

What Makes Her Tick

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“Sit here sweetie,” my sister says, as I meet her at a mall bench. The oscillating motion of her cellphone-clutching hand reveals an intention to show off her Africa photos before we hit the sales.

“We got lion and elephant on day one,” she explains while flicking through a seemingly infinite gallery.

“Buffalo, the second day...”

“Leopard we did on the fourth afternoon...”

“Rhino wasn’t till the last morning.”

Maybe it’s the setting, but somehow she seems more like a person ticking items off a shopping list than one who has been in the presence of nature’s most wondrous beings.