Once there was and once there wasn't a man named Nasreddin Hoca. One evening when he was walking home he became thirsty. When he came to a well, he decided to get a drink. There was a gourd hanging on a hook by the well, and this gourd had a long rope attached to it. Taking the gourd off the hook, he lowered it into the well on the rope to get some water in it. When he looked into the well, however, he saw that the moon had fallen into it and was lying at the bottom on the surface of the water. Nasreddin Hoca was greatly disturbed by this, and he decided that he should try to rescue the moon and put it back in the sky.

He moved the rope this way and that way in order to catch the moon in the gourd. When he thought that the moon was in the gourd, he gave the rope a great yank. He yanked so hard that he fell over backwards on his head. As he lay there on his back, he looked up and saw the moon. "There it is!" he said happily. "I put it back where it belongs!"