

## Love and Betrayal

By Charlotte Booth



I remember when my husband gave me this spoon. It was a celebration of the wp-rnpt (New Year). We had had a huge party in our home, with all our friends, and family. We drank lots of beer which I had spent days preparing, and we even bought wine for the occasion. After we had finished eating we all went to the river to offer prayers to

Hapy, wishing for a prosperous year. It was a wonderful evening, and whilst everyone was laughing and singing my husband handed me this gift, wrapped in a piece of linen. He had hidden it in the waistband of his kilt, which must have been a little uncomfortable for him. In the light of the moon and the lamps we had bought, I gazed at the face of this figure, and ran my fingers along the contours of her limestone body. She was so beautifully carved, and so elegant. I could almost imagine her swimming through the water. She was enticing me with the beauty offered by her cosmetics, and I couldn't wait to use it.

For the next few years every time I did use this little cosmetic spoon I was reminded of that wonderful night by the Nile.

Unfortunately, nowadays I cannot even look at it because of the great sadness it brings me. Two years ago also on wp-rnpt I discovered my husband had been seeing another woman, Hunro. She was much younger than me, in the prime of life, whereas I had passed my thirtieth year. So now when I look at this little cosmetic spoon I see Hunro, enticing my husband away from me. Offering herself to him the way she used to offer beauty and cosmetics to me. Although I will never discard this symbol of both my husband's love and betrayal, it stays wrapped carefully in a piece of linen at the bottom of a chest in my cellar, and I have no doubt that I will take it to my tomb as an eternal reminder.

Cosmetic Spoon in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford