. FROM NOW ON, I AM ACTING LIKE A LADY."

[Top](#)

99.99.

Mulla Nasrudin and his neighbour were greeting each other. "Good morning," said the Mulla. "You are looking fine this morning." "I am sorry I can't say the same thing for you," said the neighbour. "YOU COULD," said Nasrudin, "IF YOU WERE AS BIG A LIAR AS I AM."

[Top](#)

100.

Mulla Nasrudin came home about midnight and threw himself on the couch in the living room. He woke his wife up with his clumsiness and she stuck her head out of the bedroom door and said, "Well, you finally came home. I guess you found that your home is the best place to be this time of the night." "NOT EXACTLY," said Nasrudin, "BUT IT'S THE ONLY PLACE THAT'S OPEN AFTER MIDNIGHT."

[Top](#)

101.

Mulla Nasrudin and his wife were talking about a neighbour. "I have never heard a man talk so fast in all my life," said the wife. "THAT ' S NOT SURPRISING, " said Nasrudin. "HIS FATHER WAS A POLITICIAN AND HIS MOTHER WAS A WOMAN. "

[Top](#)

102.

The doctor was giving some bad news to Mulla Nasrudin about his wife. "This is a serious case," the doctor said. "I hate to tell you, but your wife's mind is gone, completely gone." "WELL, I AM NOT SURPRISED," said Nasrudin. "SHE HAS BEEN GIVING ME A LITTLE PIECE OF IT EVERYDAY FOR FIFTEEN YEARS."

[Top](#)

103..

Invited to stop for a drink with his friends following the lodge meeting, Mulla Nasrudin said he had to hurry home. "I can't stop," he said, "I have got to go home and explain to my wife." "Explain what?" one of his friends asked. "I DON'T KNOW," said Nasrudin, "I AM NOT HOME YET."

[Top](#)

104.

Mulla Nasrudin fainted on the street and a crowd quickly gathered. "Give him air!" shouted a man. "Clear the way. Hurry up someone, get him a drink!" Nasrudin's eyes fluttered open and he gasped, "PLEASE, MAKE IT A DOUBLE MARTINI."

[Top](#)

105.

Mulla Nasrudin was talking with his neighbour over the back fence. "Was not that something," said the neighbour, "the way Lucy's stove exploded last night? The explosion blew her and her husband right out of the front door into the street!" "YES," said the Mulla. "THAT'S THE FIRST TIME THEY HAVE GONE OUT TOGETHER IN THIRTY YEARS."

[Top](#)

106.

Mulla Nasrudin and one of his friends were walking past the high board fence that surrounded a nudist colony. Nasrudin spotted a knothole and peeked in. "Hey," he shouted to his companion, "there's a lot of people in there." "Men or women?" asked the friend. "I CAN'T TELL," said Nasrudin. "THEY DON'T HAVE ANY CLOTHES ON."

[Top](#)

107.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife was sitting down to breakfast one morning when she read an announcement of her own death in the newspaper. She quickly called Mulla Nasrudin who was outside the town and said: "Have you read the morning paper, Mulla? And, did you see the announcement of my death?" "YES," said Nasrudin. "WHERE ARE YOU CALLING FROM?"

[Top](#)

108.

Mulla Nasrudin had been to the state legislature. After he had spent thirty days with his fellow legislators at the state capital, he came home for a weekend. In telling his wife about it, he said: "I HAVE DISCOVERED ONE THING -- IT'S THE FIRST INSANE ASYLUM I HAVE EVER SEEN THAT'S RUN BY THE INMATES."

[Top](#)

109.

Mulla Nasrudin was milking a cow, when suddenly a bull tore across the meadow toward him. The Mulla didn't move, but kept on milking. Several men, who were watching from the next field, were surprised when the bull stopped dead within a few yards of the Mulla. He then turned around and walked away. "Were you not afraid, Mulla?" asked the men. "OF COURSE NOT," replied Nasrudin. "THIS COW IS HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW."

[Top](#)

110.

Mulla Nasrudin was watching the youngsters put on their horse show. He said to a bystander, "It's terrible the way they dress today. Just look at that young boy with the cigarette, sloppy haircut, and tight breeches." "That is not a boy," said the other. "It's a girl and she's my daughter." "Oh, excuse me, Sir," said the Mulla. "I meant no offence. I didn't know you were her father." "I AM NOT," said the other. "I AM HER MOTHER."

[Top](#)

111.

A preacher was being entertained at dinner and the other guests were praising his sermon. One of them turned to Mulla Nasrudin, who was at the talk, but had remained silent, and asked, "Mulla, what did you think of the sermon?" "OH, IT WAS ALL RIGHT," said Nasrudin, "ONLY HE PASSED UP THREE REAL GOOD PLACES WHERE HE COULD HAVE STOPPED."



[Top](#)

112.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife complained bitterly to the Mulla. "I am absolutely ashamed of the way we live. Mother pays our rent. My aunt buys our clothes. My sister sends us money for food. I don't like to complain, but I am ashamed that we cannot do better than that." "YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED," said Nasrudin. "YOU HAVE GOT TWO UNCLES THAT DON'T SEND US A DIME."

[Top](#)

113.

A man in the upstairs apartment yelled to Mulla Nasrudin downstairs, "If you don't stop playing that clarinet, I will go crazy." "TOO LATE NOW," said Nasrudin. "I STOPPED AN HOUR AGO, SIR."

[Top](#)

114.

The preacher was visiting Mulla Nasrudin in the hospital, who had been injured in a fight. "I am going to pray so you will forgive your enemy for hitting you with a brick," the preacher said. "IT MIGHT BE BETTER," said Nasrudin, "IF YOU WAITED UNTIL I GET OUT OF HERE AND THEN PRAY FOR THE OTHER FELLOW, SIR."

[Top](#)

115.

The wife of Mulla Nasrudin had received a beautiful skunk coat for her birthday a gift from her husband. "Why," she said with excitement, "I just can't understand how a beautiful coat like that could possibly come from such a miserable evil-smelling little beast." "WELL," said Nasrudin, "I DID NOT EXACTLY EXPECT ANY GRATITUDE FROM YOU, BUT I DO THINK I DESERVE A LITTLE BIT MORE RESPECT."

[Top](#)

116.

A vacuum cleaner salesman rang the doorbell of Mulla Nasrudin's house and was admitted by a woman, who immediately left the room. After talking a bit to the Mulla who was in the room, the salesman said, "Was that your wife, Sir, who let me in?" "CERTAINLY. DO YOU THINK I WOULD HIRE A MAID AS HOMELY AS THAT?" asked Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

117.

The drunk Mulla Nasrudin approached the policeman on the corner and said, "Pardon me, Officer, but where am I?" "You are on the corner of Main and Forth," the policeman said. "NEVER MIND THE DETAILS," said Nasrudin. "WHAT TOWN AM I IN?"

[Top](#)

118.

"Everybody has something to be thankful for," the minister said to Mulla Nasrudin, who was sitting in his office telling a tale of woe. "Look at the man across the street from you who just lost his wife in an automobile accident." "YES," said Nasrudin, "BUT EVERYBODY CAN'T BE THAT LUCKY, SIR."

[Top](#)

119.

"This is a lesson in logic," said the old professor in the teahouse. "If the show starts at nine and dinner is at six and my son has the measles, and brother drives a Cadillac, how old am I?" "You are eighty-four," replied Mulla Nasrudin promptly. "Right," said the professor. "Now tell the rest of the fellows here how you arrived at the correct answer." "IT'S EASY," said Nasrudin. "I HAVE GOT AN UNCLE WHO IS FORTY-TWO AND HE IS ONLY HALF NUTS, SIR."

[Top](#)

120.

Mulla Nasrudin's son, home from college, was talking to his father about the "Law of Compensation," which he had studied. "If a person loses one eye," he explained, "the sight in the other becomes stronger. If he loses the hearing in one ear, the hearing in the other becomes more acute. If he loses one hand, he becomes more agile with the other." "I GUESS THAT'S RIGHT," said Nasrudin. "I HAVE ALWAYS NOTICED THAT WHEN A MAN HAS ONE SHORT LEG THE OTHER IS LONGER."

[Top](#)

121.

A college freshman was talking about girls with Mulla Nasrudin. "Which would you advise me to do? Marry a sensible girl or a beautiful girl, Mulla?" he asked. "I don't think you will be able to marry either," said the Mulla. "Why not?" asked the freshman. "IT'S LOGICAL," said Nasrudin. "A BEAUTIFUL GIRL COULD DO BETTER AND A SENSIBLE! GIRL WOULD KNOW BETTER."

[Top](#)

122.

"What are you doing hiding under the bed?" asked Mulla Nasrudin's wife. "It's all lightening and thunder," said the Mulla. "And I don't want to get struck by lightening. "Oh, that's silly," said his wife. "If lightening is going to strike you, it will strike you no matter where you are." "THAT'S ALL RIGHT," said Nasrudin. "BUT, IF IT IS GOING TO STRIKE ME, I JUST WANT TO BE HARD TO FIND."

[Top](#)

123.

Mulla Nasrudin and one of his friends were sitting under the bridge listening to the holiday traffic passing overhead. "I hate holidays," said the friend. "YES, " said Nasrudin, "IT MAKES YOU FEEL RIGHT COMMON WHEN NOBODY AIN'T WORKING. "

[Top](#)

124.

"This book," said the salesman, "will do half your work." "FINE," said Mulla Nasrudin. "I WILL TAKE TWO OF THEM."

[Top](#)

125.

Mulla Nasrudin used to say: "IF YOU WANT YOUR WIFE TO PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO WHAT YOU ARE SAYING, WHISPER IT TO ANOTHER WOMAN IN A LOW VOICE."

[Top](#)

126.

New neighbours had moved in and had been under observation for several days. "They seem like a most devoted couple," said Mulla Nasrudin's wife to her husband. "Every time he leaves for work she comes out on the porch and he hugs and kisses her. Why don't you do that?" "ME?" said Nasrudin. "I SHOULD SAY NOT. I HAVE NOT EVEN BEEN INTRODUCED TO HER YET."

[Top](#)

127.

A policeman stopped drunk Mulla Nasrudin and said to him, "Do you know who I am?" "I CAN'T SAY THAT I DO," said Nasrudin, "BUT IF YOU WILL TELL ME WHERE YOU LIVE, I WILL HELP YOU HOME."

[Top](#)

128.

The young man had kissed his girlfriend, Mulla Nasrudin's daughter, goodnight about a dozen times. They just could not seem to say goodnight. Finally he said, "Love is wonderful. Darling, do we really have to say goodnight?" Mulla Nasrudin's voice came from deep within the house, "CERTAINLY NOT. STICK AROUND ANOTHER HALF HOUR AND YOU CAN SAY GOOD MORNING."

[Top](#)

129.

The two burglars worked as a team. One stayed outside as a lookout, while the other robbed the house. One night, when the inside man returned, his buddy said, "How much did you get?" "Nothing," the other said. "This is the house of Mulla Nasrudin." "GEE!" said his buddy. "THEN HOW MUCH DID YOU LOSE?"

[Top](#)

130.

It seemed that every time Mulla Nasrudin met his lawyer, he had some added legal fees. It worried the Mulla to the point of ulcers. Then one day, he met his lawyer in the post office and said, "NICE DAY, ISN'T IT? AND REMEMBER, I AM TELLING YOU, NOT ASKING YOU, SIR."

[Top](#)

131.

"You ought to stand on your two feet and show your wife who is running things at your house," a big, bossy fellow said to his friend, Mulla Nasrudin. "THERE IS NO NEED TO," said Nasrudin, "SHE ALREADY KNOWS."

[Top](#)

132.

The stranger was talking in the tavern. "For fifteen years," he said, "my habits were as regular as clockwork. I rose exactly at six. Half an hour later I was at breakfast. At seven I was at work. I had lunch at one, and supper at six, and was in bed at nine-thirty. I ate only plain food, and didn't have a day of sickness during all those years." "MY," said Mulla Nasrudin who was listening to the story, "AND WHAT WERE YOU IN JAIL FOR?"

[Top](#)

133.

Mulla Nasrudin had been arrested for stealing a hog. The trial was short and sweet. There was no concrete evidence against the Mulla and the judge dismissed the case against him. But for some reason the Mulla seemed not to understand. "The case is dismissed," the judge said, "It is over. You are acquitted. You can go." "WELL, THANKS, JUDGE," said Nasrudin. "BUT DO I HAVE TO GIVE HIM BACK HIS HOG?"

[Top](#)

134.

Mulla Nasrudin kept begging the noted pianist to play. "Well, all right, since you insist," he said. "What shall I play?" "ANYTHING YOU LIKE," said Nasrudin. "IT'S ONLY TO ANNOY THE NEIGHBOURS."

[Top](#)

135.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife used to give the Mulla a regular inspection every night when he came home. Every hair she discovered on his coat would be cause for a terrible scene. One evening, when she didn't find a single hair, she screamed at him, "NOW YOU ARE EVEN RUNNING AFTER BALD-HEADED WOMEN."

[Top](#)

136.

Mulla Nasrudin was introduced as the man who had just made \$800,000 in an oil deal in Oklahoma. In response, the Mulla said, "IT WAS NOT AN OIL DEAL, IT WAS A REAL ESTATE DEAL. IT WAS NOT IN OKLAHOMA, BUT IN VIRGINIA. I AM SORRY, BUT THE MAN HAD HIS FIGURES MIXED UP. IT WAS NOT \$800,000, BUT \$800. AND BESIDES THAT, IT WAS NOT A PROFIT, BUT A LOSS. AND, IN THE END, IF YOU DON'T MIND, LET ME TELL YOU, THAT I AM NOT THE MAN CONCERNED, SIR."

[Top](#)

137.

Mulla Nasrudin, the landlord of a rather rundown rooming house, had led a prospective tenant to a third-floor room with badly spotted wall paper. Nasrudin: "The last man who lived in this room was an inventor he invented some sort of explosive." Prospect: "Oh, these spots on the walls are chemicals?" Nasrudin: "NO, THE INVENTOR."

[Top](#)

138.

Mulla Nasrudin was called in the election bribery case. "You say," asked the judge, "that you were given \$10 to vote for the Democrats, and you got another \$10 to vote for the republicans?" "Yes, Sir, Your Honour," said the Mulla. "And how did you vote?" asked the judge. "YOUR HONOUR," said Nasrudin, "I VOTED ACCORDING TO MY CONSCIENCE."

[Top](#)

139.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife was upset and was confiding in her maid. "Do you know," she said, "I suspect my husband is having an affair with the cook." "OH," cried the maid. "YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT. YOU ARE JUST SAYING THAT TO MAKE ME JEALOUS."

[Top](#)

140.

"You sure do look downhearted, Mulla? What's the matter?" asked a friend. "It's my future that worries me," said Nasrudin. "What makes your future so black?" the friend asked. "MY PAST," replied Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

141.

A friend was visiting Mulla Nasrudin. "My boy has just written me from jail," he said. "He says they're going to cut six months off his sentence for good behaviour." "MY," said Mulla Nasrudin. "YOU MUST BE PROUD TO HAVE A SON LIKE THAT."

[Top](#)

142.

Mulla Nasrudin walked into a psychiatrist's office, opened a tobacco pouch, and stuffed his nose with tobacco. "Man, I can see that you need me," the psychiatrist said. "Come on in and tell me your problem." "MY ONLY PROBLEM IS," said Nasrudin, "I NEED A LIGHT."

[Top](#)

143.

Mulla Nasrudin climbed into a barber's chair and asked, "Where's the barber who used to work on the next chair?" "Oh, that was a sad case," the barber said. "He became so nervous and despondent over poor business, that one day when a customer said he didn't want a massage, he went out of his mind and cut the customer's throat with a razor. He is now in the state mental hospital. By the way, would you like a massage, Sir?" "ABSOLUTELY!" said Mulla Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

144.

Mulla Nasrudin told his psychiatrist that he had the same nightmare over and over again, night after night. "And what do you dream about?" asked the doctor. "I dream that I am married," said the Mulla. "And to whom are you married in this dream?" the doctor wanted to know. "TO MY WIFE," said Nasrudin. "THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT A NIGHTMARE, SIR."

[Top](#)

145.

Mulla Nasrudin was on his first ocean voyage and was deathly ill. Trying to comfort him, the steward said, "Don't be so down-hearted, Sir, I have never heard of anyone dying of sea-sickness." "OH, DON'T TELL ME THAT," moaned Nasrudin. "IT HAS ONLY BEEN THE HOPE OF DYING THAT HAS KEPT ME ALIVE."

[Top](#)

146.

Mulla Nasrudin and one of his friends were thinking one day to join the army. "What makes you think to join the army?" asked the Mulla. "Well, I don't have a wife and I love war," said the friend. "And why you are thinking to join it?" "ME?" said Nasrudin. "I HAVE A WIFE AND I LOVE PEACE."

[Top](#)

147.

Late one night a psychiatrist found himself staring into the muzzle of a large pistol. He was shocked to recognize the gunman who was holding him up. "See here, Nasrudin," he said. "Don't you remember me? I am your benefactor. Don't you remember the time I saved you from the electric chair by proving you were crazy?" Mulla Nasrudin laughed and laughed and laughed. "SURE I REMEMBER YOU, SIR. BUT, AIN'T ROBBING YOUR BENEFACTOR A CRAZY THING TO DO?"

[Top](#)

148.

"Young man," said the angry father, Mulla Nasrudin, "didn't I hear the clock strike four when you brought my daughter home?" "Yes, Sir," said the boy. "It was going to strike ten, but I grabbed the gong and held it so it wouldn't disturb you." "I WILL BE A SO-AND-SO," said Nasrudin. "WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT IN MY YOUNGER DAYS?"

[Top](#)

149.

Mulla Nasrudin was coming to after a serious operation. He was just conscious enough to feel the softness of the comfortable bed and the warmth of gentle hands on his forehead. "Where am I?" he asked. "In Heaven?" "NO," said his wife, "I AM STILL RIGHT HERE WITH YOU."

[Top](#)

150.

A man was chatting to Mulla Nasrudin who was a rabid fisherman. "I notice," he said, "that when you tell about the fish you caught you vary the size of it for different listeners." "YES," replied Nasrudin, "I NEVER TELL A MAN MORE THAN I THINK HE WILL BELIEVE."

[Top](#)

151.

Mulla Nasrudin was being selected as a juror in a murder trial. The attorney for the defense was challenging prospective jurors. He questioned Mulla Nasrudin, "Are you married or single?" "Married for ten years," said the Mulla. "Have you formed or expressed an opinion?" asked the attorney. "NOT FOR TEN YEARS," replied Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

152.

Mulla Nasrudin was visiting his psychiatrist. Among the many questions the doctor asked was: "Are you bothered by improper thoughts?" "NOT AT ALL," said Nasrudin. "THE TRUTH IS I RATHER ENJOY THEM."

[Top](#)

153.

"Why don't you stop picking on me?" said Mulla Nasrudin to his wife. "I am trying to do everything possible to make you happy." "There's one thing you haven't done that my first husband did to make me happy," she said. "What's that?" asked the Mulla. "HE DROPPED DEAD," she said.

[Top](#)

154.

The young daughter of Mulla Nasrudin heard a tapping on her window in the early hours of the

morning. There on a ladder was her boyfriend. Their elopement was going according to plan. "Are you all ready?" her boyfriend asked. "Yes," whispered the girl, "but don't talk so loud, you might wake up my father." "WAKE HIM UP?" her boyfriend asked. "WHO DO YOU THINK IS HOLDING THE LADDER?"

[Top](#)

155.

"Why are you so down in the mouth, Mulla?" asked someone in the tavern. "Aw," said Mulla Nasrudin, "I just heard a guy call another fellow a liar. And that fellow said that if he didn't apologize, he would whip him." "Well, why should that make you so sad?" asked the first. "BECAUSE," said Nasrudin, "THE GUY APOLOGIZED."

[Top](#)

156.

It was the 'better part of town' and the lady who came to the door said to Mulla Nasrudin: "I should think you would be ashamed to beg in this neighborhood." "DON'T APOLOGIZE FOR IT, LADY," said Nasrudin, "I HAVE SEEN WORSE."

[Top](#)

157.

"It certainly is hard," said the sad individual "to love one's relatives." "HARD?" said Nasrudin. "HARD? IT IS PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE!"

[Top](#)

158.

The editor of the local newspaper was beside himself. He said to Mulla Nasrudin in the teahouse: "What are we going to do for our front page tonight? Nothing scandalous has happened in town for almost twenty-four hours!" "TAKE IT EASY " said Nasrudin. "SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN. YOU SHOULDN'T LOSE FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE, SIR."

[Top](#)

159.

"This sure is a lousy party," a guest at a cocktail party said to Mulla Nasrudin, who was next to him. "I am going to finish this one and then get out of here." "I WOULD TOO," said Nasrudin, "BUT I HAVE GOT TO STAY. I AM THE HOST."

[Top](#)

160.

A guest at a concert turned to Mulla Nasrudin sitting next to him and criticised the voice of the woman who was singing. "What a terrible voice," he said. "Do you know who she is?" "Yes," said the Mulla. "She's my wife." "Oh," said the embarrassed guest, "I beg your pardon. Of course, it is not her voice that is bad, it is that awful song she has to sing. I wonder who wrote it." "I DID," said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

161.

A drunk cowhand rushed into a bar waving and firing his guns at random and shouting, "All you dirty, lousy skunks get outta here." Within a minute everybody had scattered and disappeared except Mulla Nasrudin, who sat at the bar finishing his drink. "Well," barked the cowhand,

waving his smoking gun. "What about it?" "My," said the Mulla, "THERE WERE CERTAINLY A LOT OF THEM, WEREN'T THEY?"

[Top](#)

162.

Mulla Nasrudin always said: "Oh, well, it might have been worse." One day an acquaintance stopped him and said, "I dreamed last night that I died, went to hell, and was doomed to everlasting torment." "Oh, well," said Nasrudin, "it might have been worse." "What do you mean, Mulla!" cried the man. "How could it have been worse?" "IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRUE," said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

163.

"You have got to have more recreation and relaxation," said Mulla Nasrudin to the overworked friend. "But I am too busy," said the friend. "THAT'S SILLY," replied Nasrudin. "ANTS HAVE THE GREATEST REPUTATION FOR BEING BUSY ALL THE TIME, YET THEY NEVER MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO ATTEND A PICNIC."

[Top](#)

164.

Mulla Nasrudin was visited by a boyhood friend whom he had not seen for years. The man told him a long story of misfortune: bankruptcy, death of wife and children, personal illness. He ended by asking for a loan. The Mulla called his son and a big, athletic-type walked in. "TOMMY," said Nasrudin, "THROW THIS POOR FELLOW DOWNSTAIRS; HE IS BREAKING MY HEART."

[Top](#)

165.

Mulla Nasrudin had just returned a sheaf of poems to the budding young poet. "Do you think it would help if I put more fire into my poetry, Sir?" the young man asked Nasrudin. "NO," said the Mulla. "I WOULD RECOMMEND THE REVERSE."

[Top](#)

166.

Mulla Nasrudin finally bought a parrot at an auction after some rather spirited bidding. "I assume the bird talks," he said to the auctioneer. "TALKS?" the auctioneer said. "WHO DO YOU THINK HAS BEEN BIDDING AGAINST YOU FOR THE PAST HALF HOUR?"

[Top](#)

167.

Mulla Nasrudin, carrying a chair, walked up to the owner of a secondhand store and asked how much it was worth. "Three dollars," said the secondhand dealer. The Mulla seemed surprised. "Isn't it worth more than that?" he said. "Three dollars is the limit," the owner said. "See that? Where the leg is split? And look here where the paint is peeling." "OKAY THEN," said Nasrudin. "I SAW IT IN FRONT OF YOUR STORE MARKED \$10, BUT I THOUGHT THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE. FOR \$3 I WILL TAKE IT."

[Top](#)

168.



The editor tried hard to read Mulla Nasrudin's handwriting. "Mulla, this handwriting is so bad I can hardly read it," he said. "Why didn't you type out these poems before you brought them in?" "TYPE THEM!" cried Nasrudin. "DO YOU THINK FOR A MOMENT THAT IF I COULD TYPE, I WOULD BE WASTING MY TIME TRYING TO WRITE POETRY?"

[Top](#)

169.

Mulla Nasrudin's son, studying political science, asked his father, "Dad, what's a traitor in politics?" "Any man who leaves our party," said the Mulla, "and goes over to the other one is a traitor." "Well, what about a man who leaves his party and comes over to your's?" asked the young man. "HE'D BE A CONVERT, SON," said Nasrudin, "A REAL CONVERT."

[Top](#)

170.

Mulla Nasrudin was obviously envious of the rich man who had just given him a dollar. "You have no reason to envy me," said the rich man, "even if I do look prosperous. I have my troubles, too, you know." "YOU HAVE PROBABLY GOT PLENTY OF TROUBLES," said Nasrudin, "BUT THE DIFFERENCE IS, I AIN'T GOT NOTHING ELSE, SIR."

[Top](#)

171.

"I am going to get a divorce," a friend told Mulla Nasrudin. "My wife has not spoken to me in three months." "I'D THINK TWICE IF I WERE YOU," said the Mulla. "WIVES LIKE THAT ARE HARD TO FIND."

[Top](#)

172.

Mulla Nasrudin was telling a friend his future through palmistry. He said, "You will be poor and unhappy and miserable until you are sixty." "Then what?" asked the man hopefully. "BY THAT TIME," said Nasrudin, "YOU WILL BE USED TO IT."

[Top](#)

173.

Mulla Nasrudin was sitting on his cot in a flophouse. "You know," he said to the fellow on the next cot, "when I was seventeen years old, I made up my mind that nothing was going to stop me from getting rich." "Well, how came you never got rich?" his friend asked. "OH," said Nasrudin, "BY THE TIME I WAS NINETEEN, I REALIZED IT WOULD BE EASIER TO CHANGE MY MIND."

[Top](#)

174.

"My wife used to play the piano," a friend told Mulla Nasrudin, "but since the children came, she has not had time to touch it." "CHILDREN SOMETIMES ARE A COMFORT, ARE THEY NOT?" said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

175.

The situation was desperate. Mulla Nasrudin had been bitten by a rabid dog and the doctors were not certain that he had begun treatment in time to save him. After a consultation on the

matter, they came into the room and told him the plain truth -- that he might develop hydrophobia -- that his chances were pretty bad. Instead of seeming to be upset at the news, Mulla Nasrudin asked for a pen and paper and began to write at great length. After an hour of steady writing, his nurse said to him, "What are you writing, Mulla? Is it your will or a letter to your family?" "NO," said Nasrudin, "IT'S A LIST OF PEOPLE I AM GOING TO BITE."

[Top](#)

176.

Mulla Nasrudin and his young son were driving in the country one winter. It was snowing. Their bullock-cart broke down. They finally reached a farmhouse and were welcomed for the night. The house was cold, and the attic in which they were invited to spend the night was like an icebox. Stripping to his underwear, the Mulla jumped into a featherbed and pulled the blankets over his head. The young man was slightly embarrassed. "Excuse me, Dad," he said, "don't you think we ought to say our prayers before going to bed?" The Mulla stuck one eye out from under the covers. "SON," he said, "I KEEP PRAYED UP AHEAD FOR SITUATIONS JUST LIKE THIS ONE."

[Top](#)

177.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife was giving her daughter a few interesting facts about married life. "I hope," she told the young girl, "that your lot in life is going to be easier than mine was. For the fifty-five years I have been married, I have carried two heavy burdens, your father and the fire. EVERY TIME I HAVE TURNED AROUND TO LOOK AFTER ONE OF THEM, THE OTHER HAS GONE OUT."

[Top](#)

178.

A young lady went to old Mulla Nasrudin for advice. She said to the Mulla: "Should I marry a fellow who lies to me?" "YES, UNLESS YOU WANT TO REMAIN UNMARRIED FOREVER," said Nasrudin.

[Top](#)

179.

Mulla Nasrudin's mule kicked his wife in the head and she died. A huge crowd turned out for the funeral, most of them men. The minister following the ceremonies, said: "This lady must have been very popular. Look at the large number of people who have left their work to come to her funeral." "THEY ARE NOT HERE FOR THE FUNERAL," said Nasrudin. "THEY ARE HERE TO BID ON THE MULE."

[Top](#)

180.

"Stand up," shouted the preacher, "if you want to go to heaven." Everybody stood up but old Mulla Nasrudin. "Don't you want to go to heaven, brother?" asked the preacher. "YES, SIR," said Nasrudin, "BUT I AIN'T GOING WITH NO EXCURSION."

[Top](#)

181.

A man went to the funeral of Mulla Nasrudin's wife. In the funeral home, the Mulla was standing at the end of the casket. The man looked at his friend's dead wife and said, "Does she not look wonderful!" "WHY NOT?" asked Nasrudin. "SHE WAS IN THE HOSPITAL ALL WINTER!"

[Top](#)

182.

Mulla Nasrudin was in an accident and sued the insurance company for \$1,000 and won his case. When he received his check; he called on his lawyer to settle up. "How much do I owe you?" he asked the lawyer. "Well," said the lawyer, "I will tell you how it is. Since I am an old friend of your's and your father before you, my fee will be only \$900." "I am sure glad," said Nasrudin as he made out his check for \$900, "THAT YOU WERE NOT A FRIEND OF MY GRANDFATHER'S TOO."

[Top](#)

183.

A school teacher wrote a note home to Abdul's mother: "Dear Mrs. Nasrudin, your son, Abdul, is a smart boy, but he spends all of his time with the girls. I am trying to break him of this habit." The teacher received this reply: "I wish you success. Please let me know how you do it. I HAVE BEEN TRYING FOR YEARS TO BREAK HIS FATHER OF THE SAME HABIT."

[Top](#)

184.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife was in the hospital dying. Just before she passed away, she said to her husband who was sitting by the bedside, "Darling, I have only one regret as I pass on. I hate to leave you behind in all of your loneliness. I just want you to know that if you should ever want to remarry, you have my consent. Only, if you do, I wonder if you would promise me something." "Yes, Darling," said the Mulla.'what is it?' "Would you promise not to let your new wife wear my old clothes and remind you of me?" she asked. "WHY,CERTAINLY I WILL PROMISE YOU THAT," said Nasrudin. "I WOULDN'T THINK OF DOING SUCH A THING. BESIDES, ALL OF YOUR SUITS ARE TOO SMALL FOR FATIMA ANYWAY."

[Top](#)

185.

Mulla Nasrudin and his friend, Old Joe, went into a bar and Joe ordered four straight shots in about four minutes. Each time he would gulp it down. After the fourth, and before he could order the fifth, Joe passed out -- plunk, right on the floor. "WELL," said Nasrudin, "ONE THING ABOUT OLD JOE -- HE KNOWS WHEN HE'S HAD ENOUGH."

[Top](#)

186.

Mulla Nasrudin and his neighbour were talking about the problems of raising their boys. "Is your son very ambitious, Mulla?" asked the neighbour. "YES," said Nasrudin, "HE HAS SUCH BIG IDEAS ABOUT BEING RICH AND SUCCESSFUL, THAT ALREADY HE'S BEGINNING TO LOOK ON ME AS A SORT OF POOR RELATION."

[Top](#)

187.

A drunk sat next to old Mulla Nasrudin on a bus. Thinking Mulla Nasrudin to be a preacher from his appearance and trying to start a conversation, he said, "I ain't going to heaven. There ain't no heaven." The Mulla never said a word. "I say there ain't no heaven," said the drunk in a loud voice. The Mulla still didn't answer him. "I said I ain't going to heaven," shouted the drunk. Mulla Nasrudin quietly turned to the drunk and said, "WELL, GO TO HELL, THEN; BUT BE QUIET ABOUT IT."

[Top](#)

188.

The old Mulla Nasrudin was complaining to his landlady about the lack of heat in his room. "SOMETIMES IT GETS SO COLD AT NIGHT," he said, "THAT I WAKE UP AND HEAR MY TEETH CHATTERING ON THE NIGHT TABLE."

[Top](#)

189.

Mulla Nasrudin bought one of those new hearing aids that are practically invisible. He was told that he could return it if it didn't prove twice as good as the cumbersome device he had been using. He stopped by a few days later to express his satisfaction with the new device. "I will bet your family likes it too," said the clerk. "Oh, they don't even know I have got it," said Nasrudin. "AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT? I AM HAVING MORE FUN WITH IT! IN THE PAST TWO DAYS, I HAVE CHANGED MY WILL THREE TIMES."

[Top](#)

190.

"That pain in your leg is caused by old age," the doctor told Mulla Nasrudin. "That can't be," replied the Mulla. "THE OTHER LEG IS THE SAME AGE AND DOESN'T HURT A BIT."

[Top](#)

191.

Mulla Nasrudin's wife woke him up one morning and said, "Honey, wake up. Today is our 42nd wedding anniversary. I think we ought to celebrate. What do you say we kill a chicken?" The Mulla looked at her and said, "WHY IN THE WORLD DO YOU WANT TO PUNISH A POOR CHICKEN FOR SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED 42 YEARS AGO?"

[Top](#)

192.

Mulla Nasrudin was talking to his lawyer about having his will drawn up. The lawyer asked him: "What's to be different about this will?" "OH," said Nasrudin, "I AM LEAVING EVERYTHING TO MY WIFE ON THE CONDITION THAT SHE MARRIES AGAIN. I WANT SOMEBODY TO BE SORRY I DIED."

[Top](#)

193.

Mulla Nasrudin, celebrating his 95th birthday was asked by a friend: "Don't you hate growing old, Mulla?" "HECK, NO," said Nasrudin. "IF I WASN'T GROWING OLD, I'D BE DEAD."

[Top](#)

194.

A newspaper reporter was interviewing Mulla Nasrudin on his 99th birthday. As he was shaking hands to leave, he said, "I hope I can come back next year and see you on your 100th birthday." "I DON'T SEE WHY YOU CAN'T," said the old Mulla. "YOU LOOK HEALTHY ENOUGH."

[Top](#)

195.

The tourist was talking to Mulla Nasrudin who had just celebrated his 100th birthday. "And to

what do you owe your great age?" he asked. "WELL, I AM NOT SURE YET," said Nasrudin. "I AM DICKERING WITH A COUPLE OF BREAKFAST FOOD COMPANIES, SIR."

[Top](#)

196.

A newspaper reporter was interviewing Mulla Nasrudin on his 100th birthday. "If you had your life to live over," he asked, "do you think you would make the same mistakes again?" "CERTAINLY, " said the old Mulla, "BUT I WOULD START A LOT SOONER."

[Top](#)

197.

Mulla Nasrudin finally reached the age of 105. A newspaper reporter from town came out to take his picture and write a story about him. The reporter was talking to a neighbour about the old man and asked him, "How do you figure your friend was able to live so long?" "I GUESS," said the neighbour, "IT WAS BECAUSE HE NEVER DID ANYTHING ELSE."

[Top](#)

198.

A newspaperman was interviewing Mulla Nasrudin on his 105th birthday. He noticed that the Mulla was wearing a rabbit's foot on his key chain. "You don't mean to tell me," said the newspaperman, "that a man of your experience still believes in that old and childish superstition? " "CERTAINLY NOT," said Nasrudin, "BUT MY WIFE: TELLS ME IT IS SUPPOSED TO BRING YOU LUCK WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IN IT OR NOT."

[Top](#)

199.

Mulla Nasrudin was stabbed by burglars. But before dying he wrote a note to his wife from the hospital. The last paragraph of it read: "I have been very fortunate because only the day before I had put all of my money and negotiable bonds in my safety deposit box at the bank, SO THAT I AM LOSING PRACTICALLY NOTHING BUT MY LIFE."

[Top](#)

200.

When Mulla Nasrudin died, his wife decided to have him cremated. The attendant at the crematory showed his widow a display of beautifully decorated urns for his ashes. "NO," she said. "I DON'T WANT ANY OF THOSE THINGS. I WANT YOU TO PUT HIS ASHES IN AN HOUR GLASS. I AM GOING TO PUT IT ON THE MANTELPIECE. MULLA NASRUDIN NEVER DID A DAY'S WORK IN HIS LIFE, BUT BELIEVE ME, HE WILL BE BUSY ALL DAY LONG FROM NOW ON."

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## [\[edit\]](#) Delivering a Khutba

Once, Mulla Nasruddin was invited to deliver a *khutba*. When he got on the *minbar* (pulpit), he asked "Do you know what I am going to say?" The audience replied "NO", so he announced "I have no desire to speak to people who don't even know what I will be talking about" and he left.

The people felt embarrassed and called him back again the next day. This time when he asked the same question, the people replied "YES" So Mullah Nasruddin said, "Well, since you already know what I am going to say, I won't waste any more of your time" and he left.

Now the people were really perplexed. They decided to try one more time and once again invited the Mullah to speak the following week. Once again he asked the same question - "Do you know what I am going to say?" Now the people were prepared and so half of them answered "YES" while the other half replied "NO". So Mullah Nasruddin said "The half who know what I am going to say, tell it to the other half" and he left!

### [edit] Two sides of a river

Nasrudin sat on a river bank when someone shouted to him from the opposite side:  
- "Hey! how do I get across?"  
- "You are across!" Nasrudin shouted back. The man on the other side sat puzzled.

### [edit] Whom do you trust

A neighbour comes to the gate of Nasreddin Hoja's yard. The Hoja goes out to meet him outside.  
"Would you mind, Hoja," the neighbour asks, "lending me your donkey today? I have some goods to transport to the next town."  
The Hoja doesn't feel inclined to lend out the animal to that particular man, however; so, not to seem rude, he answers:  
"I'm sorry, but I've already lent him to somebody else."  
Suddenly the donkey can be heard braying loudly behind the wall of the yard.  
"You lied to me, Hoja!" the neighbour exclaims. "There it is behind that wall!"  
"What do you mean?" the Hoja replies indignantly. "Whom would you rather believe, a donkey or your Hoja?"

### [edit] The Moving Friend

"Nasreddin," a friend said one day, "I am moving to another village. Can I have your ring, so that I will remember you every time I look at it?"  
Nasreddin replied, "Well, you might lose the ring and then forget about me. How about I don't give you a ring in the first place—that way, every time that you look at your finger and don't see a ring, you will definitely remember me."

### [edit] The Loan Request

A friend asked Nasreddin, "Can I borrow 1000 toman from you for three months."  
"Well," Nasreddin replied, "I can fulfill half of your loan request."  
"OK; that's fine," the friend said, "I'm sure I can get the other 500 toman somewhere else."  
"You misunderstood me," Nasreddin replied. "The half of your loan request I agreed to was the time: the three months. As for the 1000 toman, I cannot give it to you."

### [edit] Sack of Vegetables

Nasreddin snuck into someone's garden and began putting vegetables in his sack. The owner saw him and shouted, "What are you doing in my garden?"  
Nasreddin confidently responded, "The wind blew me here."  
"That sounds incredible to me," the man replied, "but let's assume that the wind did blow you here. Now then, how can you explain how those vegetables were pulled out from my garden?"  
"Oh, that's simple," Nasreddin responded. "I had to grab them to stop myself from being thrown any further by the wind."  
"Well," the man continued, "then tell me this—how did the vegetables get in your sack?"  
"You know what," Nasreddin said, "I was just standing here and wondering that same thing myself!"

## [edit] Perfection

An admirer of his once asked the sage "Master, why did you never marry?"  
"Well," he replied, "In my youth I searched for the perfect woman. I spent time with many women, but they all had a flaw. One would be beautiful, but cruel. Another intelligent, but lazy. I had almost given up hope, when I met her; the perfect woman. Healthy, intelligent, sensitive, witty, beautiful, talented...she was everything I was looking for."

"So why did you not marry her?"

"Odd thing," replied the Hoja, "She was looking for the perfect man..."

## [edit] The Donkey Seller

Nasreddin brought his donkey to sell at the **bazaar**, but every time a customer wanted to inspect it, the donkey began biting and being uncooperative. One man asked Nasreddin, "Do you really expect to sell a donkey that behaves like that?"  
Nasreddin replied, "Not really; I just brought him here so other people would experience what I have to put up with every day!"

## [edit] The Pot

Nasreddin borrowed a pot from his friend. The next day, he gave the pot back to the friend, and also gave him another smaller pot. The friend looked at the small pot, and said, "What is that?"

"Your pot gave birth while I had it," Nasreddin replied, "so I am giving you its child."

The friend was glad to receive the bonus, and didn't ask any more questions.

A week later, Nasreddin borrowed the original pot from the friend. After a week passed, the friend asked Nasreddin to return it.

"I cannot," Nasreddin said.

"Why not?" the friend replied.

"Well," Nasreddin answered, "I hate to be the bearer of bad news...but your pot has died."

"What?" the friend asked with skepticism. "A pot cannot die!"

"You believed it gave birth," Nasreddin said, "so why is it that you cannot believe it has died."

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### Nasruddin's Question

One day Nasruddin, while passing by a place, had a few apricots in his sleeve. He saw some people who were sitting under a tree. Calling them he asked a question, "if any one of you found out what I have in my sleeve, I will give the biggest apricot to him." One of them said, "If any one answers this question, he must be having prophecy."

### Nasruddin's Blanket

One winter night while Nasruddin was sleeping he heard a noise that was suddenly made in the street. Having covered himself with his blanket, he came out to know the cause of the noise. Suddenly a smart thief robbed him of his blanket and ran away. He came back home without the blanket. In reply to his wife who was asking about the reason for the noise, Nasruddin said, "All the quarrel was about my blanket."



### Porter's wage

Nasruddin kept a load on the back of a porter in order to carry it to his house. On the way, Nasruddin lost a porter. He tried for ten days to find him but in vain. On the tenth day, while Nasruddin was going along the street with a group of friends, the same porter with a different load, attracted his attention. He addressed his friends. "This is the person I was looking for." But without questioning the porter he kept on walking. "Why didn't you inquire about your luggage?" asked his friends. "I thought, if he asks me for wages for the extra ten days. I wouldn't be able to pay." Nasruddin answered.

### Nasruddin and a beggar

Once a beggar knocked at the door of Nasruddin's house. Nasruddin was in a room on the second floor. From there he asked, "Who is knocking the door?" But the poor man asked him to open the door. Nasruddin went down stairs and opened the door. He saw a beggar demanding some money. He told the beggar to follow him upstairs. Their Nasruddin said. "May God Almighty grant you money excuse me." The beggar told him. "It is not fair. If you did not have anything to give me, you should have told me at the door." Nasruddin replied. "Is it fair? You wanted some money. Why did you ask me to go to the door?"

### Quarrel on the roof-top

One summer night Nasruddin and his wife argued over something on the rooftop. It was leading to a quarrel. While scuffling, Nasruddin's foot slipped and fell off the roof onto the ground. The neighbors, showing mercy to his cries, came to inquire about his health. They tried to revive the comatose Nasruddin. When he became conscious. He was asked to tell the cause. "If any one is interested to know the reason for my falling down, he should make a quarrel with my wife on the roof-top." He replied.

### How has the camel come?

Nasruddin had a little money. He wanted to hide it some where. At first he dug a hole, kept the money there and covered it with soil. After a while he thought the money was not safe there because it would be discovered soon. He dug another hole and kept the money there. He repeated this action many times. But he was not sure of its security. He removed it out of the last hiding. He put the money into a bag and rode on a donkey taking the bag to a hilltop near his house. He fixed a stick vertically in the ground and from it suspended the bag. Looking at it from a distance Nasruddin commented, "Human being is not a bird to come here and steal the bag," He came back home. Incidentally a man who was watching Nasruddin from a distance took the money from the bag and poured dung of camel into it. After a few days when Nasruddin was in need of cash, he went to find the bag. When he brought the bag down from the stick, he found dung of a camel in it.



### Only place, but no Palaw (rice)

Once Nasruddin took his students to his house and insisted they should have lunch with him. Moment later, he called his wife and ordered her to cook Palaw for the guests as soon as possible. His wife said, "You order so simply as if you have rice and ghee in the house." Nasruddin became very angry and said: "Can't you at least bring empty plates? His wife accepted and a few minutes later brought the plates to Nasruddin. He took the empty plates and placed them in front of the guests. "Friends!" he said, "If I had bought rice and ghee, I would have brought you an oily Palaw in these plates."

### The fate I wished for

1. Nasruddin was told that his wife was no more in this world. He remarked, She was a clever lady. I was thinking of divorcing her. She didn't want me to take the trouble. She died before it happening."
2. Nasruddin was sitting on the back of his donkey and was crossing a street. The donkey slipped and Nasruddin fell down on the ground. Street children gathered around him and started teasing him, "Nasruddin fell down! Nasruddin fell down!" Nasruddin, without feeling uneasy, started knocking the nearby door and said, "I have come to meet the owner of this house."

### Nightingale with an unpleasant tune

Once Nasruddin went to a garden and climbed on apricot tree. The gardener observed this and asked him, "Why did you climb someone

He got surprised and said, "It is very interesting. How could a camel reach to a place where a person can't?"

### Rescuing the moon

Nasruddin was looking at the image of the moon in a well. He thought it was a recompense to take out the moon from the well. Therefore, he threw a rope inside the well and swung it a few times. Incidentally, the tip of the rope got caught to a big stone. He tried to take the rope out. Hence he pulled it with a lot of force. The rope tore off and he fell on his back to the ground. When he looked at the sky, he saw the moon and said, "Doesn't matter. My efforts were not wasted. Though I faced a lot of difficulties, I finally succeeded to rescue the moon."

### Planting Flax

Once Nasruddin went to a hairdresser to get his head shaved. Incidentally, the barber was inexperienced. The moment he cut a part of his scalp, he would put a piece of cotton on the wound. Finally Nasruddin became angry and told the barber, "You planted cotton on half of my head. I would like to grow flax in the remaining half."

### An unfortunate thief

Once a thief entered Nasruddin's house. As soon as Nasruddin saw him, he hid himself inside a cupboard and closed the door. The

else's tree?" Nasruddin answered, "Don't you know I am nightingale and for nightingales climbing a tree is not a sin." The gardener laughed and said, "Please sing so I listen and enjoy." Nasruddin started to sing in his horse voice. The gardener asked him whether nightingale sang so badly. Nasruddin replied, "A nightingale which eats raw apricot will not sing better than this."

### Nawoozobillah

Once a king consulted Nasruddin. "Daring the Abasis and after, khalifs used to add the term "Allah" after their names. What title do you think I should choose for myself? Nasruddin answered "Nawoozobillah" (God forbid).

### Pulling a tooth

A person asked Nasruddin, "My eye is giving me a lot of pain, How can I get rid of this pain?" Nasruddin answered, "A few days ago my tooth was aching. I pulled it out."

### Lake of etiquettes

Nasruddin went to a judge's office to divorce his wife. The judge asked him, "What is your wife's name?" He answered. "I don't know." "For how many years have you remained as spouses?" The judge asked again. He said "More than 20 years". The judge asked him. "How come you don't know her name?" Nasruddin answered, "Because I did not have any social relations with her."

thief searched the whole house, but he couldn't find anything. He thought the valuables must have been kept in the cupboard. Therefore, he broke the door of cupboard. Instead of valuables he found a standing Nasruddin. The thief was frightened. He exclaimed in a stammering voice, " You are here!" Nasruddin answered, "Since I didn't have valuable, I felt ashamed and hid myself here."

### In the sunshine

Nasruddin lost his ring inside the room. He looked for it for sometime but couldn't find it. He left the room and started looking for it in the lawn. His wife told him, "You have lost the ring inside the room. Why are you looking for it in the lawn?" "The room is dark and it's bright here. My eyes can see better here." He replied.

### What has been washed ?

A person told Nasruddin "I heard your wife has gone mad." Nasruddin thought and did not answer. That person asked again, "Why are you thinking?" Nasruddin replied, "My wife never had a mind. I don't know how she went mad?"

### Because of lack of time

Once a person slapped Nasruddin in the street. Later he came back and started to apologize and said that he had mistaken Nasruddin for some one else. But Nasruddin was not satisfied and took tight hold of his collar, took him to the judge and told the judge about the incident. The judge ordered, "Nasruddin must slap that person to avenge. But Nasruddin didn't get satisfied. Thus the judge ordered the person to give Nasruddin a gold coin in lieu of the slap. The accused had to go out of the court to bring the gold coin. Nasruddin waited for sometime. The accused didn't come back. Nasruddin stood up and slapped the judge on

### The small and the big end

Once Nasruddin was asked about the end of the universe. He, instead of answering, put a question "Which end?" The person said, "How many ends are there?" He said, "When my wife dies, it was the small end and when I die, that will be the big end."

### Like a person or a cow

Nasruddin went to a farm to steal melon. The gardener saw him and screamed, "What are you doing?" Nasruddin told him that he had come to ease nature. The gardener came nearer and asked, "Where were you doing that?" Nasruddin looked around and saw dung of cow and pointed at that.

The gardener said, "That is a cow dung" Nasruddin answered, "You didn't allow me to do it in human way".

### Keep the balance

Once Nasruddin was asked " Why in the morning some people go in one direction and other go in another direction?" Nasruddin said, "If they all go in one direction the equilibrium

### Nasruddin was planted

Nasruddin went to a garden. He saw the gardener planting trees. He asked, "What are you doing?" The gardener answered. "I am planting fruit trees to produce fruit in the future." Nasruddin said, "If you please plant me too. Let use see what type of fruit I produce." The gardener accepted his request and made him stand in a hole dug in the ground and started pouring soil in it till Nasruddin sunk up to the waist. After some time the chilly weather made him try to come out with a lot of difficulty and went to the gardener's hut. The gardener asked "Why did it take so little time for you to stay there?" Nasruddin said, "In fact I didn't like my position over there. In addition I thought that my fruit would also not be good enough to eat."

### Sacrifice is necessary

A washer man hanged Nasruddin's shirt on a clothesline on the roof. Suddenly a strong wind started blowing. The shirt fell down on the ground. Nasruddin told his wife " We must sacrifice a goat."

His wife asked the reason for sacrifice.

Nasruddin answered "Because I was fortunate that i was not in the shirt".

### Became donkey again

Nasruddin's donkey died. He collected some money with a lot of difficulties and went to the bazaar to buy another one. He was going home with the new donkey. On the way two thieves

of the earth will be lost and it will not remain stable."

### Should have a value

It is said that whatever Nasruddin was requested to lend he would have given it the next day. Some one asked him what the reason for doing so was. He said, "I want nothing to become worthless."

### Inside and outside

Once Nasruddin took his donkey to the bazaar and gave it to a broker to sell. He himself stood at a corner and was watching the scene. The broker started describing the donkey by saying "This donkey which is for sale is a very young and fast one.

Any one who buys this will be fully satisfied. Nasruddin told to himself. "If my donkey is so good why shouldn't I buy it myself?" He went to the broker, fixed the price and bought the

saw him. They thought of stealing the donkey. One of them removed the rope from the donkey's neck and put it in his own neck. The other thief took the donkey to the market and sold it. When Nasruddin reached home and looked behind at the donkey he saw a man "the thief" instead of the donkey and was amazed. I bought a donkey how it became a man! Nasruddin thought! Then he asked the thief "Who are you?" The thief answered, "I didn't respect my mother, she cursed me and I became a donkey." "She took me to the market and sold me. Then you bought me. But because of your blessings after talking a few steps I became a man again".

### Nasruddin's letter

A man came to Nasruddin and requested him to write a letter to his friend in Baghdad. Nasruddin told him not to bother him because he did not have time to go to Baghdad. The man couldn't get what Nasruddin told him. He said, "I didn't tell you to go to Baghdad but just requested you to write me a letter so that I send it to my friend in Baghdad." Nasruddin told him, "don't be surprised! Since my hand writing is awful, the only person who is able to read my hand-writing is myself. If I write a letter on your behalf, I will have to go with the letter to Baghdad to read it.

### Delicious food

Nasruddin bought a whole liver and was going home. On the way a friend ran into him. When his friend saw the liver, he asked him, "How are you going to cook it?" Nasruddin said, "Roast it" His friend told him, "If you cook it my way it will be very delicious. Nasruddin requested the man to write the recipe on a piece of paper because he didn't possess a good memory. His friend did so. When Nasruddin arrived at home, he put the liver on

donkey. He took the donkey home and told the story to his wife. His wife told him, "I also did a very good business.

When the milk man came and was busy weighing milk, I deviated his attention and put my bracelet in the weight pan. Equal to the weight of the bracelet I got more milk." When Nasruddin heard of her cleverness, he said, "God Almighty bless you. You try from inside and I will from outside so that the daily expenses of the family are easily met."

### Donkey for sale

Once Nasruddin took his donkey to bazaar to sell it. If a customer came from the front, the donkey would open its mouth and bite him and if from behind it would kick him.

A person told Nasruddin, "Due to this fault no one will buy the donkey. "n answered, "My intention is also not selling the donkey. I actually want peoples what this donkey does to me."

### Seven years old vinegar

A person came to Nasruddin and said, "I heard you have seven years old vinegar, Is it true?" Nasruddin answered, "Yes" The person requested Nasruddin to give him a bowl of that vinegar. Nasruddin answered, "If I were to give it to every one, it would not have lasted so long."

### A pair of tongs

A person brought his sword to the bazaar for sale. The prince was told to be 3000 Dinars. Nasruddin asked the reason for its high price. They said "During the attach on the enemy it outreaches five meters longs than its original layout. Later Nasruddin picked up a pair of tongs from the house took it to the bazaar and shouted, "I sell this pair of tongs for 3000 Dinars."

a side to prepare other things according to the recipe. Incidentally a crow came and snatched the liver. When Nasruddin found himself helpless, he holding the recipe in his hand said, "At least you should have taken the recipe too. Your meal would have been more delicious!"

### Is it me or him

Nasruddin was to take a long trip. He made a hole in a pumpkin shell and hanged it around his neck so that he is not lost. One night, while he was sleeping, a jolly man removed the pumpkin from his neck and put it in his own. When Nasruddin woke up, he saw the pumpkin in the other person's neck. "I am sure i am this person. If so, who am I myself?" He asked.

### His lost donkey

Nasruddin lost his donkey. He was looking for it in the streets and at the same time thanking God Almighty. Some one asked him, "What are you thanking God for?" "Because if i were with the donkey, I would have been lost too. A third person was needed to look for both me and the donkey" he answered.

### Buying a flute

Nasruddin was passing by a group of boys in a street. The boys requested him to buy wooden flutes for them. Nasruddin promised to do so. Among them one of the boys paid the price of a flute ahead. Nasruddin promised to buy one of him too.

In the evening the boys were waiting for Nasruddin to come and asked him weather he had bought flutes or not. Nasruddin took out a

People gathered and asked, "Why do you charge 3000 Dinars for this while the actual price is just 0.5 Dinars?" He answered "You have fixed the price of a sward which stretches five meters to be 3000. Every time my wife quarrels with me, she throws the tongs at me from a distance of then meters far. Doesn't it worth 3000 Dinars?"

### The size of the world

Once a crowd of people stood on his way and asked, "How many meters is the whole world?" Before Nasruddin's answer a funeral passed by. Nasruddin pointed at the coffin and said "Please ask this question from the person who has measured the world and is now going.

### Man's answer is one only

Once Nasruddin was asked about his age. He answered, "Forty years" After ten years he was asked again. He answered, "Forty years" People said, "Ten years ago you were saying forty years. Now you again say forty years." Nasruddin answered, "Man's answer is only one. Even if you ask after twenty years I will give the same answer".

### The benefit of moon

Nasruddin was asked whether the sun was more beneficial or the moon. Nasruddin answered, "The answer is so clear that does not need explanation. The sun rises in the bright day. Its presence is not very useful. But the moon appears in the dark nights. It illuminates the darkness of the night. It is quite obvious that the moon is a thousand times more advantageous as compared to the sun".

### Nasruddin's will

Nasruddin advised his friends not to make his

flute and gave it to the boy who had already paid the money and told the others that playing flute was good only for rich boys.

### Joke

People asked Nasruddin, "How long will the human live on the earth?" He answered, "Till the heaven and the hell are full.

### In the shadow of clouds

Once he was digging pits in a desert. A person asked him, "What are you doing?" "I have hidden some money in this desert. Now that I try to find it, I can not." answered Nasruddin. That man said, "But you didn't put any sign on it, did you?" Nasruddin answered, "When I was burying the money a mass of cloud was casting its shadow on it, but now I don't know where the shadow is?"

### His divorced mother

Nasruddin went to a city and fell sick there. Those people who had come to inquire about his health asked him, "God forbid, if you die, who will be your heir?" Nasruddin said, "I have only one mother who was divorced by my father in the last days of his life. It shows that I don't have a heir."

### No need to come

Nasruddin's wife developed a severe abdominal

grave from stones and bricks. They asked, "Why!" he answered. "On the day of resurrection when I stand up, I shouldn't feel heavy."

### Pack-saddle instead of overcoat

Once Nasruddin was passing through a desert along with his donkey. He needed to make an ablution. He took off his overcoat, put it on the back of his donkey and went towards a stream to make ablution.

A thief was passing by. He stole the overcoat. On return Nasruddin couldn't see the overcoat, instead, he took the saddle-pack on his shoulder and addressed the donkey, "Whenever you return my overcoat, I will give you your saddle-pack".

### Nasruddin's fast riding

In a gathering, people were talking about fast riding and cleverness. Every one would explain about an incident, which indicated that the person was active and clever. It was Nasruddin's turn now. He said, "In the past I was very clever and quick. Once some people brought a very wicked and restive horse to the field. It would around the horse." (Meanwhile two of Nasruddin's friends who know about the same story arrived). Nasruddin concluded his story with these words. "Though I encouraged myself very much. I couldn't go nearer

pain. He left his house to bring a doctor. When he was in the street, his wife called him through the window and said that her stomach pain disappeared and there is no need for the doctor. Nasruddin didn't listen to her and went to the doctor's house and told him, "My wife had a severe abdominal pain. While I was coming to call you, my wife shouted through the window and said that her pain subsided and there was no need to bring the doctor, therefore, I came to inform you that there is no need for you to come.

### Accomplishing duty

Nasruddin was busy planting saplings. A passer – by asked him, "With what hope do you plant these trees! How many years more you think you will live to pluck the fruit of these trees?" Nasruddin said with much dignity, "you fool! Others planted, we ate the fruit, we plant and hope the others will eat.

### Joke

One summer night when Nasruddin was sleeping on the rooftop he turned over and fell down on the ground. As a result he broke his arm and leg. When friends inquired about his health. Nasruddin said. "If you want to know exactly what happened, try to throw yourself from the roof"



### Ate nothing

One day while strong wind was blowing, Nasruddin was passing through a desert on the camel. On the way he took out a handful of roasted peas and wanted to put it in his mouth. But the strong wind didn't allow him to do so and blew it away. His co-travelers asked him what was he eating. Nasruddin answered. "If it continues this way, I eat nothing"

### Cold and warm bath

Once, when Nasruddin came home from a desert, his wife told him. "Please go to the bath and return soon because we have to attend the wedding ceremony of my sister today and you should do the duties of father." Nasruddin went to a warm public bath, took bath in hurry and came out. On the way it was raining heavily. He guessed it was not going to stop soon so he took his clothes off and held them under his armpits. He arrived naked at the place of marriage. The family members who were waiting eagerly for Nasruddin saw him coming with the rain naked. They asked him what was happening. "Any one who does not go to the bath at the right moment, he will have to take both warm and cold bath."

### A sleepless night

One night Nasruddin went out of his house at midnight and was walking in the streets. The street guard asked him, "What are you doing?" He answered. "I hope you won't suffer from the disease. This evening I couldn't fall asleep. It is for the last several hours that I am walking to find it but I am not able to do so."

### Catching fish

Nasruddin was busy catching fish on the bank of a spring. He was putting the fish caught in a basket. The boys of the village who found him busy, were picking up two of there fish and were running away. Nasruddin didn't pay any attention to them and was busy with his work. After sometime he became tired and wanted to go home. When he looked at the basket, he couldn't see any fish in it. He addressed the spring and said. "You see, I am going empty handed the way I came here. Thus I am not obliged to you". Later he threw the basket in the spring and said. "Take it, it is also for you"

### A meandering way

Some one stole Nasruddin's one thousand Dinnars. He went to the mosque and prostrated before God Almighty so as to get his money back. Incidentally, the cargo of one of the merchant also got caught in the storm. The merchant distributed alms so that Almighty God save his cargo. In that case he promised

### Savings

Once Nasruddin went broke. He thought he should save some money. He decided to reduce the amount of barley he was giving to his donkey. He was reducing a handful every day. But there was no significant difference observed in the body size of the donkey. He tried to reduce the ration gradually.



to give one thousand Dinars to Nasruddin. After sometime the cargo reached safely. The merchant gave one thousand Dinars to Nasruddin as promised. Nasruddin remarked, "God is great! If I were to give one thousand Dinars to the astrologer he would not be able to determine that my money would come through such meandering way."

### Nasruddin's fast riding

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### Nasruddin's pelisse

Nasruddin always sat beside the lire wearing a plesse. While taking it off, he would tie the top portion and then hang it. some one asked the reason. He answered, "I want the warm air to remain inside. This procedure will make it unnecessary to make lire again."

Consequently, the donkey lost its weight and became very weak. One day the donkey died. When Nasruddin observed this situation, he commented. "You had gotten used to bearing pains, I regret that death didn't allow you to continue.

### Joke

One summer night when Nasruddin was sleeping on the rooftop he turned over and feel down on the ground. As a result he broke his arm and leg. When friends inquired about his health. Nasruddin said. "If you want to know exactly what happened, try to throw yourself from the roof"

### A logical reason

He was carrying two baskets of grapes at the back of his donkey to the city. The youngsters of the region caught him and asked. "Don't you give us grapes?" Nasruddin looked at the crowd and thought if he give one bunch to each one, nothing would remain." Thus he picked one bunch and distributed two pips to each one and said, "Since it is just for tasting, one pip is just like one bunch and it makes no difference wheather the amount is small or big."

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One day Nasrudin was walking along a deserted road. Night was falling as he spied a troop of horsemen coming toward him. His

imagination began to work, and he feared that they might rob him, or impress him into the army. So strong did this fear become that he leaped over a wall and found himself in a graveyard. The other travelers, innocent of any such motive as had been assumed by Nasrudin, became curious and pursued him.

When they came upon him lying motionless, one said, "Can we help you? And, why are you here in this position?"

Nasrudin, realizing his mistake said, "It is more complicated than you assume. You see, I am here because of you; and you, you are here because of me."

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#### EVEN THE INNOCENCE HAVE GUILT

One day he disagreed with the prior of a monastery at which he was staying. Shortly afterward, a bag of rice was missing. The prior ordered everyone to line up in the courtyard. Then he told them that the man who had stolen the rice had some grains of it in his beard.

"This is an old trick, to make the guilty party touch his beard involuntarily," thought the real thief, and stood firm.

Nasrudin, on the other hand, thought, "The prior is out to revenge himself upon me. He must have planted rice in my beard!" He tried to brush it off as inconspicuously as he could.

As his fingers combed his beard, he realized that everyone was looking at him.

"I knew, somehow, that he would trap me sooner or later," said Nasrudin.

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The Mulla Nasrudin once walked in his garden with one of his servants. The servant cried that he had just encountered Death, who had threatened him. He begged his master to give him his fastest horse so that he could make haste and flee to Teheran,

which he could reach that same evening. The Mulla consented and the servant galloped off on the horse.

On returning to his house the Mulla himself met Death, and questioned him, "Why did you terrify and threaten my servant?"

"I did not threaten him; I only showed surprised in still finding him here when I planned to meet him tonight in Teheran."

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#### BORROWING MONEY

One day Nasrudin asked a wealthy man for some money.

"What do you want it for?"

"To buy an elephant."

"If you have no money you will not be able to maintain an elephant."

"I asked for money, not advice!"

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#### ON THE ACT OF EATING AS COMMUNION WITH NATURE

One day Nasrudin saw a strange-looking building at whose door a contemplative Yogi sat. The Mulla decided that he would learn something from this impressive figure, and started a conversation by asking him who and what he was.

"I am a Yogi," said the other, "and I spend my time in trying to attain harmony with all living things."

"That is interesting," said Nasrudin, "because a fish once saved my life."

The Yogi begged him to join him, saying that in a lifetime devoted to trying to harmonize himself with the animal creation, he had never been so close to such communion as the Mulla had been.

When they had been contemplating for some days, the Yogi begged the Mulla to tell him more of his wonderful experience with the fish, "now that we know one another better."

"Now that I know you better," said Nasrudin, "I doubt whether you would profit by what I have to tell."

But the Yogi insisted. "Very well," said Nasrudin. "The fish saved my life all right. I was starving at the time, and it sufficed me for three days."

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## EATING TOO MUCH SUGAR

When Nasrudin was a magistrate, a woman came to him with her son. "This youth," she said, "eats too much sugar; I cannot afford to keep him in it. Therefore I ask you formally to forbid him to eat it, as he will not obey me."

Nasrudin told her to come back in seven days.

When she returned, he postponed his decision for yet another week.

"Now," he said to the youth, "I forbid you eat more than such and such a quantity of sugar every day."

The woman subsequently asked him why so time had been necessary before a simple order could be given.

"Because, madam, I had to see whether I myself could cut down on the use of sugar, before ordering anyone else to do it."

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## THE DUCK SOUP

A friend of Nasrudin visited him one day with a duck as a gift. Nasrudin was very happy to receive such a rare and expensive gift. He killed the duck and made a delicious soup from it and enjoyed it with the friend.

Several days later, a stranger came asking for Nasrudin. Upon inquiring asrudin was told that he is a friend of the friend that brought the duck.

So Nasrudin invited him to have dinner with him and offered some duck soup still left in the house.

Few days later another stranger appeared claiming that he is a friend of the friend of the friend that brought the duck. Nasrudin, a bit annoyed nevertheless invited him to supper and offered him a soup.

Yet another day, one more friend of the friend... came to see Nasruddin. Without further questions Nasrudin offered him a soup.

"This is the worst ever soup I tasted. It tastes almost like water. Is this the way you treat a friend of a friend of a ...?" the angry friend shouted.

"Pardon me sir, this is a soup made from the soup, that was made from the soup,..... that was made from the duck."

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## LITERACY OF NASRUDIN

A woman came to Nasrudin and told,

"Sir, I want to send a letter to my daughter in Tehran. As I don't know how to read and write, will you please write a letter for me?"

"You see, I injured my leg yesterday. So I can not write any letters now."

"But excuse me sir, why can not you write a letter? It is not the hand that injured."

"You don't understand madam. I have to go to Tehran to read that letter for them, as only I can read a letter that I wrote. That means you have to wait till my leg get cured."

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1. More Useful One day mullah nasruddin entered his favorite teahouse and said: 'The moon is more useful than the sun'. An old man asked 'Why mulla?' Nasruddin replied 'We need the light more during the night than during the day.'
  2. Promises Kept A friend asked the mulla "How old are you?" "Forty replied the mullah." The friend said but you said the same thing two years ago!" "Yes" replied the mullah, "I always stand by what I have said."
  3. When you face things alone You may have lost your donkey, nasruddin, but you don't have to grieve over it more than you did about the loss of your first wife. Ah, but if you remember, when I lost my wife, all you villagers said: We'll find you someone else. So far, nobody has offered to replace my donkey."

4. Obligation Nasruddin nearly fell into a pool one day. A man whom he knew slightly was nearby, and saved him. Every time he met nasruddin after that he would remind him of the service which he had performed. when this had happened several times nasruddin took him to the water, jumped in, stood with his head just above water and shouted: "Now I am as wet as I would have been if you had not saved me! Leave me alone."
5. Deductive Reasoning "How old are you, mulla? someone asked, "Three years older than my brother. 'How do you know that?' Reasoning. Last year I heard my brother tell someone that i was two years older than him. A year has passed. That means that I am older by one year. I shall soon be old enough to be his grandfather.'
6. "When I was in the desert," said Nasruddin one day, "I caused an entire tribe of horrible and bloodthirsty bedouins to run." "However did you do it?" "Easy. I just ran, and they ran after me."
7. A certain conqueror said to Nasruddin: "Mulla, all the great rulers of the past had honorific titles with the name of God in them: there was, for instance, God-Gifted, and God-Accepted, and so on. How about some such name for me?" "God Forbid," said Nasruddin.
8. "May the Will of Allah be done," a pious man was saying about something or the other. "It always is, in any case," said Mullah Nasruddin. "How can you prove that, Mullah?" asked the man. "Quite simply. If it wasn't always being done, then surely at some time or another my will would be done, wouldn't it?"
9. Walking one evening along a deserted road, Nasruddin saw a troop of horsemen rapidly approaching. His imagination started to work; he saw himself captured or robbed or killed and frightened by this thought he bolted, climbed a wall into a graveyard, and lay down in an open grave to hide. Puzzled at his bizzare behaviour, the horsemen - honest travellers - followed him. They found him stretched out, tense, and shaking. "What are you doing in that grave? We saw you run away. Can we help you? Why are you here in this place?" "Just because you can ask a question does not mean that there is a straightforward answer to it," said Nasruddin, who now realized what had happened. "It all depends upon your viewpoint. If you must know, however, I am here because of you - and you are here because of me!"
10. Once, when Mullah Nasruddin was visiting a Western town, he was invited to attend a fashion show. He went, and afterwards he was asked how he liked it. "It's a complete swindle!" he exclaimed indignantly. "Whatever do you mean?" he was asked. "They show you the women - and then try to sell you the clothes!"
11. A man was walking along the street when he passed another man with a lot of stubble on his face standing outside a shop. The first man asked: "How often do you shave? Twenty or thirty times a day," answered the man with the stubble. "What! You must be a freak!" exclaimed the first man. "No, I'm only a barber," replied the man with the stubble.
12. Once, the people of The City invited Mulla Nasruddin to deliver a khutba. When he got on the minbar (pulpit), he found the audience was not very enthusiastic, so he asked "Do you know what I am going to say?" The audience replied "NO", so he announced "I have no desire to speak to people who don't even know what I will be talking about" and he left. The people felt embarrassed and called him back again the next day. This time when he asked the same question, the people replied "YES" So Mullah Nasruddin said, "Well, since you already know what I am going to say, I won't waste any more of your time" and he left. Now the people were really perplexed. They decided to try one more time and once again invited the Mullah to speak the following week. Once again he asked the same question - "Do you know what I am going to say?" Now the people were prepared and so half of them answered "YES" while the other half replied "NO". So Mullah Nasruddin said "The half who know what I am going to say, tell it to the other half" and he left!

13. One day , one of Mullah Nasruddin's friend came over and wanted to borrow his donkey for a day or two. Mullah, knowing his friend, was not kindly inclined to the request, and came up with the excuse that someone had already borrowed his donkey. Just as Mullah uttered these words, his donkey started braying in his backyard. Hearing the sound, his friend gave him an accusing look, to which Mullah replied: "I refuse to have any further dealings with you since you take a donkey's word over mine."
14. A certain man claimed to be God and was brought before the Caliph, who said to him, "Last year someone here claimed to be a prophet and he was put to death!" The man replied, "It was well that you did so, for I did not send him." (9th century joke)
15. A certain man claimed to be a prophet and was brought before the Sultan, who said to him, "I bear witness that you are a stupid prophet!" The man replied, "That is why I have only been sent to people like you." (9th century joke)
16. Someone said to Ashab, "If you were to relate traditions and stop telling jokes, you would be doing a noble thing." "By God!" answered Ashab, "I have heard traditions and related them." "Then tell us", said the man. "I heard from Nafai," said Ashab, "on the authority of such-and-such, that the Prophet, may God bless him, said, "There are two qualities, such that whoever has them is among God's elect." "That is a fine tradition", said the man. "What are these two qualities?" "Nafai forgot one and I have forgotten the other," replied Ashab. (a 9th century joke)
17. A certain conqueror said to Nasruddin: "Mulla, all the great rulers of the past had honorific titles with the name of God in them: there was, for instance, God-Gifted, and God-Accepted, and so on. How about some such name for me?" "God Forbid," said Nasruddin.
18. "When I was in the desert," said Nasruddin one day, "I caused an entire tribe of horrible and bloodthirsty bedouins to run." "However did you do it?" "Easy. I just ran, and they ran after me."
19. NASRUDDIN MEETS DEATH Nasruddin was strolling to market one day when he saw a strange, dark shape appear, blocking his path. "I am Death," it said, "I have come for you." "Death?" said Nasruddin. "But I'm not even particularly old! And I have so much to do. Are you sure you aren't mistaking me for someone else?" "I only kill people who are not yet ready to die," said Death. "I think you're wrong," replied the Hoja. "Let's make a bet." "A bet? Perhaps. But what shall the stakes be?" "My life against a hundred pieces of silver." "Done," said Death, a bag of silver instantly appearing in his hand. "What a stupid bet you made. After all, what's to stop me from just killing you now, and thus winning automatically?" "Because I knew you were going to kill me," said Nasruddin, "that's why I made the bet." "Hmmm . . ." mused Death. "I see. But . . . but, didn't you also know, then, that I would not be able to kill you, because of the terms of our agreement?" "Not at all," said Nasruddin, and continued down the road, clutching the bag of money.
20. Once, Mullah Nasruddin bought a violin. And he began to play.  
NEEE... Same note, same string, over and over.  
NEEE... After a few hours his wife was at her wits' end. "Nasruddin!" she screamed. NEEE.. Nasruddin put down the bow. "Yes dear?" "Why do you play the same note? It's driving me crazy! All the real violin players move their fingers up and down, play on different strings! Why don't you play like they do?" "Well dear, I know why they go up and down and try all different strings." "Why is that?" "They're looking for \*this\* note." And he picked up his bow and resumed his playing. NEE....
21. Mullah Nasruddin went on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and on the way he passed through Medina. As he was walking by the main mosque there, a rather confused looking tourist approached him. "Excuse me sir," said the tourist, "but you look like a native of these parts; can you tell me something about this mosque? It looks very old and important, but I've lost my guidebook." Nasruddin, being too proud to admit that he, too, had no idea what it was, immediately began an enthusiastic explanation.

"This is indeed a very old and special mosque." he declared, "It was built by Alexander the Great to commemorate his conquest of Arabia." The tourist was suitably impressed, but presently a look of doubt crossed his face. "But how can that be?" he asked, "I'm sure that Alexander was a Greek or something, not a Muslim. . . Wasn't he?" "I can see that you know something of these matters." replied Nasruddin with chagrin, "In fact, Alexander was so impressed at his good fortune in war that he converted to Islam in order to show his gratitude to God." "Oh, wow." said the tourist, then paused. "Hey, but surely there was no such thing as Islam in Alexander's time?" "An excellent point! It is truly gratifying to meet a visitor who understands our history so well," answered Nasruddin. "As a matter of fact, he was so overwhelmed by the generosity God had shown him that as soon as the fighting was over he began a new religion, and became the founder of Islam." The tourist looked at the mosque with new respect, but before Nasruddin could quietly slip into the passing crowd, another problem occurred to him. "But wasn't the founder of Islam named Mohammed? I mean, that's what I read in a book; at least I'm sure it wasn't Alexander." "I can see that you are a scholar of some learning," said Nasruddin, "I was just getting to that. Alexander felt that he could properly dedicate himself to his new life as a prophet only by adopting a new identity. So, he gave up his old name and for the rest of his life called himself Mohammed." "Really?" wondered the tourist, "That's amazing! But...but I thought that Alexander the Great lived a long time before Mohammed? Is that right?" "Certainly not!" answered the Mullah, "You're thinking of a different Alexander the Great. I'm talking about the one named Mohammed."

22. A neighbor who Nasruddin didn't like very much came over to his compound one day. The neighbor asked Nasruddin if he could borrow his donkey. Nasruddin not wanting to lend his donkey to the neighbor he didn't like told him, "I would love to loan you my donkey but only yesterday my brother came from the next town to use it to carry his wheat to the mill to be ground. The donkey sadly is not here." The neighbor was disappointed. But he thanked Nasruddin and began to walk away. Just as he got a few steps away, Mullah Nasruddin's donkey, which was in the back of his compound all the time, let out a big bray. The neighbor turned to Nasruddin and said, "Mullah Sahib, I thought you told me that your donkey was not here. Mullah Nasruddin turned to the neighbor and said, "My friend, who are you going to believe? Me or the donkey?"
23. One day Nasruddin repaired tiles on the roof of his house. While Nasruddin was working on the roof, a stranger knocked the door. - What do you want? Nasruddin shouted out. - Come down, replied stranger So I can tell it. Nasruddin unwilling and slowly climbed down the ladder. - Well! replied Nasruddin, what was the important thing? - Could you give little money to this poor old man? begged stranger. Tired Nasruddin started to climb up the ladder and said, - Follow me up to the roof. When both Nasruddin and beggar were upside, on the roof, Nasruddin said, - The answer is no!
24. Nasruddin opened a booth with a sign above it: Two Questions On Any Subject Answered For Only 100 Silver Coins A man who had two very urgent questions handed over his money, saying: A hundred silver coins is rather expensive for two questions, isn't it? Yes, said Nasruddin, and the next question, please?
25. Nasruddin used to stand in the street on market-days, to be pointed out as an idiot. No matter how often people offered him a large and a small coin, he always chose the smaller piece. One day a kindly man said to him: Nasruddin, you should take the bigger coin. Then you will have more money and people will no longer be able to make a laughing stock of you. That may be true, said Nasruddin, but if I always take the larger, people will stop offering me money to prove that I am more idiotic than they are. Then I would have no money at all.
26. As Nasruddin emerged from the mosque after prayers, a beggar sitting on the street solicited alms. The following conversation followed: Are you extravagant? asked Nasruddin. Yes Nasruddin. replied the beggar. Do you like sitting around drinking coffee and smoking? asked Nasruddin. Yes. replied the beggar. I suppose you like to go to the baths everyday? asked Nasruddin. Yes. replied the beggar. ...And maybe amuse yourself, even, by drinking with friends? asked Nasruddin. Yes I like all those things. replied the beggar. Tut, Tut, said Nasruddin, and gave him a gold piece. A few yards



farther on. another beggar who had overheard the conversation begged for alms also. Are you extravagant? asked Nasruddin. No, Nasruddin replied second beggar. Do you like sitting around drinking coffee and smoking? asked Nasruddin. No. replied second beggar. I suppose you like to go to the baths everyday? asked Nasruddin. No. replied second beggar. ...And maybe amuse yourself, even, by drinking with friends? asked Nasruddin. No, I want to only live meagerly and to pray. replied second beggar. Whereupon the Nasruddin gave him a small copper coin. But why, wailed second beggar, do you give me, an economical and pious man, a penny, when you give that extravagant fellow a sovereign? Ah my friend, replied Nasruddin, his needs are greater than yours.

27. One day Nasruddin went to a banquet. As he was dressed rather shabbily, no one let him in. So he ran home, put on his best robe and fur coat and returned. Immediately, the host came over, greeted him and ushered him to the head of an elaborate banquet table. When the food was served, Nasruddin took some soup with spoon and pushed it to the his fur coat and said, Eat my fur coat, eat! It's obvious that you're the real guest of honor today, not me!
28. One hot day, Nasruddin was taking it easy in the shade of a walnut tree. After a time, he started eying speculatively, the huge pumpkins growing on vines and the small walnuts growing on a majestic tree. Sometimes I just can't understand the ways of God! he mused. Just fancy letting tinny walnuts grow on so majestic a tree and huge pumpkins on the delicate vines! Just then a walnut snapped off and fell smack on Mullah Nasruddin's bald head. He got up at once and lifting up his hands and face to heavens in supplication, said: "Oh, my God! Forgive my questioning your ways! You are all-wise. Where would I have been now, if pumpkins grew on trees!"
29. At a gathering where Mullah Nasruddin was present, people were discussing the merits of youth and old age. They had all agreed that, a man's strength decreases as years go by. Mullah Nasruddin dissented. I don't agree with you gentlemen, he said. In my old age I have the same strength as I had in the prime of my youth. How do you mean, Mullah Nasruddin? asked somebody. Explain yourself. In my courtyard, explained Mullah Nasruddin, there is a massive stone. In my youth I used to try and lift it. I never succeeded. Neither can I lift it now.
30. The wit and wisdom of Mullah Nasruddin never leaves him tongue-tied. One day an illiterate man came to Mullah Nasruddin with a letter he had received. "Mullah Nasruddin, please read this letter to me." Mullah Nasruddin looked at the letter, but could not make out a single word. So he told the man. "I am sorry, but I cannot read this." The man cried: "For shame, Mullah Nasruddin ! You must be ashamed before the turban you wear (i.e. the sign of education)" Mullah Nasruddin removed the turban from his own head and placed it on the head of the illiterate man, said: "There, now you wear the turban. If it gives some knowledge, read the letter yourself."
31. One day Mullah Nasruddin lost his ring down in the basement of his house, where it was very dark. There being no chance of his finding it in that darkness, he went out on the street and started looking for it there. Somebody passing by stopped and enquire: "What are you looking for, Mullah Nasruddin ? Have you lost something?" "Yes, I've lost my ring down in the basement." "But Mullah Nasruddin , why don't you look for it down in the basement where you have lost it?" asked the man in surprise. "Don't be silly, man! How do you expect me to find anything in that darkness!"
32. Mullah Nasruddin had visited a town for some personal business. It was a frigid winter night when he arrived. On the way to the inn a vicious looking dog barked at him. Mullah Nasruddin bent down to pick up a stone from the street to throw at the animal. He could not lift it, for the stone was frozen to the earth. "What a strange town this is! Mullah Nasruddin said to himself. They tie up the stones and let the dogs go free."
33. One day Mullah Nasruddin went to the market and bought a fine piece of meat. On the way home he met a friend who gave him a special recipe for the meat. Mullah Nasruddin was very happy. But then, before he got home, a large crow stole the meat from Mullah Nasruddin's hands and flew off with it. "You thief!" Mullah Nasruddin angrily called after departing crow. "You have stolen my

meat! But you won't enjoy it; I've got the recipe!"

34. Mullah Nasruddin was dreaming that someone had counted nine gold pieces into his hand, but Mullah Nasruddin insisted that he would not accept less than ten pieces. While he was arguing with the man over one gold piece, he was awakened by a sudden noise in the street. Seeing that his hand was empty, Mullah Nasruddin quickly closed his eyes, extended his hand as if he was ready to receive, and said, "Very well, my friend, have it your way. Give me nine."
35. Mullah Nasruddin was unemployed and poor but somehow he got little money to eat beans and pilaf at a cheap restaurant. He ate and examined walking people outside with the corner of the eye. He noticed a long, handsome swashbuckler (bully man) behind crowd. The Man was well dressed from head to foot, with velvet turban, silver embroidered vest, silk shirt, satin baggy-trousers and golden scimitar (short curved sword). Mullah Nasruddin pointed the man and asked restaurant keeper, "Who is that man over there!" "He is Fehmi Pasha's servant, answered restaurant keeper." Mullah Nasruddin sighed from far away, looked at the sky and said: "Oh, my Good Lord! Look at that Fehmi Pasha's servant and look at your own servant, here."
36. One day a visitor came to Mullah Nasruddin with a question. "Mullah Nasruddin, the place that we humans come from and the place that we go to, what is it like?" "Oh," said Mullah Nasruddin, "it is a very frightening place." "Why do you say that?" the visitor asked. "Well, when we come from there as babies, we are crying, and when somebody has to go there, everybody cries."
37. One day Mullah Nasruddin wished to learn playing zurna (a kind off shrill pipe) and visited a zurna player. "How much does it cost to learn playing zurna?" asked Mullah Nasruddin. "Three hundred akche (coin) for the first lesson and one hundred akche for the next lessons," asked zurna player. "It sounds good," replied Mullah Nasruddin. "We may start with second lesson. I was a shepherd when I was a young boy, so I already had some whistle experiences. It must be good enough for first lesson, isn't it?"
38. One day Mullah Nasruddin went to market to buy new clothes. First he tested a pair of trousers. He didn't like the trousers and he gave back them to the shopkeeper. Then he tried a robe which had same price as the trousers. Mullah Nasruddin was pleased with the robe and he left the shop. Before he climbed on the donkey to ride home he stopped by the shopkeeper and the shop-assistant. "You didn't pay for the robe," said the shopkeeper. "But I gave you the trousers instead of the robe, isn't it?" replied Mullah Nasruddin . "Yes, but you didn't pay for the trousers, either!" said the shopkeeper. "But I didn't buy the trousers," replied Mullah Nasruddin. "I am not so stupid to pay for something which I never bought."
39. Once a renowned philosopher and moralist was traveling through Nasruddin's village when he asked him where there was a good place to eat. He suggested a place and the scholar, hungry for conversation, invited Mullah Nasruddin to join him. Much obliged, Mullah Nasruddin accompanied the scholar to a nearby restaurant, where they asked the waiter about the special of the day. "Fish! Fresh Fish!" replied the waiter. "Bring us two," they answered. A few minutes later, the waiter brought out a large platter with two cooked fish on it, one of which was quite a bit smaller than the other. Without hesitating, Mullah Nasruddin cooked the larger of the fish and put in on his plate. The scholar, giving Mullah Nasruddin a look of intense disbelief, proceed to tell him that what he did was not only blatantly selfish, but that it violated the principles of almost every known moral, religious, and ethical system. Mullah Nasruddin calmly listened to the philosopher's extempore lecture patiently, and when he had finally exhausted his resources, Mullah Nasruddin said, "Well, Sir, what would you have done?" "I, being a conscientious human, would have taken the smaller fish for myself." "And here you are," Mullah Nasruddin said, and placed the smaller fish on the gentleman's plate.

40. "Mullah! What do they do with the old full moons?" "They cut them up into small pieces and make the star"
41. One day people founded Mullah Nasruddin pouring the remains of his yogurt into the lake. "Mullah Nasruddin , what are you doing?" A man asked. "I am turning the lake into yogurt," Mullah Nasruddin replied. "Can a little bit of yeast ferment the great river?" The man asked while others laughed at Mullah Nasruddin . "You never know perhaps it might," Mullah Nasruddin replied, "but what if it should!"
42. "Mullah Nasruddin, which side must I walk when carrying a coffin, at the front, back, left or right?" "Take which you like best, so long as you are not inside!"
43. One day Mullah Nasruddin was asked "Could you tell us the exact location of the center of the world?" "Yes, I can," replied Mullah Nasruddin . "It is just under the left hind of my donkey." "Well, maybe! But do you have any proof?" "If you doubt my word, just measure and see."
44. A group of philosophers traveled far and wide to find, and, contemplated for many years, the end of the world but could not state a time for its coming. Finally they turned to Mullah Nasruddin and asked him: "Do you know when the end of the world will be?" "Of course, said Mullah Nasruddin , when I die, that will be the end of the world." "When you die? Are you sure?" "It will be for me at least," said Mullah Nasruddin .
45. One day two small boys decided to play a trick on Mullah Nasruddin. With a tiny bird cupped in their hands they would ask him whether it was alive or dead. If he said it was alive they would crush it to show show him he was wrong. If he said it was dead they would let it fly away and still fool him. When they found the wise old man they said, "Mullah Nasruddin, that which we are holding, is it alive or dead?" Mullah Nasruddin thought for a moment and replied, "Ah, my young friends, that is in your hands!"
46. "Mullah Nasruddin, why do you always a question with another question?" "Do I?"
47. A certain man asked Mullah Nasruddin, "What is the meaning of fate, Mullah Nasruddin ?" "Assumptions," Mullah Nasruddin replied. "In what way?" the man asked again. Mullah Nasruddin looked at him and said, "You assume things are going to go well, and they don't - that you call bad luck. You assume things are going to go badly and they don't - that you call good luck. You assume that certain things are going to happen or not happen - and you so lack intuition that you don't know what is going to happen. You assume that the future is unknown. When you are caught out - you call that Fate.
48. On a frigid and snowy winter day Mullah Nasruddin was having a chat with some of his friends in the local coffee house. Mullah Nasruddin said that cold weather did not bother him, and in fact, he could stay, if necessary, all night without any heat. "We'll take you up on that, Mullah Nasruddin" they said. "If you stand all night in the village square without warming yourself by any external means, each of us will treat you to a sumptuous meal. But if you fail to do so, you will treat us all to dinner." "All right it's a bet," Mullah Nasruddin said. That very night, Mullah Nasruddin stood in the village square till morning despite the bitter cold. In the morning, he ran triumphantly to his friends and told them that they should be ready to fulfill their promise. "But as a matter of fact you lost the bet, Mullah Nasruddin," said one of them. "At about midnight, just before I went to sleep, I saw a candle burning a window about three hundred yards away from where you were standing. That certainly means that you warmed yourself by it." "That's ridiculous," Mullah Nasruddin argued. "How can a candle behind a window warm a person three hundred yards away?" All his protestations were to no avail, and it was decided that Mullah Nasruddin had lost the bet. Mullah Nasruddin accepted the verdict and invited all of them to a dinner that night at his home. They all arrived on time, laughing and joking, anticipating the delicious meal Mullah Nasruddin was going to serve them. But dinner was not ready. Mullah Nasruddin told them that it would be ready in a short

time, and left the room to prepare the meal. A long time passed, and still no dinner was served. Finally, getting impatient and very hungry, they went into the kitchen to see if there was any food cooking at all. What they saw, they could not believe. Mullah Nasruddin was standing by a huge cauldron, suspended from the ceiling. There was a lighted candle under the cauldron. "Be patient my friends," Mullah Nasruddin told them. "Dinner will be ready soon. You see it is cooking." "Are you out of your mind, Mullah Nasruddin?" they shouted. How could you with such a tiny flame boil such a large pot? "Your ignorance of such matters amuses me," Mullah Nasruddin said. "If the flame of a candle behind a window three hundred yards away can warm a person, surely the same flame will boil this pot which is only three inches away."

49. One December day the village boys decided to play a trick on Mullah Nasruddin to fool him. They hid Mullah Nasruddin's coat when he was performing ablution for Friday ritual. But Mullah Nasruddin perceived that a trick on the way. "Mullah Nasruddin, it's a cold day, why don't you wear your coat?" asked one of them "I left my coat at home to keep the place warm!" answered Mullah Nasruddin.
50. Nasruddin was cutting a branch off a tree in his garden one day. While he was sawing, a man passed by in the street and said, "Excuse me, but if continue to saw that branch like that, you will fall down with it." He said this because Nasruddin was sitting Nasruddin said nothing. He thought, "This is some foolish person who has no work to do but go around telling other people what to do and what not to do." The man continued on his way. Of course, after a few minutes, the branch fell and Nasruddin fell with it. "My God!" he cried. "That man knows the future!" He ran after him to ask how long he was going to live. But the man had already gone.
51. Qazi (Judge) Nasruddin was working in his room one day when a neighbor ran in and said, "If one man's cow kills another's, is the owner of the first cow responsible?" "It depends," answered Nasruddin. "Well," said the man, "your cow has killed mine." "Oh," answered Nasruddin. "Everyone knows that a cow cannot think like a human, so a cow is not responsible, and that means that its owner is not responsible either." "I'm sorry, Judge," said the man. "I made a mistake. I meant that my cow killed yours." Judge Nasruddin thought for a few seconds and then said, "When I think about it more carefully, this case is not as easy as I thought at first." And then he turned to his clerk and said, "Please bring me that big black book from the shelf behind you..."
52. Mullah Nasruddin and his wife came home one day to find the house burgled. Everything portable had been taken away. "It's all your fault," said his wife, "for you should have made sure that the house was locked before we left." The Neighbor took up the chant: "You did not lock the windows," said one. "Why did you not expect this?" said another. "The locks were faulty and you did not replace them," said a third. "Just a moment," said Nasruddin, "surely I am not the only one to blame?" "And who should we blame?" they shouted. "What about the thieves?" said Nasruddin. "Are they totally innocent?"
53. That was the time Mullah Nasruddin's family was very poor. One day Nasruddin 's wife woke him in the middle of the night and whispered, "Nasruddin, There is a thief in the kitchen!" "Shhh... Stupid woman! replied Nasruddin. Let him be. Perhaps he find something then we seize it!"
54. Ahmad, who was working a long way from home, wanted to send a letter to his wife, but he could neither read nor write. And since he was working during the day, he could only look for somebody to write his letter during the night. At last he found the ho "What does that matter?" answered Ahmad. "Well, my writing is so strange that only I can read it, and if I have to travel a long way to read your letter to your wife, it will cost you a lot of money." Ahmad went out of his house quickly.
55. Nasruddin was returning home one night with one of his students when he saw a gang of thieves standing in front of a house, trying to break the lock. Nasruddin perceived that he would probably get hurt if he spoke up, so he decided to stay quite and pass by quickly. But his student however, did not understand what was happening so he asked: "What are all those men standing there doing?"

"Shhh!" replied Nasruddin. "They're playing music!" "But I can't hear anything!" "Well we shall hear the noise tomorrow!" Nasruddin said

56. Nasruddin was awakened in the middle of the night by the cries of two quarreling men in front of his house. Nasruddin waited for a while but they continued to dispute with each other. Nasruddin couldn't sleep, wrapping his quilt tightly around his shoulders, he rushed outside to separate the men who had come to blows. But when he tried to reason with them, one of them snatched the quilt off Mul shoulders and then the both of men ran away. Nasruddin, very weary and perplexed, returned to his house. "What was the quarrel about?" wondered his wife when Nasruddin came in. "It must be our quilt," replied Nasruddin. "The quilt is gone, the dispute is ended."
57. Three Thieves One night, three thieves of the Ut Khel tribe approached a peddler riding a donkey. After salaams, two of the thieves walked on either side of the peddler, regaling him with enchanting stories, while the third walked behind, jabbing the donkey with a pointed stick to keep him moving at a steady pace. The two thieves then gently lifted the saddle of the weary peddler, while the third led away the donkey, heavily laden with bazaar goods. The peddler eventually fell asleep and the Ut Khel thieves lowered him to the ground and hastily left to join their fellow thief.
58. The Teacher A teacher (male) bought new shoes and a new watch and was dying to show off. In school he tried his best but his colleagues did not notice his new watch and shoes. He was eager to get some attention and congratulations, so as soon he walked in to his first class he began beating on the first student at his sight. Then he turned to others saying that if anyone else make a move, pointing to his watch and his shoes, "dar teeng saniya futbaletan mekunum!!!" I will kick you all in a second! The students finally notice his shoes and his watch and congratulated him. The teacher replied: "khar-ha, chera az awal tab- rikee nadaden, zaroor nabood ke lat-te-tan kunum"; why didn't you congratulate me from the beginning, I wouldn't have had to beat any of you!
59. Daal Khurs Once the king of Afghanistan was invited to Indian (and Pakistan- before their independence). At the dinner table the Indian Prime Minister noticed that the king was chowing the chicken bones (after he had eaten the flesh). With a grin the PM murmured: if the people here are eating the bones, what do the dogs eat? And the king answered: Daal.
60. Saifu An angry man came in to a cafe and yelled: "IS SAIFU HERE?". No body answered so he yelled again: IS SAIFU HERE OR NOT? Finally a guy got up, "YAH, I AM SAIFU" he said, the angry man came closer and punched the guy, knocked him down on the floor and then left the cafe. The guy got up, cleaned his nose from blood and while every one was expecting a reaction from him, returned to his table without saying anything. Some one came and asked the guy: "How can you just sit here and do nothing? that man knocked you down and you are not even cursing him." "You wouldn't say that if you knew what I have done to him" said the man with a smirk. "What? How?" asked the other man with curious excitement. "I am not SAIFU" said the guy proudly.
61. One day Nasruddin was taking a walk in his village, when several of his neighbors approached him. "Nasruddin Hoja!" they said to him, "you are so wise and holy! Please take us as your pupils to teach us how we should live our lives, and what we should do!" Nasruddin paused, then said "Alright; I will teach you the first lesson right now. The most important thing is to take very good care of your feet and sandals; you must keep them clean and neat at all times." The neighbors listened attentively until they glanced down at his feet, which were in fact quite dirty and shod in old sandals that seemed about to fall apart. "But Nasruddin Hoja," said one of them, "your feet are terribly dirty, and your sandals are a mess! How do you expect us to follow your teachings if you don't carry them out yourself?" "Well," replied Nasruddin, "I don't go around asking people how I should live my life either, do I?"
62. ONCE UPON A TIME One day, Nasruddin came riding into town. The people stopped him to ask, "Why are you sitting back to front on your donkey?" He replied, "I know where I am going, I want to see where I have been." Later that evening, Nasruddin was cooking up some things. He went to

his neighbor and asked for a pot and promised to return it the next day. A knock, knock came on the neighbor's door the next day. Nasruddin had come to return the pot. The neighbor looks at his pot and inside was one smaller. The neighbors said, "There is a small pot inside the one I loaned you." Nasruddin told him, "The pot gave birth." The neighbor was quite pleased to hear this and accepted the two pots. The very next morning, Nasruddin knocks on the neighbor's door to borrow a larger pot than the previous one. The neighbor happily abides his the request. A week goes past, without Nasruddin knocking to return the pot. The neighbor and Nasruddin bump into each other at the bazaar a few days latter. Nasruddin's neighbor asked, "Where is my pot?" "It's dead," says Nasruddin. "But how can that be?" queries the neighbor. Nasruddin points out, "If a pot can give birth, then a pot can also die." One afternoon, Nasruddin and his friend were sitting in a cafe, drinking tea, and talking about life and love. "How come you never got married, Nasruddin?" asked his friend at one point. "Well," said Nasruddin, "to tell you the truth, I spent my youth looking for the perfect woman. In Cairo, I met a beautiful and intelligent woman, with eyes like dark olives, but she was unkind. Then in Baghdad, I met a woman who was a wonderful and generous soul, but we had no interests in common. One woman after another would seem just right, but there would always be something missing. Then one day, I met her. She was beautiful, intelligent, generous and kind. We had everything in common. In fact she was perfect." "Well," said Nasruddin's friend, "what happened? Why didn't you marry her?" Nasruddin sipped his tea reflectively. "Well," he replied, "it's a sad thing. Seems she was looking for the perfect man." Once upon a time, Nasruddin went to the marketplace and put up a sign that read: "Whoever has stolen my donkey, please return it to me and I will give it to them." "Nasruddin!", exclaimed the townspeople, "Why would you put up such a sign?" "There are two great gifts in life," replied Nasruddin. "One is to find something that you've lost and the other is to give something that you love away."

63. Mullah Nasruddin and his beautiful daughter Mullah Nasruddin had a beautiful daughter, the desire of all the evil eyes of the men lived in his village. Everyone sought the hand of the fair maiden, but Mullah Nasruddin protected her from the outside world, saving her for the wealthy young khan who lived just outside the village. At last the young Khan came to ask for the hand of the beautiful maiden. Mullah Nasruddin drove a hard bargain and was to receive the highest bride-price ever bargained for in the entire region. With the usual Muslim regard for ceremony, Mullah Nasruddin insisted on a long waiting-period before the wedding vows could be taken. It seems that the young and beautiful daughter of Mullah Nasruddin had a mind and a body of her own. She fell in love with a young stalwart ne'er-do-well in the village, who constantly showered her with attention as she went to the nearby well to gather water in the morning and at dusk. Her trips to get water began to take longer periods of time. Most people in the village know what was happening, but no one dared tell Mullah Nasruddin. The time for the wedding approached and the young, wealthy Khan came to collect his bride. Mullah Nasruddin brought her to greet her betrothed. Lo and behold! She was well pregnant by this time. The young, rich Khan was horrified, and turned on the Mullah Nasruddin, demanding to know why such a thing had occurred. And when Mullah Nasruddin merely replied that such things are normal when people get married, the young, rich Khan stormed out of Mullah Nasruddin's compound, and said that he withdrew his offer of marriage to the young beautiful daughter of Mullah Nasruddin and therefore would expect a return on the down payment on the bride price. Mullah Nasruddin, genuinely shocked, called after the young, rich Khan and the young Khan returned. "let us be sensible about this," pleaded Mullah Nasruddin. "Actually, I should double the bride price now that my daughter is truly pregnant and can give you a son." The young Khan, even more horrified, stuttered and asked, "In the name of Allah, why?" Mullah Nasruddin calmly replied, "Why just last week I delivered a cow to a man to whom I had sold the cow several months before. In the interim period, the cow became pregnant, and when I delivered the cow, I demanded and received twice the original amount. Now what is so different between a cow and a daughter?"
64. Mullah Nasruddin in Banguet Nasruddin heard that there was a banquet being held in the nearby town, and that everyone was invited. He made his way there as quickly as he could. When the Master of Ceremonies saw him in his ragged cloak, he seated him in the most inconspicuous place, far from the great table where the most important people were waiting on hand and foot. Nasruddin saw that it would be an hour at last before the waiters reached where he was sitting. So he got up and

went home. He dressed himself in a magnificent sable cloak and turban and returned to feast. As soon as the heralds of the Emir, his host, saw this splendid sight they started to beat the drum of welcome and sound the trumpets in a manner befitting a visitor of high rank. The Chamberlain came out of the palace himself, and conducted the magnificent Nasruddin to a place almost next to the Emir. A dish of wonderful food was immediately placed before him. Without a pause, Nasruddin began to rub handfuls of it into his turban and cloak. "Your Eminence," said the prince, "I am curious as to your eating habits, which are new to me." "Nothing special," said Nasruddin; "the cloak got me in here and got me the food. Surely it deserves its portion."

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Mulla was sitting in a station smoking when a woman came in, sitting beside him, remarked: "Sir if you were a gentleman, you would not smoke here!" "Mum said the mulla, "if ye was a lady ye'd sit a little farther away" Pretty soon the woman burst out again: "If you were my husband I'd give you poison!" "WELL MUM," returned mulla, as he puffed away at his pipe, "**IF YOU WERE MY WIFE, I'D TAKE IT**"

---

Mulla and his wife had just been fighting. The wife felt a bit ashamed and was standing looking out of the window. Suddenly something caught her attention "Honey," she called. "Come here I want to show you something" As the Mulla came to the window to see, she said, "Look at those two horses pulling that load of hay up the hill. Why can't we pull together like that, up the hill of life?" "THE REASON WE CAN'T PULL UP THE HILL LIKE A COUPLE OF HORSES," said Nasrudin, "IS BECAUSE ONE OF US IS A JACKASS!"

---

Mulla was told that he would lose his phone if he didn't retract what he had said to the general manager of the phone company in the course of conversation over the wire. "Very well, Mulla Nasrudin will apologize," he said.

He called main 7777.

"Is that you Mr. Doolittle?"

"It is."

"This is Mulla Nasrudin."

"Well?"

"This morning in the heat of discussion I told you to go to hell!"

"Yes?"

"WELL," said Nasrudin, "DON'T GO !"

---

The editor of town weekly received this letter from Mulla Nasrudin: "Dear Sir: Last week I lost my watch which I valued highly. The next day I ran an ad in your news paper. Yesterday, I went home and found my watch in the pocket of my brown suit. "YOUR PAPER IS WONDERFUL."

---

Mulla Nasrudin, a distraught father, visiting his son in a prison waiting room, turned on him and said: "I am fed up with your record: attempted robbery, attempted burglary, attempted murder, attempted assassination.

"WHAT A FAILURE YOU HAVE TURNED OUT TO BE; YOU CAN'T SUCCEED IN ANYTHING YOU TRY OUT."

---

Mulla Nasrudin was suffering from what appeared to be a case of shattered nerves. After a long period of failing health, he finally called a doctor.

"You are in serious trouble," the doctor said. "You are living with some terrible evil thing; something that is possessing you from morning to the night. We must find what it is and destroy it. "SSSSSH, DOCTOR," Said Nasrudin, "YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, BUT DON'T SAY IT SO LOUD - SHE IS SITTING IN THE NEXT ROOM AND SHE MIGHT HEAR YOU."

---

Mulla Nasrudin, shipwrecked, was finally washed ashore on a strange island. He was glad to be on the land, but afraid he must be among the wild and unfriendly natives, so he explored cautiously, and at last saw smoke from a fire rising from the jungle. As he made his way slowly through the woods, scared half to death, he heard a voice say, "Pass that bottle and deal those cards."

"THANK GOD !" cried Mulla Nasrudin. "I AM AMONG CIVILIZED PEOPLE!"

---

Mulla Nasrudin and one of his friends rented a boat and went fishing. In a remote part of the lake they found a spot where the fish were really biting.

"We'd better mark this spot so we can come back tomorrow," said the mulla.

"O.k., I'll do it," replied his friend.

When they got back to the dock, the Mulla asked, "Did you mark that spot?"

"Sure said the second, "I put a chalk mark on the side of the boat."

"YOU NITWIT," said Nasrudin. "HOW DO YOU KNOW WE WILL GET THE SAME BOAT TOMORROW?"

---

Mulla Nasrudin and his wife were at the ballet. He suddenly started laughing. The wife asked, 'Why?' 'I was just wondering what the audience would do if I suddenly jumped on the stage, grabbed one of the girls, threw her down and made violent love to her,' he said.

The wife thought a little and began to laugh. He asked, 'Why?' 'I was just thinking,' she said, 'what would you do if the audience gave you a standing ovation and screamed for an encore. If the audience screamed, "Once more!" what would you do?'

---

One day Mulla Nasruddin read a small poem in a magazine. He loved it. The poem was:

Sir, Why not buy a bunch or two  
Of springtime flowers fair?  
And take them home one cheerless day,  
But carry them with care.  
Just hand them to your wife and say,  
"I thought of you in town today."

Mulla Nasruddin did exactly that. He bought some flowers, but instead of entering the house as usual, he knocked. And when his wife opened the door, he just handed them to her. To his great surprise she burst out crying. "Why, whatever is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh," she replied, "I've had an awful day. I broke the teapot, the baby has been crying, the cook has left, and now you come home drunk!"

---

### **Nasruddin and the Will of God**

"May the Will of Allah be done," a pious man was saying about something or the other.

"It always is, in any case," said Mullah Nasruddin.

"How can you prove that, Mullah?" asked the man.



"Quite simply. If it wasn't always being done, then surely at some time or another my will would be done, wouldn't it?"

### **Why we are here**

Walking one evening along a deserted road, Nasruddin saw a troop of horsemen rapidly approaching. His imagination started to work; he saw himself captured or robbed or killed and frightened by this thought he bolted, climbed a wall into a graveyard, and lay down in an open grave to hide.

Puzzled at his bizzare behaviour, the horsemen - honest travellers - followed him.

They found him stretched out, tense, and shaking.

"What are you doing in that grave? We saw you run away. Can we help you? Why are you here in this place?"

"Just because you can ask a question does not mean that there is a straightforward answer to it," said Nasruddin, who now realized what had happened. "It all depends upon your viewpoint. If you must know, however, I am here because of you - and you are here because of me!"

### **The unshaven man**

A man was walking along the street when he passed another man with a lot of stubble on his face standing outside a shop. The first man asked:

"How often do you shave?"

"Twenty or thirty times a day," answered the man with the stubble.

"What! You must be a freak!" exclaimed the first man.

"No, I'm only a barber," replied the man with the stubble.

### **Nasruddin delivers a khutbah (sermon)**

Once, the people of The City invited Mulla Nasruddin to deliver a khutba. When he got on the minbar (pulpit), he found the audience was not very enthusiastic, so he asked "Do you know what I am going to say?" The audience replied "NO", so he announced "I have no desire to speak to people who don't even know what I will be talking about" and he left.

The people felt embarrassed and called him back again the next day. This time when he asked the same question, the people replied "YES" So Mullah Nasruddin said, "Well, since you already know what I am going to say, I won't waste any more of your time" and he left.

Now the people were really perplexed. They decided to try one more time and once again invited the Mullah to speak the following week. Once again he asked the same question - "Do you know what I am going to say?" Now the people were prepared and so half of them answered "YES" while the other half replied "NO". So Mullah Nasruddin said "The half who know what I am going to say, tell it to the other half" and he left!

### **Nasruddin and his donkey**

One day , one of Mullah Nasruddin's friend came over and wanted to borrow his donkey for a day or two. Mullah, knowing his friend, was not kindly inclined to the request, and came up with the excuse that someone had already borrowed his donkey. Just as Mullah uttered these words, his donkey started braying in his backyard. Hearing the sound, his friend gave him an accusing look, to which Mullah replied: "I refuse to have any further dealings with you since you take a donkey's word over mine."

### **Nasruddin and the violin**

Once, Mullah Nasruddin bought a violin. And he began to play.

NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE....

Same note, same string, over and over.

NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE....

After a few hours his wife was at her wits' end. "Nasruddin!" she screamed.

NEEE..

Nasruddin put down the bow. "Yes dear?"

"Why do you play the same note? It's driving me crazy! All the real violin players move their fingers up and down, play on different strings! Why don't you play like they do?"

"Well dear, I know why they go up and down and try all different strings."

"Why is that?"

"They're looking for \*this\* note." And he picked up his bow and resumed his playing.

NEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE....

### **The Caliph and the delusional man**

A certain man claimed to be God and was brought before the Caliph, who said to him, "Last year someone here claimed to be a prophet and he was put to death!"

The man replied, "It was well that you did so, for I did not send him."

(9th century joke)

### **The Sultan and the false prophet**

A certain man claimed to be a prophet and was brought before the Sultan, who said to him, "I bear witness that you are a stupid prophet!"

The man replied, "That is why I have only been sent to people like you."

(9th century joke)

### **The forgetful relater of traditions**

Someone said to Ashab, "If you were to relate traditions and stop telling jokes, you would be doing a noble thing."

"By God!" answered Ashab, "I have heard traditions and related them."

"Then tell us", said the man.

"I heard from Nafai," said Ashab, "on the authority of such-and-such, that the Prophet, may God bless him, said, "There are two qualities, such that whoever has them is among God's elect."

"That is a fine tradition", said the man. "What are these two qualities?"

"Nafai forgot one and I have forgotten the other," replied Ashab.

(a 9th century joke)

### **Nasruddin and the conqueror**

A certain conqueror said to Nasruddin:

"Mulla, all the great rulers of the past had honorific titles with the name of God in them: there was, for instance, God-Gifted, and God-Accepted, and so on. How about some such name for me?"

"God Forbid," said Nasruddin.

### **Nasruddin and the bedouins**

"When I was in the desert," said Nasruddin one day, "I caused an entire tribe of horrible and bloodthirsty bedouins to run."

"However did you do it?"

"Easy. I just ran, and they ran after me."

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Nasruddin, ferrying a pedant across a piece of rough water, said something ungrammatical to him. "Have you never studied grammar?" asked the scholar.

"No."

"Then half your life is wasted."

A few minutes later Nasruddin turned to the passenger.

"Have you ever learned how to swim?"

"No. Why?"

"Then all your life is wasted-we are sinking!"

---

Nasruddin used to take his donkey across a frontier every day, with the panniers loaded with straw. Since he admitted to being a smuggler when he trudged home every night, the frontier guards searched him again and again. They searched his person, sifted the straw, steeped it in water, even burned it from time to time. Meanwhile he was visibly more and more prosperous.

Then he retired and went to live in another country. Here one of the customs officers met him, years later.

"You can tell me now, Nasruddin," he said. "Whatever was it that you were smuggling, when we could never catch you out?"

"Donkeys," said Nasruddin.

---

A king who enjoyed Nasruddin's company, and also liked to hunt, commanded him to accompany him on a bear hunt. Nasruddin was terrified.

When Nasruddin returned to his village, someone asked him:"How did the hunt go?"

"Marvelously."

"How many bears did you see?"

"None."

"How could it have gone marvelously, then?"

"When you are hunting bears, and when you are me, seeing no bears at all is a marvelous experience.

---

Nasruddin called at a large house for charity. The servant said, "My master is out."

"Very well," said the Mulla; "even though he has not been able to contribute, please give your master a piece of advice from me. Say: 'Next time you go out, don't leave your face at the window- someone might steal it.'"

---

A kinsman came to see the Mulla from somewhere deep in the country, bringing a duck as a gift. Delighted, Nasruddin had the bird cooked and shared it with his guest. Presently, however, one countryman after another started to call, each one "the friend of the friend of the man who brought you the duck." No further presents were forthcoming.

At length the Mulla was exasperated. One day yet another stranger appeared. "I am the friend of the friend of the friend of the relative who brought you the duck."

He sat down, like all the rest, expecting a meal. Nasruddin handed him a bowl of water.

"What is this?"

"That is the soup of the soup of the duck which was brought by my relative."

---

"I shall have you hanged," said a cruel and ignorant king to Nasruddin, "if you do not prove such deep perceptions such as have been attributed to you." Nasruddin at once said that he could see a golden bird in the sky and demons within the earth. "But how can you do this?" the King asked. "Fear," said the Mulla "is all you need."

---

Nasruddin was throwing handfuls of bread all around his house. "What are you doing?" someone asked.

"Keeping the tigers away."

"But there are no tigers around here"

"Exactly. Effective, isn't it?"

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Nasruddin loved his donkey. One day the townspeople came running, "Effendi, Effendi!, your little donkey is lost!"

Nasruddin replied: "Praised be to Allah! Why, if I was on him I would have been lost too!"



In town, there was construction that went on quite a while ago. The workers left behind a huge pile of dirt. The townsfolk started to complain to one another,  
"Would you look at that" and "Who is going to do something about that" "Why, they just left a big pile of dirt that blows and dirties my clean laundry hanging on the line", "Well, when will the town move that dirt"  
"That dirt is making our town look like a filthy beggars camp",  
Well, on and on it went until Nasruddin had enough. One day he started digging a hole, a another huge pile of dirt started to build up. One of the townsfolk asked him, "Hodja, why are you digging a hole?"  
"Why, I got tired of hearing all the complaints and I am digging a hole to put the dirt into"  
"But Hodja, what will you do with the new pile of dirt you are making?"  
"Do I have to think of everything!?!", shouted Nasruddin.



The children especially like this one:

One day Nasruddin had invited a visiting scholar to his house for a meal. Upon the self-important visiting scholar's arrival at Nasruddin's house, the scholar knocked and knocked. No answer, he looked through the windows, no-one there. The scholar waited, and as he waited, he became angrier and angrier. "Why, doesn't he know who I am", "I am so and so and who does he think he is to keep me waiting", the scholar thundered as he stomped around Nasruddin's courtyard. Finally, he became so angry he grabbed a pencil and scribbled on his doorway, **IDIOT!**

Well, around about 2 o'clock, Nasruddin returned home and suddenly remembered! He RAN back to the marketplace shouting for the scholar when he spotted him shortly.

"Oh, I am so sorry, please forgive me, I remembered our appointment when I saw your name written on my door"



## Reliable Source

"How old are you, Molla?"

"Forty."

"But you said that two years ago when I asked."

"That's right. I always stand by my word!"

## Good Swimmer?

In the old days, men were permitted to have more than one wife. Molla himself took a second wife who was younger than the first one. One evening he came home to find them quarreling about which of them Molla loved more.

At first, Molla told them he loved them both, but neither of them were satisfied with his answer. Then the older one asked, "Well, just suppose the three of us were in a boat, and it started to sink. Which of us would you try to save?"

Molla thought for a moment, and then said to his older wife, "My dear, you know how to swim, don't you?"

### **Secret of Longevity**

One day Molla was asked the secret to longevity.

"Keep your feet warm, your head cool, be careful what you eat and don't think too much."

### **Chickens to the Defense**

One day, some other mollas were complaining about Molla to Tamerlane, so Molla took a hen with its chicks to one of Tamerlane's advisors. The following day, Nasreddin and the mollas were summoned to the palace.

After the complaint was heard, the advisor began his defense for Molla. Then Tamerlane asked Molla, "What can you say to prove that you're not guilty?" Molla replied, "I have nothing more to say, your Majesty. The hen and chicks have already spoken in my favor."

### **To Make the People Stop Talking**

One day, Molla and his son went on a journey. Molla preferred to let his son ride the donkey while he walked. Along the way, they passed some travelers.

"Look at that healthy young boy on the donkey! That's today's youth for you! They have no respect for their elders! He rides while his poor father walks!"

The words made the lad feel very ashamed, and he insisted that his father ride while he walked. So Molla climbed on the donkey and the boy walked by his side. Soon they met another group.

"Well, look at that! Poor little boy has to walk while his father rides the donkey," they exclaimed.

This time, Molla climbed onto the donkey behind his son.

Soon they met another group, who said, "Look at that poor donkey! He has to carry the weight of two people."

Molla then told his son, "The best thing is for both of us to walk. Then no one can complain."

So they continued their journey on foot. Again they met some travelers.

"Just look at those fools. Both of them are walking under this hot sun and neither of them is riding the donkey!"

In exasperation, Molla lifted the donkey onto his shoulders and said, "Come on, if we don't do this, it will be impossible to make people stop talking."

## **Tiger Powder**

One day Molla Nasreddin was sprinkling some powder on the ground around his house.

"Molla, what are you doing?" a neighbor asked.

"I want to keep the tigers away."

"But there are no tigers within hundreds of miles."

"Effective, isn't it?" Molla replied.

## **Donkey's Word**

One day a neighbor called on Molla.

"Molla, I want to borrow your donkey."

"I'm sorry," Molla said, "but I've already lent it out."

As soon as he had spoken, the sound of a donkey braying came from Molla's stable.

"But Molla, I can hear your donkey in there."

"Shame on you," Molla said indignantly, "that you would take the word of a donkey over my word."

## **Whatever You Say**

One day the King invited Molla to his palace for dinner. The royal chef prepared, among others, a cabbage recipe for the occasion. After the dinner, the King asked, "How did you like the cabbage?"

"It was very delicious," complimented Molla.

"I thought it tasted awful," said the King.

"You're right," added Molla, "it was very bland."

"But you just said it tasted 'delicious,'" the King noted.

"Yes, but I'm the servant of His Majesty, not of the cabbage," he replied.

## **As Fast As Sound**

One day Molla climbed up into a minaret and shouted at the top of his lungs. Immediately, he came down and started running.



"What's happening? Why are you running, Molla?" asked a passerby. "To see how far my voice carries," he replied.

### **Cat Tale**

One day Molla bought three okes (an oke is 2.8 pounds) of meat and took it home to his wife. Then he returned to work. Immediately, his wife called her friends and prepared a superb dinner. In the evening, Molla returned for supper, and his wife offered him nothing but bread and onions.

He turned to her and said, "But why haven't you prepared anything from the meat?"

"I rinsed the meat and was going to put it on the stove when this damn cat came up and took it away," she said.

Molla at once ran to get the scales. Then he found the cat and weighed it. It was exactly three okes!

Then he turned to his wife and said, "Look here! If what I have just weighed is the cat, then where's the meat? But if this is the meat, then where's the cat?"

### **The Doctor's Cure**

One day Molla fell seriously ill. His wife became very frightened and, thinking Molla might die, ran for the doctor.

"Oh, Doctor, my husband is gravely ill. We're very poor and have many children. I'm afraid something might happen to him, and then who will take care of the children?"

On hearing the word "poor," the doctor replied, "Why do you create problems for the poor man? Even if I prescribed medicine for him, how would you pay for it if you don't have any money?"

The wife returned home and told Molla. A few days later Molla recovered. Soon, he headed off to the doctor. "I've come to say 'thank you.' I've recovered, thanks to you."

The doctor replied, "How's that? I didn't treat you."

"And that's the very reason I recovered. Had your ugly breath touched me that day, who knows which cemetery I would be lying in today?"

### **Man's Best Qualities**

One day someone asked Molla, "What are the best qualities of mankind?"

"Well," he replied, "a philosopher once told me that there are two. He had forgotten the one, but he told me the other. But to tell you the truth, I've since forgotten that one, too."

### **Beauty Unveiled**

According to social rules existing during Molla's day, brides didn't show themselves to their future husbands prior to marriage.

On Molla's wedding day, his wife unveiled her face to him and asked, "Tell me, which of your relatives can I see without covering my face?" Molla replied, "Show your face to whomever you want; just make sure you keep it covered in my presence!"

### **Light at Night**

One day, someone asked Molla, "Which is more valuable to man, the sun or the moon?"

"The moon, of course, because we need more light at night."

### **Dreams in Detail**

Once Molla woke his wife in the middle of the night and said, "Hey, be quick, give me my glasses." The wife asked, "Why do you need your glasses in the middle of the night?" Molla replied, "I'm having a very interesting dream and need to see some of the details that are a bit blurry."

(Obviously, the reference to glasses would indicate that this story was added much later than the 13th century).

### **Questions as Answers**

One day Molla was asked, "How is it you always answer a question with another question?"

"Do I?" he replied.

### **The Turkish Bath**

One day Molla went to a Turkish bath but as he was dressed so poorly, the attendants didn't pay much attention to him. They gave him only a scrap of soap, a rag for a loin cloth and an old towel.

When Molla left, he gave each of the two attendants a gold coin. As he had not complained of their poor service, they were very surprised. They wondered had they treated him better whether he would have given them even a larger tip.

The next week, Molla came again. This time, they treated him like royalty and gave him embroidered towels and a loin cloth of silk. After being massaged and perfumed, he left the bath, handing each attendant the smallest copper coin possible. "This," said Molla, "is for the last visit. The gold coins are for today."

But who is this Mulla Nasrudin? Replies, Osho, "Born in Iran, Nasrudin is a Sufi mystic, a little crazy, but always tremendously wise.

"To be Mulla Nasrudin means two things: Be foolish in your wisdom and be wise in your foolishness. It is a very great contradiction. Be wise in your foolishness and be foolish in your wisdom. You should be aware of the fact that Mulla Nasrudin is a Sufi device. It is to make you clear that life is wise in its foolishness. And when you try to be wise you become a fool. The

greatest wise people are like fools. And the greatest foolish people are those who pretend that they are wise. If you have to choose, choose the fool and you will become wise. Don't choose to pretend wisdom, otherwise you will become a fool."

\*

Mulla Nasrudin and his wife were sitting on a bench in the park one evening just at dusk. Without knowing that they were close by, a young man and his girl friend sat down at a bench on the other side of a hedge.

Almost immediately, the young man began to talk in the most loving manner imaginable.

"He does not know we are sitting here," Mulla Nasrudin's wife whispered to her husband. "It sounds like he is going to propose to her. I think you should cough or something and warn him."

"WHY SHOULD I WARN HIM?" asked Nasrudin. "NOBODY WARNED ME."

\*

Mulla Nasrudin complained to the doctor about the size of his bill.

"But, Mulla," said the doctor, "You must remember that I made eleven visits to your home for you."

"YES," said Nasrudin, "BUT YOU SEEM TO BE FORGETTING THAT I INFECTED THE WHOLE NEIGHBOURHOOD."

\*

A psychiatrist once asked his patient, Mulla Nasrudin, if the latter suffered from fantasies of self-importance. "NO," replied the Mulla, "ON THE CONTRARY, I THINK OF MYSELF AS MUCH LESS THAN I REALLY AM."

\*

Mulla Nasrudin, visiting India, was told he should by all means go on a tiger hunt before returning to his country.

"It's easy," he was assured. "You simply tie a bleating goat in a thicket as night comes on. The cries of the animal will attract a tiger. You are up in a nearby tree. When the tiger arrives, aim your gun between his eyes and blast away."

When the Mulla returned from the hunt he was asked how he made out. "No luck at all," said Nasrudin.

"Those tigers are altogether too clever for me. THEY TRAVEL IN PAIRS, AND EACH ONE CLOSES AN EYE. SO, OF COURSE, I MISSED THEM EVERY TIME."

\*

Mulla Nasrudin and his wife went to visit a church that had over the portal the inscription: "This is the house of God -- This is the gate of Heaven."

Nasrudin glanced at these words, tried the door and found it locked, turned to his wife and said: "IN OTHER WORDS GO TO HELL!"

\*

Mulla Nasrudin was visiting the town dentist to get some advance prices on his work.

"The price for pulling a tooth is four dollars each," the dentist told him. "But in order to make it painless we will have to give gas and that will be three dollars extra."

"Oh, don't worry about giving gas," said the Mulla.

"That won't be necessary. We can save the three dollars."

"That's all right with me," said the dentist. "I have heard that you mountain people are strong and tough. All I can say is that you are a brave man."

"IT ISN'T ME THAT'S HAVING MY TOOTH PULLED," said Nasrudin. "IT'S MY WIFE."

\*

"My wife talks to herself," the friend told Mulla Nasrudin.

"SO DOES MINE," said the Mulla, "BUT SHE DOESN'T REALISE IT. SHE THINKS I AM LISTENING."

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Of Mullahs, Yogis and Fishes

On his Quest for wisdom our hero passes the abode of a yogi. The Master is lost in meditation and when he opens his eyes to the world again, Nasrudin inquires about the goal of the Master's efforts.

"I study every animal on the planet and hope to be able to communicate with them - one day..."

"O well" Nasrudin replies "a fish once rescued me when I was about to die!"

The Master is overwhelmed with joy: "You Holy Man: will you stay and teach me what I lack to reach your level of realization?"

"Yes, I will - but you must first instruct me on the Knowledge you have acquired so far."

They both agree and after three years of learning and teaching the yogi approaches Mullah Nasrudin:

"I have fulfilled my part of our deal - you know what I know. Now it is for you to reveal your secret to me."

"Yes, you have - although I feel you might not yet be ready for the full impact of my truth. Are you sure it is your wish for me to proceed?" Nasrudin wants to know.

"Yes, it is"

"So be it: I had been starving for almost two months and was just about to die, when finally I caught a fish that nourished me for three days."

## A True Friend

Thursday, February 22nd in [nasrudin](#) | [1 comment](#)

"Mullah, I don't know what to do any more: my wife is complaining all the time. I'm either too slow or too fast, I eat too much or not enough, spend too much time at home or do not care enough for my friends, don't give her enough attention or I'm breathing down her neck - she's grumbling all the time. What am I to do?"

"There's only one solution to your hardship, dear Hamdi." the Mullah says. "Go and marry a second wife, just like I did. So when ever your first wife is giving you a hard time, you..."

"...I will just leave and stay with my second wife for a while!" Both smile very pleased.

So Hamdi leaves joyously and asks a matchmaker to find an appropriate spouse, gets married and for a time things develop as wished, for a time, a short time...

Then Hamdi faces the situation of two women mumbling and grumbling at him, so when he leaves the one he's chased away by the other too and often has no place where to sleep and so he directs his paces towards the mosque to spend the night in silent despair and prayer.

Much to his surprise he finds his friend Nasrudin there and immediately starts scolding:

"You" he says and repeats "you! You are the prime and only cause of my extended misery! If it weren't for you I would be perfectly unhappy with one woman - but thanks to you, two of them are now turning my life into hell. Why on earth did you give me that darned advise?"

"Well, I wanted some company for my nightly prayers..."

## Literally

Wednesday, February 21st in [nasrudin](#) | [1 comment](#)

Nasrudin visited a stingy priest, who said to him:

"Would you like a bite to eat?"

When the food arrived, the Mulla saw that it was literally nothing more than a morsel.

At that moment a beggar looked through the window. The priest shouted:

"Go away, or I'll break your neck!"

"Brother," said Nasrudin to the beggar, "go away quickly, for I can testify that here, for once, is a man who isn't exaggerating!"

## The Perfect Spouse

Tuesday, February 20th in [nasrudin](#) | [1 comment](#)

"Did you never want to get married, Nasrudin?"

"Sure, " says our hero. "When I was still young I was very keen on finding the perfect woman. And so I met a most beautiful and spiritual young lady – but alas she didn't know her ways in the world...I continued my search and found a young maiden both well accomplished in the matters of

the heavens and the earth – but alas she was ugly. But at long last I saw her: most beautiful, observing and understanding the ways of the One and also succeeding in our daily world.”

“And why didn’t you marry her, Mullah?”

“Well, uh...ah...hmpf, she was looking for the perfect man.”

## Nothing At All

Sunday, February 18th in [nasrudin](#) | [No comments](#)

Trotting along on his donkey, Mulla Nasrudin was trying to eat some mulberry-flour. But each time he tried to empty some out of the bag into his mouth, the wind blew it away.

A passing farmer called out:

‘What are you doing, Mulla?’

‘At this rate,’ said Nasrudin, ‘I am not doing anything at all.’

## ...Just The Same!

Saturday, February 17th in [nasrudin](#) | [No comments](#)

An engineer was fixing a bell outside a house. Mulla Nasrudin came by, stopped and asked:

‘What is that thing?’

‘Fire alarm’.

‘I’ve seen them before — they don’t work,’ said the Mulla.

‘What do you mean?’

‘The bell rings all right, but the fire burns just the same.’

## At Least...

Friday, February 16th in [nasrudin](#) | [1 comment](#)

Nasrudin was carrying home some liver which he had just bought. In the other hand he had a recipe for liver pie which a friend had given him.

Suddenly a Buzzard swooped down and made off with the liver.

"You fool!" shouted Nasrudin "the meat is all very well- but I still have the recipe"

## A Thinking Bird

Wednesday, February 14th in [nasrudin](#) | [2 comments](#)

One day, Mulla was in the market and saw birds for sale at 500 reals each.

"My bird" he thought "which is larger than any of these, is worth far more."

The next day he took his pet Hen to market. Nobody would offer him more than 50 reals for it. The

Mulla began to shout:

"O people! This is a disgrace! Yesterday you were selling birds only half this size at ten times the price."

Someone interrupted him.

"Nasrudin, those were parrots - talking birds. They were worth more because they talk."

"Fool!" said Nasrudin "those birds you value only because they can talk. This one, which has wonderful thoughts and yet does not annoy people with chatter, you reject."