When I was a kid, every other Sunday or so my sister and I went with dad to visit our grandmother. Only about a 20-minute drive. Other cousins would be there, and we always had fun playing in the backyard while the adults sat around the kitchen table drinking coffee.

My grandmother had a younger sister, Aunt Annie, who was developmentally challenged. She had had some sort of trauma as a child and never really recovered cognitively. We loved including her in our games of *Mother May I*, *Simon Says* and whatever silly games we invented. She had a child’s mentality, so it was perfect.

There was a small neighborhood market across the street, about a half block up from my grandmother’s place. This was a city neighborhood, and the street was pretty busy. We were never to think about crossing it! Aunt Annie was a different story. Midway through our visit, she would announce she was going to the store to get us ice cream. The store had these little single serving containers of ice cream in chocolate, vanilla, strawberry and banana (I know, weird). We would tell her what flavor we wanted and off she would go. (In hindsight, grandma was pretty cavalier about Annie’s safety but that’s another story).

I loathed the banana flavor which I had at some point tried, so I would painstakingly outline for Annie my preferences—strawberry, if out then chocolate, if out then vanilla. ANYTHING but banana!

Well of course, poor Annie had 4 or 5 orders to keep straight, and I think my instructions were too much. Inevitably she would bring me banana.

I never learned. ( I think my 5 year old brain couldn’t grasp that an adult might not be completely competent in every way).

Anyway, I am remarkably bitter about it to this day.