

Hodja Borrows a Pot

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Reader's Theater Script

Based on a story titled "Nasreddin Hodja Borrows a Cauldron" found online at <http://www.pitt.edu/~dash/type1592b.html#turkey>

Characters:

Nasreddin Hodja
Neighbor of Hodja
Narrator #1
Narrator #2
Narrator #3

Narrator #1:

One day, Hodja was planning to cook a large meal and needed to borrow a large pot. He went to a neighbor for help.

Hodja:

Excuse me my dear neighbor; I am planning to make a very large meal but do not have a pot big enough. May I borrow a large cooking pot from you?

Neighbor:

Of course, Hodja. Please return it as soon as you are done.

Narrator #2:

The next day, as a good neighbor should, Hodja returned the pot to his neighbor.

Narrator #3:

When Hodja handed to pot to his neighbor, the neighbor was surprised to see a small pot inside his bigger pot.

Neighbor:

Hodja, what's this?

Hodja:

While your large pot was in my care it had a baby pot! Because you are the owner of the mother pot, it is only right that you should keep its baby.

Narrator #1:

The neighbor thinking that Hodja was a little crazy decided not to argue. He was quite happy to have the second pot!

Narrator #2:

A few days later, Hodja needed a pot again to cook a large meal. He decided to ask his neighbor if he might borrow the large pot again.

Hodja:

My dear neighbor, I need to cook another large meal. May I borrow your large pot again?

Narrator #3:

The neighbor was thinking this was a wonderful idea. He began to think to himself that he will get another little pot when Hodja returns it.

Neighbor:

Of course, Hodja. Please take my pot but do return it as soon as you are finished.

Hodja:

Of course.

Narrator #1:

This time Hodja does not return the pot. After many days, the neighbor goes to Hodja's house to ask for the pot back.

Neighbor:

Hodja, I let you borrow my large pot. The first time you borrowed it, you returned it so quickly. Why have you not returned it to me this time?

Hodja:

Alas, my dear friend! I have the most terrible news. Your pot has died!

Neighbor:

What! That is impossible! A pot does not live and it certainly can not die!

Hodja:

Wait just a moment sir! This is the same pot that but a short time ago had a baby pot. Do you still have this baby pot?

Neighbor:

Yes, Hodja, I still have the baby pot.

Hodja:

Well, then..., if a cauldron can have a baby pot, then surely, it can also die.

Narrator #2

The neighbor never again saw his large pot!