One day Nasreddin Hoca and his wife attended a funeral ceremony. As is the custom on such occasions, people cried and lamented, and some of those present sang songs about the nature of death. The wife of the dead man sang such a song. Among the things she said in her song was this: "There is no water, no bread, no other food, no light in the place where the dead go! So, do not go there!"

When Nasreddin Hoca heard this, he turned to his wife and said, "Go home at once and lock our door! It sounds as if the dead man is headed toward our house!"