

Ricardo scratched his head and picked up the loaf of freshly baked bread sitting on the table. Bringing it to his nose, he inhaled deeply, and exclaimed “è meraviglioso!”

Isabella cast her eyes down to the table and gingerly plucked a sprig of grapes from the bowl next to her, eating slowly, silently, without speaking. After a moment she asked Ricardo in a voice clear as a bell: “Seniore, come stanno i tuoi figli?”