

My uncle's name is Eddie and he has pictures on his arms.

They don't wash off in the shower. He tells me they are called tattoos. I used to think they were scary, but now I like to sit on his lap and look at them after dinner.



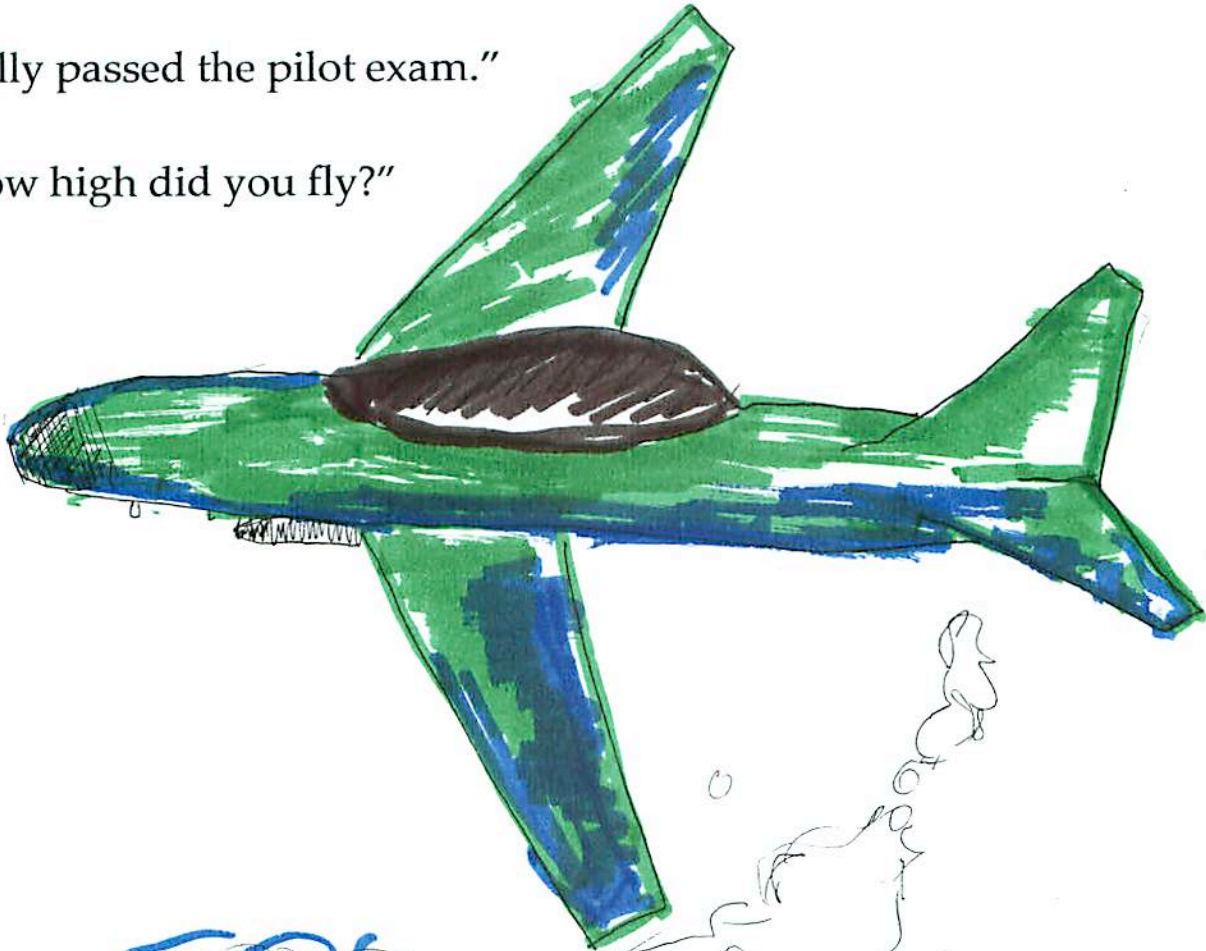
"Uncle Eddie?"

"Yes, Maya?"

"Why did you get this one?"

"I got this one when I learned how to fly jet planes, it was very hard and scary sometimes, but I was proud when I finally passed the pilot exam."

"How high did you fly?"



"Way, way up in the sky."

"Up to the sun?" I ask,

"Not quite," He says.

My Uncle has a big lion on his arm, above the plane. It has a big yellow mane and is roaring. I call the lion Goldie.

"Uncle Eddie?"

"Yes, Maya?"

"I like this one of the lion."



"Lions are a symbol of strength. I got my lion to remind me to be strong and brave."

"Does this lion growl?"

"Only when no one is looking, this lion is a little shy."

On his other arm there are roses,

"What is this one with the roses for?"

"I got this one when you were born, Maya."

"I like this one the best."

