Nasreddin Hoca was once angry with the muhtar of his village and went away from the village for five years. There was in that village a man by the name of Tosun Bey. His real name was Ahmet, but they used to call him Tosun Bey. One day, news got around that the Hoca was coming back. They told Tosun Bey of this. All the children in the village went to meet the Hoca, saying, "Welcome, Hoca. Welcome, Hoca." Tosun Bey then also came to welcome him. "Hoş geldiniz," he said.

"Merhaba, Öküz efendi" [he has grown in five years].

"But Hoca," said Tosun Bey, "is this the way I welcomed you?"

"Well, Ahmet, did we not formerly call you Tosun Bey? What does Tosun become when he grows up? He becomes Öküz."

I am like Tosun Bey—they called me all sorts of names when I grew up.