



VINCENZO SALVIA PRESENTS

THEY SPEAK ITALIAN

"THE MORE YOU EAT, THE MORE YOU WANT."

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APPETIZER.

In the previous chapter of our carb-laden horror saga, Italy was kneading itself into desperation. The once bountiful lands of pasta and pizza were gripped by a wheat crisis so severe it transformed the Italian population into carb-craving zombies. Supermarkets, stripped of their dignity, offered only chemical surrogates of the sacred trinity: bread, pasta, and pizza. As the nation's limbs weakened and eyesight dimmed from carbohydrate deficiency, Italians had no choice but to drag their increasingly doughy bodies through the streets, seeking the flesh of bakers rather than their baked goods. This culinary apocalypse reached its zenith when the mafia became the most "flour-ishing" business, trading spaghetti at cocaine prices, and lasagna became a more coveted commodity than the latest Gucci handbag.

Fast forward to the present day, and you'd think Italy had left this floury nightmare behind... But dear reader, when one oven closes, another opens.

Enter OnlyBuns, the latest digital temptation, proving that Italians' hunger for connection can manifest in ways equally (if not more) haunting than their craving for carbs.

As I slice into the first chapter, remember: in Italy, even the zombies speak Italian... and they're famished.

THEY SPEAK ITALIAN 2.

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A surreal, cinematic image. A dark, narrow hallway leads to a bright blue light at the far end. A silhouette of a person stands in the light. The floor is dark and reflective, with a large, golden-brown loaf of bread in the foreground. The floor is also covered with pools of red liquid, possibly blood. The walls are dark and textured.

CHAPTER ONE

THE RISE OF THE DOUGH.

In the wake of the great Italian carbohydrate crisis, a new dawn had risen over the boot-shaped peninsula. The Influenzati, once saviors of the nation's pasta patrimony, now reigned supreme in a landscape where likes were currency and followers were more precious than gold.

As the sun peeked over the Colosseum, casting long shadows across plates of perfectly al dente spaghetti, a notification pinged on millions of smartphones across Italy: "OnlyBuns is now live! Exclusive recipes, secret techniques, and mouthwatering content from your favorite culinary influencers!"

The new platform spread faster than Nutella on warm bread. Suddenly, every Italian with a fork and a dream was crafting content, hoping to become the next big pasta personality.

Meanwhile, in a dingy apartment in Milan, Tony "Riga Tony" Riga, once the star of "Masterchef" now a washed-up chef reduced to making unboxing videos of microwave meals, stared at his phone in disbelief.

"Mamma mia," he muttered, adjusting his sunglasses indoors, "Five million subscribers for a video on how to boil water? What's next, breathing tutorials?"

But as OnlyBuns grew, so did the divide in Italian society. The Influenzati flaunted their exclusive recipes and lavish "pasta lifestyle," while the average Giuseppe struggled to afford even a humble plate of penne.

Whispers began to circulate of a shadowy organization behind OnlyBuns, known only as The Colander-stine Society. Some claimed they controlled the flow of semolina like a culinary illuminati. Others insisted they were developing pasta with mind-control properties.

Tony, his culinary pride wounded but not dead, decided to investigate. Armed with nothing but his kitchen knives and an outdated catchphrase ("Mamma mia, che pasta!"), he set out to infiltrate the world of OnlyBuns.

Little did he know, he was about to uncover a conspiracy that would shake Italy to its very core, threatening not just its culinary heritage, but the very fabric of its carb-loving society.

As the first episode drew to a close, a mysterious figure watched Tony from the shadows, twirling a fork that glowed with an otherworldly heat.

"So," the figure growled, its voice like sizzling oil, "Riga Tony thinks he can challenge OnlyBuns? Let him come. We'll see who's really... done to perfection."

As Tony drifted off to sleep that night, he dreamt of pasta that writhed like snakes and tomatoes that screamed when cut. He awoke in a cold sweat, the smell of burning garlic lingering in the air, though his kitchen was empty and cold.



CHAPTER TWO

SAUCE AND THE CITY.

Tony Riga's attempts to infiltrate OnlyBuns were about as successful as trying to grate mozzarella for a Caprese salad. His first "exclusive" video, "How to open a can of tuna: A Michelin Star approach," had garnered a whopping three views - all from his grandma.

"Santo cielo," Tony muttered, pacing his tiny kitchen. "I need an angle, a hook, something to make these carb-crazed zombies notice me!"

Inspiration struck like a bolt of lightning. Tony grabbed his phone and hit record:

"Ciao, belli! Today, we're making the most exclusive pasta in the world. It's so secret, even I don't know the recipe! Watch me cook... blindfolded!"

What followed was 10 minutes of culinary chaos. Pots clanged, ingredients flew, and at one point, Tony nearly flambéed his eyebrows off. But the result? A million views in an hour.

Meanwhile, in the gleaming headquarters of OnlyBuns, a figure shrouded in shadow watched Tony's video on a wall of monitors.

"Interesting," the voice purred, stroking a cat-shaped breadstick. "This Riga Tony could be useful. Or dangerous. Bring him to me."

As Tony's OnlyBuns fame grew, so did his suspicions. Why were subscribers reporting strange cravings and inexplicable weight gain? And why did every verified OnlyBuns creator have the same glazed, dough-eyed look?

Determined to get answers, Tony accepted an invitation to the ultra-exclusive OnlyBuns Creator Gala. The dress code? "Pasta couture."

The night of the gala, Tony arrived at a magnificent villa outside Milan, sporting a dashing bow tie made of farfalle. As Tony stepped into the gala, an unnatural heat hit him like a blast from an industrial oven. The lights flickered, casting demonic shadows on the walls. A scream pierced the darkness, followed by the sickening sound of... sizzling flesh?

The room began to spin, the elegant decor melting away like candles left too close to a flame. The guests' faces stretched and distorted, their mouths opening impossibly wide to reveal rows of pasta-like teeth.

When the world stopped spinning, Tony found himself alone in a room that looked nothing like the glamorous gala he'd entered. The walls were lined with giant, pulsating ovens, and the floor was covered in a thick, red sauce that bubbled ominously.

"Mamma mia," Tony whispered, his sunglasses slipping down his nose. "What kind of infernal kitchen is this?"

A hand, burning hot, grabbed his shoulder. Tony spun around to face a figure in a chef's hat, their face obscured by swirling steam.

"Welcome, Riga Tony," the figure said, its voice echoing as if from the depths of a massive pot. "To the true heart of OnlyBuns. The kitchen where souls are the main ingredient."



CHAPTER THREE

THE CIRCLES OF PASTA.

Tony's head spun as he tried to make sense of his surroundings. The room he stood in seemed to stretch endlessly, its walls lined with industrial ovens that pulsed with an otherworldly heat. The air was thick with the scent of burning herbs and... something else, something sickeningly sweet.

"What is this place?" Tony demanded, his voice shaking despite his best efforts to sound brave.

The steaming figure chuckled, a sound like boiling water. "This, my dear Tony, is the true kitchen of OnlyBuns. Welcome to the Circles of Pasta."

As if on cue, the floor began to move. Tony found himself descending, spiraling down into the depths of this culinary hell.

In the first circle, Italians wandered aimlessly, forever torn between choosing pasta or pizza, espresso or cappuccino, gesticulating with one hand or two. "The Limbo of Eternal Italian Indecision," his guide explained.

The second circle writhed with damned souls forever attempting to bite into perpetually scorching pizza. "The lust for the unreachable slice", the guide explained, as spirits howled, their mouths eternally burned, the molten cheese forever just beyond their grasp.

They passed through the circle of Gluttony, where the souls of the overly indulgent were themselves endlessly filled like human cannoli, sweet ricotta cream being piped into them for eternity. As they descended deeper, Tony's horror grew. In one circle, food critics were forced to eat nothing but pineapple pizza forever.

In another, chefs who had used jar sauce for pasta were entombed in slowly hardening, store-bought tiramisu. "And here," the guide pointed to a particularly grim level, "those who dared to break spaghetti before boiling."

Tony shuddered. "Surely there can be nothing worse?"

The guide chuckled ominously. "Oh, but there is. Behold, the final circle!"

They reached the bottom, where a massive industrial kitchen spread out before them. At its center stood an enormous meat grinder, into which souls were being fed.

"Mamma mia!" Tony exclaimed, his sunglasses nearly falling off in shock. "This is not how we make Bolognese!"

The figure beside him laughed, the sound echoing ominously. "Oh, but it is now, Tony. The damned souls make for the most exquisite sauce. And soon, all of Italy will have a taste."

Tony watched in horror as a familiar face was pushed towards the grinder. "Is that... Gordon Ramsay?"

"Former chef, now eternal sous-chef," the figure confirmed.

"But enough touring. It's time you met the head chef."

The figure gestured towards a towering inferno of a being at the far end of the kitchen. Half man, half industrial oven, with eyes that blazed like pilot lights and a mouth that billowed steam.

"Tony Riga," the figure beside him said, "meet The MasterChef."

The MasterChef turned, his gaze falling upon Tony. When he spoke, his voice was like the roar of a thousand gas burners igniting at once.

"Ah, the meddling chef arrives," The MasterChef boomed.

"Welcome to my kitchen, Tony. I hope you're ready... to be served."

Tony gulped, realizing that he was in for the cook-off of his life - and the stakes were nothing less than the soul of Italian cuisine itself.

A dramatic, high-contrast photograph of a kitchen in a state of chaos. A large, intense fire rages on the floor, consuming debris and reflecting off the tiled surface. A single, glowing pendant lamp hangs from the ceiling, casting a warm, orange light. A window in the background shows a view of trees outside. The overall atmosphere is one of destruction and tension.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN.

Tony stood frozen, his designer sunglasses fogging up from the infernal heat. The MasterChef loomed before him, a nightmarish fusion of man and kitchen appliance, his body crackling with flames and smelling of burnt garlic.

"So, Tony Riga," The MasterChef's voice boomed, causing pots and pans to rattle ominously. "You thought you could challenge the power of OnlyBuns? I'm afraid you're out of your depth... and into the fire!"

Tony, mustering all his courage, retorted, "Listen here, you overcooked kitchen nightmare. I've dealt with Gordon Ramsay; you don't scare me!"

The MasterChef laughed, a sound like a thousand pizza ovens opening at once. "Oh, but I should. For I am the one who decides who's... done."

With a wave of his spatula-hand, The MasterChef summoned his demonic sous-chefs - twisted versions of famous Italian culinary personalities. Antonino Cannavacciuolo appeared, his massive arms now tentacles of living pasta, ready to wrap around and "motivate" the damned souls with his signature tough love. Alessandro Borghese materialized next, his iconic hair now a writhing mass of spaghetti, his rotating head announcing ominously, "My vote can confirm or overturn the result!" as he passed judgment on the souls of the culinary underworld.

"Behold my plan, Tony," The MasterChef grinned, revealing rows of knife-sharp teeth. "OnlyBuns is just the appetizer. Soon, we'll corrupt every recipe, every dish. The very soul of Italian cuisine will be mine to command!"

Tony watched in horror as Cannavacciuolo's pasta-tentacles kneaded screaming souls into dough, while Borghese's verdict sent waves of culinary damnation across the infernal kitchen, his voice booming, "This soul? It didn't convince me. Score: four out of ten!"

"But why?" Tony asked, dodging a flying meatball with teeth. "Why destroy Italian cuisine?"

The MasterChef's eyes flared like gas burners. "Because, my dear Tony, true power comes from controlling what people consume. And once we control their food, their very souls will be our main course!"

Suddenly, an idea struck Tony. He remembered his nonna's words: "The secret ingredient is always love... and a good wooden spoon."

"Alright, Signor MasterChef," Tony declared, brandishing his nonna's ancient wooden spoon. "If it's a cooking challenge you want, it's a cooking challenge you'll get. But if I win, you release all these souls and shut down OnlyBuns for good!"

The MasterChef's laughter shook the very foundations of his infernal kitchen. "You dare challenge me? Very well, Tony Riga. Let's have a cook-off for the ages. The winner takes all - the loser becomes part of tomorrow's special sauce!"

As demonic sous-chefs scrambled to set up cooking stations, Tony realized he was in for the battle of his life. The fate of Italian cuisine, and possibly the world, rested on his ability to out-cook the devil himself.

"Alright, nonna," Tony whispered, clutching his wooden spoon tightly. "Let's show this kitchen nightmare what real Italian cooking is all about."

The MasterChef raised his cleaver-hand high. "Let the hellish cooking challenge... BEGIN!"

CHAPTER FIVE

THE LAST SUPPER.



The infernal kitchen was set for the ultimate showdown. Tony stood at his station, armed with his nonna's wooden spoon and a determination that burned hotter than The MasterChef's flames.

"Contestants," boomed a voice that sounded suspiciously like a demonic Dario Argento, his words dripping with giallo-horror flair, "your challenge is to create the ultimate Italian dish. One that can save... or damn... the soul of Italy. You have one hour. Your time starts... now!"

As Tony began to cook, he noticed strange things happening. His pasta water began to boil without heat. Tomatoes levitated and diced themselves.

Meanwhile, The MasterChef was conjuring horrific ingredients. Souls screamed as they were grated like cheese. A river of blood-like arrabbiata sauce flowed from his fingertips.

Halfway through the challenge, The MasterChef turned to Tony, his head rotating a full 360 degrees. "Your mother cooks spaghetti in hell!" he growled.

Tony, summoning his inner exorcist-chef, flicked holy olive oil at The MasterChef. "The power of pasta compels you!"

As the final seconds ticked down, Tony realized that no ordinary dish could defeat this culinary demon. In a moment of inspiration, he began to recite his nonna's secret recipe... backwards.

"Esrever ni ecuas eht rits... ylwols ruolf eht dda..."

The kitchen began to shake. Pots and pans flew through the air. The MasterChef's creations began to dissolve.

"Impossibile!" The MasterChef screeched, his form beginning to melt like hot mozzarella.

As Tony placed the final garnish on his dish, a blinding light filled the kitchen. The souls trapped in The MasterChef's ingredients began to break free.

"Time's up!" the announcer called. "Present your dishes!"

Tony's plate held a simple, perfect plate of spaghetti aglio e olio. The MasterChef's station was empty, save for a puddle of bubbling, foul-smelling goo.

The demonic sous-chefs took one look at Tony's dish and began to weep tears of marinara sauce. "It's... it's perfect," Jamie Oliver sobbed, his demonic herb-chopping hands trembling in awe, while Cannavacciuolo's pasta-tentacles waved in surrender and Borghese's spaghetti-hair drooped in defeat.

The MasterChef, now nothing more than a sentient burner, sputtered, "How? How did you defeat me?"

Tony smiled, adjusting his sunglasses. "Because, you overcooked creep, true Italian cuisine isn't about complexity or corruption. It's about simplicity, quality ingredients, and most importantly... love."

As he spoke the last word, the infernal kitchen began to crumble. OnlyBuns servers exploded in showers of al dente penne. Across Italy, people awoke from their pasta-induced stupor, a newfound appreciation for genuine cooking filling their hearts.

Tony found himself back in his small Milan apartment, wondering if it had all been a dream. But there, on his counter, sat a plate of perfectly cooked spaghetti aglio e olio, with a note:

"Grazie, Tony. You've saved the soul of Italian cuisine. Buon appetito! - Nonna"

As Tony twirled the first forkful of pasta, he couldn't help but smile. The kitchen might be hell sometimes, but with the right ingredients and a lot of love, it could also be heaven.

Dear reader,

Thank you for devouring "They Speak Italian 2".

I hope this story has made your mouth water and, at the same time, made you think.

OnlyBuns isn't just an imaginary platform for exclusive gastronomic content. It's a mirror of our modern society. Like in a strawberry risotto, I've mixed seemingly contrasting ingredients: the commodification of Italian cuisine, the obsession with "luxury" food, social media addiction, and digital voyeurism.

With OnlyBuns, I wanted to serve a critique at the table of excessive consumerism, especially in the food sector. I tried to highlight how media manipulation can transform even food (a fundamental pleasure and necessity) into an object of obsession and status symbol, creating new forms of addiction and social divisions.

But there's more on my menu.

Did you notice the phenomenon of the new pasta elite?

It's no coincidence that it reminds you of certain subcultures from the '80s: the "Paninari". These new gastro-fashion victims, with their designer aprons and golden ladles, are the embodiment of how modern society can transform culinary traditions into ephemeral trends. It's the paradox of a culture that worships food but loses sight of its nutritional and social values, prioritizing appearance over substance. Through this satire, I wanted to serve up a reflection on the value of culinary tradition versus its commercialization. And remember: the devil makes the pots, but not the lids. It's up to you to decide whether you want to be the chef of your life or just a consumer of passing trends.

And perhaps you can also listen to my album "They Speak Italian 2" on all digital stores.

Buon appetito!

Vincenzo Salvia