

Story 1737 (1994 Tape 1

Narrator: Cevdet Uguz,  
veterinarian

Location: Taşkale village,  
Karaman (provincial  
capital, formerly  
kaza merkezi),  
Karaman Province

Date: May 1994

Degrees of Memory Failure

One day there were three old men who were sitting together talking. The conversation turned to the subject of failing memory in a person's older years.

One of the old men said, "I am becoming more and more forgetful every day. When I am out walking along the street, if some calls, 'Ali!' I turn my head in that direction. On the other hand, if someone calls, 'Veli!' I turn in that direction also. My own name is Yusuf, but I seem to forget that from time to time."

The second old man said, "I have an even worse problem. Because I get very tired, I sometimes rest in the middle of the staircase to catch my breath. After I have stood there for a couple of minutes, I am ready to move again, but by then I have forgotten whether I was going up or down the stairs."

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The third old man said, "I am very lucky in this respect, for my memory is perfect. Thanks to Allah for that." As he said this, he knocked on wood. Then, looking up, he called out, "Who is it at the door?"