

Nasseradin: hitting the target

There was once a man who wanted to be the best at something and he chose archery. He practiced and practiced until he could hit the bull's eye every time. Soon he was champion of his village, then champion of his country and in time became champion of the country.

One day, after a competition, a young man approached the archery champion. "You're very good," said the man, "but I know someone even better. He's a farmer and his name is Nasseradin. Would you like to meet him?"

The man led the archer to the farm and Nasseradin's courtyard. There, the archer saw a high, wooden wall with over a hundred targets painted onto it. At the very epicentre of every bull's eye was an arrow and the archer was impressed.

When Nasseradin came out to greet him, the archer said "Tell me, I've practiced my whole life to be as good as I can. I can hit the bull's eye every time, but you not only hit the bull's eye, you hit it right in the very, very centre, a perfect shot each time."

Nasseradin smiled. "Well, you do things your way," he said, "and I do things mine. You see, first I fire the arrow, then I paint the target around it!"

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