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Trans 21.22
If God Wills

One night before he went to bed, Nasreddin Hodja said to his wife, "Tomorrow I am going to work in my vineyard."

"You mean, you will work in your vineyard if God wills," said his wife, remembering that it was always wise to say "If God wills," no matter

no," said the Hodja. "I will work in my vineyard tomorrow, whether God wills or not."

"But, Hodja. What if it rains?"

"If it rains, I shall cut wood in the forest," answered the Hodja.

"If God wills," his wife said quickly.

"Listen, my wife," said the Hodja crossly.

If it rains, I shall cut wood in the forest,
whether God wills or not."

"Please, Hodja. If you do not, something bad will happen to you."

The Hodja just laughed. "I am the Hodja, and you are just a woman. Let me worry about God, my dear!"

The next morning, it was raining. "Well, today I'll cut wood in the forest," said the Hodja.

"If God wills,

I shall cut wood whether God wills or not," shouted the Hodja.

He picked up his ax and set off for the forest, with his lunch of bread

and cheese in his pocket. All day long, he cut wood.

as the Hodja was ready to go home, he heard footsteps. Four of the sultan's soldiers came by. One of them saw the Hodja.

"Hey, Hodja," said the soldier. "Show us the way to the next village."

"I'm sorry," said the Hodja, "but I haven't time. I'm on my way home."

haven't you time!" said the soldier crossly. "Get on the road this minute. You will take us all the way to the village. Not only that, but you will carry all our bundles!"

All of the soldiers piled their bundles in the Hodja's arms. Then the Hodja started toward the next village. The soldiers walked behind him. "Hurry up," said one soldier. Another soldier poked him with his long finger. "Run along," he said.

The road was wet and muddy. The rain was coming down hard. Three or four times, the Hodja fell down in the mud. The soldiers just laughed at him.

At last they came to the next village. "Give us our bundles," said the first soldier. "Now you can go home."

The Hodja hurried home as fast as he could go. All the way, he said, "why didn't I say 'If God wills'? This is what happens when I do not say 'If God wills'!"

At last, the Hodja got home. He was wet and cold and very tired. He turned the knob on his door. The door was locked. Tok! Tok! Tok! He knocked at the door.

The Hodja's wife stuck her head out of the bedroom window. "Who is that?"

"It is the Hodja, if God wills," answered the Hodja meekly.