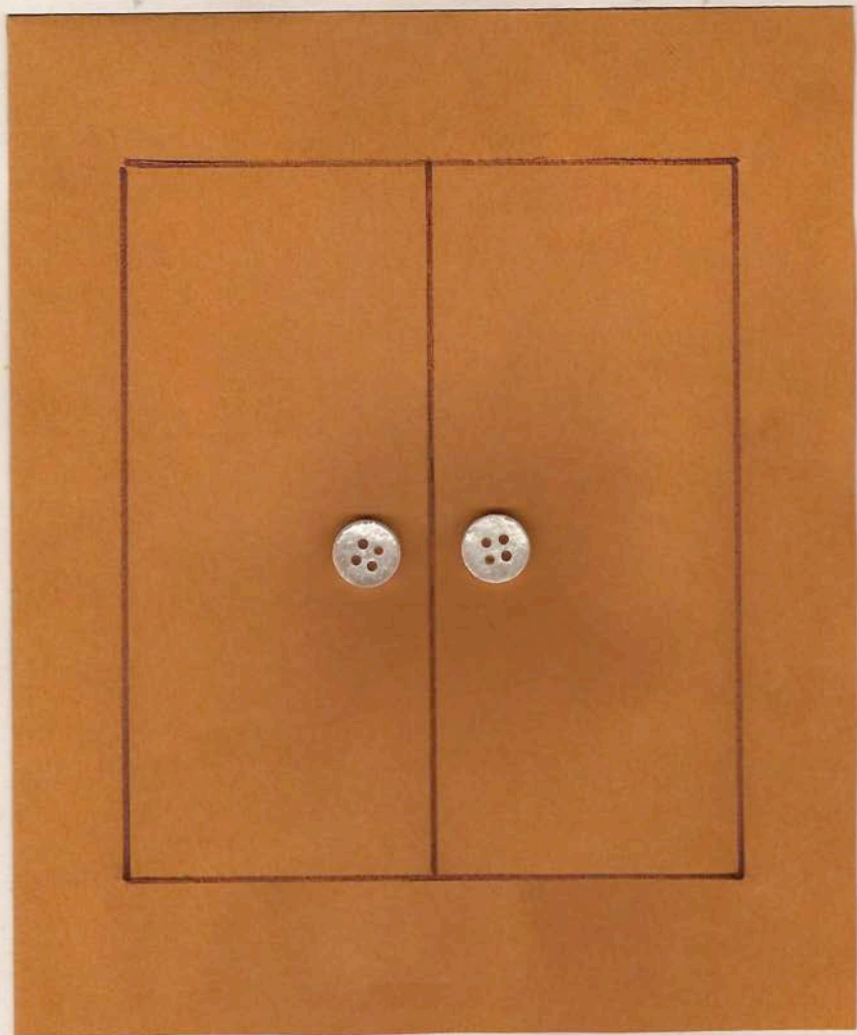


# My Closet



My closet is full.

I love these names as I  
love those who gave  
them to me.

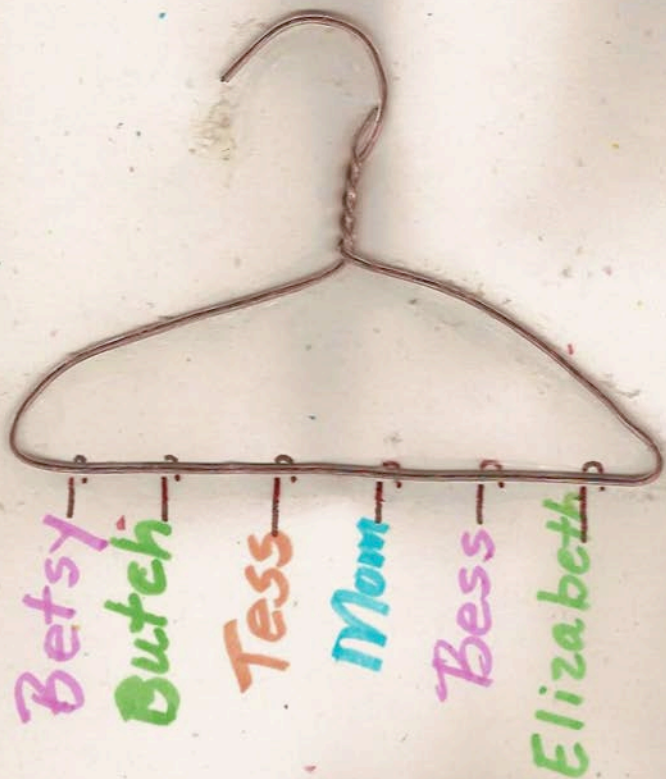
My favorite times are  
when I can wear them  
all.

## About the author:

Elizabeth Kirnie lives in Syracuse, N.Y., with a lot of children who are always leaving, two cats who can't take the hint, and her best friend.

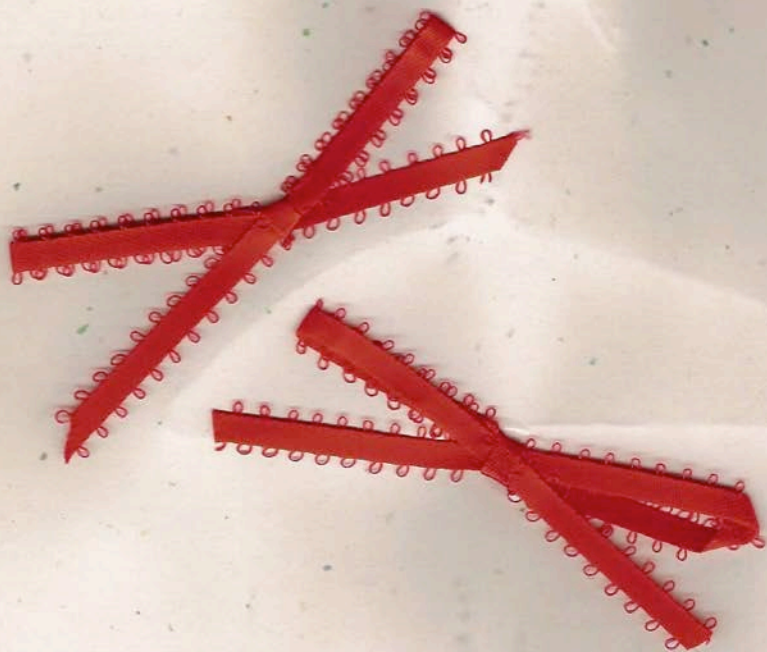
# My Closet

Betsy  
Mom  
Elizabeth  
Butch  
Tess  
Bess



I have a wardrobe of names. They all fit me.

I wear each of them at different times.



"Betsy" is the bows my mother puts on the end of my long braids before sending me off to school.



"Butch" is my father's sweater, wrapped about me as he carries me sleeping to my room.



"Tess" is the warm,  
fuzzy slippers my  
sister and I wear when  
we stay awake late,  
giggling quietly.





"Mom" is the blue  
jeans with the faded  
knees, ready to work  
or to play.



"Bess" is the heirloom ring from my grandmother, completing the circle of love.



"Elizabeth" is a long, warm overcoat, given to me on the day of my birth. It fits over everything I wear.