



**THE LAST DAY (OCHENTA CUENTOS)  
ORIGINAL TRANSCRIPT BY STUDIO OCHENTA**

**[00:06] - Maru Lombardo**

Hi everyone, welcome to Ochenta Cuentos, a Latin American anthology with audio tales from all around the region. I'm Maru Lombardo, your host, and today's story comes to us from Chile. It's a story that imagines what the gift of a last day would look like. Here goes The Last Day by Patricio Urzua.

**[00:39] Roller Coaster Operator**

Hey, sir, hold up... where's your ticket?

**[00:42] - Narrator**

Oh, sorry, I think you haven't looked close enough. Here.

**[00:48] - Roller Coaster Operator**

Oh, sorry about that. You know, standard procedure. Please, go ahead. Enjoy your day, sir.

**[00:56] - Narrator**

Thank you. Don't worry, it won't take too long.

**[01:02] - Narrator**

Today is my day. As the cart descends from one of the summits of the roller coaster, I remember what my morning was like. The jar of jam I left half-eaten on the fridge door, the too-hard-to-bite piece of bread that's now divided into two, one part on the kitchen counter, the other inside me. Right in the stomach, or in any other gut I never bothered to memorize in biology class.

**[01:31] - Narrator**

The roller coaster cart goes back up. We live in a kind and generous world. Today is my day, and everything has to be a little more perfect than usual. Perfect in all perfections, as I once heard a religion teacher say as she referred to the attributes of God. Perfectly perfect. Today is my day, and everyone wants me to enjoy it more than anyone else. After they see the seal in my hand, they thank me for coming to this park. "Thank you for getting on this roller coaster." "Thank you for choosing us, and being among us. For making us so important to you, here, now." An explosion echoes in the distance.

**[02:34] - Woman #1**

That must have been someone's day!

**[02:36] - Woman #2**

Someones, in plural, I'd say!

**[02:39] - Woman #1**

Hopefully they had a good time.

**[02:44] - Narrator**

The cart scales the wooden and metal structure, and slowly approaches the summit. Immediately, I think about whether anyone else has ever chosen the same thing as me. To say goodbye like this, on top of a roller coaster, amid nervous giggles and screams of horror that may not be faked.

**[03:06] - Woman #1**

And you? What are you going to do in your day?

**[03:10] - Woman #2**

I have no idea. That's a long way for me.

**[03:13] - Narrator**

There are people who have parties on their day. There are others who prefer not to tell anyone, and stay rolled up in bed, without getting up or answering the phone, as if they do not want to be a nuisance to anyone. Others go to a hill. Others get drunk in the street. Others walk serenely to the cemetery. Some people tie a bomb around their waist and detonate themselves in the middle of the to make others' day coincide with their own.

**[03:44] - Narrator**

Maybe I should have said goodbye to her. Maybe I could have told her something over the phone. Maybe she would have been glad to receive my call after all these years. Or maybe she will have just moved away to another city. She may not be interested in what I had to tell her. That's certainly the best. I don't have too much time left. It's cleaner that way. Say goodbye to no one. Stay alone. Watch the sunset. Living my day in silence.

**[04:16] - Narrator**

My old man always told me that our condition is the best of them all. That it is better to know than to walk the world in uncertainty. "There's nothing more reassuring. Can you imagine what it would be like to live without knowing? We would wander around like animals. Like animals."

**[04:37] - Narrator**

I get off the rollercoaster. I go back to my home. I approach the woman. And in the last act of absurd generosity, I give her all the money I carry in my pockets. I'm not telling her that today is my day. What good would that do? We live in a perfect and generous world. I don't want to set fire to anything, have an orgy. I don't want to take anyone down with me. I don't want to leave a letter or bury a treasure or choke on expensive food. I don't even want to finish watching the series I left halfway through last night.

**[05:31] - Narrator**

I look up. The sun is far from setting, but I feel it. There's not much left for me. I'm going back to my house, which is not far from the amusement park. I want to be sitting in my best armchair, the one in the middle of the living room. Don't want to invoke a demon or taste human flesh either. I want to be able to look out the window and hopefully hear a little bird singing right at the end. There's nothing else. I walk without haste. There's still time.

**[06:18] - Maru Lombardo**

If you enjoyed this episode, don't forget to leave us a review on Spotify and Apple Podcasts or wherever you listen to your shows. Ochenta Cuentos is a unique show that gives space to creative people all around Latin America, so help us spread the word about it. And don't forget to also follow us on social media at Ochenta Podcasts. Check out the Spanish version of this episode as well in this same Ochenta Cuentos feed. It's called El día final.

**[06:45] - Maru Lombardo**

This episode was created by Patricio Urzúa. Patricio is a writer from Chile who has created interactive podcasts such as Alfabeto for Emisor Podcasting, and he has also written novels such as Nunca and Las variables cataclísmicas. The protagonist of this episode was voiced by Luis López. Additional voices by Chiara Santella, Lory Martínez and Maru Lombardo. You can follow Patricio on socials @donpatourzua. Additional sound design by Jeremías Juárez. I'm Maru Lombardo and this is Ochenta Cuentos. Thank you for coming and of course, thanks for listening.

\*\*\*