

Chantilly Amy

By Kay Cook

Chantilly cake. Shoppers who pause in front of the bakery display at Whole Foods notice it first because it stands out among the other cakes there. Picture this. In the midst of all those cakes, Chantilly declares itself the queen. Those other cakes—carrot, chocolate, vanilla—are merely minions to Chantilly. That creamy, smooth, whipped frosting is topped by fresh raspberries, blueberries, strawberries. It's like looking at a castle in the air, carved from delicate quartz or alabaster, topped with gemstones—rubies, sapphires, garnets. It's like a fine work of art in a gallery amongst other respectable, but clearly, lesser *objets d'art*. No wonder there's always a crowd at the bakery case. We could be at the Louvre, looking in awe at the Mona Lisa.

And so it is with Amy. Queen of her school, the greatest accomplishment of her life to hear her tell it. Her peaches and cream complexion, or should I say, her Chantilly complexion: so translucently clear and flawless. Her cupid's bow lips, slightly pursed, bright Revlon red: Fire and Ice or Cherries in the Snow. Her cheeks a delicate blush, her eyes dark, like well-ripened blueberries. Amy, the Queen of her school, known for her beauty, turning heads as she walked down the street. To hear her tell it, men falling at her feet, women glowering with jealousy.

Chantilly Amy. Believe me, it wasn't easy being her daughter.