

# STEFANO GIACOMO

THE THREE GHOSTS  
A FRY COVE TALE

FRY COVE  
PRONTO PIZZA



Kitty May Gruchelska

STEFANO  
GIACOMO

&

THE THREE GHOSTS

A FRY COVE TALE



Magnetic Lion  
PRODUCTIONS

Kitty May Gruchelska

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## Portion 1

### The Big Boss

Stefano Giacomo Seagull waddled along the narrow street that led to his factory. He was a plump bird who wore a necklace of pasta. With his beak held high, he acknowledged the passing seagulls with narrowed eyes.

“Morning, Mayor Steven Zeus,” he said.

The mayor’s beak crinkled.

“Morning.”

A female seagull thrust a twig towards his face.

“Any news about your factory?” she said.

“Oh it’s you, Stephanie Lucille,” he said in a gruff manner. “I remember your last report about me was very negative.”

She retreated, scurrying towards Steven Zeus. The big boss continued on his way, parting the gulls on his path like a knife slicing bread. Overhead, seagulls circled with caution.

They all lived in a coastal town called Fry Cove. It was abundant with everything they needed, such as shells for currency, and chips for nourishment. The season of plentiful chips had yet to begin and their carbohydrate comrades were in short supply, but still, the residents of Fry Cove were grateful to the seagull gods for any fallen fried friends.

“Would you like a few chips?” said a passing steven, unfurling a wing to reveal three slightly shrivelled fries.

“Mamma Mia, Steven Tiberius! You know I hate chips. Why do you do this to me?”

“Sharing is caring,” he said with a sigh, curling his

wing around the chips.

“Why do you even bother with them anyway?” Stefano Giacomo said. “Haven’t you even tried pizza and pasta?”

Steven Tiberius sucked through his beak.

“Chips are our heritage, our lifeblood. How can we turn our backs on them? We can’t forsake their velvety fluffy insides, nor forget their crispy golden coating, dusted with salt and sprinkled with vinegar.” He closed his eyes, smiled and added, “Mmmmmm.”

“Hmph!” Stefano Giacomo grunted. “Chips are the past. Italian cuisine is the future.” He kissed a wing tip, flicking it in a salute. “We need to modernise...move forward!”

“There’s nothing wrong with tradition,” Steven Tiberius said, wagging a wing tip. “And speaking of tradition, the Annual Chip Festival is soon. Steven Zeus is already planning another spectacular ceremony.”

A crafty smile spread across Stefano Giacomo’s beak.

“Oh, I’ll be there,” he said, while Steven Tiberius paddled on his way.

Just ahead, a hooman spilled a cone of chips on the ground. Within seconds, a huge group of stevens and stephanies flapped in excitement, swooping down to seize their savoury snack before the hooman could take back its prize.

“Mamma Mia!” said Stefano Giacomo, wafting a wing with impatience. “You’ve picked a fine moment. I’ve got a very busy day ahead of me.”

The seagulls gobbled the chips in seconds, then they flew back towards the rooftops.

“Fry Cove will be all mine one day,” he muttered, “and I’ll outlaw chips. You’ll see.”

The boss approached a building with a board across its window. The sign read ‘Pronto Pizza,’ and he slipped inside a hole in the door. It was dark, but he fluttered onto the bar, reached behind and activated a lever. A door popped open and he disappeared through the gap.

A minute later, he emerged in a massive hallway. There were large vats, plus many seagulls milling around the bases. They had clipboards clutched in their wings and yellow hats on their heads.

“Reports!” Stefano Giacomo called.

His minion gulls hurried, wings flapping and feet pattering in circles.

“Coming right up!” one of them squawked.

“And I need the to-do-list for today!” added the boss.

“Steven Guiseppe is just finishing it.”

“How many orders do we have for today?”

“Um,” said the same gull, “quite a lot.”

“I need exact numbers!” said Stefano Giacomo.

Another gull in a yellow hat hopped forward, consulting his clipboard.

“Ah, Steven Pietro. Thank the seagull gods. Is the pasta shipment ready?”

The gull’s wings quivered.

“Erm, actually, I-I’m really sorry to say, but it’s...delayed.”

“Delayed??!!”

The hall fell so silent, you could hear a shell drop.

“The conveyor belt broke yesterday, and um, we haven’t m-managed to fix it yet.”

They waddled towards the belt, which was a continuous sheet of lasagne. There was a large split in its pasta construction. Stefano Giacomo slapped Steven Pietro so hard, the poor gull made an arc and landed hard on the floor with a ‘harrumph’!

“That’s the price you pay for delays!”

The other minion seagulls in the hall jolted in alarm, then scuttled back to work.

“I want the carbonara sauce ready by the end of the day!” the boss thundered. “No excuses!”

He stomped out of the hall and went to his office, which was in a different part of the building. He shut the door and hopped onto a perch, where he looked at a large picture on the wall. It was a painting of a very dignified seagull, who had a tuft of fuzzy feathers for a beard.

“Steven Marley, my old friend,” he said, addressing the picture, a sly smile spreading across his beak. “The factory is doing very well, despite your sad and untimely death.”

He jumped from his perch and gulped some fizzy water from the container in the corner. Then he paced the room, wings folded behind his back.

“We’ve come so far since our first vision of a pizza and pasta empire. I’ve expanded the workforce to include spaghetti cutters as well as minion seagulls, who carry out all the production work.”

Stefano Giacomo opened a drawer in his desk and produced a breadstick, which he placed in his beak.

“There’s also a really exciting development. Sheikh Steven Sayeed Mustafa bin Mahmoud is visiting Fry Cove soon. He’s thinking about investing some shells in

the factory because he believes in our future success.”

He stood beneath the painting, one wing on his chest, the breadstick dangling from his beak.

“I hope you’re proud of what we’re doing. May you be watching over us on this first anniversary of your one-way trip to seagull heaven.”

Stefano Giacomo bowed his head, then relaxed on his perch, idly chomping his breadstick.

