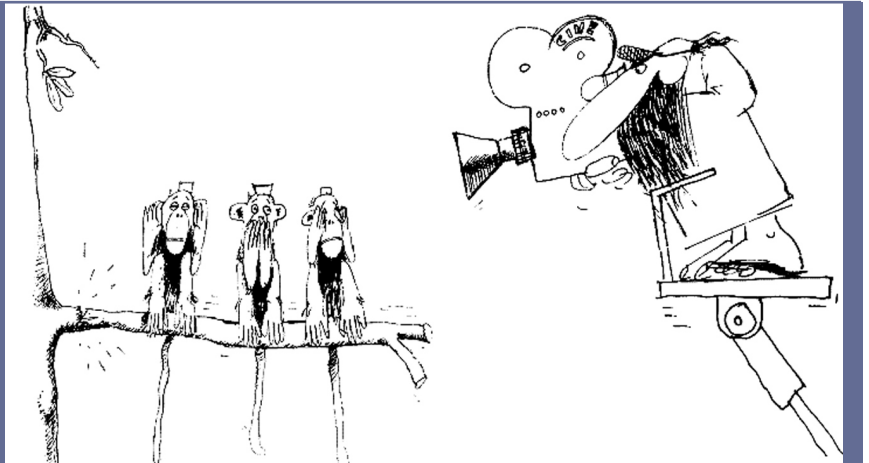


# Laughter:

*The Best*

# Meditation



*Mulla Nasrudin* told his little boy to climb to the top of the step-ladder. He then held his arms open and told the little fellow to jump. As the little boy jumped, the Mulla stepped back and the boy fell flat on his face.

"That's to teach you a lesson," said Nasrudin. "Don't ever trust anybody, even if it is your own father."

*Mulla Nasrudin* used to say:

"It is easy to understand the truth of the recent report that says that the children of today cry more and behave worse than the children of a generation ago.

Because those were not children -- they were us."

"*You sold me* a car two weeks ago," Mulla Nasrudin said to the used-car salesman.

"Yes, Sir, I remember," the salesman said.

"Well, tell me again all you said about it then," said Nasrudin. "I am getting discouraged."

*An artist was* hunting a spot where he could spend a week or two and do some work in peace and quiet. He had stopped at the village tavern and was talking to one of the customers, Mulla Nasrudin, about staying at his farm.

"I think I'd like to stay up at your farm," the artist said, "provided there is some good scenery. Is there very much to see up there?"

"I am afraid not," said Nasrudin. "of course, if you look out of the front door you can see the barn across the road, but if you look out of the back door, you can't see anything but mountains for the next forty miles."

*Mulla Nasrudin and* his wife were sitting on a bench in the park one evening just at dusk. Without knowing

that they were close by, a young man and his girl friend sat down at a bench on the other side of a hedge.

Almost immediately, the young man began to talk in the most loving manner imaginable.

"He does not know we are sitting here," Mulla Nasrudin's wife whispered to her husband. "It sounds like he is going to propose to her. I think you should cough or something and warn him."

"Why should I warn him?" asked Nasrudin. "Nobody warned me."

*Mulla Nasrudin was* testifying in Court. He noticed that everything he said was being taken down by the court reporter. As he went along, he began talking faster and still faster. Finally, the reporter was frantic to keep up with him.

Suddenly, the Mulla said, "Good gracious, mister, don't write so fast, I can't keep up with you!"

*Mulla Nasrudin's servant* rushed into the room and cried, "Hurry your husband is lying unconscious in the hall beside a large round box with a piece of paper clutched in his hand."

"How exciting," said Mulla Nasrudin's wife, "my fur coat has come."

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