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# Meet Mulla Nasruddin

Selection of Mulla Nasruddin Jokes

Miscellaneous

1 Chapter

Year published: 1974

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## Meet Mulla Nasruddin

Chapter #1

Chapter title: None

ShortTitle: MULLA01

Audio: No

Video: No

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1.

"Do you love me, Mulla?" whispered the girl.

"Of course I do," Mulla Nasrudin whispered back.

"Will you marry me then?" she asked.

"LET'S NOT CHANGE THE SUBJECT?" said Nasrudin.

2.

Mulla Nasrudin in the upper berth was awakened by a persistent tapping from below.

"I am terribly cold down here. I wonder if you mind getting me a blanket," said a lady's voice.

"I have a better idea," the Mulla replied sleepily. "Let's pretend we are married."

"That sounds like a lovely idea," she giggled.

"GOOD," said Nasrudin rolling over. "NOW GO GET YOUR OWN DAMN BLANKET."

3.

Mulla Nasrudin constantly irritated his friends with his eternal optimism. No matter how bad the situation, he would always say, "It could have been worse."

To cure him of this annoying habit, his friends decided to invent a situation so completely black, so dreadful, that even Nasrudin could find no hope in it. Approaching him at the club bar one day, one of them said, "Mulla, Did you hear what happened to George? He came home last night, found his wife in bed with another man, shot them both, then turned the gun on himself!"

"Terrible," said the Mulla "But it could have been worse."

"How in hell," asked his dumbfounded friend, "could it possibly have been worse?"  
"Well," said Nasrudin, "IF IT HAD HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE! I WOULD BE DEAD NOW."

**4.**

Mulla Nasrudin was round at his fiancée's home, having a serious talk with her father.  
"Sir, I'd like to marry your daughter," he announced.  
His girl's father looked at him.  
"Have you seen my wife yet?" he asked.  
"OH, YES SIR," replied Nasrudin. "BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND, I WOULD STILL PREFER YOUR DAUGHTER, SIR."

**5.**

Mulla Nasrudin was in the home of his fiancée, being given the once-over by her parents.  
"Tell me young man," said his potential mother-in-law, "if my daughter marries you, and I give her a substantial dowry, what have you to offer in return?"  
The Mulla smiled brightly.  
"I WILL GIVE YOU A RECEIPT," he said.

**6.**

Everything was in readiness for the marriage ceremony. The groom and the best man had arrived. But the groom, Mulla Nasrudin, was uneasy, apprehensive.  
"What's worrying you, Mulla?" asked the best man. "Have you lost the ring?"  
"No," answered Nasrudin with a sigh. "I HAVE GOT THE RING? BUT I HAVE LOST MY ENTHUSIASM."

**7.**

Mulla Nasrudin decided to settle down and narrowed his choice between a beautiful but dumb doll and an opera singer. He finally chose brains and culture and married the singer. They spent their wedding night at a swanky hotel. When Nasrudin opened his eyes the next morning and the dawn's early light began to shine upon his bride, he looked at her and shuddered and cried out: "SING FOR GOD'S SAKE SING."

**8.**

Returning from his holiday, Mulla Nasrudin asked for two weeks more in which to get married.  
"But you just had two weeks off," said the boss. "Why didn't you get married then?"  
"WHAT, AND RUIN MY HOLIDAY?"

**9.**

"I don't know why your father does not like me," she said to Mulla Nasrudin at their wedding reception.  
"Neither do I," replied Nasrudin. "AFTER ALL, MONEY, BRAINS AND LOOKS ARE NOT EVERYTHING."

**10.**

After three weeks of marriage she accused Mulla Nasrudin of not loving her as much as

he did when they were first married. "You used to get up and light the FIRE every morning," she said. "And now you let me get up and do it."

"Nonsense, my love," answered Nasrudin. "YOU GETTING UP TO LIGHT THE FIRE MAKES ME LOVE YOU ALL THE MORE."

**11.**

It was their first quarrel. The Mulla was coming off worst until he brought his bride's family into the argument.

"Your father is an old drunkard," he stated with venom. "Your mother is a nagger. and your brother is an idle layabout."

"Can't you say one decent thing about my family?" she asked, sarcastically.

"YES, JUST ONE," replied Nasrudin. "THEY WERE ALL OPPOSED TO OUR MARRIAGE."

**12.**

"Do you believe that the moonlight makes people silly, Mulla?" asked the bride after the honeymoon.

"Yes Dear," remarked Mulla Nasrudin from behind his evening paper. "I PROPOSED TO YOU IN THE MOONLIGHT."

**13.**

They had been married three months, and she said, "Are you satisfied with our married life, Mulla?"

"Yes," replied Nasrudin. "I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF IT."

**14.**

"Hello, Mulla. I have not seen you for a month. How are things going with you?"

"Oh,so-so. I have been married since I last saw, you," said Mulla Nasrudin.

"So I heard. As a matter of fact. I knew your wife before you married her."

"WELL, THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU WARN ME? ' asked Nasrudin.

**15.**

"Now that we are married," she said to Mulla Nasrudin, "perhaps I can point out a FEW OF YOUR defects."

"Don't bother, dear," replied Nasrudin. "I KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM. IT'S THOSE DEFECTS THAT KEPT ME FROM GETTING A BETTER WIFE THAN YOU."

**16.**

"Are you sure that it was a marriage license you gave me last month?" asked Mulla Nasrudin.

"Yes, Sir, What's the matter?"

"I THOUGHT THERE MIGHT BE SOME MISTAKE, SEEING THAT I HAVE LIVING A DOG'S LIFE EVER SINCE."

**17.**

Shortly after their return from their honeymoon the Nasrudins moved into their new house, and the bride was anxious to put into practice the lessons she had taken in cooking.

Returning home one evening, the Mulla found his wife in tears. Between sobs he managed to learn from her that something terrible had happened.

"Darling," she said, "it was the first meat piece I ever baked for you, and the cat has eaten it."

"That's all right my love," said Nasrudin, patting her on the shoulder, "I WILL GET YOU ANOTHER CAT TOMORROW."

### **18.**

Strolling through his country's supreme honeymoon resort, Mulla Nasrudin was a picture of bliss.

"But, Mulla," asked the local barkeeper, "how is it you came here on your honeymoon without the wife?"

"ARE YOU MAD, MAN?" said Nasrudin. "SURE IF SHE CAME, WHO'D LOOK AFTER THE SHOP?"

### **19.**

The Birmingham landlady wanted to please her lodger, Mulla Nasrudin, and the first day she gave him two slices of bread for his package lunch. The Mulla didn't seem satisfied so she gave him four slices the next day and then six slices and had to go on until he was getting ten. Even this was not enough so, in despair, she cut the loaf in half and put butter between the pieces. When the Mulla came in that evening she asked. "Had you enough today, Mulla?" "IT WAS NOT BAD," Nasrudin said grudgingly, "BUT I SEE YOU ARE BACK TO THE TWO SLICES AGAIN."

### **20.**

After each drink Mulla Nasrudin took a frog from his pocket, put it on the bar counter and stared at it. Eventually the barman asked him what he was up to.

"You see," said the Mulla, "so long as I can see one frog I am sober. It's when I see two that I have to do something."

"And what do you do?"

"I PICK UP THE TWO OF THEM," said Nasrudin, "PUT THEM IN MY POCKET AND GO HOME."

### **21.**

Once Mulla Nasrudin gave his son this solid advice: "Nothing I say, Son, will keep you from drinking. You will go after the girls as well, no matter what I think. BUT WITH WOMEN, BOY, KEEP THIS THOUGHT OF YOUR FATHER'S IN MIND -- ONE AT A TIME, ONE AT A TIME."

### **22.**

Mulla Nasrudin ran to an appointment in a nearby town stark naked. People asked him why.

"I WAS IN SUCH A HURRY TO GET DRESSED THAT I FORGOT MY CLOTHES."

### **23.**

"I can see in the dark." boasted Mulla Nasrudin one day in the teahouse.

"If that's so, why do we sometimes see you carrying a light through the streets?"

"ONLY TO PREVENT OTHER PEOPLE FROM COLLIDING WITH ME."

**24.**

Mulla Nasrudin went to see a rich man.

"Give me some money."

"Why?"

"I want to buy an elephant."

"If you have no money, you can't afford to keep an elephant."

"I CAME HERE," said Nasrudin, "TO GET MONEY, NOT ADVICE."

**25.**

When a preacher had delivered what he was aware was perhaps his worst sermon, he was surprised to have Mulla Nasrudin, one of his listeners, praise it.

"Why do you say that??" asked the preacher.

"BECAUSE," said Nasrudin, "I DON'T LIKE PREACHING OF ANY KIND AND THAT SERMON OF YOURS WAS JUST AS CLOSE TO NO PREACHING AS I EVER HEARD IN MY LIFE."

**26.**

Mulla Nasrudin walked into a restaurant, leaving the door open, whereupon another man boomed, "Shut the door! Were you brought up in a barn?"

The Mulla went back, shut the door, sat down, and began to cry. The other man became uneasy, went over to the Mulla and said, "I am sorry I hurt your feelings."

Mulla Nasrudin said, "YOU DIDN'T HURT MY FEELINGS, BUT IT MAKES ME HOMESICK EVERY TIME I HEAR A JACKASS BRAY."

**27.**

Mulla Nasrudin was always too busy to be with his family. His excuse was that he had to keep on making more money.

One day his wife's pet parrot died and she brought another one, although the pet-store man told her it was from a tough gambling joint that had been closed down. The bird was likely to say anything, coming from a place where there were booze and girls and burns. "It's right," said the wife, "I will retrain him."

She brought the bird home, and upon arrival found to her surprise that her husband was already home. She carried the caged bird into the house, called out "Surprise!" and with her husband and daughters looking on, she took the cover off the cage. The parrot looked around, blinked, and said, "WELL WADDDYA KNOW -- NEW JOINT, NEW MADAM, NEW GIRLS, SAME OLD CUSTOMERS. HELLO, NASRUDIN!"

**28.**

At a football game, a big politician stepped on the foot of Mulla Nasrudin who was so intent on watching the game he didn't look up but simply said, "Get off my foot, you big bloke."

Then recognizing the big man, the Mulla said, "OH, GEE, I AM SORRY. I BEG YOUR PARDON SIR. HERE IS MY OTHER FOOT -- GO AHEAD -- STEP ON IT SIR."

**29.**

Mulla Nasrudin climbed into someone's kitchen garden and started filling a sack with

everything that he could lay his hands on.

A gardener saw him and came running. "What are you doing here?"

"I was blown here by a high wind."

"And who uprooted the vegetables?"

"I caught hold of them to stop myself being swept along."

And how does it come that there are vegetables in that sack?"

"THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS WONDERING ABOUT WHEN YOU INTERRUPTED ME."

### 30.

Mrs. Hennessy met an old school chum, Mulla Nasrudin, in Agra and decided to impress him.

"You know," she sighed with an air of deprivation, "We have been here a week and I have not been to the Tajmahal yet."

Mulla Nasrudin lifted a shocked eyebrow.

"WELL, DON'T WAIT ANY MORE, SEE A DOCTOR."

### 31.

'Darling," said Mulla Nasrudin to his wife, "have you got a good memory for faces?"

"Why do you ask a question like that?"

"BECAUSE I HAVE JUST BROKEN YOUR MIRROR."

### 32.

Mulla Nasrudin and his wife were window-shopping for furniture for their new house.

"I wish I had enough money to buy an elephant," said the Mulla.

"Why on earth do you want an elephant?" asked his wife.

"I DON'T," came the reply. "I JUST WISH I HAD THE MONEY."

### 33.

Moving along a dimly lighted street, a man was suddenly approached by Mulla Nasrudin who had slipped from the shadows nearby.

"Please, Sir," said the Mulla, "would you be so kind as to help a poor unfortunate fellow who is hungry and out of work? ALL I HAVE IN THE WORLD IS THIS GUN."

### 34.

Mulla Nasrudin to his son: "YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPINESS IS UNTIL YOU GET MARRIED. AND THEN IT'S TOO LATE."

### 35.

Mulla Nasrudin: "Darling, Darling, there is a burglar in the house."

Mrs. Nasrudin: "What do you want me to do? Get up and run the risk of being killed."

Nasrudin: "NO. BUT IF YOU GET UP IN THE MORNING AND FIND THAT SOMEONE HAS GONE THROUGH YOUR PURSE, DON'T BLAME ME."

### 36.

Two men were quarrelling outside Mulla Nasrudin's window at the dead of night. Nasrudin got up. wrapped his only blanket around himself, and ran out to try to stop the

noise.

When he tried to reason with the drunks, one snatched his blanket and both ran away.

"What were they arguing about?" asked his wife when he went in.

"IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BLANKET," said the Mulla. "WHEN THEY GOT THAT, THE FIGHT BROKE UP."

### **37.**

In a dark alley way an agile pickpocket tried to snatch Mulla Nasrudin's purse. The Mulla was too quick for him, and there was a violent struggle. Eventually, Nasrudin got his man down on the ground.

At this moment a charitable woman passing called out: "You bully! Let that little man get up, and give him a chance."

"MADAM," panted Nasrudin, "YOU IGNORE THE TROUBLE WHICH I HAVE HAD GETTING HIM DOWN."

### **38.**

Mulla Nasrudin was wandering in a graveyard. He stumbled and fell into an old grave. Beginning to visualize how it would feel if he were dead, he heard a noise. It flashed into his mind that the Angel of Reckoning was coming for him; though it was only a camel caravan passing by.

The Mulla jumped up and fell over a wall, stampeding several camels. The cameleers beat him with sticks.

He ran home in a distressed state. His wife asked him what was the matter, and why he was late.

"I have been dead," said the Mulla.

Interested in spite of herself, she asked him what it was like.

"NOT BAD AT ALL," said the Mulla, "UNLESS YOU DISTURB THE CAMELS. THEN THEY BEAT YOU."

### **39.**

Mulla Nasrudin was spending some of his hard-earned cash on a luxury cruise and was given a table with a Frenchman. At their first meal together, the Frenchman said, "Bon appetit!"

Before the next meal commenced the performance was repeated. "Bon appetit," said the Frenchman. "Mulla Nasrudin," replied the other.

After this had happened at every meal for three days, Nasrudin was getting fed up, and told a fellow traveller about it. "He tells me his name is Bon Appetit and I tell him my name is Mulla Nasrudin, and then at the next meal, we start all over again."

The fellow traveller laughed and explained to the Mulla that the Frenchman was not introducing himself and that 'Bon appetit' meant "Good appetite", or "I hope that you enjoy your meal!"

Nasrudin breathed a sigh of relief on receiving this information. Next morning, at breakfast, the Mulla greeted the Frenchman with "Bon appetite". The Frenchman nodded politely and said, "MULLA NASRUDDIN."

### **40.**

Mulla Nasrudin was walking along the street enveloped in a dark-blue mourning-robe.

Someone stopped him and asked: Why are you dressed like that, Mulla, has someone died?" Almost certainly," said Nasrudin. "IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED! YOU KNOW, WITHOUT MY HAVING BEEN INFORMED OF IT."

**41.**

Mulla Nasrudin went into a chemist's shop to get an empty bottle. Choosing one that suited his needs, he asked the price.

"Well," said the chemist, "if you want the empty bottle it will cost six cents, but if you have something put into it, we won't charge anything for the bottle."

"OK," said Nasrudin, "PUT IN A CORK."

**42.**

Mulla Nasrudin asked his neighbour one day the cause of his depression.

"It's mostly because my mother-in-law lives with us," he said. "She drives me mad."

The Mulla thought for a few minutes.

"OF COURSE, THIS IS STRICTLY UNOFFICIAL," Nasrudin said at length, "BUT HAVE YOU TRIED POISON?"

**43.**

Mother-in-law: "My daughter has given you the best years of her life."

Mulla Nasrudin: "THEN I DREAD TO THINK OF WHAT THE WORST ONES ARE GOING TO BE LIKE."

**44.**

" This afternoon we are going to try what are called projection techniques," announced the psychiatrist. "I want to try to get some insights into how you perceive the world around you!" He rapidly drew a circle on his pad and thrust it across the desk. "Now -- what does that remind you of?"

Mulla Nasrudin regarded the circle lugubriously.

"A naked woman," he replied.

The psychiatrist drew a triangle. "And this?."

"A naked woman sitting down!"

The psychiatrist drew a square. "And this?"

"A naked woman doing something very nasty!"

"Well, well, well.... you are certainly preoccupied with sex, aren't you?"

"COME OFF IT, DOCTOR," protested Nasrudin. "IT'S YOU THAT'S DRAWING THE RUDE PICTURES."

**45.**

Psychiatrist (cheerfully): "Don't forget, we all have problems. I have my problems, just as you have your's. I think you will need at least a year's treatment. My fee is ten guineas per session."

Mulla Nasrudin (after consideration): "WELL, THAT CERTAINLY SEEMS TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM, DOCTOR. NOW -- WHAT ABOUT MINE?"

**46.**

A psychiatrist was called out to do a domiciliary visit. He was met at the door by Mulla



Nasrudin, the man of the house.

"It's my mother-in-law, Doctor," whispered the Mulla, anxiously. "She's lived with us for years, and she's always been a very difficult sort of person. But recently she's been complaining that there are high-voltage leads wired up to her rocking chair...."

"Don't alarm yourself," said the psychiatrist. "This is quite common in elderly people. Just leave it to me."

"Thank you, Doctor," the Mulla smiled relievedly.

And then delicately: "ER... SHOULD WE UNCOUPLE THE WIRES NOW, OR NOT?!"

**47.**

Mulla Nasrudin had been watching a mental hospital patient nailing a fence and had been puzzled by the fact that the latter was discarding a large proportion of the nails, throwing them away with growing exasperation. Eventually, the Mulla could contain his curiosity no longer.

"Those nails look quite new. Why do you keep throwing them away?" he enquired.

"Why? Because they are badly made, that's why!" snapped the other "Almost half of them have got the points on the wrong end!"

"YOU FOOL! howled Nasrudin, "YOU SHOULD NOT BE THROWING THEM AWAY! THOSE ARE FOR THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE!"

**48.**

Psychiatrist: "So you have trouble making up your mind?"

Mulla Nasrudin: "WELL, YES AND NO..."

**49.**

"I am a bank clerk, Doctor -- a quiet family man, said Mulla Nasrudin. "I lead an unblemished life always contribute to charities, act as sidesman at the mosque I have nothing to reproach myself with. Yet I have this delusion that I am a violent mass murderer. It's ridiculous, but most disturbing."

"You must not worry," said the psychiatrist comfortingly. "This is quite common, my dear Sir -- especially among inoffensive, quiet people like you. But before we proceed -- I WONDER WHETHER YOU'D MIND LOWERING THAT SUB-MACHINE GUN?"

**50.**

"Oh, I am sorry vicar -- are you busy?" asked Mulla Nasrudin.

"No, do come in, Mulla. I am just rehearsing one of my sermons."

"AH -- PRACTISING WHAT YOU PREACH! said Nasrudin.

**51.**

Don't you find the sound of the cathedral bells inspiring?" asked a friend.

"Pardon?" said Mulla Nasrudin.

"I said don't you find the sound of the cathedral bells inspiring?"

Would you mind speaking up a bit?"

"THE BELLS -- DON'T YOU FIND THEM INSPIRING?"

"SORRY" said Nasrudin "I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU ARE SAYING FOR THOSE DAMN BELLS!"

**52.**

Mulla Nasrudin had just got into bed and was ready for a good night's sleep. But it was not to be. Just as he closed his eyes, his wife said, "It's cold outside. Get out of bed and close the window."

The Mulla ignored her and pretended to be asleep, but it didn't work.

"Mulla get out of bed and close the window; it's cold outside."

Once again he ignored her but, after the fourth time, he realized that he was not going to win and he reluctantly got out of bed.

Shuffling over to the window, he slammed it shut. got back into bed, closed his eyes and said, "SO NOW IT'S WARM OUTSIDE?"

**53.**

"I have lost my wallet," said Mulla Nasrudin.

"Have you looked into your pockets?" asked his wife.

"Yes, all but the left hand hip pocket."

"Well, why don't you look in that?"

"BECAUSE IF IT IS NOT THERE I WILL DROP DEAD."

**54.**

Mulla Nasrudin (in the barber's chair): "Got another razor?"

The barber: "Why?"

Nasrudin: "I WANT TO DEFEND MYSELF."

**55.**

Mulla Nasrudin looked unhappy. "Is something worrying you?" asked his wife.

"Listen," said the Mulla, "I HAVE SO MANY WORRIES THAT, IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TODAY, I WON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT IT FOR ANOTHER MONTH."

**56.**

Mulla Nasrudin's father was reprimanding his son for being a lazy good-for-nothing. "When I was your age," he said, "I worked sixteen hours a day to learn the business."

"I am very proud of you, Dad," replied Mulla Nasrudin. "IF IT HAD NOT BEEN FOR YOUR AMBITION AND PERSEVERANCE, I MIGHT HAVE: HAD TO DO THE SAME."

**57.**

Mulla Nasrudin took his young son to the cinema, but only bought one ticket. The usherette pointed out that he needed a ticket for the boy, and Nasrudin said, "I GIVE YOU MY WORD AS A GENTLEMAN HE WON'T LOOK."

**58.**

Mulla Nasrudin and the local priest were always fighting and arguing, and eventually they finished up in court.

After listening to evidence from both sides, the magistrate said, "I feel sure that this can be settled amicably. Shake hands with each other, and say something for good will."

The priest shook Nasrudin's hand and said, "I wish for you what you wish for me."

"See, Your Honour," said the Mulla. "HE'S STARTING AGAIN."

**59.**

Mulla Nasrudin was in a taxi when the brakes failed.

"Help!" cried the driver in a panic. "I can't see it."

"WELL, said Nasrudin calmly, "CAN'T YOU AT LEAST TURN OFF THE METER THEN?"

**60.**

Mulla Nasrudin and his wife went to Israel for their holidays, and visited a night club in Tel Aviv. A comedian was on the bill who did his whole act in Hebrew. Nasrudin's wife sat through the comic's act in silence, but Nasrudin roared with laughter at the end of each joke.

"I didn't know you understood Hebrew," she said to the Mulla when the comedian had concluded his act.

"I don't" replied Nasrudin.

"Well, how come you laughed so much at his jokes?"

"AH, said Nasrudin. "I TRUSTED HIM."

**61.**

"Look here," said the irritated chess wizard to Mulla Nasrudin, "you have been watching over my shoulder for three hours. Why don't you try playing a match yourself?"

"AH," drawled Nasrudin, "I AIN'T GOT THE PATIENCE."

**62.**

Mulla Nasrudin with a new hat on was going down the road. Suddenly it started raining. In order to save his new hat, he picked up his dress and covered his new head gear. Many pedestrians were surprised to see the Mulla act thus. Presently a man came to him and said, "Mulla, I am sorry to say it but your anatomy is uncovered."

Nasrudin looked up at the man and said: "Well, Sir, DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT MY HAT IS NEW WHEREAS MY ANATOMY IS OLD!"

**63.**

Mulla Nasrudin stopped his wife from jumping off a bridge. "If you jump in," he pleaded, "I will have to jump in after you. It's awfully cold and while we are waiting for the ambulance we will both get pneumonia and die. NOW, PLEASE, BE A GOOD WIFE AND COME COME AND HANG YOURSELF."

**64.**

It was a gay party -- wine, whisky and wit flowed freely. An obsequious waiter offered a tray with drinks to a solemn, stern-looking man, obviously a clergy man, The Father looked sternly at him and said, "No, thanks. I do not drink."

The waiter left but soon enough another appeared on the scene with a second tray.

The God's good man gave him a withering glare: "Don't you know I do not drink at all?" And he added as an after thought, "I would rather commit adultery than imbibe alcohol."

Mulla Nasrudin, his neighbour, leisurely sipping his scotch, got up with alacrity, put down the glass and exclaimed: "GOOD HEAVENS, I HAD NO IDEA THERE WAS A CHOICE!"

**65.**

"My father," boasted Mulla Nasrudin in the train, "knew the year, the month and the hour he was going to die."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed one of the audience. "How did he know that?"

"THE JUDGE TOLD HIM," said Nasrudin.

**66.**

Mulla Nasrudin and his two friends were talking about their face resemblances.

First: "My face resembles that of Winston Churchill. I have often been mistaken for him."

Second: "In my case, people think I am President Nixon and ask me for my autograph."

Mulla Nasrudin: "That's nothing. Well, in my case I have been mistaken for God himself!"

First and Second together: "How?"

Mulla Nasrudin "Well, when I was convicted and sent to jail the fourth time, the jailer, on seeing me, exclaimed: "OH, GOD, YOU HAVE COME AGAIN!"

**67.**

Identical twins, dressed exactly the same, stopped in a bar for a drink. Mulla Nasrudin staggered past them, stopped to look at them in puzzlement, then ordered another drink.

Finally one of the twins laughed and said, "Don't let it upset you, old man; you are really not in such a bad shape. We are twins."

Nasrudin took another look and said, "ALL FOUR OF YOU?"

**68.**

Mulla Nasrudin: "Well, Sir, the upshot of it was that it took me ten years to discover that I had absolutely no talent for writing literature."

Friend: "You gave up?"

Nasrudin: "OH, NO. BY THAT TIME I WAS TOO FAMOUS."

**69.**

Mulla Nasrudin was picked up in another state and brought back home after a terrific battle to stay extradition. The judge, viewing him sternly, launched a loud attack upon his character and conduct.

"I cannot conceive a meaner, more despicable, cowardly act than yours," he said in conclusion. "You have run away from your wife. Do you know what this makes you? Do you realize that you are a deserter?"

"YOUR HONOUR," said the Mulla, "If YOU KNEW THAT LADY AS I KNOW HER YOU WOULD NOT CALL ME A DESERTER. I AM, IF ANY THING, A REFUGEE."

**70.**

Mulla Nasrudin, who had been presented with a flask of rare old whiskey was walking briskly along the road toward home, when along came a car which he did not sidestep quite in time. He got up and was limping down the road, when he noticed that something warm and wet was trickling down his leg.

"Oh, LORD," he exclaimed, "I HOPE THAT'S BLOOD!"

**71.**

My wife has disappeared from home," said Mulla

Nasrudin to his teahouse friend.

"Have you given her description to the police," asked one of them.

"NO.... THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE ME," said Nasrudin very sadly.

**72.**

Mulla Nasrudin applied for the job of night security guard at the factory.

The boss looked him over carefully.

"The sort of person we need for this job," said the boss finally, "is tough fearless, aggressive, suspicious, distrustful, always on the lookout for trouble and constantly ready to flare into violence. Quite frankly, you don't seem to fit the bill.

"Oh. that is all right," explained Nasrudin. "I HAVE ONLY COME TO APPLY FOR THE JOB ON BEHALF OF MY WIFE."

**73.**

"Funny you have not been to see me before!" the doctor barked at Mulla Nasrudin. "Have you consulted any other doctor about your condition?"

"No, Sir," stammered the Mulla. "Only the chemist."

"Good Heavens, man," snorted the doctor, "Have no sense? This just shows how stupid people can be! The chemist is not medically qualified -- you had right to consult him! And what nonsense did he tell you?"

"HE TOLD ME TO COME AND SEE YOU," said Nasrudin.

**74.**

Mulla Nasrudin visited the doctor to complain of insomnia.

"Don't you sleep at all in the night?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I sleep like a top at night," admitted the Mulla, "and I sleep fairly soundly during the mornings. BUT I OFTEN HAVE DIFFICULTY DROPPING OFF IN THE AFTERNOONS."

**75.**

Doctor: "Was that slimming diet I recommended to your wife satisfactory?"

Mulla Nasrudin: "VERY. THREE WEEKS AGO SHE DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY!"

**76.**

"What are you reading?" asked the prison librarian.

"NOTHING MUCH," replied Mulla Nasrudin, the prisoner. "JUST THE USUAL ESCAPE LITERATURE."

**77.**

"Hi, Mulla," greeted a friend. "How is your wife?"

"COMPARED TO WHAT?" responded Mulla Nasrudin.

**78.**

"My wife is an angel Mulla."

"LUCKY YOU," said Mulla Nasrudin. "MINE IS STILL ALIVE."

**79.**

"I understand that your wife converted you to religion, Mulla?"

"OH, YES," said Mulla nasrudin. "I DIDN'T BELIEVE IN HELL UNTIL I MARRIED HER."

**80.**

"I think my wife is slowly going insane," confided Mulla Nasrudin to the psychiatrist. "Well, what do you want me to do about it?" asked the headshrinker. "I WONDERED IF YOU COULD SUGGEST ANYTHING WHICH MIGHT SPEED UP THE PROCESS," said the Mulla casually.

**81.**

After an intensive initial interview with Mulla Nasrudin, a psychiatrist have a written list of instructions and a weekly appointment card. A fortnight later he telephoned to the Mulla to enquire why he had failed to keep the next appointment. "WHY. DOCTOR," protested Nasrudin, "YOUR INSTRUCTIONS INCLUDED ONE THAT SAID I HAD TO AVOID PEOPLE WHO IRRITATED ME!"

**82.**

A woman met Mulla Nasrudin, an old friend, at her psychiatrist's door. "What a coincidence!" she cried. "We must have a cup of tea together! Tell me, are you coming or going?" "IF I KNEW THAT," replied Nasrudin somberly, "I WOULD NOT BE HERE, WOULD I?"

**83.**

Mulla Nasrudin was attempting to smuggle a jar of whiskey across the border of his country. When asked what the jar contained, he said, "Holy Water." The Customs officer insisted on opening it and taking a sniff. Good God, man, this is whiskey! he said "SAINTS BE PRAISED!" cried the Mulla. "A MIRACLE!"

**84.**

Mulla Nasrudin was trying to describe his symptoms to an impatient physician. "It's a sort of jabbing pain in my right shoulder. Doctor. I get it when I lean forward, stretch out one arm, then the other, raise my elbows, hunch my shoulders and then stand straight up." "Is that so?" said the doctor, sneering, "I don't suppose it has occurred to you that you could avoid this mysterious pain simply by not carrying out such an absurd series of movements." "It did occur to me, Doctor," the Mulla assured him earnestly. "BUT I COULD NOT THINK OF ANY OTHER WAY OF GETTING INTO MY OVERCOAT."

**85.**

Mulla Nasrudin was told by his doctor to cut out drink. "I can't cut it out just like that, Doctor!" wailed the Mulla "It would kill me." "Hmmm.... you have probably got something there said the doctor. "We will compromise then, and do it gradually. For the next week you can drink four double scotches a day. No more. The following week we will cut it down to three, and the week-after down to two. Nasrudin staggered off and was back in a week, absolutely blotto. "What do you think you are playing at?" demanded the doctor. "I told you to cut down to four

double scotches a day."

"I did Doctor, honestly," said the Mulla.

"Well, how is it that you are in this dreadful inebriated condition?"

"Well Doctor, it's like this," said Nasrudin. "After I left you last week, I called on another doctor down the road for a second opinion, AND HE PRESCRIBED THE SAME TREATMENT....."

**86.**

A preacher was giving a sermon on the dangers of drinking and driving.

"Remember, my friends," he said to the assembled congregation, "whiskey and petrol don't mix."

"They do," muttered Mulla Nasrudin at the back of the mosque to his neighbour, "BUT THEY TASTE AWFUL."

**87.**

Mulla Nasrudin, a castaway, was washed ashore after many days on the open sea. The island on which he landed was populated by savage cannibals who tied him, dazed and exhausted, to a thick stake. They then proceeded to cut his arms with their spears and drink his blood. This continued for several days until the Mulla could no longer stand it. He called the cannibal king and said, "You can kill me, but this torture with the spears has got to stop. DAMMIT, I AM TIRED OF BEING STUCK FOR THE DRINKS."

**88.**

"Is there any reason why the board should not draft you into the army, Mulla?"

"Yes, I have defective eyesight," said Mulla Nasrudin.

"Are you able to substantiate that claim?"

"WELL -- HERE'S A PHOTOGRAPH OF MY WIFE."

**89.**

Mulla nasrudin rushed into a pub and said, "Quick.... gimme a treble whiskey and two pints of the best bitter! I must have a drink before the trouble starts!"

The startled barman hastily poured the drinks which the Mulla downed in a trice.

"Now then," said the barman, "what's all this about? When is the trouble going to start?"

"RIGHT NOW!" answered Nasrudin. "I CAN'T PAY FOR MY DRINKS!"

**90.**

"Father, I want to get married," announced Mulla Nasrudin's son one morning.

"No, my boy, you are not wise enough," said the Mulla.

"When will I be wise enough?" asked the lad.

"WHEN YOU GET RID OF THE IDEA THAT YOU WANT TO GET MARRIED," said Nasrudin.

**91.**

When old Mulla Nasrudin was asked why he talked to himself, he replied: "IT IS BECAUSE IN THE FIRST PLACE, I LIKE TO TALK TO A SMART MAN, AND IN THE SECOND PLACE, BECAUSE I LIKE TO HEAR A SMART MAN TALK."

**92.**

Mulla Nasrudin's wife had difficulty getting to sleep and, at three o'clock in the morning, she awoke the Mulla and said, "Mulla, you never make love to me like you did when we got married forty years ago."

"Please, Darling," answered the Mulla, "I have got a busy day tomorrow. Go to sleep."

"But," she persisted, "you used to be a romantic. You used to bite me on the fingers, on my neck, on my ears -- Why don't you do it any more?"

"Darling," the Mulla explained wearily, "such nonsense is for newly-weds. We are too old."

"Just once you should bite me like you did forty years ago."

"All right," said the Mulla, as he got out of bed yawning.

"But where are you going?" asked his wife.

"TO THE BATHROOM FOR MY TEETH," said Nasrudin.

**93.**

She did not approve of smoking and when Mulla Nasrudin, the newcomer, got into the carriage and lit his pipe, she could not help letting him know.

"Do you know that my husband is sixty years of age and he never put a pipe in his mouth?"

"M'AM," said Nasrudin, "I AM SIXTY-FIVE AND I NEVER PUT IT ANYWHERE ELSE."

**94.**

"You certainly seem in excellent health," said the young physician to the octogenerian, Mulla Nasrudin. "What's your secret?"

"I have kept off drink and women Doctor," said the old Mulla firmly. "Never gone out with a girl or touched a drop in my whole life."

Just then there was a crash and a terrified female screamed from the adjoining room.

"What on earth is that?" asked the doctor in alarm.

"THAT'LL BE FATHER CHASING THE MAID" snapped the grey-beard. "HE'S DRUNK AGAIN!"

**95.**

When Mulla Nasrudin was ninety, he was asked how he had managed to have such a long life, "I believe," said the Mulla, "that it's due to the fact that I never smoked, drank or touched a girl -- UNTIL I WAS NINE YEARS OF AGE."

**96.**

"Mulla," asked a man meeting old Mulla nasrudin, who was always carefree inspite of having had more than his share of life's troubles, "how do you manage to remain so cheerful and calm?"

"WELL," replied Nasrudin, "I HAVE JUST LEARNED TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE INEVITABLE."

**97.**

"And have you made your will, Mulla?"

"INDEED I HAVE," said Mulla nasrudin. "ALL OF ME FORTUNE GOES TO THE DOCTOR THAT SAVES MY LIFE."

**98.**



Mulla Nasrudin supervised the building of his own tomb.  
At last, after one shortcoming after another had been righted, the mason came for the money.  
"It is not right yet, builder," said the Mulla.  
"Whatever more can be done with it?" asked the mason.  
"WE STILL HAVE TO SUPPLY THE BODY," said Nasrudin.

**99.**

Before his death, Mulla Nasrudin wrote this will.  
"The law prescribes that my dependents must receive certain fixed proportions of my possessions and money.  
"I HAVE NOTHING: LET THIS BE DIVIDED ACCORDANCE WITH THE ARITHMETICAL FORMULAE OF THE LAW. THAT WHICH IS LEFT OVER IS TO BE GIVEN TO THE POOR."

**100.**

Scene: The Pearly Gates. St. Peter is interviewing a new arrival.  
St Peter: Name?  
New arrival: Mulla Nasrudin.  
St. Peter: Did you ever gamble, drink or smoke when you were on earth?  
Nasrudin: No.  
St. Peter: Did you ever steal, lie cheat or swear?  
Nasrudin: No.  
St. Peter: Were you promiscuous?  
Nasrudin: Oh, no.  
St. Peter: THEN TELL ME -- WHAT KEPT YOU THERE SO LONG?