Cheyenne Tessari Tessari 1

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Mrs. Patt

Cheryl

My entire life, there has been one person that left me missing them. When I was a baby and they’d leave the house, I’d sit at the door for hours on end, crying my eyes out until I fell asleep. When I was a bit older I’d call her incessantly waiting for an answer, asking her so come over for dinner, and even now I find myself doing the same. Fourteen years and I’ve still never gotten bored of her—my aunt Cheryl Tessari.

Cheryl is young-looking for her age of around fifty. No one calls her ‘Aunt Cheryl’, mostly because she says it makes her feel old; I can’t remember a time when I called her by her title. Being the oldest of seven kids has left her tired, tall and skinny, sometimes with a bit of bad posture but always standing straight up when it’s time to get to work. Her blond-brown hair is short and held by hairspray to the signature ‘Cheryl’ up-do, and her outfits usually consist of a brightly colored tank-top tucked into a pair of black sweatpants, a pair of sneakers, sunglasses hanging from her shirt and a Bluetooth attached to her ear. When work needs to get done, she’s there within a second and that work is always done respectably and responsibly.

I find myself taking part in many ‘tests’ from Cheryl, whether it’s just at her house or in the car. “Chey, do you want to sneak onto the computer for a few minutes?” She has said when I’ve been banned from all electronics for who-remembers-why. “No,” I’d say. “I want to be honest.” “Good,” she said. “I wouldn’t have let you anyway. Always be truthful to your parents and everyone around you.” It is completely obvious to me that she is insistant I don’t make any of the mistakes she did. “Never start smoking; it’s hard to ever stop.” And it’s because of her that I never will. There are a lot of lessons I’ve learned from her. From “keep your seatbelt on” to “avoid parties with the wrong crowd”, I’m always learning things. Respect of animals is a major one, whereas visits to her house result in dogs pouncing on me and fish coming up from the bottom of her pond to be fed. She refuses any stories about hurt animals but prides herself in her collection of Mafia and criminal justice tales. She taught me to respect others around me and myself.

Though sometimes disorganized, her house is always clean (a lesson I find rather hard to learn) and she would spend a hundred dollars on me before she’d spend a penny on herself. There is controversy over the fact that I’m her favorite niece, and when a small argument over this occurs, she winks and smiles at me but denies it for their sake. She loves her dogs but hates the barking. She’s usually around a half-hour late for everything and she leaves with a “I’ve got to go feed the dogs,” or a “The fish are hungry, I have to leave,” only to call her half an hour later when she is coincidentally taking a nap instead. Her favorite color is yellow, and she has a bright yellow truck and a triangle-shaped nearly

Tessari 2

orange house to prove it. Do-it-yourself projects are sort of her “thing” and every time I go over her house there’s some sort of new electronic device beeping all around.

Cheryl can also be rough and tough. When her house was broken into a while back, she was held at knifepoint by a mugger in Boston. She coincidentally had a knife up her sleeve, and when he asked for all her money she gave him only a few dollars as she was hiding the rest of her money somewhere else. She grabbed his license plate number and he was caught. Also a bit cruel, she recorded complete silence on an audio recorder and a few minutes into the silence she whispered “*Help me*,” over and over, stopped recording and dropped it into my dad’s room when he went to bed. Five minutes later, when the silence stopped and the ghostly noises began, my father jumped out of bed to run into his mother’s room—but she had locked the door.

Cheryl is definitely quirky; there’s no denying that. She’s hardworking, caring, and proud but is overly sarcastic, humorous and sometimes argumentative—but that’s what makes her Cheryl Tessari. From her large, oddly shaped yellow home to her Egyptian themed room, she is a total character—and I know that she is a major reason why I am the way I am today.