

*Incidental Vignettes*

❧ *BINKY'S AUNT* ❧

Feb. '06

Binky is munching a piece of my gingerbread with marmalade icing as she stands by the counter in the kitchen.

“Yew know, Madhuri, Ah have something to tell yew.”

“Hmmm? What’s that?”

“Ever’ tam Ah eat somethin’ yew cooked that’s health-food? Ah’m always wonderin’ if yew mat have slipped into it some kand of, laxative? Somethin’ tew make people, um, *go* more?”

I stand at arrested attention, question-marks flocking into the space above my head.

“Because, see, the only other person Ah knew who was into health-food, mah aunt, used to thank people needed to *go* more, so she would chop up Ex-Lax and put it in ever’thang? So yew’d fand little chocolate chunks in what-ever yew were eating?”

“She really did that?”

“Yay-uh. She deeyud. So Ah’m always afraid.”

“What was her name?”

“Aunt Melba. On mah father’s sad. Ivy Melba, her name was.”

I’m laughing. “Don’t worry. I’ve never done that. And that’s not even health-food gingerbread. It’s normal-people cake.”

“Oh goo-ud. It’s rilly delicious.”