

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.



Once I told Nasrudin, "Mulla, the owner of the restaurant at the end of the street says that he is a close relative of yours."

"Certainly not!" replied the Mulla. "That is not correct. He is a distant relation of mine."

"How distant is the relationship?" I asked.

"Well," said the Mulla, "we have the same father, but he is the first child and I am the twelfth. So there! We are quite far apart!"



Mulla Nasrudin discovered his wife again and again in the arms of her lover. Finally, he shot her dead. The jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

Just as Nasrudin was to leave the courtroom a free man, the judge stopped him and asked: "Why did you shoot your wife instead of her lover, Nasrudin?"

"Sir," he replied, "I decided it was better to shoot a woman once than a different man each week."

"Mulla, dear," said Mrs. Mulla Nasrudin, "such an odd thing happened today. The clock fell off the wall, and if it had fallen a moment sooner, it would have hit mother."

"I always said that clock was slow," said Mulla Nasrudin.



"Did you know I am a hero?" said Mulla Nasrudin to his friends in the teahouse.

"How come you're a hero?" asked someone.

"Well, it was my girlfriend's birthday," said the Mulla, "and she said if I ever brought her a gift, she would just drop dead in sheer joy. So, I didn't buy her any and saved her life."



Mulla Nasrudin finally spoke to his girlfriend's father about marrying his daughter.

"It's a mere formality, I know," said the Mulla, "but we thought you would be pleased if I asked."

"And where did you get the idea," her father asked, "that asking my consent to the marriage was a mere formality?"

"Naturally, from your wife, Sir," said Nasrudin.



"I see you keep copies of all the letters you write to your wife. Do you do that to avoid repeating yourself?" one friend asked Mulla Nasrudin.

"No," said Nasrudin, "To avoid contradicting myself."



Mulla Nasrudin's wife was a candidate for the state legislature And this was the last day of campaigning.

"My, I am tired," said Mulla Nasrudin as they returned to their house after the whole day's work. "I am almost ready to drop."

"You tired!" cried his wife. "I am the one to be tired. I made fourteen speeches today."

"I know," said Nasrudin, "But i had them."



"Mulla, you look sad," said a friend. "What is the matter?"

"I had an argument with my wife," said the Mulla "and she swore she would not talk to me for 30 days."

"Well, you should be very happy," said the first.

"Happy?" said Mulla Nasrudin. "This is the 30th day."



The wedding had begun, the bride was walking down the aisle. A lady whispered to Mulla Nasrudin who was next to her, "Can you imagine, they have known each other only three weeks, and they are getting married!"

"Well," said Mulla Nasrudin, "It's one way of getting acquainted."