

Friday the Thirteenth

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One day Susanne did not show up for work. She had not called in sick nor did she take a holiday. I was quite worried that something had happened. I called her, but there was no answer. After work, I drove to her place. The lights were on in her apartment. I rang the bell, but no one answered the door. Finally, after I repeatedly rang the doorbell, Susanne shouted from within, "Who is it?" I was relieved to hear her voice. Hesitantly, she opened the door.

I asked, "What is the matter? Are you sick?"

She responded with a question. "Don't you know what day it is?"

"Yes," I replied, "it is Friday the 13th!"

Susanne backed up and sat down in the armchair. "By the time I was driving to work I had already had

three bad omens today that something would happen," she said. "I decided to turn around, come back to my apartment and go to bed, where I stayed the whole day."

"I didn't know that you are so superstitious," I said.

"Even if you don't believe in it, something bad could happen to you," Susanne responded. "This year is especially bad as there are several Fridays that fall on the 13th." Her remark was a surprise for me, because I thought that such Fridays occur at most once a year. This assumption is obviously false. Here is the question:

What is the maximum number of Fridays in a year that fall on the 13th day of a month?

