

Story #424 (Tape #1, 1968)

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but tale was taped in Ankara

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The Man Who Traded Heaven for Hell

There were once two friends. One was a very pious man who never missed any of his daily prayers. He was an unworldly man, a man who thought he would escape all the problems of this world in the next life. His friend, on the other hand, was a pleasure seeker who lived a full life.

They both finally died and passed to the next world. Naturally, one of them went to Paradise and the other went to Hell--as would have been expected. The man who went to Paradise became bored after a while with life there, and one day he happened to remember his friend. He thought, "In the mortal world I had a very good friend. I wonder how I can arrange to see that friend of mine?" So he asked the manager of Paradise.

The manager said, "Very well, sir, we shall investigate this matter."

They first searched all over Paradise for his friend, but they could not find him there. They then inquired about him in Hell, using a telephone device. They asked Hell if he were there. Word soon came from Hell that he wasn't there either. This message was delivered to the man in Paradise. In the message it was suggested that perhaps he could be found in that section of Hell known as Esfelisafilin [lowest

and most terrible part of Hell 7. Further search proved that he was, in fact, in that section.

The man in Paradise said, "I definitely must see this friend of mine."

"All right," they said to him. "We shall get you a round-trip railroad ticket so that you can go to visit him." They got the man a two-way ticket on a sleeper car for Esfelisafilin.

When he arrived at Esfelisafilin, he looked around and discovered a magnificent world filled with music and drinking. He entered a saloon where beautiful girls were serving drinks along a counter and men were laughing heartily. He too approached a counter and asked, "May I have a drink, too?"

"Do you have any money?" a girl asked him.

"No, I do not."

"In that case, I cannot serve you a drink," said the girl at the counter.

The man was quite depressed at this. He left that place and soon entered another saloon, but the situation there was the same. After walking for a long while and trying unsuccessfully to get a drink at several saloons, he returned again to the first saloon.

"May I have a drink now?" he asked

"Yes, but where did you get the money?"

"Oh, I sold my return ticket. I would like to remain here."