



From: Vanessa Sendros
Sent: Wednesday, August 25, 2010 11:20 PM
To: Paul Grieco
Subject: Re: Summer of Riesling Wine Bar Crawl: Your Final Challenge
Attachments: Q1_TheHolyGrailOfRiesling.jpg

Hello there!

Squeaking by the deadline, here are my answers. A picture is attached to this email. Let me know if you have issues opening it.

1)

Bits of dry, sandy rock cascaded down the cliff face and pegged the top of my parched head as my fingers struggled to get a better grasp of the ledge. "Damn you, Paul Grieco!" echoed across the lifeless ravine. I could hear the reverberating exclamation just as easily as I could feel the effects of my life-long Riesling addiction expand the breadth of my lungs, a health benefit of the delicious nectar.

One...two...three...heave! I pushed my jellied, quivering thighs to their limit, leveraging my weight off the jutting piece of rock just below my foot's reach and propelled myself toward the ledge. Almost! Another three inches and I'd be able to plant my elbows onto firm ground. I chanced a peek down and cried out in fear. Roughly eight hundred feet below lay my lover's crumpled corpse. His face plant into the Death Valley could have been avoided if he'd only imbibed Riesling at my behest in preparation for our perilous journey, instead of the Chardonnay that coursed through his slowly cooling body. Breathing heavily, I thanked Dionysus that I had opted for the Riesling; the high acidity fueled my cold determination.

Consuming Chardonnay was a fool's move. The oaky temperament of the wine sapped one's will to live more effectively than the spilling of one's lifeblood.

Heave! And I was victorious . . . The Holy Grail of Riesling within arm's reach. The cold, cold golden droplets shimmered in the noonday sun as I drank my fill.

2)

Riesling, O' fair maiden

A sparkling delicate flower

Vied for by lovers three

With differing intentions but hearts pure

8/25/2010

While two were wee

The eldest of them all

Rhine, he of the slate-y visage

Perfected his craft

Fully ripening into his manhood

A fresh and delicate graft

Not one to blend with others well

And an enemy of the oaky wood.

A true devotee of our lovely Riesling

A man to fully realize his potential in the years to come.

The Austrian

A fickle lover and an exceptionally dry man

Riesling plays mistress

While Grüner reigns supreme

But with a soul free of rot and a finish long

Our fair maiden, Riesling

Can't find it in her heart to call him wrong.

And last but not least . . .

To the East!

Lies our happy medium

Alsace

Where men (and women) don't have to delve deep into their Riesling cups

To be fully sauced

Yet, appearances can deceive

Steel and clay make up the backbone of this gentleman

A well-rounded cad, to be sure.

O wise lady that she is

Our Lady Riesling

Partakes of them all

To deny one Terroir

Is to deny her very existence.

In Vino Veritas!

Cheers,
V

Vanessa Sendros

