

# Van gogh's night cafe

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Full The Proprietor I am Gaius Tiberius, the owner of this café. I once lived a luxurious life, making my money work for me instead of me working for money. However, fate played a cruel game on me and made me as poor as can be. Being young and wealthy, I have always chosen the easy life, having merriments everyday in my house together with my beautiful wife and lovely daughter and son. They were once the center of my life. Perhaps, I am now paying the punishment of being an irresponsible father to them because I have spoiled them, giving everything they needed and wanted. If I had more, I might have given them everything to their destruction. I have not been watchful. I pushed them to more vices than I ever knew and they drove me to insanity with their constant spending until I lost almost everything that I owned. Thankfully, this café was saved and now serves as my only source of living.

How I dislike working at this café. There is not much to be gained from it but what can I do? I literally lost all my other sources of income so here I am, patiently waiting for my customers who have been staying here too long finishing just one bottle of beer or cola. How I despise these drunkards. Look at these two peasants. They are as pathetic as their boring lives. They work so hard and now they are just spending their money on cheap wine that makes them noisy and uncivilized. Look at how pitiful they look. They do not have much to offer me for their drinks but I have to be patient with them otherwise, I will have no customers. I want to make them leave as soon as they can but it is so difficult to speak with them when they are already under the influence of alcohol.

Look at that other peasant on the corner. He is as drunk as these two. He

has been nodding his head on his table for quite awhile now. I think he is already asleep. I should not allow him to sleep in my café because he is a bad sight to other customers but God knows how helpless I am. I cannot even speak with him to at least go outside to sleep all he wants. I have to keep a good relationship with all my customers in order to keep them coming. Business is not good at this side of Arles. There are only few people who are mainly farmers and tenants. Most of them cannot even afford having fun on a regular basis.

Thankfully, there are some decent customers like the two lovers at the back. The man is the son of a tenant who worked so hard to put his son to a good school in the city. He wants to marry a landowner's daughter but the old man is not in favor of their relationship. Therefore, they keep their relationship secret and they often meet here. Then there is this painter who is looking straight at me. He also comes here a lot because he wants to paint the people here. I do not care what he does here as long as he continues to pay me well. I like him so much because he never gets drunk even if he stays here the longest times. When he sells his paintings, perhaps I can ask him for some amount for finding his inspiration in my café.