

## Story 8: Goha and the Poor Man

Story shared by: *Anonymous*

Representing: *Egyptian, MENA*

### The Story:

Once upon a time, in a small village, there lived a poor man who had little to his name. One day, while walking through the market, he passed by a bustling barbecue shop. The delicious aroma of grilled meat filled the air, and though the poor man couldn't afford to buy any, he stood nearby with his humble piece of bread, enjoying the smell of the meat as he ate.

As the poor man savored the scent, the owner of the barbecue shop noticed him and became furious. "How dare you enjoy the smell of my meat without paying for it!" the owner shouted. The poor man, confused, replied, "But I've only smelled the meat. I haven't taken anything from you."

The angry shopkeeper insisted that the poor man must pay for the privilege of smelling his meat. The two men argued back and forth, drawing the attention of the villagers. Unable to resolve the matter, they decided to seek the wisdom of Goha. The barbecue owner presented his case. "This man was eating his bread while smelling the meat from my shop. He owes me payment for enjoying the smell!" The poor man, still bewildered, tried to explain that he had done nothing wrong.

Goha listened patiently, stroking his beard as he thought. Then, with a glint of amusement in his eyes, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a coin. He held it up for both men to see and then, with a flick of his wrist, let the coin fall to the ground with a soft clink.

Turning to the barbecue shop owner, Goha asked, "Did you hear the sound of the coin dropping?" "Yes, of course I did," the shopkeeper replied. Goha smiled and said, "Well then, you've been paid! The sound of the coin is your payment for the smell of the meat."

The shopkeeper's face flashed a bright shade of red, and though he tried to think up a logical retort, there was nothing he could say in response. Instead, the poor man graciously thanked Goha for his skillful problem solving and turned on his heel to continue on his way. Goha winked at the shopkeeper with a knowing sparkle in his eye, and the two parted ways, leaving the humbled shopkeeper with considerably less arrogance than before.

**Story Moral:** *Be careful how you treat people, you may get a taste of your own medicine.*



