

**Tuttabazza meets the Devil**

**(and plays for the dead)**

**Luca Bonelli**

*European Ghost Literary Project*

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**First mentioned in the “Fiabe e storie della Maremma nel fondo narrativo di tradizione orale” by Roberto Ferretti in the 1960's, the following story is a retelling of a classic Italian fairy tale from the region of Maremma, beautifully adapted for the European Ghost Project by Luca Bonelli.**

### **Tuttabazza meets the Devil (and plays for the dead)**

He was called Tuttabazza (All Chin) because really, he had a very long chin down to his shoulder. He found anyway a nice fiancée, who died of an illness two months before.

Tuttabazza was always staying home because of his grief, with his dad who was a widow as well. His father told him:

“Go out, what are you doing all the time at home, go out with your friends, take your accordion and play!”

Because Tuttabazza played the accordion, and really well, so well that sometimes they paid him to play at parties in the neighboring villages.

Two or three friends of his met up sometimes, one with a guitar, one with a violin and there they left.

One day, while Tuttabazza was sitting in the village square playing, silent and alone, a well-dressed man with a top hat passed by and told him: “Do you know you play really well! Why don't you come tonight at my place to play? There's a party. I'll pay you a lot, you know? What's your name?”

“My name is Tuttabazza”

“My name is Titarazza, follow me, come on I'll lead you”

Tuttabazza followed him. He needed some money, and it was a lot, and then it had been a while since he last played at a party. He wanted to listen to his father's advice and that man seemed like a good person.

They started walking through the woods. They had been walking for a while now and Tuttabazza said:

“Oh, it's really far away, we've been walking for quite a lot now!”

“Well, it's not so far now”

They walked again for a long time and Tuttabazza kept asking

“How far is it?”

“Just a little bit farther,” the other was saying or he was just not answering.

It was almost dark when they arrived in front of a nice house in the middle of the wood:

“Here we are,” said the man. They walked in the house and then into a large living room, with crystal chandelier and Persian carpets.

“Come on, start playing!”

“But there's no-one!”

“You begin and then you'll see that people will come.”

“Come? From where?” thought Tuttabazza “We are in the middle of the woods?”

But he began playing just as he had been told and suddenly young men and women came out to dance, all pale and meager, that they seemed to be standing up as if lifted.

Then suddenly, Tuttabazza sees his fiancée, she comes close to him and says:

“Oh God are you mad? Did you know you came to play in Hell?”

Tuttabazza then realized that the well dressed man was the Devil.

“How much does he pay you ?”

“A lot.”

“And how many hours do you have to play?”

“Ehm, many!”

“Then don't mess up and if he asks you if you want more then say no, cause he won't let you out!”

Tuttabazza stayed there to play up to the agreed time even though for fear and discomfort he would have run away.

He played till midnight, the time they had agreed, then stopped playing and got ready to leave.

Titarazza came and said: “So how much do I owe you?”

“The amount that we agreed upon is fine”. And Titarazza took the money out of his pocket. It was much more than that he owed him.

“No,no, I don't want more, I just want the amount we agreed!”

So, he took the money and ran away, as fast as he could, in the middle of the wood.

While he was running away he could hear his fiancée screaming and crying,  
because the devil understood that it was her who told him, so he tied her to the  
wine press and was whipping her.

But now, for her, there was nothing to do anymore.

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