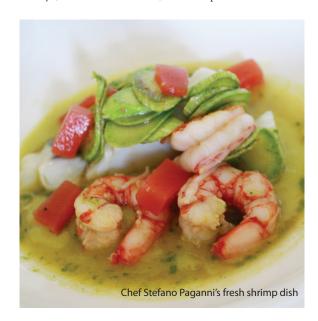




room, hardcore committed to my recent purchase of the fitness guru's 30 Day Shred DVD. The only thing I'm shredding now is the homemade biscotti, making the pieces smaller before I stuff them into my mouth as some sort of warped dietary compromise.

Just the evening before, I dined at one of the best restaurants I've ever visited, the Michelin-starred Il Centro in Priocca (ristoranteilcentro.com), the charming old-world town of about 2,000 people, where I spent the night. Course after course was set in front me: ravioli, stuffed rabbit, and a mousse-topped dessert, washed down with Ricossa wines (ricossa.it)—the sweet and decadent white Moscato D'Asti or red, slightly sweeter Casorzo to go with the desserts and the plush red wine, Barbera, or light Gavi white wine to complement the main courses.

About 15 minutes and two deliciously ill-advised croissants later, our hostess is waving us out the door, wishing us well on the day's journeys. Up next? A lesson on the Piedmontese hazelnut, "Tonda Gentile," at the world-famous Canobbio's Bakery (lacortedicannobia.com). Lord, help me.



"Ching! Ching!" I exclaim alongside the vineyard owner with extra enthusiasm, as this is easily my sixth—or maybe tenth—glass of wine today. Oh well. They won't miss it if I have yet another glass—more than 100 million bottles of Moscato are produced annually in the region.



CINTA HOWARD

