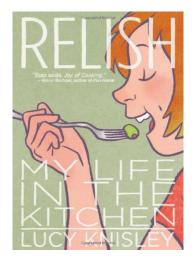
Title: RELISH



## **About the Author:**



## was born in New York City, raised in Rhinebeck, New York, and educated in Chicago. She has come home to roost in a tiny apartment in Manhattan, where she can be closer to her mom's cooking. Her comics about life, food, travel, and her adventures have gained her a devoted audience online. Lucy's first book, French Milk, is a travelogue about a trip to Paris. She has a big ginger cat named Linney and a devoted love for the portion of the menu directly beneath the word "Desserts."

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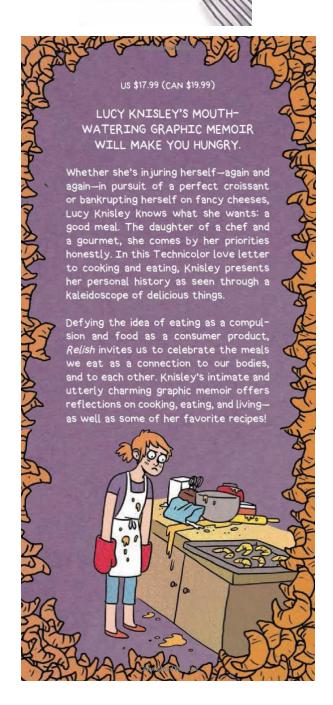
First Sceand
New York
www.firstsecondbooks.com

Source: Relish by Lucy Knisley

## **Description:**

"Lucy Knisley's delightful drawings don't just tell great stories, they're a crystal-clear how-to guide to everything worth doing in the Kitchen. Step aside, Joy of Cooking."

-Alison Bechdel, author of Fun Home



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How do you remember things? What are your clearest memories?

I like to think that I have a good memory, especially for stories. I enjoy telling them and remembering how things unfolded.

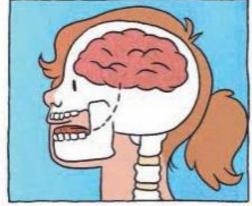




My most vivid memories consistently jog my brain with the recollection of how things tasted.

I'm lucky to have grown up with cooks and bakers, eaters and critics, and meals to remember.

My memories were formed in conjunction with my palate, collected along with photographs of shared meals from my childhood.





How can I remember my first crush, without recalling the taste of the licorice rope we slung between our mouths, the marshmallow waiting in the middle for the winner?

How could I ever remember my childhood best friend, without bringing to mind the sour taste of buttermilk, simultaneously gulped without the benefit of being able to understand the packaging?

Taking my vitamins in the morning reminds me of the sweet, chalky taste of the jar of Flintstones I snuck, in an act of delicious medicinal rebellion, eaten like candy, inches from the television screen.







It was my first exposure to the fattened goose liver (not that I knew what it was), and having eaten all of my own, I set out to make the rounds of the table. At each chair, I begged the remainder of each guest's serving, with a pleading, gap-toothed smile.



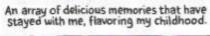
But I didn't usually spend my childhood cracking my spoon against a Wednesday creme brûlée...



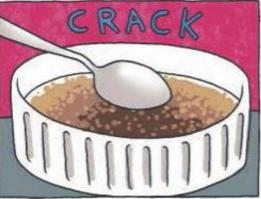
I readily admit that I may have been terribly spoiled when it comes to food, but it comes from being "the help"



I feel incredibly lucky that the work my family has done has given me so many good things to eat and cook and experience.







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