

A fragment from **Bestie** by Federigo Tozzi (1883 - 1920)

With my wife it was trouble, more and more every day! Any pretext was enough to argue several hours. Once the soup seemed tasteless to me; indeed, it certainly was. I told her. She replied:

- Why don't you go to a trattoria?
- If I were smarter!
- Go on, then.
- Would you forbid me?

And I looked at her with all my hatred; likewise she did. But I didn't want to let her do so. So, I made the act of giving her a slap. She stood up, stiff as a stick; and began to stare at me. Her eyes seemed to widen more and more; but I felt so much stronger than her that I didn't have any intention to retreat. She told me:

- Wanna bet I'm going to the king's attorney?
- Why not? You could have gone there. So I would have had the saltiest soup made, if you weren't at home!

She rushed off; I sheltered myself behind a bent arm.

In this while we saw, both of us together, I don't know how, an ant that from the edge of the flask was about to go down inside and fall into it.

The anger stopped immediately. She took it with her fingers and threw it away. I said:

- Luckily you saw it! We should have thrown all the wine away!

And lunch ended well that time.