

Story 1235 (1988 Tape 11)

Narrator: Özlen Konu, 22

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Nasreddin Hoca and the Broth of the Broth of the Broth of the Rabbit

One day a cousin of Nasreddin Hoca arrived at his house as his guest. This cousin was the son of the Hoca's maternal uncle. The cousin brought as a gift to the Hoca a fine fat rabbit. The Hoca was pleased to see this rabbit, and he told his wife to cook it for dinner. They had a good meal that evening, eating part of the rabbit with the other foods. The Hoca's cousin stayed that night and then left the following morning.

After a week had passed, someone again knocked on the Hoca's door. The guest this time was the son of the son of Nasreddin Hoca's maternal uncle. He said, "My father brought you a rabbit last week. I have come as your guest for the night." The Hoca's wife cooked rice and mixed into it the scraps of the rabbit that were left. This made a satisfactory dinner. The guest spent the night at the Hoca's house and left in the morning.

Three days later another guest arrived. This time it was the grandson of the son of Nasreddin Hoca's maternal uncle. He said nothing about the rabbit, but he told the Hoca that he expected to be hosted by him. By this time the Hoca was

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becoming annoyed at the necessity of hosting people in return for the gift of one rabbit. All that remained of the rabbit now was its bones, but the Hoca's wife boiled these in water and made some tasty broth from them. The grandson of the son of the Hoca's maternal uncle dined with them that night, and in the morning he departed.

Two days later another guest arrived. He said that he was a close friend of the grandson of the son of Nasreddin Hoca's maternal uncle. The Hoca's wife watered down what was left of the broth made from the bones of the rabbit and served it for dinner. The Hoca said to the guest, "This is the broth of the broth made from the bones of the rabbit which the son of my maternal uncle brought here several days ago." The young guest ate dinner with them and departed in the morning.

When another friend of the grandson of the son of his maternal uncle arrived the following day, the Hoca lost all patience. He had his wife boil a pot of clear water and serve that as broth. When the guest tasted this, he complained to the Hoca: "What have I done to offend you? Why is it that you serve me only water?"

The Hoca replied, "Oh, that is not just water. That is the broth of the broth of the broth made from the bones of the rabbit which the son of my maternal uncle brought to me."