

Story #361 (Not on tape)

Informants: Children at Ayşe Abla
İlkokulu

Narrator: Neriman Hızır (Ayşe Abla)

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Nasreddin Hodja Minds the Door

One day when Nasreddin Hodja was just a boy, his mother decided to take the family clothes down to the river for a good washing. But how was she to mind the house while she was gone? Of course, there was young Nasreddin, and he usually managed to do what he was told . . .

"Nasreddin," she called, "I am going down to the river to wash our clothes, and I shall not be back for an hour or so. Please keep a good eye on the door while I am gone."

"Yes, Mother," the boy agreed, and for the first hour or so he was content enough, inside the house, outside the house, always in sight of the door. But after the second hour had passed, and then another, he became tired of such close quarters, and he decided to go down to the river to see what could be keeping his mother.

Since his mother had told him to keep a good eye on the door, however, Nasreddin could scarcely go. Or could he? In a matter of moments, he had removed the door from its hinges and hoisted it onto his back. Off he went toward the river.

As soon as he came into sight, his mother cried out, "Nasreddin, what are you doing here? I thought I had left you to mind the door?"

"Oh, don't worry, Mother," he answered cheerfully. "I brought the door!"