



How Well Do You Know Italy?

We've left **Capri** (so pretty we hate to leave but we'd need to rob a bank to stay much longer) and we're deciding how we're going to get to our next destination.

We could take a bus (5 hours), a train (7½ hours, or drive (3½ hours; oops, probably 2 hours if Karen drives). We opted to drive. We can see more and maybe use the car for some fun stops along the way.

The clue of where we are is below. Remember, if you can tell us where you think we've landed, email Karen at bobzkarenz@att.net (DON'T reply to this email; it won't get to Karen.) And if you're right and among the first ten people to email, we'll send you a **\$5-off coupon** to use on whatever event we do once we're "back to normal." You pick the event for which you want to use the coupon. **But you only have one day to send in your guess: deadline is 6 pm today.** And unfortunately, each household is limited to winning only two times so if you (or your spouse/other) has been smart enough to get it right and get a coupon twice already, you can't any more. You can still take a guess and if you're right, we'll tell you but you won't get another coupon.

Good luck!



HERE'S YOUR CLUE:

After a 3 hour sticky drive with the windows down and the hot air blowing in (do the rental cars here EVER have air conditioning that actually works?), we have pulled up in front of our quaint "hotel." (By the way, there were no "fun" stops along the way.) We've snagged a home of our own! This place is amazing; talk about a photographer's bonanza!

The weather is pleasant and life is slow--when there's not a million tourists around! The streets are narrow and hilly--but at least paved. There is a mass of 1500 houses, with white-tipped roofs--stone roofs that look like ice cream cones turned upside down. The buildings have very thick stone walls and are amazingly constructed without mortar. The thick walls, we've been told, makes the house strong and also keeps the temperature steady. The real trick of these houses is, because there is no mortar, they can be quickly dismantled and reassembled again. In old times, it's how the owners avoided paying taxes on a "house." If it's turned into a pile of stones, there is no house and no taxes. (Property taxes even then.)

"What are we going to do here, Karen? You read the brochure about this

place. I'm happy just to stroll around. It is so pretty and I actually feel tall next to these gnome-sized houses."

"We can do that after dinner. Their specialties here are oricchiette with turnip tops and fava bean puree with greens. And we should try the fried caciocavallo cheese, too. After all, that cheese is famous here."

"And I saw a sign for potato croquettes with sage and cheese. They looked SO good. We need to try some. By the way, it doesn't look like there's a lot going on at night except to wander around and see the night lights. It'll be a good time to just relax with this beautiful weather. After all the places we've been, trains we've taken, boats we've jumped on, cars we've driven, and taxis we've risked our lives in, it might be nice to do nothing for a change!"

"Sounds good," Karen says, "and talk about souvenirs! Did you see all the ceramics in those shops? It's an absolute riot of colors! We can't leave without a souvenir of some sort. Wandering around tonight will give us plenty of time to really look at everything."

"I want to get one of the typical ceramic whistles they're known for so I'm game. But these suitcases aren't going to be 'carry-ons' much longer if we don't stop getting souvenirs!"

Think you know where we are? Don't forget: email bobzkarenz@att.net.

And...congratulations to the winners of a \$5 coupon for our last Where Are We message: Rich Tassano, Barbara Conner, and Russ Crocco.

Thanks to all who sent in a guess, right or wrong. We love hearing from you!

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