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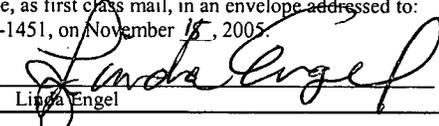
A Professional Corporation

In re Application of: RICHARD Societe Anonyme

Mark: FLORIO  
Serial No.: 79/001,606  
Examining Atty: T. McBride  
Filing Date: 2/13/04

Docket No.: 10623.63US01  
Due Date: n/a  
Law Office: 103

CERTIFICATE UNDER 37 CFR 2.197: The undersigned hereby certifies that this Transmittal Letter and the paper, as described herein, are being deposited in the United States Postal Service, as first class mail, in an envelope addressed to: Commissioner for Trademarks, P.O. Box 1451, Alexandria, VA 22313-1451, on November 15, 2005.

By: 

Linda Engel

Commissioner for Trademarks  
P.O. Box 1451  
Alexandria, Virginia 22313-1451

Dear Commissioner:

We are transmitting herewith the attached:

- Transmittal Sheet in duplicate containing Certificate of Mailing under 37 C.F.R. 2.197.
- Return postcard.
- Communication, entitled Request to Suspend Appeal and Remand Case to the Examining Attorney for Review of Additional Evidence and attached Exhibits A-C.

Please charge any additional fees or credit overpayment to Deposit Account No. 13-2725. A duplicate copy of this sheet is enclosed.

By: 

Name: John A. Clifford  
Reg. No. 30,247  
JAC/DIM/le



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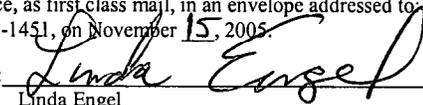
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By: 

Name: John A. Clifford  
Reg. No. 30,247  
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**IN THE UNITED STATES PATENT AND TRADEMARK OFFICE**

APPLICANT: RICHARD Societe Anonyme

EXAMINING ATTORNEY: T. McBride

LAW OFFICE: 103

APPLICATION SERIAL NO: 79/001606

DOCKET: 10623.0063US01

MARK: FLORIO

**REQUEST TO SUSPEND APPEAL AND REMAND CASE TO THE EXAMINING ATTORNEY FOR REVIEW OF ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE**

Pursuant to §1207.02 of the TBMP, Applicant requests the above-referenced matter be suspended and the application be remanded to the Examining Attorney for further examination of the additional evidence that was not previously available.

The Examining Attorney has refused registration of the proposed mark under §2(e)(4) of the Lanham Act. Careful consideration has been given to the Examining Attorney's position in refusing registration of the mark as being "primarily merely a surname." Applicant respectfully requests that the Examining Attorney review the attached evidence establishing other meanings of the term FLORIO and withdraw the refusal of registration.

The question of whether a term is primarily merely a surname depends on the primary, not the secondary, significance to the purchasing public. The Trademark Trial and Appeal Board has identified five factors to be considered in making this determination:

- (1) whether the surname is rare (*see* TMEP §1211.01(a)(v));

- (2) whether the term is the surname of anyone connected with the applicant (*see* TMEP §1211.02(b)(iii));
- (3) whether the term has any recognized meaning other than as a surname (*see* TMEP §§1211.01(a) *et seq.*);
- (4) whether it has the "look and feel" of a surname (*see* TMEP §1211.01(a)(vi));  
and
- (5) whether the stylization of lettering is distinctive enough to create a separate commercial impression (*see* TMEP §1211.01(b)(ii).

*In re Benthin Management GmbH*, 37 USPQ2d 1332, 1333-1334 (TTAB 1995).

TMEP § 1211.01.

I. FLORIO Is an Extremely Rare Surname

In Applicant's Response dated March 9, 2005, Applicant submitted evidence clearly establishing that the surname FLORIO is very rare and uncommon. The printout of record from the U.S. Census Bureau of 1990 shows the surname as occurring in only 0.001% of the population. In addition, various on-line surname database search results of FLORIO were made of record to show "no matches" in one case; "1 match" in another search; only "104" matches in yet another search; and finally a search of the *Surname Helper* database located only 3 entries posted from military and cemetery records. Applicant submits that there is so little evidence in support of the position that the mark is "primarily merely a surname. Thus, the term **FLORIO** is rare and unknown, and purchasers are not likely to regard the word as a surname.

II. FLORIO Is Not a Surname of Anyone Connected With the Applicant

FLORIO is not a surname of an individual associated with the applicant. To Applicant's knowledge, FLORIO does not have a particular meaning in the relevant industry, has no geographic significance, and refers to a male first name in the Italian language. See Exhibit A.

III. FLORIO Has Significant Recognized Meaning Other Than as a Surname

If there is a readily recognized meaning of a term, apart from its surname significance, such that the primary significance of the term is not that of a surname, registration should be granted on the Principal Register without evidence of acquired distinctiveness. *See In re United Distillers plc*, 56 USPQ2d 1220 (TTAB 2000) (the relatively rare surname HACKLER held not primarily merely a surname, in light of dictionary meaning); *Fisher Radio Corp. v. Bird Electronic Corp.*, 162 USPQ 265 (TTAB 1969) (BIRD held not primarily merely a surname despite surname significance); *In re Hunt Electronics Co.*, 155 USPQ 606 (TTAB 1967) (HUNT held not primarily merely a surname despite surname significance). *See* TMEP 1211.01.

FLORIO is a somewhat common boy's name in Italy and is the masculine form of the female name Florence. See attached documents marked as Exhibit A showing that FLORIO refers to a male first name. As the attached document from [www.croatia-in-english.com](http://www.croatia-in-english.com) specifically indicates, the term FLORIO is an Italian first name for males. See Exhibit A. As the attached product advertisements evidence, Applicant markets its FLORIO coffee products as "Italian roast." See attached information regarding

applicant's FLORIO products in Exhibit C. Thus, the commercial impression of the mark is intended to be that of an Italian male's first name, not a surname.

Moreover, FLORIO also refers to a type of bird. See attached documents marked as Exhibit B showing that FLORIO also refers to a kind of bird. Thus, the term FLORIO is not primarily merely a surname because it has other recognized meanings.

IV. FLORIO Does Not Have the "Look and Feel" of a Surname

There is a category of surnames that are so rare that they do not even have the appearance of surnames. TMEP § 1211.01(a)(vi). Where these are involved, even in the absence of non-surname significance, a reasonable application of the test of "primary significance to the purchasing public" could result in a finding that such a surname, when used as a mark, would be perceived as arbitrary or fanciful. *In re United Distillers plc*, 56 USPQ2d 1220 (TTAB 2000) (HACKLER does not have the look and feel of a surname).

The term FLORIO does not have the look and feel of a surname. When used in connection with references to "Italy," it has the look and sound of a first name. Thus, the mark does not in any way create the impression of a surname, but clearly suggests an arbitrary trademark for the applicant's food products.

For the foregoing reasons, the proposed mark is not primarily merely a surname and the refusal of registration should be withdrawn.

We respectfully request that the matter be suspended and the application be remanded to the Examining Attorney for further examination of the additional evidence that was not previously available. We further request that the Examining Attorney withdraw the refusal issued under §2(e)(4) of the Lanham Act and forward this application to publication. Should the Examining Attorney have additional questions or comments, a telephone conference is welcomed.

Respectfully Submitted,

RICHARD

By its Attorney,

Date:

15 NOV. 2005

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. Clifford", written over a horizontal line.

John A. Clifford  
MERCHANT & GOULD P.C.  
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**EXHIBIT A**

## First Names

**COMMON FIRST NAMES of Southern Croatia**

These are some common first names as found in church documents around Dubrovnik. We are looking for similar information from other parts of Croatia.

This information can be put to good use after you have found the original documents. For example, the first name of Boz"o (often Bob or Robert in the States; sometimes Ed or Edward) is Natale in many church records. If you did not know this, you could look right at your ancestor's church record and not know it. Charles or Charlie in the States is often Vlaho. Cvijeto is often shown as Florio in Croatian church records. John is Ivo or Giovanni.

Hr = Hrvatski = Croatian (**bold** examples are the most common variants found today)

Nk = nadimak = nickname (in Croatian)

It = Italian (as used in church documents in the 1800s)

Lt = Latin (as used in church documents in the 1800s)

En = English

To see how the Croatian alphabet is presented on this site, click [here](#).

For spelling and pronunciation of Croatian, click [here](#).

If you have corrections or additions, please send an [e-mail](#)

Hr: <b>Ana</b> , Ane Nk: Jane, Janica, Janka, Anka It: Anna Lt: Anna En: Ann, Anna	Ana = AH' NAH Jane=YAH' NEH Janica=YAH' NEET SAH
Hr: <b>Anastasija</b> Nk: Stos"e It: Anastasia Lt: ? En: Anastasia, Stacy	
Hr: <b>Andreja</b> , Andrija, Andro It: Andrea Lt: Andreas En: Andrew	masculine name AHN' DREH YA
Hr: <b>Antun</b> , Ante Nk: Tonc'i It: Antonio Lt: Antonius En: Anthony, Tony	Antun = AHN' TOON Tonc'i = TONE' CHEE
Hr: <b>Baldo</b> It: Baldassar Lt: ?: Balthassar En: no equivalent	Baldo = BAHL' DOH
Hr: <b>Boz"o</b> Nk: Bos"ko It: Natale Lt: Natalis En: Nat, Nate, Nathaniel, Nathan	Z" in Boz"o is pronounced as S in treasure. Most Boz"os became Bobs or Roberts in the States. But some became Edwards or Eds.
Hr: <b>Cvieto</b> , Cvijeto It: Florio Lt: Florius En: no equivalent	masculine of Florence Cvieto=TSVEE YEH' TOH
Hr: <b>D'uro</b> , Djuro, Gjuro, Jure It: Giorgio Lt: En: George	D'uro=JEW' ROH (rolled R)

Hr: <b>Elena</b> , Jele, Jelena It: Ellena Lt: Helena En: Helen	Jele=YEH' LEH
Hr: <b>Gas"par</b> It: Lt: Gasparius En: Gaspar, Casper	GAH' SHPAR G as in good
<b>Gjuro</b> -- see D'uro	
Hr: <b>Grgur</b> It: Lt: Gregorius En: Gregory, Greg	GR' GER (rolled R's) both G's as in good
<b>Helena</b> -- see Elena	
Hr: <b>Ivo</b> It: Giovanni Lt: Ivan En: John, Jack	Ivo=EE' VOH
Hr: <b>Jakov</b> , Jako It: Lt: En: Jacob, Jake	Jako=JAH' KOH
<b>Jane</b> -- see Ana	
<b>Jele</b> -- see Elena	
Hr: <b>Josip</b> , Jozip Nk: Jos"ko, Jozo It: Giuseppe Lt: En: Joseph, Joe	Josip=YOH' SIHP
<b>Jure</b> -- see D'uro	
Hr: <b>Kate</b> Nk: Katica It: Caterina, Cattarina, Catta Lt: Katarina En: Catherine, Katherine, Kathy, Cathy, Kate, Katie, Katy, Kay, etc.	Kate=KAH' TEH
Hr: <b>Kristo</b> It: Christoforo, Christo Lt: En: Christopher, Chris	Kristo=KREE' STO
Hr: <b>Luce</b> , Lucija It: Lucia Lt: En: Lucy, Lucille, Louise, Lois	Luce=LOOT' SEH
Hr: <b>Luka</b> Nk: Vuka, Vuko It: Lt: Lupus, Vukislav En: Luke	The old name roots of Vuk- and Lup- have become intertwined with the Christian name of Luke. Vuk- and Lup- = wolf.
Hr: <b>Mare</b> It: Maria Lt: En: Mary, Maria	Mare=MAH' REH (rolled R)
Hr: <b>Marko</b> It: Lt: Marcus En: Mark, Marc, Marcus	.
Hr: <b>Mato</b> It: Matteo Lt: Mattheus En: Matthew, Matt, (Martin)	Most Matos became Martins in the States even though Matthew and Martin are unrelated linguistically.
Hr: <b>Miho</b> , Mijo It: Michele Lt: En: Mike, Michael, Mitchell, Mitch	MEE' HOH



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**Florio Punter** *Swiss, born 1964*

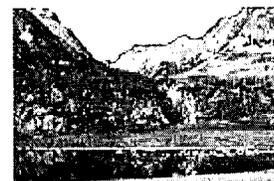
View available works of art, prices and exhibitions by the artist **Florio Punter** in galleries worldwide.



**Florio Punter**  
*Capri, 2003*  
Studio la Città



**Florio Punter**  
*Panorama, 2002*  
Studio la Città



**Florio Punter**  
*Silvaplana, 2004*  
Studio la Città



**Florio Punter**  
*Sorrento, 2004*  
Studio la Città

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**Biography**

**1964** born in the Engadine Valley, Switzerland  
Currently lives and works in New York and the Engadine Valley

**Exhibitions**

- 2004** Studio la Città, Verona -solo
- 2003** Esso Gallery, New York -solo
- 2003** Galleria Luciano Fasciati, Chur -solo
- 2003** Johresausstellung, BKM, Chur
- 2003** What am I doing here? Esso Gallery, New York

- 2003** TRIP, Galleria Paolo Tonin, Torino
- 2002** My Favourites, Museum für Photographie, Braunschweig
- 2001** Revoir, Galerie Elisabeth Costa, Pontesina
- 2001** Centro Culturale Sao Paolo, Sao Paolo -solo
- 2000** Grauer Star, BKM, Chur
- 1999** Dream Machine, Galerie Jan Wagner, Berlin
- 1999** Galerie Jan Wagner, Berlin -solo
- 1998** Baron/Boissanté, New York -solo
- 1998** Dream Machine, Belvedere di San Leucio, Caserta Galleria Pinta, Milano
- 1997** Kontainer, Verona Galeria Maria Cilena, Milano
- 1997** III Mes Internetal da Fotografia, Sao Paolo -solo
- 1996** Fotoseptiembre, Mexico City -solo
- 1996** Shit, Baron/Boisanté, New York
- 1994** Galleria Luciano Fasciati, Chur -solo

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Florio Punter



Born in Engadin Valley, Grison Switzerland lives in Switzerland and New York.

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- [Images](#)
- [Show 2003](#)
- [Press Release 2003](#)



64

THE PLEASURES

The eagle ruff'd from Skiddaw's purple crest,  
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimm'd, with dewy ray, 335

The few, fine flushes of departing day ;

O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,

And her broad lights on every mountain slung ;

When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew, 33

And to the surge consign'd its little crew. 340

All, all escap'd—but ere the lover bore

His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,

Her sense had fled!—Exhausted by the storm,

A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form ;

Her closing eye a trembling lustre fir'd ; 345

'Twas life's last spark—it flutter'd and expir'd!

## The Death of Julia

Samuel Rogers

The Pleasures of Memory, p.  
64.

This page describes the death of Julia in the tale "Florio and Julia," which was illustrated by a plate by Thomas Stothard entitled "Her sense had fled!" Julia and her father, accompanied by Florio, survive a shipwreck only to expire (perhaps from hypothermia) on the beach.

## References

Rogers, Samuel. *The Pleasures of Memory*. 5th ed. London: T. Caddell, 1793.



Samuel  
Rogers



You can illustrate this story  
Find out how:

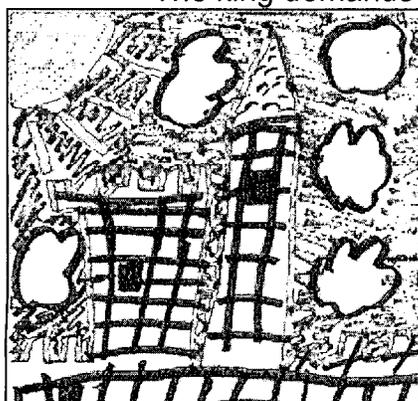
## Rags & Tatters (Italy)

Say what you think  
about the story

A KING, who was lying on his deathbed, called his only son to come to him.

"Dear son," he said, "you shall be king after me. Your three sisters have no one but you to protect them. Be kind to them. When it is time for them to marry, do not go about asking all the great princes of the earth to be their husbands. You know that rose tree that grows in the palace garden and flowers all year around? Pluck a rose from it and throw it into the street. Whoever shall pick it up shall have your eldest sister for his wife. So for the second. So for the third."

It was the last wish of the dying king, and his son could hardly disobey. Therefore when the eldest sister had grown into a beautiful princess, and the court advisers said it was time for her to marry, her brother told her of their father's command. "Oh, I'd rather not marry at all!" she said. But the court advisers said she must. So one day, the young king plucked the rose, threw it into the street, and told the sentry at the palace door to watch who should pick it up, and send him into the royal presence. Soon there came walking along a fine young count, splendidly dressed, with a jeweled sword by his side, and a manner brave and jolly. He saw the rose, picked it up and stuck it in his velvet cap.



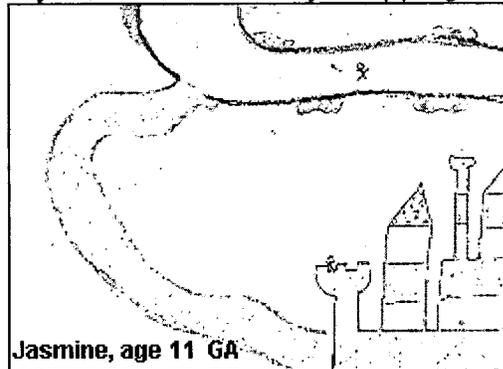
"The king demands to speak with you," said the sentry, stepping forward. The count, anxious, entered the palace, and bowed himself before the king, who said to him, "You have been chosen as the husband of my eldest sister." The count bowed even lower, delighted. But the princess grumbled, "I should have married a king, or at least a prince!" Her brother, however, had given his word; and in time she thought to herself, "Well, at least he is young and handsome and brave and gay. I might have fared much worse." And so she married

the count.

A little later it was time for the second princess to marry. She was just as unwilling as her elder sister to take the first one to come along and pick up the rose, but her brother reminded her of their father's command. So the brother plucked a rose, threw it out in the street, and asked the sentry to watch who should pick it up. By and by, a rich merchant came along, a grave, serious, solid and dignified man. He saw the rose, looked at it as if it were a pity such a pretty thing should be wasted, picked it up, and stopped to place it neatly in the button-hole of his fine cloth doublet.

"The king desires to speak with you," said the sentry, stepping forward.

"A great honor, indeed," replied the citizen. "I will attend his majesty without delay." And he entered the palace and heard what the king had to say to him. "But I am not even a nobleman," the citizen objected. "The princess might surely marry a much greater man than I."



"It was her father's wish," said the king; and the matter was settled.

The princess grumbled at first. A mere merchant, indeed! "But at least," she thought, "he is rich and honest and not at all bad-looking. I might have fared worse." So the second princess married the merchant and went to his new home.

At last came the turn of Julietta, the youngest princess. For her the king did as for the others. He plucked the rose, threw it into the street, and told the sentry to watch who should pick it up, and send him in. Now, who should come by but a poor lame water-carrier! Such an ugly, dirty little man! He saw the rose, picked it up, and put it to his lips.

The sentry stepped forward. He said to the water-carrier, "The king desires to speak with you."

The water-carrier sadly looked at his tattered clothes and ragged sandals. To be seen before the the king in such rags! But when the king commands . . . He slunk up the marble steps and entered the palace.

"You picked up the rose?" said the king, eyeing him with dismay.

"Yes, sire! But if you please, sire! I meant no harm by it."



"Then you must marry my youngest sister, Julietta."

"What? Your majesty is making a mockery of me."

"Not at all! Not at all!" And the beggar was told of the dead king's command.

"But I am miserably poor, as you see -- and my leg is lame -- and I am ugly! Such a match is impossible!"

"I wish it were!" sighed the king. "But this is the way it must be."

"A poor wretch who can scarcely feed her!" cried the poor man. Then he sighed. "Well, if it must be, then please do not send any dowry with her. It would only make it worse for her to have fine things."

The grief of the poor young princess was heartrending. Her brother wept too, and it was a miserable wedding. But it couldn't be helped. So Julietta went away with her water-carrier to his shabby hut on the hill. On the way all the people who saw them cried, "Look! there goes the princess with that Rags-and-Tatters!" Home she went to the miserable place, to live there with her new husband, Rags-and-Tatters, and his old crone of a mother.



"This is no place for such fine clothes," said the old woman. She gave Julietta a rough dress to wear, and wooden shoes, and made her scour and wash and bake and darn, and tend her husband's lame leg. There was only the coarsest food to eat -- and little enough of that.

Poor Julietta wept and wept, and could not be comforted. Rags-and-Tatters, though he did not want so fine a wife, was full of pity for her. But what could he do? The only time she had any joy was when she was asleep. Then she dreamed beautiful dreams. One night she dreamt she was in a grand palace, warm and light and spacious. She wore lovely clothes and jewels in her hair; and the tables were spread with delicious things to eat. She sat down at the table with friends dressed as beautifully as herself, and everyone was having a fine time. When she woke up she told her husband all about it. But Rags-and-Tatters shook his head and said, "A dream is but a dream, my wife. Think no more of it."

"Wake up, sleepyhead," said the old woman to Julietta. "It's time to get up and kindle the fire."

Some weeks later she dreamt the same dream again. Of course, she told her husband about it in the morning.

"It's best you forgot these dreams," he said. "It only makes it

harder for you here."

"Get used to the real world, girl," snapped the old woman.  
"There's the wash tub. Get started."

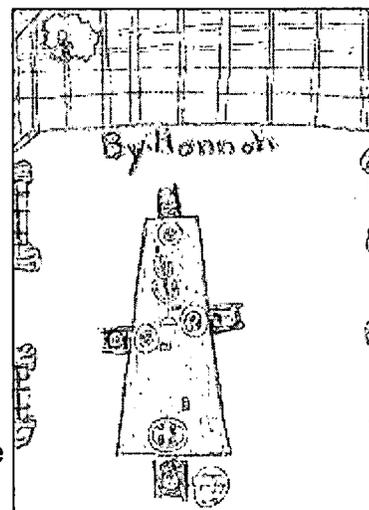
That very night, Julietta was back in the beautiful palace in her dreams, with servants to wait on her, and jeweled clothes to wear. Again the banquet was rich and splendid, the flowers were rare and fragrant, the music soft and pleasant. But as they were rising from the table someone looked up at the golden ceiling. There in the hole a little man was gazing downward. "Look! look!" cried a man at the table. "There is Rags-and-Tatters!" Just then, in the twinkling of an eye the dream vanished, and the princess was sitting up in her bed by the hearth in the hut on the hill, clad in her old sleeping frock.

She moaned to her husband over all she had lost and left behind. In his heart he really felt very sorry for her. "What's done is done," he said softly. "We must try to make the best of it."

For weeks and weeks she wept every day. Then one night, she dreamt once more of the beautiful palace. As soon as Rags-and-Tatters was recognized and his name was called out, the entire dream disappeared again. The next night, however, she was back in the lovely palace again, richly clad, and with servants to wait on her. The banquet was more splendid than ever. But this time, before they sat down, the Princess Julietta spoke to her assembled guests.

"Make merry, my friends," she said.  
"Only one thing is forbidden. Let none of you breathe the name," -- and then she whispered --  
"of Rags-and-Tatters!"

They all sat down, ate, drank and made merry, and charming music sounded all about them the while. Then one of the company looked up at the hole in the golden roof. There again, the little man was gazing down on them all. It was just on the tip of his tongue to cry out, "Rags-and-Tatters!" but he caught himself just in time. The princess herself looked up and saw the figure in the hole in the roof. A sudden ray of fondness lit up her heart.



"Poor man!" she said softly to herself. "What a good fellow he is, and how I sadden him with my complaints! I wish Rags & Tatters were down here with us in the midst of it all, and enjoying it too!"

And then -- did the lights, the music, the flowers and the guests, the palace and everything, disappear as before? Not at all! At the end of the banquet hall appeared two thrones of gold. On one of them sat a fair young prince, clad in velvet and jewels. His hair shone like the sun, and his eyes

were of hyacinth blue, and his smile gladdened the heart of everyone. While they stood in amazement, he rose and said, "Welcome, my guests! My wife has entertained you while I have been away. You will not be less merry, I hope, now that I have come home!" And he drew the Princess Julietta forward, and placed her on the throne by his side. Then they danced and sang and were joyous, till the stars faded and daylight streamed through the windows of the hall.

For Rags-and-Tatters was not Rags-and-Tatters at all, but Prince Florio, the son of the king of Portugal! A wicked enchantress had cast a spell on the young prince because his father, the king of Portugal, had banished her from his land. The spell the enchantress had cast had reduced



the Prince to a hideous appearance, clothed only by old and dirty rags, and the spell was to last until a princess loved him enough to desire his humble company even while she reveled in finery and elegance. Now Julietta had broken the spell when she longed for him in the midst of her splendor, with his rags and tatters and all.

And what of his old mother? Why, she was not his real mother at all, but the wicked enchantress herself. Night after night, the crone had planted dreams in the princess of finery and lost glory. The following day, she delighted in mocking the prince when it was obvious that the princess had thought nothing of the prince during her dreams; for if she had, of course the spell would have been broken by morning.

Prince Florio and Princess Julietta went home in triumph to Portugal, where they were married, lived happily and where their love only deepened as the years went by.



[What Do Other Kids Say About the Story? Click here](#)

---

### Say what you think about the story

Here are some questions. Go ahead and answer them by printing out this page and writing in your answers on the lines under the questions.

Do you want to first [see what other kids say about the story?](#) Remember to come back here and enter your own thoughts, too!



# The Facetious Nights of Straparola

TRANSLATED BY W. G. WATERS

PART OF THE SURLALUNE FAIRY TALE PAGES  
BY HEIDI ANNE HEINER.



## Night the Twelfth: First Fable: Florio and Dorotea

The Facetious  
Nights

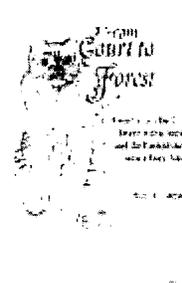
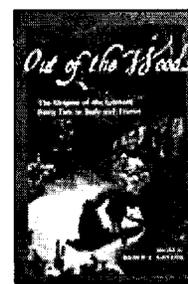
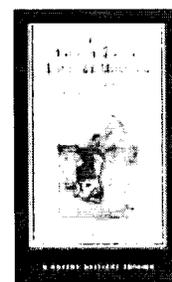
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*Florio, jealous of his wife, is cleverly fooled by her, and is thereby so well cured of his malady, that hereafter they live happily together.*

**AGAIN** and again have I heard it said, dear ladies, that the cleverest stratagems of art and science are helpless when they are pitted against the tricks of a woman, and the reason of this is that woman sprang at her creation, not from the dry barren earth, but from the ribs of Adam our first father. Thus in the beginning they are made of flesh and not of dust, what though in the end their bodies, like men's, must come to ashes. Therefore, as it is my duty to begin our pleasant entertainment to-night, I have determined to tell you the story of a jealous husband, who, though he was always held to be one well dowered with knowledge and good sense, was nevertheless duped by his wife, and by this discipline quickly changed from a fool into a wise man.

In Ravenna, an ancient town of Romagna, the dwelling-place of many notable men, and especially of those skilled in medicine, there lived formerly a worthy physician of rich and noble family named Florio. He, being a sprightly youth and well looked upon by all - both on account of his gracious bearing and of his skill in his art - took to wife a very fair and graceful maiden by name Dorotea; but after the nuptials it fell out, by ill-hap, that her exceeding beauty kindled in his mind so great jealousy and fear lest someone should defile his marriage bed, that he caused to be stopped with brick and mortar every aperture of the house down to the smallest crack, and in addition to this he fixed over all the windows strong gratings of iron. He even went so far as to forbid anyone, however closely related by blood or joined by affinity or by friendship, from entering his house. In short, the jealous wretch spent all his strength and study, and kept watch day and night to rid himself of every cause which could possibly sully the chastity of his wife or make her forgetful of her marriage vow. Now, under both the civil and the municipal law it is

held that those who are incarcerated on account of their own debts, or of bail or surety given to their creditors, ought to be liberated and discharged after a certain season of duress; nay, even malefactors and delinquents come under the same rule; but, as far as this poor lady was concerned, it was never found possible for her, in her long-enduring affliction, to cross the threshold of the house or to break loose from her captivity, for the reason that her husband kept for the guarding of his house and for his own service varlets who were devoted to his interests. Nor was he in any less degree watchful over these guardians themselves, except when he went in and out of the house for his own pleasure. He, however, like a far-seeing cautious man, never left his home without having first searched every nook and cranny of the house, and shut close all the issues thereof, and with the utmost diligence bolted the windows with bolts and locked them with keys made with the most marvellous cunning. Thus in this cruel affliction the lady passed every day of her life. Now this discreet and prudent wife (who was in sooth the very mirror of virtue and modesty, and might justly have been put on a level with the Roman Lucretia her self), being moved with pity for this sottish delusion of her husband, considered well in her mind how she might best work a cure of his grievous distemper. The plan she ultimately fixed upon could never have been brought to a successful issue if her own natural wit had not made plain to her what notable enterprises women may perform and bring to pass. It happened that on a certain day she and her husband made an agreement to go together on the following morning, both of them clad in monkish garb, to confess themselves at a convent which stood outside the city. Having found out a method of opening one of the windows, she chanced to see, by looking through the bars of the iron grating, that there was passing by in the street a certain youth who had professed himself to be consumed by an ardent love of her. Wherefore, after she had cautiously called to him, she said, 'To morrow morning early you must go, clad in monkish habit, to the monastery which stands just outside the town. Then I pray you to wait for me until you shall see me coming, and my husband as well, both clad in the self-same fashion, when you must hasten in merry guise to come towards me and embrace me and kiss me, begging me at the same time to come and dine with you, and showing yourself overjoyed at meeting me in this unexpected manner; because, as I have already told you, I and my husband have agreed to go to-morrow both of us clad in the garb of religious persons to confess ourselves at the monastery afore said. So be wary and of good courage, and take care that you fail not to carry out these directions which I give you.'

As soon as she had spoken, the gallant youth went his way, and having put on monk's attire and laid in a good stock of all sorts of delicate viands and exquisite wine, repaired to the monastery the lady had spoken of and made an agreement with the reverend fathers for the loan of one of the cells in which to sleep that night. When the morning had come, he caused to be got ready yet more dainty dishes for the feast over and above those which he had already prepared, and, this business being despatched, he began to walk up and down before the doors of the monastery. Before many minutes had passed he espied his lady Dorotea approaching, clad in the habit worn by the brethren, whereupon he straightway ran to meet her with glad and joyful countenance, like to one altogether overcome by some unlooked for and excessive happiness. Then, casting aside all fear, he cried, 'Ah! I leave you to think what a pleasure and delight it is to see you once again, dearly beloved brother Felix, forasmuch as so long a time has elapsed without our meeting.' And with discourse

like this they embraced and kissed one another, bedewing one another's faces with imaginary tears; and, this done, he made both Dorotea and her husband his guests, and invited them to enter his cell. Then he bade them rest them selves at the table, which was superbly spread, not a single thing being wanting which the heart of man could desire. And he, having seated himself by the dame, kept pressing the choicest morsels upon her, and kissing her ardently between every mouthful. The poor jealous husband, utterly dumbfounded by this strange freak, and with his belly fuller of rage than meat, knew not where to look, and forgot his eating and drinking in the heart-breaking vexation of seeing the rare and delicate beauty of his wife, which he had so carefully guarded for himself, thus polluted by the unlawful embraces and kissing of a lecherous monk.

With pastime such as this the day was spent, and when the dusk began to fall the husband of Dorotea, whose endurance was now almost at an end, thus addressed the young man 'Brother, it nowise irks us to be in your company, and I take it that ours is not displeasing to you, judging from the caresses you lavish on my companion But since nightfall is approaching, and since we have now been some hours absent from our convent, whither, as you know, we are bound to return for our lodging, we pray you to suffer us to take our leave' To this speech the young man paid little heed, but the lady, marking a sign which her husband made to her, requested on her part that they might be allowed to go their way, which grace they obtained with some difficulty, and only after Dorotea and the young man had hugged one another closely, and exchanged dozens of ardent kisses.

When the two novices in disguise had returned to their home, the husband straightway began to consider how he himself had been the cause of all the ill and torment he had lately suffered, and how, after all, it was ever lost labour on a man's part to strive against the deceits and subtle inventions of women. After a short review of his conduct, he recognized his past folly and pocketed his defeat, following up his recantation by opening all his windows, and knocking off all the bars and padlocks from the doors, so that in all the city there was not a house freer or more open than his. Thus, having abolished all restraints and granted to his wife full liberty to go whithersoever she would, he lived with her in peace, being cured of the grave and serious malady which oppressed him. And Dorotea, freed from her cruel imprisonment, loyally kept faith with her husband.

When the graceful Lionora had brought to an end her diverting story, which commended itself fully to the taste of the company, the Signora gave the word for her to complete her task by setting forth her enigma, which with out waiting for further direction she did in the following terms:

One day upon a bank of grass  
I came across a pretty lass,  
And something else I also viewed  
Of aspect rough and coarse and rude.  
Then took the maid a thing in hand,  
For such a purpose duly planned,  
And steadily to work she went,  
To carry out her fixed intent.  
She held, and would not let it go,

But worked it smartly to and fro,  
Until it gave her, brisk and neat,  
A pleasant savour for her meat.

Although nobody fathomed the meaning of this enigma, the men began to laugh, and the ladies blushed somewhat and hid their faces. When she saw this, Lionora at once gave the interpretation: "It is a pretty village girl seated on a bank of grass and holding between her knees a large mortar, and in her hands a pestle. This latter she works lustily, braying certain herbs, to extract therefrom their juices, which she uses to flavour her sauce."

The company received the solution of this difficult enigma with approbation, and when they had given over laughing, the Signora directed Lodovica to set forth her story, and she, to show her readiness, began at once in these terms.

Next: Night the Twelfth: Third Fable

**Straparola, Giovanni Francesco. *The Facetious Nights by Straparola*. W. G. Waters, translator. Jules Garnier and E. R. Hughes, illustrators. London: Privately Printed for Members of the Society of Bibliophiles, 1901. 4 volumes.**

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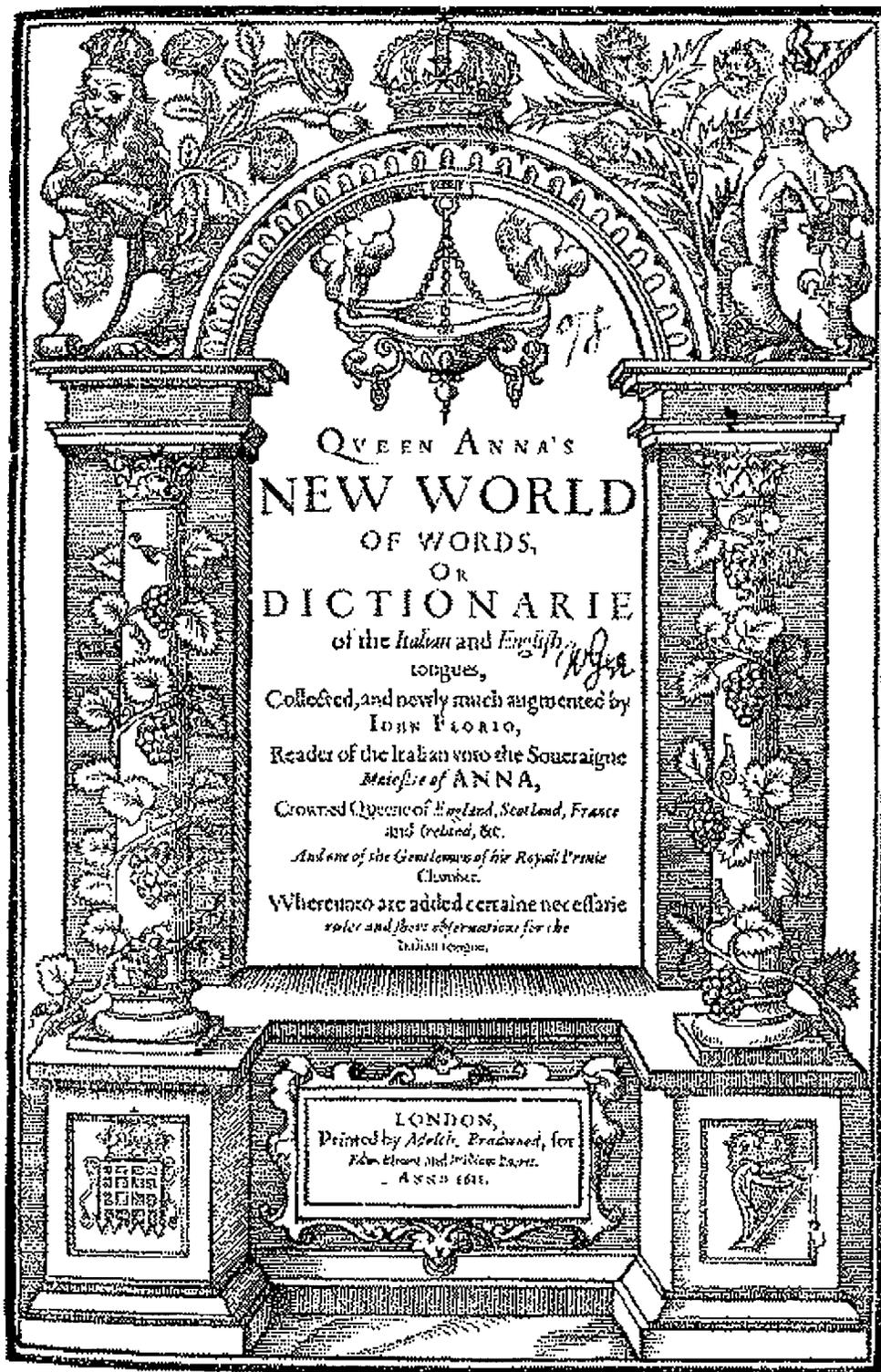


**EXHIBIT B**

**Fistolo**, a Hag, a Sprite, a Hobgoblin, a Robin-good-fellow, a Hodgepocher, used vulgarly for any evil thing.  
**Fistololo**, full of fistules.  
**Fistula**, as Fistola.  
**Fistuläre**, as Fistoläre.  
**Fistolatione**, as Fistolatione.  
**Fistulo**, as Fistolo.  
**Fistuloso**, as Fistoloso.  
**Fituma**, a kind of hearbe.  
**Fitta**, as Fitto. Also a thrust, a punch, a fine, a push. Also close driven, or hard women. Also a sledge of waters. Also the rim of a cart wheele in deepe and foute waies.  
**Fittazione**, a letting, a renting, a farming, a demising, a lease or indenture for letting of Lands.  
**Fittauoli**, farmers, tenants, renters.  
**Fittäre**, to demise, to les, to rent, to farme.  
**Fittaruoli**, as Fittauoli.  
**Fittatore**, a farmer, a demiser, a lesser, a Landlord, a renter of Lands.  
**Fittibile**, that may be fained.  
**Fittibilitä**, fainednes, fiction.  
**Fittile**, earthen, made of earth.  
**Fittione**, a fiction, a faining.  
**Fittiamente**, fainedly, not naturally.  
**Fittio**, fained, artificiall, not naturall.  
**Fitto**, fixed, fast, driven or pegged in. Also obstinate, wilfull, stubborn, stiff, steadfast. Also fained or counterfeit. Also the rent paid for any Lands.  
**Fitto mezziggio**, high-noon, iust mid-day.  
**Fitonella**, a weed, a Hag, an Enchanresse.  
**Fittónico**, bewitched, charmed.  
**Fittura**, a fixing, strutting, or driving in.  
**Fiúbbä**, hath beene used for a button of wood or freeze, as are used on freeze Jerkins.  
**Fiumale**, of or belonging to a river.  
**Fiumana**, a river, a flood, a streame.  
**Fiumara**, a river, a flood, a streame.  
**Fiumarella**, Fiumarotta, a little rill.  
**Fiume**, any river or flood.  
**Fiumenale**, fluviell, fennie, watric.  
**Fiumetto**, a little brooke or rill.  
**Fiumicello**, a little brooke or riuolet.  
**Fiumoso**, streamie, full of rivers.  
**Fiutare**, to smell, to sent.  
**Fiutario**, a blood-hound, a sensing-dog.  
**Fiúta schiféze**, a coy, nice and disdainfull woman, or gill.  
**Fiutazione**, a senting, a traine sent.  
**Fiutino**, a little flute.  
**Fiúto**, a flute. Also a sent or a smell.  
**Flácco**, as Flácido.  
**Flácido**, wallowish in taste. Also faint or drooping. Also nice and effeminate.

**Flagellámte**, scourging, plaguing, whipping.  
**Flagelläre**, to plague, to scourge, to whip. Also to torment or punish.  
**Flagellatióne**, a plaguing, or scourging. Also tormenting or punishing.  
**Flagello**, a plague, a rod, a scourge, a stail, a whip. Also a punishment. Also tribulation of minde.  
**Flagitio**, a mischief, a detestable act, a villany or vngriuousnesse.  
**Flagitiólo**, lewde, wicked, full of mischief.  
**Flagrante**, burning, flaming, flashing.  
**Flagranza**, a flashing or burning. Also as Fraganza.  
**Flagrare**, to burne, to flame, to flash.  
**Flammä**, the past-floure.  
**Flámíne**, a high-priest among the Gentiles.  
**Flaminiato**, the high-priests office or dignity.  
**Flamíno**, as Flámíne.  
**Flammö**, flamy, of a flame colour.  
**Flammölo**, a little streamer or the point of a Lance.  
**Flámmola**, the beate Trinity or Hart-cast.  
**Fláto**, winde, ventosity, windinesse.  
**Flatüente**, windy, full of winde.  
**Flatüenza**, windinesse, ventosity.  
**Flatuositä**, windinesse gathered in a bodie.  
**Fluáto**, windy, full of wind.  
**Fláuo**, as Fláuo.  
**Fláuo**, a high shining straw colour.  
**Flutare**, to play upon a Flute.  
**Flúto**, a Flute. Also a Flutist.  
**Flebotomia**, letting of blood, Flebotomy.  
**Flegónite**, a stone which put in water seemeth to burne with a great flame.  
**Flegma**, as Flémma.  
**Flémáuco**, as Flémático.  
**Flémma**, stegme steame yume.  
**Flémático**, stegmatike, rhumatike.  
**Flémmonc**, a stegmon, a hot red inflammation of blood, or in the body. Also a wind-gall, a great byle or swelling.  
**Flefsibile**, flexible, pliable, pliant, easie to be bowed or bended, tractable, gentle, tunable. Also mutable, wavering or inconstant.  
**Flefsibilitä**, pliantnesse, easie-bending.  
**Flefsiánimo**, a minde easie yeelding or turning to any affection.  
**Flefsile**, as Flefsibile.  
**Flefsilóquio**, that speaketh doubtfully, or that may be taken diuers waies.  
**Flefsio**, crooked, winding in and out.  
**Flefsione**, a bending, a bowing, a pliantnesse, a crooking, a turning.  
**Flefsio**, wept, whined, wailed.  
**Flefsúmini**, an ancient name for knights or horsemen in Rome.

**Flefsuóla vóce**, a changing, a winding or turning voice.  
**Flefsuólo**, flexusm, winding in and out.  
**Fletere**, flēto, flēsi, flēso, to weep, to whine, to waille.  
**Flēto**, weeping, whining, wailing.  
**Fletere**, flēto, flēsi, flēso, to bow, to bend, to yeeld to any force.  
**Flēuma**, as Flēmma.  
**Flobotomia**, as Flebotomia.  
**Floráia**, certaine set feasts that plants might blow kindly, and shed their blossoms.  
**Floréncissimo**, most flourishing.  
**Flórido**, flourishing, flowering.  
**Florigero**, flower-bearing.  
**Flório**, a kind of bird, between which and the horse there is such an antipathy, that if the bird doe but whistle, the horse as asstoned runneth away headlong.  
**Flocciäre**, as Fioccare. Also rawell as doth steave silke.  
**Flócia sétä**, rawelling or steave silke.  
**Flóscio**, faint, drooping, lanke, lazie.  
**Flóttä**, a fleet, a navy of ships.  
**Flóttante**, as Flúttante.  
**Flóttäre**, as Flúttäre.  
**Flúente**, fluent, as Flúttante.  
**Flúenza**, fluence, of fluence, flowing.  
**Flúere**, to flow, to come flowing in.  
**Flúida**, a kind of running weed.  
**Flúido**, fluent, moouing, running as cleare-water. Also thin, feeble, weak.  
**Flúire**, ifco, ito, to flow as the sea.  
**Flúisára**, a play at cards called Flúsh.  
**Flúisibile**, fluxible, that may be molten or made to runne.  
**Flússibilmente**, fluxibly.  
**Flússibilitä**, fluxibilitie.  
**Flústo**, the flux or flow of the Sea, the current of a water. Also a flux or laske. Also flush at cards. Also a fading, sliding or passing away. Also a womans monethly flowers. Also a broad copper monie in Persia.  
**Flúttante**, as Flúttante.  
**Flúrtto**, a raging surge or mounting billow of the Sea. Also a troublesome stirre, pang or passion.  
**Flúttante**, floting, steering, waning, hulling, surging, vnquiet.  
**Flúttäre**, to flote, to fleete, to waue, to hull as Sea. Also to be foistrom, to rise in waues or billowes as doth the Sea.  
**Flúttatióne**, as Flúrtto.  
**Flúttuólo**, as Flúttante.  
**Flúuiale**, fluuiall, watrish, fennie, of or pertaining to the river.  
**Flúuio**, a flood, a river, a streame.  
**Fò**, of the verbe Färe, I doe, I make, I cause. Also as Fú, he or she was.  
**Fóca**, a fish called a Sea-calf.



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*Greg Lindahl*

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## Related Work

- [Archaic Italian Verb Conjugations](#)
- [Randle Cotgrave's 1611 French-English Dictionary](#)
- [Transcription of Caroso's 1580 & 1600 dance manuals](#)
- [Transcription of Negri's 1602/1604 dance manuals](#)
- [Transcription of Compasso's 1560 galliard manual \(in progress\)](#)
- [Lupi's Libro di gagliarda, 1600 and 1607, facsimile and transcription \(in progress\)](#)
- [Prospero Lutii's Opera bellissima... di gagliarda \(transcription\)](#)
- [References to Dance in Sixteen Early Modern Dictionaries](#)
- [Dance-relevant definitions from John Florio's \*Queen Anna's New World of Words\* \(1611\) Dictionary](#)
- [A 1694 French Dictionary \(also searchable\)](#)

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If you'd like a copy of the raw data for this book, or the various search scripts (implemented as Perl CGI scripts), please email me.

A (transcribed) copy of Florio's 1598 dictionary is in the [The Early Modern English Dictionaries Database](#), but the EMEDD has a copyright issue which does not exist here.

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[Return to the Renaissance Dance Homepage.](#)

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*Greg Lindahl (lindahl@pbm.com)*

**EXHIBIT C**

## Assemblages 100% Arabica

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### Grands Crus d'Arabica

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COSTA RICA Tarrazu	8.50	4.30
GUATEMALA Huehuetenango	8.50	4.30
MOKA Sidamo d'Ethiopie	8.50	4.30
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MEXIQUE MARAGOGYPE	9.50	4.80
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Ils s'entendent hors taxes: TVA 5.5%.

▲/6 conditionnement en fardau de 8 paquets de 1kg



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Dans la tradition  
des torrefacteurs  
italiens, la recette  
originale de Florio  
nous a été  
transmise  
pour élaborer  
un espresso  
à la fois riche  
puissant  
et onctueux.

Pour obtenir  
son goût unique,  
Florio  
est composé  
d'une sélection  
de cafés  
de grandes origines  
torréfiés à cœur  
et soigneusement  
afinés pour libérer  
tous ses arômes.

*Conditionnements  
Disponibles :*

- Kilo en grains
- 500 gr moulu /espresso/



## ACCESSOIRES

TASSES  
SOUCOUPES

*Espresso  
Cappuccino*

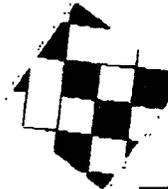


SOUS-TASSES

*Gratuites sur demande*

CHEVALETS

*Gratuits  
sur demande.*



CARRÉS CHOCOLAT

*70 % cacao  
Boîte de 200*

SUCRE

BUCHETTES

*Carton de 2,5 kg.*



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Un «espresso» savoureux  
dans la pure tradition italienne...

Un assemblage complexe et type  
d'Arabicas haut de gamme.

### DÉGUSTATION

Nez doux et chocolaté...  
Attaque puissante cédant tout de suite  
à la rondeur puis aux arômes fruités...  
Fin de bouche longue et agréable  
caractérisée par des notes de caramel et de réglisse.



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85° C - 86° C (en sortie de bec).

Avec une bonne température de l'eau,  
nous aurez une crème épaisse de couleur  
noisette et légèrement marbrée.

Une eau trop chaude risque  
de tirer les amertumes du café !

Un bon café, c'est 97% d'eau !  
L'adoucisseur doit donc  
être régénéré régulièrement.

### GRAMMAGE

7 grammes de café  
fraichement moulu...

Un grammage trop faible  
aura pour résultat un café amer et moins parfumé.

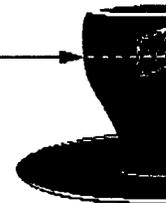
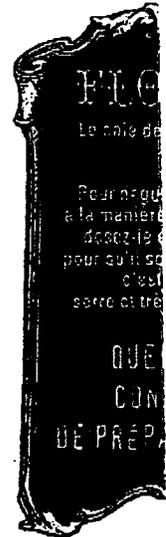
### CONTENANCE

### IDÉALE

4,5 centilitres.

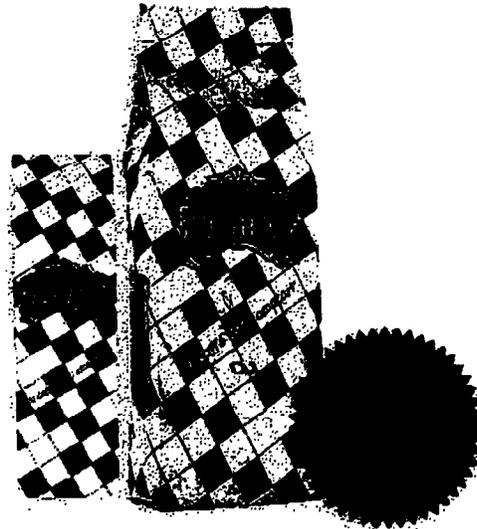
A servir de préférence  
dans les tasses Florio !

Astuce : la ligne traversant le milieu  
de «Florio» indique le repère des 4,5 cl.



LES 100% ARABICA

ASSEMBLAGE

CAFÉ  
FLORIO®*il Caffè degli Amatori*

Florio®

est proposé en grains, en paquet de 1kg (fordeau de 6 paquets),  
ou moulu, en paquets de 500 grammes et étuis carton 250 grammes.  
Les pods sont conditionnés en carton de 100 ou en boîte distributrice de 25.

Dans la plus pure tradition  
italienne, la recette de Florio  
nous a été transmise pour élaborer  
un "espresso" à la fois racé, puissant  
et onctueux. Pour obtenir ce goût  
unique, Florio est composé d'une  
sélection de cafés de grandes

origines, lentement torréfiés à coeur,  
afin de libérer tous leurs arômes.  
Dégustation. Nez doux et chocolaté.  
Attaque puissante, rondeur et arômes  
fruités. Un café long et agréable  
en bouche, aux notes de caramel  
et de réglisse.

## Conditionnement

	1kg	500g	250g	Pods*
En Grains	X		○	
Moulu 01 Espresso		X	○	X
Moulu 02 Filtré		X	X	

○ Sur commande - \*Disponibles en cartons de 100 ou boîte distributrices de 25