One day Hoca bought two kilos of meat and had it sent home with the word that it should be cooked for dinner. And the wife had it cooked, and all in fun with her friends and neighbors, they sat down and ate it before the Hoca came home.

And in the evening when Hoca came home and sat at the dinner table, there was the usual pilav and everything minus meat. And the Hoca asked where the meat was.

And the wife said, "Oh, you know what happened? That naughty cat of yours grabbed hold of it and ate it."

"Oh, did he?" said Hoca. And he brought the cat and he weighed it in his hand. "Well," he said, "he weighs about two kilograms. That's right. But if this is the cat, where is the meat? And if this two kilograms is the meat, where is my cat?"