

Story #278 (Tape #14, 1961-62)

Narrator: Ayşe Abla (Neriman Hızır)

Location: Ankara

Date: April 1962

How to Behave in Heaven

One day Nasreddin Hoca was sitting on a branch of a tree and cutting the branch at the same time. A man happened to pass by, and he said, "Hoca, you are going to fall."

Prophecy / Prediction

The Hoca didn't mind, and he went on cutting, and the man went on walking, and sure enough, when the branch was cut, it broke down, and Nasreddin Hoca fell down, and when he fell down he started running after the man. He said, "You knew that I was going to fall. You tell me now when I am going to die."

The man said, "How can I, Hoca? I don't know when you are going to die."

"No. You knew that I was going to fall. You must know when I am going to die."

Just to get rid of him, the man said, "All right. When your hands and feet get cold, that's when you're dead."

Death - Prediction about

"All right," said Hoca.

And one day he felt his hands and his feet cold, and he said, "Wife, look here. I'm dead. My hands and feet are getting cold, and I'm dead. Go and hurry and get me ready to be buried."

So the wife began to cry, and she ran around and said, "Hoca is dead. Hoca says he is dead."

So they came and wrapped him, *shroud* and they put him in a coffin and took

him for his burial. And when they came to the forking on the road, they didn't know which road to take, whether the right one or the left one. There was a discussion among the crowd, and he lifted his head and he said, "When I was alive, I used to take this road," and he lay down again. And the procession went on, and he was buried.

And at night he heard a sort of noise passing by his tomb and he lifted his head out of his grave, and it seems there happened to pass a caravan of mules with glasses and cups loaded on them. So in the dark of the night, when he upped from the grave, the mules were frightened, and they jumped, and everything on the mules was broken.

So the mule drivers were very mad at him, so they took him out of his tomb and they beat him.

And poor Hoca came to the village coffee house and sat there, and the people there said, "How come? You were dead, and we buried you in your grave.[?] How is life on the other side?"

And he said, "Friends, so long as you don't frighten the mules loaded with glassware, everything is all right."