

# This book belongs to

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Pasta Sunday

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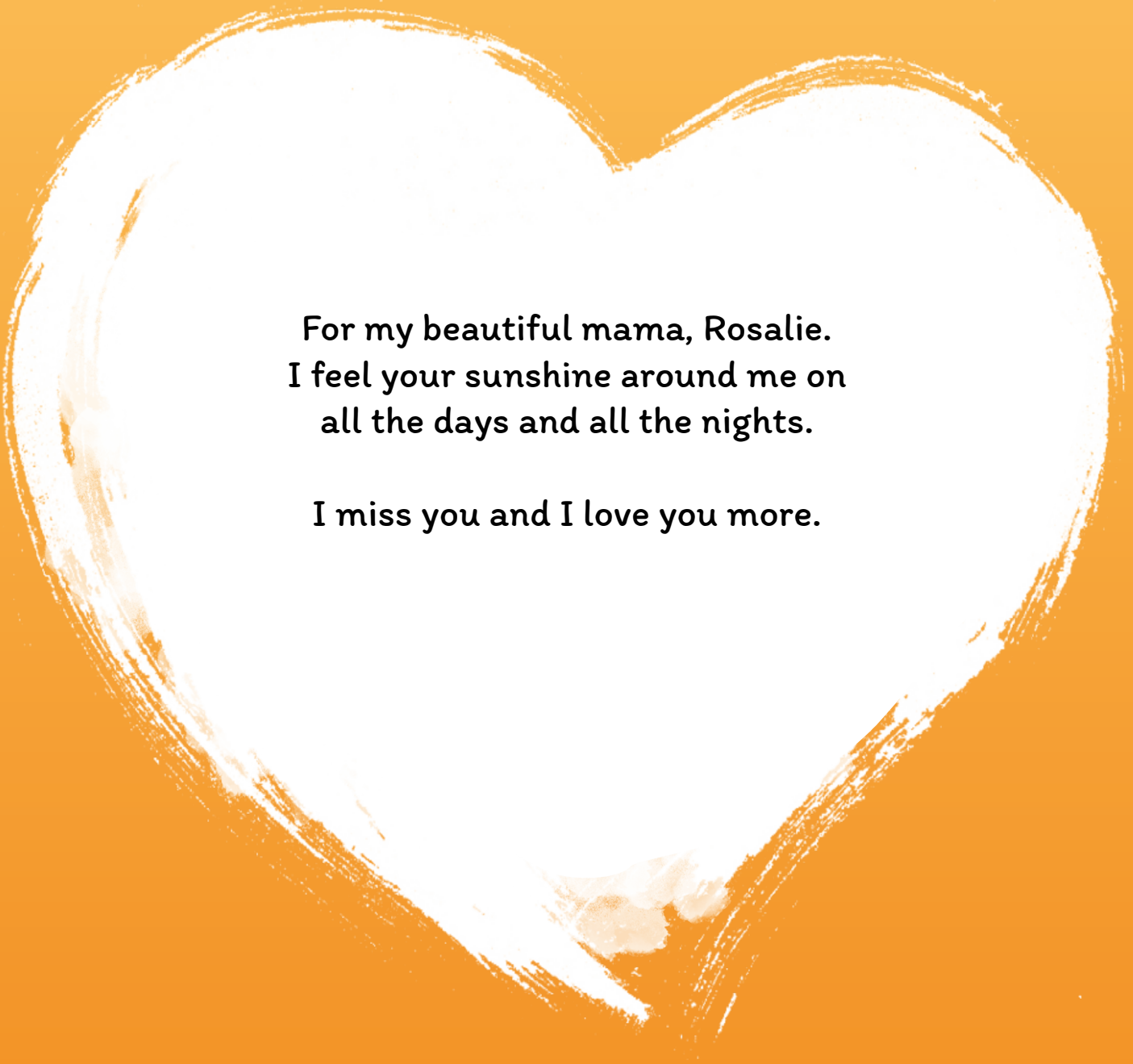
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A large, hand-drawn heart is the central focus of the image. The heart is filled with a light blue color and has a thick, white, brush-stroke-like border. It is set against a dark blue background. The text is centered within the heart.

**For my beautiful mama, Rosalie.  
I feel your sunshine around me on  
all the days and all the nights.**

**I miss you and I love you more.**

# What This Book Means to Me

This tradition holds a special place in my heart because of the love it brings to our home every Sunday. It's more than just a meal; it's the warmth of family, the laughter of cousins, and the closeness of dear friends gathered around the table.

# Acknowledgment

Thank you to the incredible team at Global Book Publishing, who brought these pages to life with color and wonder.

A big, big, big hug to my daughter, Kelly, who inspired me, and to my husband, who never stopped believing in it and me, and to my family and friends who gave me emotional support. And to YOU, the reader. This story is for you!

# Introduction

It's Pasta Sunday at Nana's house. Marie's favorite day of the week.

She's finally old enough to help in the kitchen and learn the secret behind her family's famous pasta. But just as the sauce starts to simmer, Cannoli (the dog) chases Mishkeen (the cat) through the tomato-sauced chaos, and everything goes sideways.

With pots clanging and tempers rising, it's up to Marie to stir things back into place. Can one determined girl save Pasta Sunday before it all boils over?

A heartwarming story about tradition, togetherness, and a little girl discovering the magic of family, one noodle at a time.



Hi, my name is Marie. This is my naughty cat, Mishkeen (*mish-KEEN*), and my silly dog, Cannoli (*kuh-NO-lee*).



Today we are going to my Nana's house.  
It's my favorite day of the week.



Why? Because it is Pasta Sunday!



Sunday is the day when my Nana makes pasta for dinner.  
It's my favorite food.



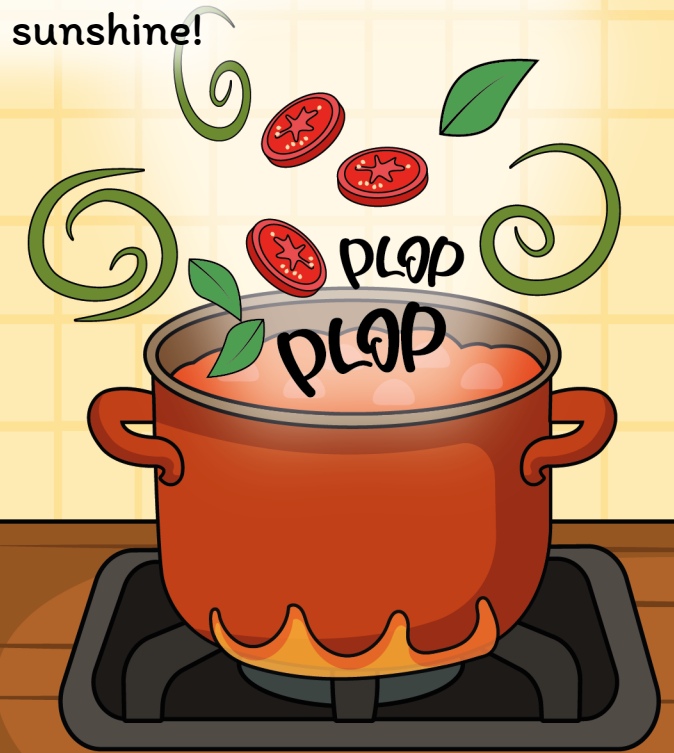
But last week... oh boy! Last week was a pasta disaster!



Cannoli and Mishkeen turned our house upside down.  
It was a terrible mess. Here is what happened.



Nana got up early to make the pasta sauce. She chopped garlic (chop chop), sliced tomatoes (plop plop), and put sweet basil. It smelled like sunshine!



“Why do you make pasta on Sundays, Nana?” I asked.



“Because it’s our family tradition. It brings us together to eat and laugh and give God thanks,” she replied.



“Why does it smell so delicious?”

**TOP  
SECRET**



“Because it’s a family secret recipe.”



“Can you teach me?” I asked.



“You are old enough. Yes, I will.”





“When I was your age, my mama taught me. When your mom was your age, I taught her. This recipe has been passed down for many generations. It came from a town called Isola delle Femmine in Sicily. This is where our family came from before we came to America,” she said.



I helped Nana put the garlic, tomatoes,  
and sweet basil into the pot.



It smelled like Nana's hugs.  
I even got to stir the sauce with the wooden spoon.



We did a taste test to make sure it tasted just right.  
Mmm mm, it made my tummy rumble!



Just then, there was a knock at the door.



“Can you help me with these bags?”  
neighbor Mr. Macaroni asked.



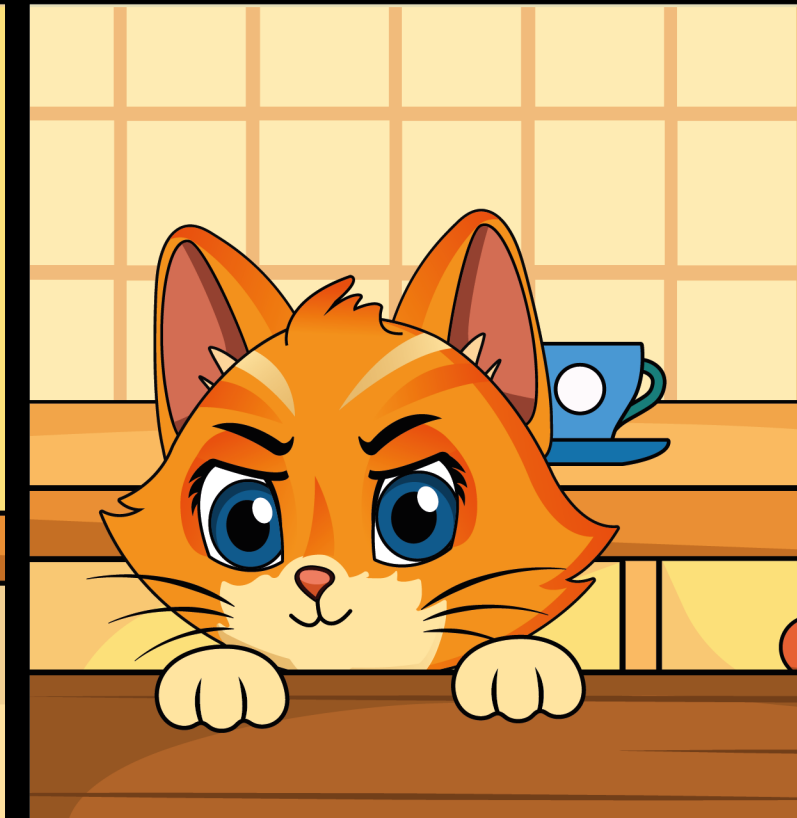
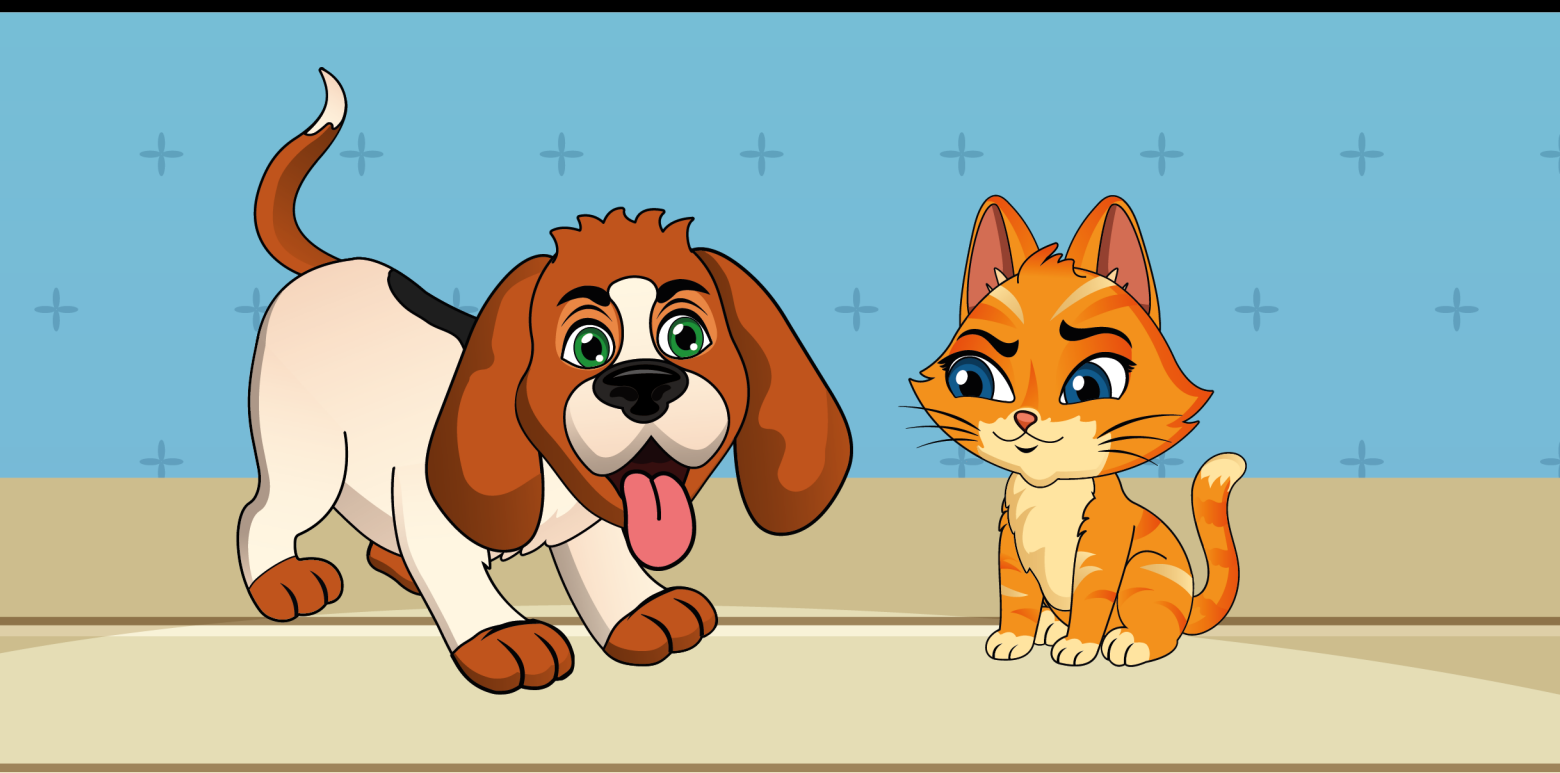
“Of course,” Nana took off her apron  
and tied it on me.



“Marie, I’m going to leave you in charge of the pasta sauce.  
I’ll be right back.”



Just after Nana left, “DING DONG!” went the doorbell.



"RUFF RUFF!" barked Cannoli, and that scared Mishkeen.



**RUFF!  
RUFF!**



**MEOW!**



**AAH!**

She scattered all over the kitchen and overturned everything.  
"CRASH!" went the pot of pasta sauce!



The pot flew off the stove onto the floor.  
And landed on Cannoli's head. Good grief, what a mess!



Everyone would be disappointed that  
Pasta Sunday was ruined.



Or was it?  
But wait! I can fix this.



I quickly cleaned up the kitchen. Cannoli wagged his tail.  
Mishkeen licked sauce off her paws.



I straightened my apron and put on Nana's chef's hat.



I was now Chef Marie. I would save Pasta Sunday!



Since I needed to make a new pot of sauce,  
I followed Nana's recipe carefully.



I put garlic, tomatoes, and sweet basil into the pot.  
Oh yes, it smelled delicious. Just like Nana's.



When Nana got home, I told her the story.  
She hugged me tightly.



“Thank you for saving  
Pasta Sunday, Chef Marie,” she said.



Together, we put the cooked pasta in a bowl, added the sauce, and I topped it with sprinkles of Parmesan cheese.



Mm mmm, warm pasta goodness.  
It smelled so yummy!



As I carried it to the table, smells of garlic, tomatoes,  
and sweet basil floated to my face.

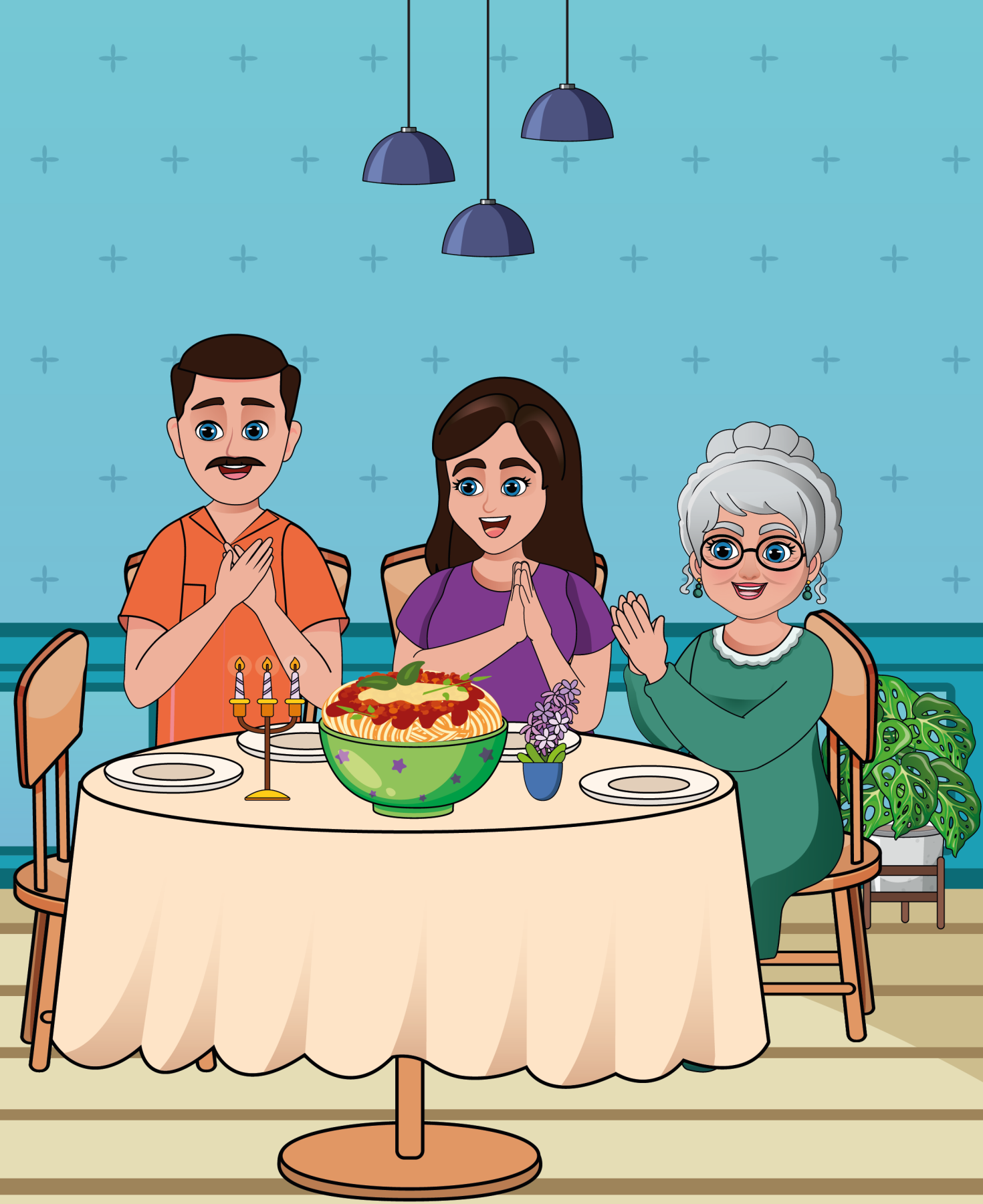


“Chef Marie, please call everyone to the table,” Nana said,  
while handing me the wooden spoon.



I held that spoon up like a magic wand.  
“Mangia, mangia!” I said. It means *let’s eat*, in Italian.  
“Mangia, mangia!” my family cheered.

Mangia,  
mangia!



# Pasta Gulagias

My favorite childhood pasta sauce has always been Pasta Gulagia. Nana Blondie and my Mama made it often for us kids. This quick, simple, and flavorful sauce pairs perfectly with delicate pastas, such as angel hair.

I hope you'll take this beloved recipe, add your own special touch, and start a new tradition in your family. Mangia, mangia! (Let's eat!)




## Ingredients:

1. One 35-oz can of whole peeled San Marzano tomatoes (cut into small pieces)
2. 2 cans of tomato sauce, 1 cup of water
3. 3 garlic cloves (chopped)
4. Salt, pepper (two-finger pinch of each)
5. ¼ cup fresh sweet basil, 1 tsp sugar
6. Baking soda (two-finger pinch, this cuts acidity), Olive oil (for frying garlic)

## Directions:

1. Drizzle oil into a 2-quart saucepan and sauté the garlic till lightly brown.
2. Add the remaining ingredients to the pot and stir.
3. Bring to a boil, then reduce the heat and simmer for 20 minutes with the lid off. Then, on the low heat, simmer for 20 minutes with the lid on.
4. Serve sauce over cooked angel hair pasta. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Garnish with a few basil leaves.

# Questions for YOU

-  What are some of your traditions?  
• \_\_\_\_\_
-  Why are they important to you?  
• \_\_\_\_\_
-  What tradition would you like to start? Why? With whom?  
• \_\_\_\_\_

# Pasta Jokes for YOU

1. What do you call a fake noodle? An impasta!
2. What kind of pasta do you eat in the winter? Mac and freeze!
3. Why did the spaghetti run across the road? Because it was afraid it was going to get sauced!
4. Why didn't the ravioli go to the party? Because it was too stuffed!
5. What did the penne say to the tomato? You go on ahead, I'll ketchup later!
6. Write your own pasta joke here:
  - \_\_\_\_\_
  - \_\_\_\_\_
  - \_\_\_\_\_



