

Spaghetti anda Meatballa

by Lee Hotovy

Pasta, pasta, pasta...all day long I make-a the pasta! I am a spaghetti maker after all. You know how it is...the flour flying every which way as you stir and knead into little balls, which I place in the spaghetti cutter, turning until my lovely pasta is ready. I love my job...but I must admit, there are some nights when I dream I am caught up in this mess of spaghetti with no way out! My arms and legs are all a tangle in a noodle nest, when suddenly a giant meatball from the sky lands on me! Oof! What next, I think! The sauce? Just as I am thinking this, I feel a warm, wet slather of goo hit my face! Mama Mia...I have been sauced! I try and try to wake from this noodle-ly nightmare...pushing and pulling at the stringy mess, when suddenly I hear a howl...followed by heavy breathing. "This is it!" I think. The poor pasta man done in by a giant Meatballa Monster! Oh...Mama Mia! Suddenly, I feel the wet sauce again, followed by the heavy breathing...I say my prayers, what else is there...until my eyes finally open...and what do I see? Tis Giovanni! My golden retriever...a big hairy meatball! One look in his eyes tells me it is morning. Time for more pasta! C'est la vie...that is life!

Cats and Canals

by Lee Hotovy

Living in Venice is such a treasure. You see, instead of dusty roads, we travel by water. Up and down little canals that lead us to our doorways. I cannot imagine riding a cart about or traveling by mule. We simply glide along with an oarsman serving as taxi driver. Are there any downsides to this way of life, you ask? Well...not many...although there is the problem with rain. You see, if Venice is laden with rain, the boats do fill up rather quickly, and so if you are caught in a swell...you should hope you packed your galoshes, or perhaps waders! It not only poses a problem for your feet...getting wet and all...but the most difficult part is landing at your door. The water has now sunk the boat to a lower level, so forget elegantly stepping into your abode. If you're lucky the oarsman won't launch you into your home with a swift whack of his stick, sending you flying. I have seen it happen...twice. Ahem. Another downside is in the moving about with children or small animals. Cats hate the water. I traveled once with my dear little Catrina...but she clawed her way into my fancy bonnet, where I could not work her loose until she was suddenly knocked off by a low-lying bridge we passed under. *Ker splash*...she landed in the water...wailing and screaming as cats do. It was my bonnet that saved her serving as a life preserver. I don't think she ever forgave me for the incident. So...living in Venice is such a treasure...unless you're a cat.