One day when Nasreddin Hoca was working in one of his fields, a stranger passed along the road that bordered that field. This stranger called to him, "Friend, how long will it take me to reach the next village?" When Hoca said nothing, the stranger called to him again. "Hey, friend, I am speaking to you! How long will it take me to reach the next village?" Nasreddin Hoca went right on working as if he had not heard the stranger. Quite annoyed at this, the stranger started walking away in long, rapid strides.

"It will take you about an hour to get there!" the Hoca called to him.

"I asked you for that information twice. Why didn't you answer my question before?"

"How could I know how long it would take you to get there until I saw how fast you were going to walk?"