One day a silly man from a small village went to Akşehir to get some help for a problem that was bothering him. He went to the office of the government official he thought most likely to be able to help him. After that official had listened to the man state his problem, he realized that the villager was a simpleminded fellow whose problem was too insignificant to merit any attention. When the villager kept insisting that he needed help, the official tried to think of a way of getting rid of the fellow. He finally decided to refer the man to Nasreddin Hoca. "He is a wise man, and he may be able to help you."

The villager went to the home of Nasreddin Hoca and told the Hoca what was bothering him. Realizing that what the villager thought was a problem was really quite ridiculous, the Hoca tried to reason with him. "What you are talking about is too unimportant to be a problem, and so there is no way in which I can give you a solution to it."

The impudent villager responded, "Well, you can at
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least write a letter for me to such and such an official requesting his assistance."

"Son, I cannot write such a letter for you today because my feet ache."

"But, Hoca, you will write the letter with your hands, not with your feet!"

"Yes, son, but there is a further difficulty. My handwriting is so bad that I am the only one who can read it. Therefore, whenever I write a letter, I have to go to the recipient in order to read it to him. I cannot do that today because my feet are aching too much."