

Story #56 (Tape 50)  
1961-1962

Narrator: Darbâz Özel, Kurd, 80 years old  
Location: Çorça, 130 km. from Ankara  
Date: March 1962

#56  
Hoca in Heaven

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One day Nasreddin Hoca got on his donkey and left Akşehir, traveling toward Yalvaç. On the way he met a man who stopped him and asked, "When am I going to die, Hoca?"

"How could I know that?" responded Hoca

"Well, Hoca, I know when you are going to die," said the man.

"When?" asked Hoca.

"When your donkey <sup>braying -- of donkey</sup> three brays in a row," said the man.

Farther along the way to Yalvaç the Hoca's donkey started to bray. Hoca counted the brays and after the third bray, he dismounted from his donkey, lay on the ground, and said, "I am now dead."

As Hoca lay there on the ground by the side of the road, a wolf came along and ate his donkey. "Oh, my poor donkey," said Hoca, "your death and mine have coincided."

Shortly after this a peddler came along whose donkey bore a load of glass and china dishes. When Hoca lifted his head to see who was coming, the peddler's donkey became frightened and ran like mad, throwing off its back all its load and smashing it. The peddler was furious with Hoca, whom he started beating.

"Why are you beating me?" asked Hoca. "I am dead. How can you beat a dead man?"

The peddler went on to Yalvaç and told his friends what had happened to him along the way. After a while longer, Nasreddin Hoca grew hungry, and he got up and also went on to Yalvaç. When he reached that town, the people said to him, "You have been in the next world, Hoca. How is it up there?"

dishes - of  
chin were

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"It is very pleasant as long as you don't frighten any donkeys loaded with glassware and china," was Hoca's response