

The Cauldron That Died

Narrator: One day Hodja's wife needs a cauldron....

Wife: Hodja, can you find me a cauldron?

Hodja: Why?

Wife: I need it.

Narrator: Hodja leaves the house , knocks his neighbour's door)

Neighbour: How can I help you Hodja?

Hodja: My dear friend, my wife needs a cauldron. Could I borrow yours ?

Neighbour: Sure, Hodja. Wait here .

Narrator: The neighbour goes inside and comes with the copper cauldron)

Neighbour: Here you are Hodja

Hodja: Thanks.

Narrator: The Hodja goes back home with the cauldron , gives it to his wife, she uses it and gives it back to the Hodja. The Hodja goes again to his neighbour's door with the copper caldron in which there is a small pot. The neighbour opens the door and...)

Neighbour: What is this Hodja?

Hodja: Ohh.. Your cauldron, while in my care, gave birth to a baby. As you were the owner the mother cauldron and it would be cruel to separate such a small baby from its mother, I thought it would be right to bring it to you.

Narrator: The neighbour thinking that the Hodja has gone quite weird and he is the beneficiary of the deal as he had a nice little pot, he doesn't argue and takes the cauldron.

Narrator: The days pass by and the Hodja goes to his neighbour again and knocks the door .

Neighbour : Yes, My dear Hodja?

The Hodja: My dear friend, my wife needs your cauldron again.

Narrator: “Why no” says the neighbour to himself. He thinks of having another pot for free.

Neighbour: Sure, my Hodja.

Narrator: The neighbour goes inside and comes back with the cauldron.

Neighbour: Here you are Hodja.

The Hodja: Thank you my friend.

Narrator: The Hodja goes home with the cauldron. Days pass by but neither the Hodja nor the cauldron goes to the neighbour. The neighbour goes to Hodja’s this time to want his cauldron back and knocks the door.

The Hodja: Yes my neighbour? Welcome.

Neighbour: Thanks Hodja, but where is my cauldron?

The Hodja: Ohh my dear friend... My condolences to you...

Neighbour: What? Why?

The Hodja: You don’t understand me. Your cauldron has died and I buried it

Neighbour. Hodja! Are you kidding? Is it possible for a cauldron to live and die??

The Hodja: Isn’t it? That was the cauldron that gave birth to a smaller pot a short time ago. If you can easily believe that, you can also believe that a cauldron can live and die.

Narrator: The neighbour with a lot of confusion leaves the Hodja’s and never sees his copper cauldron again.