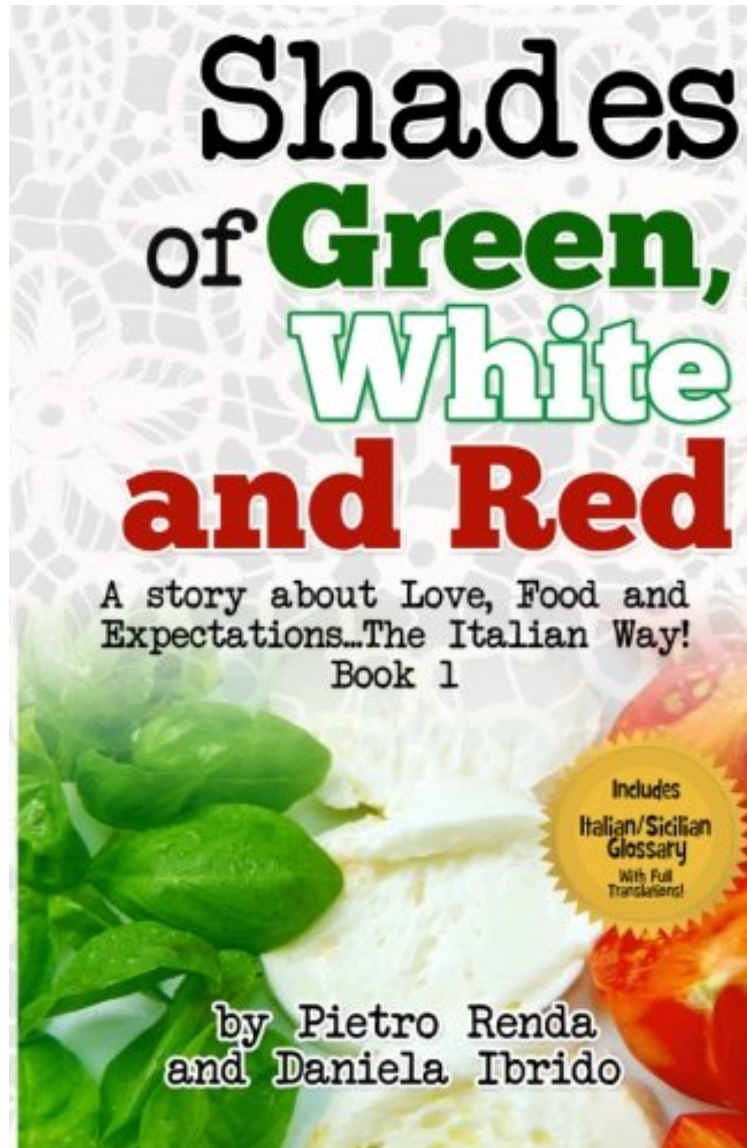


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Shades of Green, White and Red: A Story about Love, Food and Expectations...The Italian Way!

Mr Pietro Renda, Ms Daniela Ibrido
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Mr Pietro Renda, Ms Daniela Ibrido : Shades of Green, White and Red: A Story about Love, Food and Expectations...The Italian Way! before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Shades of Green, White and Red: A Story about Love, Food and Expectations...The Italian Way!:

Francesca Mezzatesta is a woman of southern Italian heritage. As a first generation Australian, she always dreamed of having the cliché huge Italian wedding with bombonieri, dry ice and hundreds of guests all smiling and happy for her. After meeting her beloved Pasquale Testadura, circumstances change the course of her life as the families step in. *Shades of Green, White and Red* is a story about love, food and cultural expectations...the Italian way! It is a nostalgic look on how traditions, rituals and family can determine the course of a person's life. Through the experiences of Pasquale and Francesca, the confused duality of maintaining Italian values and traditions while integrating the ways of Australian society are explored. In the end, it really doesn't matter what Italian dialect is spoken, what food is eaten or which cultural rituals are practised, Italians are all different shades of the same three colours. This novel also contains an Italian/Sicilian Dialect Glossary with full translations! Preserving the language of our Nonni. PROLOGUE: Pasquale slowly unbuckled his jeans and collapsed on the plastic-covered couch. He looked at Francesca and beckoned her over with his dark, seductive eyes. Francesca had never been in this situation before. She was frightened, afraid she hadn't fed Pasquale enough. What if he was still hungry? "Hai fame?" she asked. "I can fry you some cotolette if you like?" Pasquale moistened his lips. "Si, ancora ho fame," he whispered. "But not for cotolette...for you." He began to unbutton his shirt, revealing a large gold crucifix lost in a bed of black-grey tufts of thick chest hair. Francesca had dreamed of this day. She had thought she'd be on her wedding bed, protected by a photo of Padre Pio tucked snugly under her mattress. She thought she could stay true to the promise she made her Nonna all those years ago. No amount of oil could remove the malocchio she would bring upon herself for giving into temptation. Pasquale had brought her to this point many times before but her will had been strong. Today, when Pasquale began to kiss her in a way he'd never kissed her before, she felt a shift within herself and knew that resistance was futile. Pasquale guided Francesca over to sit with him, the cold plastic squeaking as the doily fell from the back of the couch. He reached over to the cassette player and pushed in his famous mix tape of old world music. She gasped as he unbuttoned her blouse. The smell of mortadella and Pino overwhelmed her as he began to nibble on her neck. What was she doing? How could she do this under the gaze of the large statue of the Madonna that watched judgementally from the corner of the room? Pasquale, now in just a white singlet, saw her looking at the statue and threw his shirt over it. "She doesn't need to see this," he murmured and then continued to kiss her passionately. Before she knew it, Francesca was on her back, swinging to the rhythm of "Lazy Mary" as it belted out of the single speaker radio. As Pasquale began to increase the rocking, the cristalliera adjacent to the couch began to shake; bomboniere from Compare Giuseppe and Comare Nanina's niputi's baptism began to fall, spilling sugared almonds across the fragile glass. This was nothing like she had expected. She thought he would at least take his socks and sandals off. When Pasquale came to a stop, he sat back up and smiled at her. While Francesca was relieved it was over, part of her wanted more. She had a new hunger now, one that could not be satisfied by Pasquale's 48 second performance. Surely this couldn't be all? Maybe he wasn't done? She looked into his eyes and he smiled at her. He drew his face close and whispered into her ear, "I'll have that cotolette now."