

Lesson 3
READ THIS STORY #1, Basic

Aunt Bertha

I adore Aunt Bertha. She's my dad's oldest sister. Once a year, she comes from Vermont and sleeps on a spare bed in our attic.

Her attire is a bit unusual. All of her dresses are purple.

The best part of her visit is when she says, "Robert, let's see what the future has in store for you." Aunt Bertha has a flair for making predictions. She doesn't don a turban or gaze into a crystal ball. She just sits next to me and stares at the lines in the palm of my hand. She says some of my lines are quite obscure and will change as I mature.

After a while, Aunt Bertha looks me in the eye and says I must beware of a lady in black. She says I'll circle the globe and visit Burma. I'll mine gem stones and have twenty children. I laugh.

Dad doesn't interfere, but he says that it's a lot of nonsense. I tend to agree.