

Story 1115 (1966 Tape 5) Narrator: Hacer Ertemli

Location: Bursa

Date: Summer 1966

The Bar in the Other World

*Alcoholic Bar*  
*at the end of*

There was once a well-educated man--he was really quite learned--who became a heavy drinker. He drank on every occasion he could find to do so. If someone died, he would say, "Ah, ah! May he rest in peace May he go to heaven! Let us drink in his honor!" If his city's football team lost a game, he would drink in sorrow over the loss. If his team won, he would drink out of joy for the victory

One day this man got into a taxi and started to undress. "What are you doing?" asked the driver. "Did you think that you were at home?"

"Oh, isn't this the hotel? I thought that it was, and I left my shoes outside as I got in."

This alcoholic had a friend who was a medical doctor <sup>Physician</sup> doctor said to him, "If you do not stop drinking this way, will die!" Now the man drank even more heavily, for the doctor told him that he would die. This heavy drinking continued for some time, and then the doctor got an idea of the way to cure him of drinking. He gathered a couple of his friends and said to them, "Let us all drink some tonight. Then we'll pull him into a room apart and tell our alcoholic friend

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he has died. Let us see if that will have any effect upon him.

The friends agreed to help the doctor, and so all of them gathered to drink. After they had all ordered drinks, the doctor slipped a strong sleeping pill into the alcoholic's glass and it was not long before he fell asleep. They carried him to an unoccupied room and let him sleep for a while. In the meantime, they dressed themselves in white sheets.

Toward morning the alcoholic awoke. He looked around and began shouting. "What are you shouting for, now that you are dead?" one of his friends asked

"Oh, have I died?"

"Yes! You will remember that the doctor told you not to drink so much, but you continued doing so, and now you are dead."

"Where are we? What is this place?"

"This is the other world," his friend said.

"Who are you?"

"I am one of the dead.

"And what about these others?"

"They are also dead.

"How long have you been here?"

"I have been here for five years," answered his friend.

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Going to a second person, he asked, "What about you? How long have you been here?"

"Ten years."

A third person said, "I have been here for fifteen years."

When the fourth person said that he had been there for twenty years, the alcoholic said, "Good! You are the oldest resident in this place, and so it is you whom I shall ask to take me, a stranger here, to the nearest bar in this place."