

40

SOMETHING

PASQUALE M. PALMIERI

# 40 SOMETHING

Pasquale Maria Palmieri



Eloquent Books



## Also by Pasquale Maria Palmieri

### **Fiction**

*L'Albero (My only friend is a tree)*

*Rebirth*

*Noi (Us)*

*Love You Dad*

### **Non-Fiction**

*Please Read Me (Before you get married or remarried)*

### **Theatre**

*Albatross*

*Benjamin Mary*

*Doors*



*For Alessandra, Marco e Mauro... my lovely family*



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## **STARRING around the big table**

Luca Armani, 48, born Italy, photographer

Pamela Clarke, 40, born Australia, author (former drug addict)

Patricia O’Kane, 42, born Australia, actress out of work

Liam Freeman, 45, born Israel, entrepreneur Casanova

Ross Mill, 51, born Australia, architect

Kathy Fisher Mill, 51, born Australia, nurse/health administrator

Michael Whilshire, 40, born Australia, car dealer

Josephine Zilikis (Josie), 35, born Australia, business woman

Manuel Montez, 65, born Spain, lawyer, womanizer

Allison McKenzie Pedrera, 62, born Scotland, teacher

Jonas Friedrick Kursten, 60, born Austria, film maker

Silvie Chia Kursten, 40, born Singapore, ex model



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*Deep feelings of pride  
Nurturing and caring  
Delicacy shining within  
A gentle smile  
On the waves of life  
Touching with the passion  
Of a thousand gipsy guitars*



# 1

## MELBOURNE 2000 SOMETHING

*Man of Italian origin, over 45, multi-divorced, strong build, searching for perfect match: a sensually beautiful Woman, warm, fun lover, positive, secure and self confident for joyful encounters and deep conversations, no strings attached. Available late evenings. Are you there?*

“What now?”

“We offer the safest way to meet voice to voice before you meet face to face. Just call our number and follow the simple instructions. Enter your voice mail box and PIN number to listen to your messages and choose who to respond to. Don’t give out your own phone number or home address, just use your personal code ID. We will send you a statement in the mail to confirm your bankcard payment.”

“Thank you.”

Luca hung up, feeling like a child who had just done something naughty.

This was the first time he had contacted a singles’ agency to meet a woman, something that wouldn’t have even crossed his mind after his first divorce.

Somehow it still didn’t feel right. He couldn’t help perceiving it as some kind of failure. His chatterbox wouldn’t stop nagging him about how low he had fallen.

The phone rang, making him jump in anticipation, before realizing how silly he was. He answered, still looking around as if he had been sprung doing something wrong. His heart pounding, running away from his thoughts, as if their two energies couldn't communicate with each other any more, kept apart by the power of persistent social brainwashing and conditioning.

“Armani photography... Luca speaking..”

During his twenty-odd years in Australia, he had grown more and more grateful for having a surname that sounded so familiar, riding on the fame and glory of his homonymous icon.

“Are you coming tonight?”

“Who is this?” wondering if anyone could have already found out what he had just done, randomly recollecting as much as possible of the real and present around him.

“It's me, Kathy... what are you on? You sound so vague... are you coming to dinner tonight? Didn't Michael tell you about it?”

“Hi Kathy, ciao... no, I didn't know. But let me see... I will have to cancel my date with... Monica Bellucci, and...”

“Sure... so, are you coming?”

“Who else will be there?”

“The usual...”

“OK. What time?”

One of the things Luca had most difficulty with since living in Melbourne, was adjusting to the time when people usually sat down to dinner. He just couldn't get used to eating earlier than nine or preferably even later. These early evening time slots often created a social problem for him in an environment where things normally went by the book, with little or no room for change and improvisation.

He used to joke about it, saying that in Southern Europe only peasants and farmers would eat that early and go to bed when their chickens do. A remark that wasn't always taken with the same lightness and humour as it was intended.

But he was a gypsy at heart and found it extremely difficult to comply with rules and regulations. He would just refuse to follow, an

