



my Aunt

When I was small, I worshipped my Aunt Nikki, as she was called then. She was so cool and so beautiful and so nice. I was devastated when she moved so far away – little kids don't understand those things. But I had a wonderful keepsake from her: a pink glazed giraffe that she had given me as a gift. I loved that giraffe and told anyone who would listen that it had been made for me by my incredibly talented aunt. Years later I told her that I still had that giraffe and she burst out laughing.

Turns out she didn't make it from scratch, it was just a pre-made clay piece that she painted. So maybe she wasn't a great artist after all, but I cherished that giraffe for decades and it still provides a wonderful memory.

Karen Bernstein.

