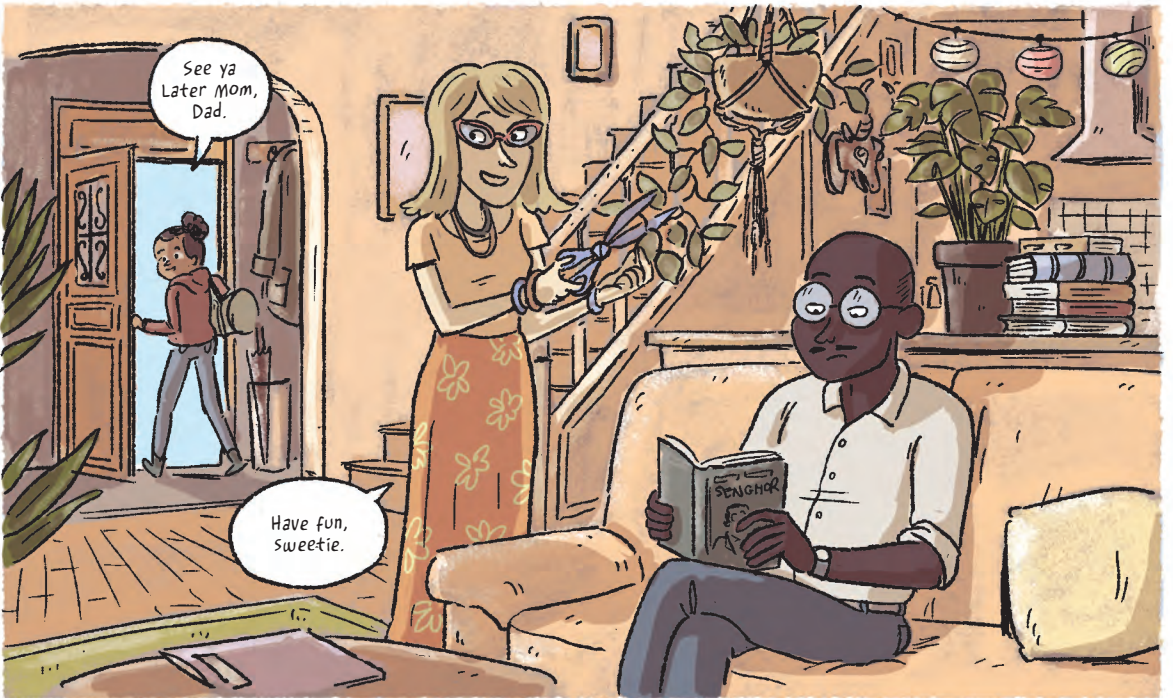


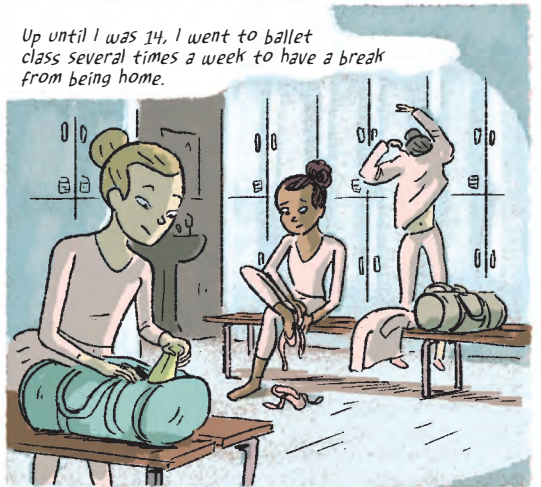
STORY//RACHEL KHAN
ART//AUDE MASSOT

ADAPTATION//IVANKA HAHNENBERGER



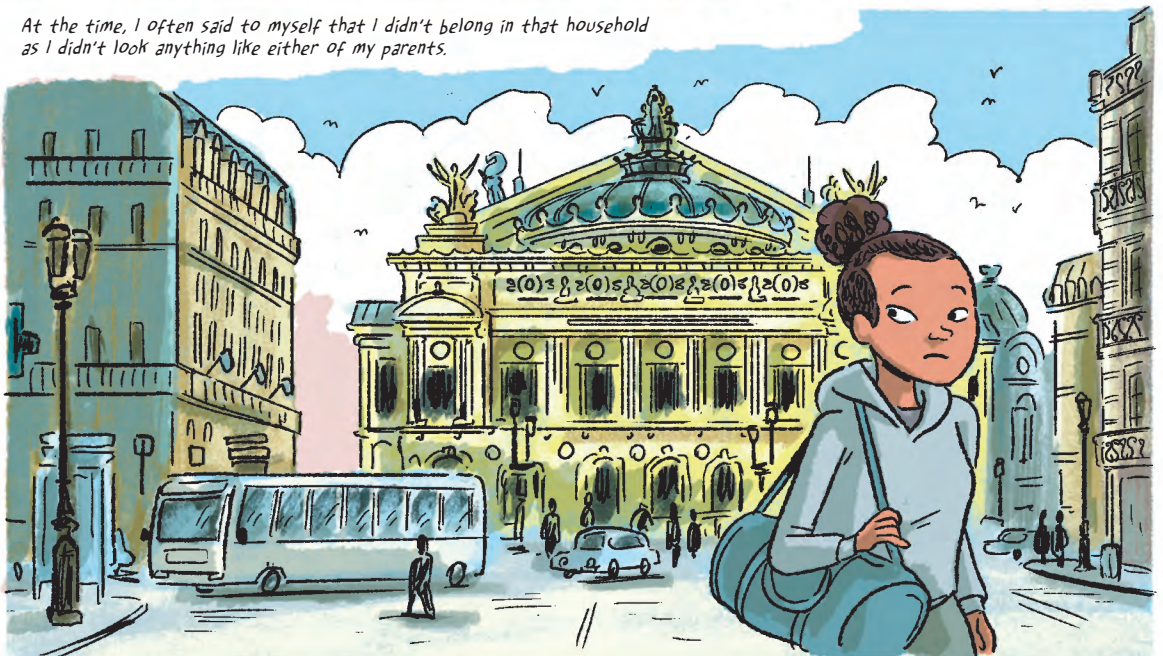
**I RUN
TO MAKE
MY HEART
BEAT**



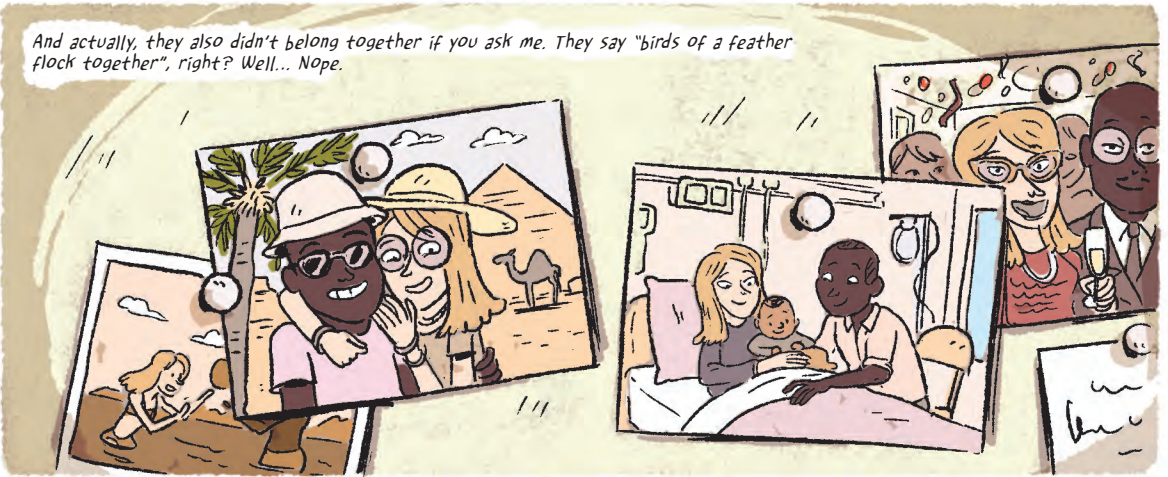


Up until I was 14, I went to ballet class several times a week to have a break from being home.

At the time, I often said to myself that I didn't belong in that household as I didn't look anything like either of my parents.



And actually, they also didn't belong together if you ask me. They say "birds of a feather flock together", right? Well... Nope.



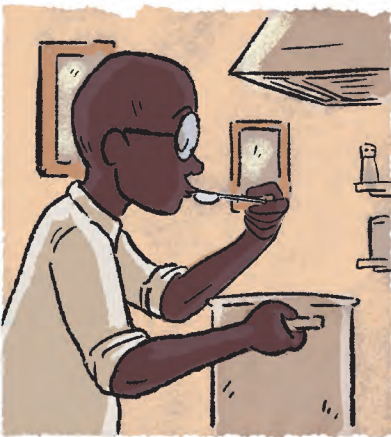
Not only are they don't look anything alike but they also are complete opposites!



It's a household where no one is like anyone else.

I mean... Besides the love we have for each other, even though everyone has their own way of showing it.

Basically, I had no idea what I was doing there. Dad is as black as my dance bag and MOM as pale as my flesh-colored tights.



There are three generations under one roof. A real example of sustainable development.



My brother David and I are right in the middle surrounded by extremes.



Grandpa Yoram lives with us. He has all his wits about him and then some..



When I was little, I was told there were trains filled with cattle, except my grandpa's family was in them because of their neighbors.



*Jewish Ashkenazi dish

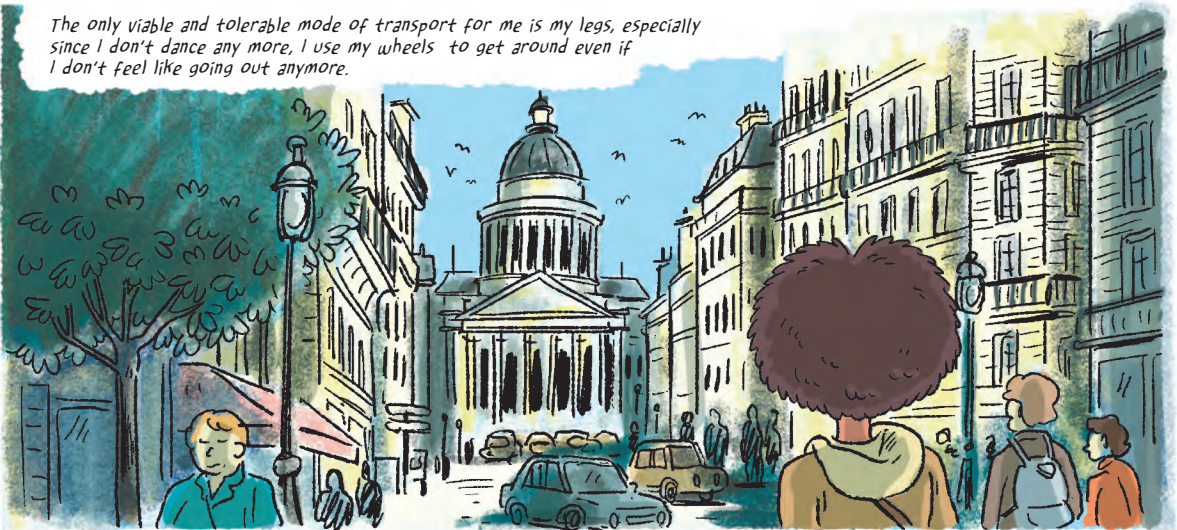
I was also told about ships, but that was on my father's side, who told me about the journey all the way to Marseille*, in the hold.



Frankly, I really admire them because, ship, train, car, bus... whatever, all make me feel sick.

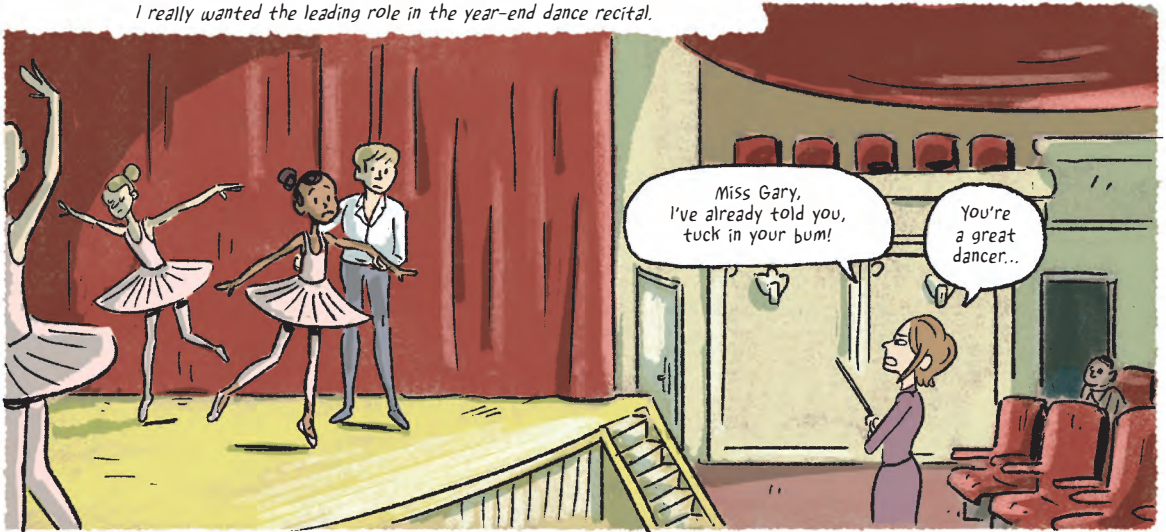


The only viable and tolerable mode of transport for me is my legs, especially since I don't dance any more, I use my wheels to get around even if I don't feel like going out anymore.



*Large city in the South of France

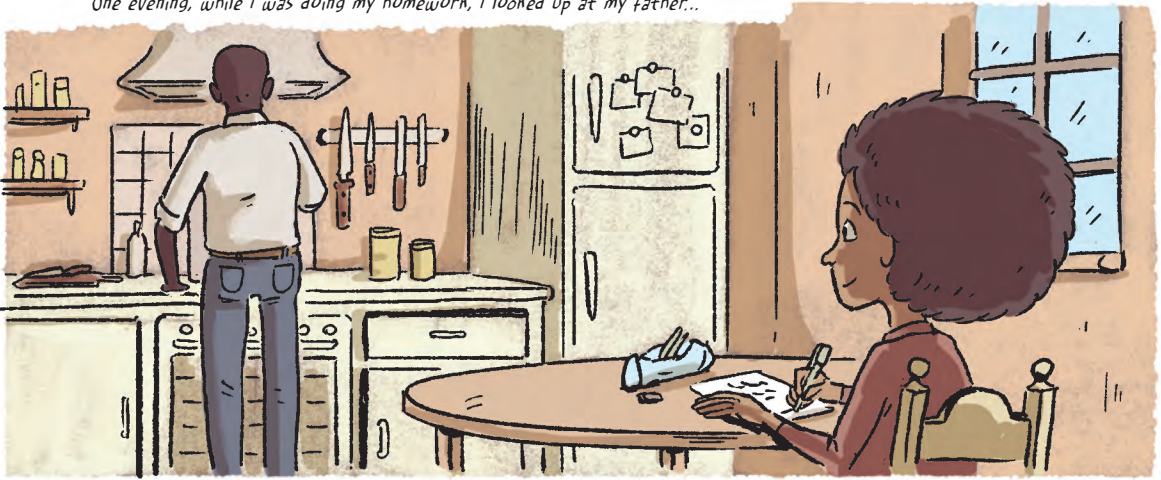
I really wanted the leading role in the year-end dance recital.



After class, Miss Leroy de Barry took me aside...



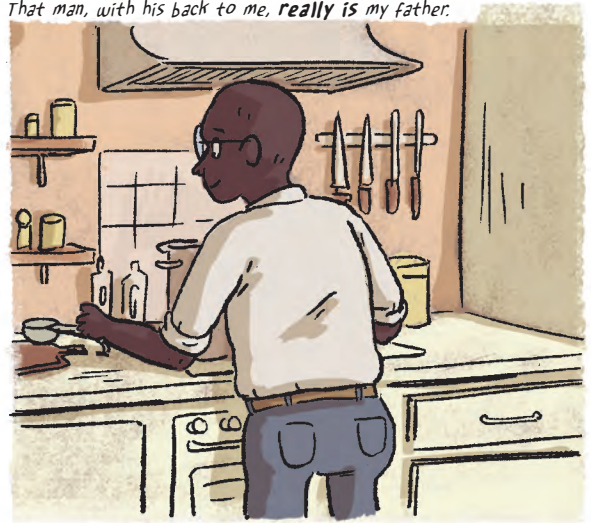
One evening, while I was doing my homework, I looked up at my father..



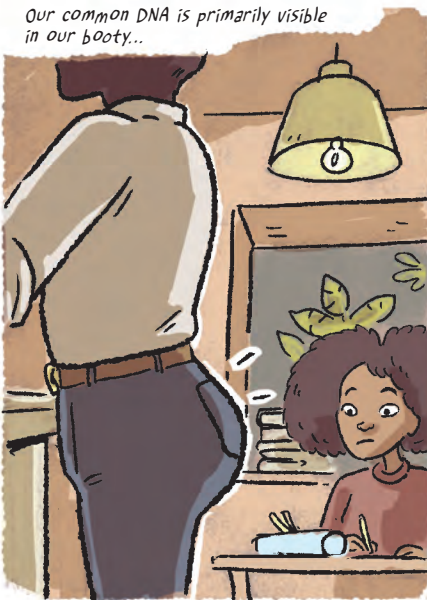
I watched him and had an epiphany!



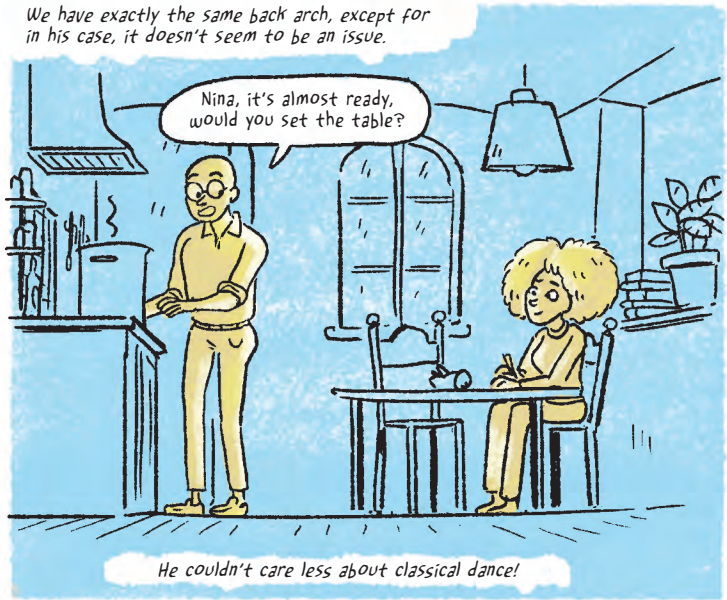
That man, with his back to me, **really is** my father.



Our common DNA is primarily visible in our booty...



We have exactly the same back arch, except for in his case, it doesn't seem to be an issue.



He couldn't care less about classical dance!