Everyone knows that Nasreddin Hoca was a man who had soft words for all, and that he could find a remedy for those who had fallen into trouble or who were in difficult straits. He was a man who put everyone in good humor, and so he was often invited to feasts to help make those occasions merry and to entertain the guests. At one of the feasts, however, they decided to play a trick on the Hoca.

This was how they did it. As you know, in the old days, people used wooden spoons both to scoop up their soup and to eat their meals. At the place where they seated Hoca, they put a wooden spoon without a bowl. They covered that end of the spoon with bread, and they also partly covered their own spoons with bread too.

When everyone sat down to the feast, they proceeded according to plan, and one of the guests close to where the Hoca sat said, "Just look at the beauty of this soup! One could be completely satisfied without even tasting it! It has such a delicious aroma!"

Another said, "O Lord, look at the beauty of the spices! One is filled simply by admiring them!"

Someone else said, "Anyone who does not scoop up such a soup is a donkey!"
And someone else said, "Come on! Let us eat our soup all together!"

They all grabbed their spoons and started scooping up the soup—all but Hoca. He grabbed his spoon too, but he discovered that his spoon had no bowl. Alas! What could he do? He quickly took his bread and shaped from the crust a bowl for his spoon, and then he inserted the handle into this bowl. As far as it was possible to do so, he managed to scoop up his soup with this spoon. They all scooped, and scooped, and scooped, and at last all of the soup was finished.

Then Nasreddin Hoca said, "Efendim, what a delicious soup this was! If those who ate this soup do not also eat the bowls of their spoons in gratitude, they are both donkeys and the sons of donkeys!"

Of course it was easy for the Hoca to do this, for the bowl of his spoon was made of bread. The others had a more difficult time.