



Charlie was a girl who liked to cook, not bake.
She spent her days dreaming of meals she would make.
She lived in a house full of cookbooks and pets,
Tinkering with crafts any chance she could get.

Through books, she cooked at
Chez Panisse with young Fanny.
When the house was quiet, she'd
ignore her kind Irish nanny
And pore over pages of stews,
bolognese and pies,
Asking questions to herself like,
“What is so French about fries?”

