But I Have the Recipe!

One day Nasreddin Hoca had a dinner made with liver. He liked it very much, and he asked how it was prepared, and they wrote down how it was to be cooked.

And on his way home, he bought some liver. When he was coming, swinging the liver in his hand, and the recipe to prepare it in his other hand, a big bird came and caught hold of the liver and flew away with it.

Nasreddin Hoca, instead of being alarmed by it, kept on shouting after it, "No use! No use! You can't eat it. I still have the recipe!"