

Story 1746 (1994 Tape 3)

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

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Childish Irresponsibility--A Sketch

Whenever in my childhood I went to visit my uncle in Konya, my mother would always send along with me some kind of food for our relatives: fruit, vegetables, homemade bread, or yoghurt. She put these foods in a basket or a large copper kettle. Of course my uncle would empty these containers and send them back with me to my mother. At least, that is what he thought he was doing, but the containers often did not reach her. When I boarded the train to return home, I would place these containers on the overhead shelf above my seat. But by the time the train reached Karaman, I was so excited about returning home that I forgot all about those utensils. The train carried them on to its destination in Adana.

I repeated this act of carelessness several times, but I told my mother about only one instance. She was

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angry about it and told me never to make that mistake again. I continued to make that mistake, however, but I never told her about it again

One day my uncle and aunt came from Konya to visit us. While they were there, my mother complained to them about her unreturned copper kettles. "I have sent you many kettles of food," she said, "but I have never gotten my kettles back."

My uncle and aunt said, "We always send the kettles back to you with Cevdet."

Then, looking very sternly at me, my mother asked me, "Where are my kettles?"

How could I answer that? I said, "Mother, they traveled on to Adana."