

When a disciple asked Osho - "What is your message?"
The enlightened master replied:

"Be A Joke Unto Yourself"

Life is not a tragedy, it is a comedy.
To be alive means to have a sense of humour.

Mulla Nasrudin stood quietly at the bedside of his dying father. "Please, my boy," whispered the old man, "always remember that wealth does not bring happiness."
"YES, FATHER," said Nasrudin, "I REALIZE THAT BUT AT LEAST IT WILL ALLOW ME TO CHOOSE THE KIND OF MISERY I FIND MOST AGREEABLE."

Mulla Nasrudin's wife was on her death-bed, with her husband at her side. He held her cold hand and tears silently streamed down his face. Her pale lips moved. "Mulla," she said.
"Sush," said Nasrudin. "Don't try to talk."
But she insisted. "Mulla," she said in her tired voice. "I have to talk. I must confess." "There is nothing to confess," said the weeping Mulla. "It's all right."
"No, no. I must die in peace. I must confess, Mulla, that I have been unfaithful to you."
Mulla Nasrudin stroked her hand. "Now, dear, don't be concerned. I know about it. Why else did I poison you?"

Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin was reading about birth and death statistics. Suddenly she turned to the Mulla and said: "Do you know that every time I breathe a man dies?"
"Very interesting," returned Mulla Nasrudin. "have you tried toothpaste?"

Mulla Nasrudin was fishing off a pier when he lost his balance and fell in.
"Help! Help!" Mrs Nasrudin started shouting. "My husband is drowning. Help! Help!"
Luckily, her cries were heard by two husky young men in the vicinity, and they dove into the water and pulled poor Nasrudin out. As he lay on the pier drying out, Mrs Nasrudin leaned over him and whispered, "They saved you from drowning, man. Shouldn't we give them a rupee?" Mulla opened one eye and whispered back, "I was only half-drowned. Half a rupee will do."

Mulla Nasrudin had been trying to reach his home by phone for over an hour, but kept getting a busy signal. Finally he asked the operator if she could cut in on the line. She told him that she could do it only in a case of life or death.
"Well," said the Mulla. "I can tell you this much. If that's my teen-age daughter on the phone, there's going to be a murder."

The old Mulla Nasruddin had become a very rich man. When he felt death approaching he decided to make some arrangements for his funeral, so he ordered a beautiful coffin made of ebony wood with satin pillows inside. He also had a beautiful silk caftan made for his dead body to be dressed in. The day the tailor delivered the caftan, Mulla Nasruddin tried it on to see how it would look, but suddenly he exclaimed, "What is this! Where are the pockets?"

It happened that Mulla Nasruddin came to me one day. He was very much worried and he said, 'Ah, poor Mr. Jones. Did you hear, Osho, what happened to him? He tripped at the top of the stairs, fell down the whole flight, banged his head and died.' Shocked, I said, 'Died?' 'Died,' he repeated with emphasis, 'and broke his glasses too!'

During a religious meeting an attractive young widow leaned too far over the balcony and fell, but her dress caught on a chandelier and held her impended in mid-air. The preacher, of course, immediately noticed the woman's predicament and called out to his congregation: "The first person who looks up there is in danger of being punished with blindness." Mulla Nasrudin, who was in the congregation whispered to the man next to him, "I THINK I WILL RISK ONE EYE."