

There's a dinosaur on my wedding cake!



CFlisi

5 min read · Just now



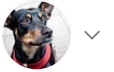
2





Search Medium

Write



by C.Flisi

When I was six years old, I wanted to be a paleontologist. While

other girls dreamed about Snow White (or Cinderella or Sleeping Beauty or whoever the princess of the month was), I dreamed about dinosaurs.

As I grew older, paleontology was discarded as a professional aspiration, but not my interest in the Mesozoic Era. When I turned 13, and my mom said I could special-order a cake from the bakery (marking my passage to teenager and all), I didn't want flowers or ribbons or any of that gloppy stuff. I wanted a *dinosaur* on that cake. A brontosaurus to be precise, because that was the dino I had most often dreamed about, riding on the head of one, a rhythm halfway between a cantering horse and a camel, comfortable and confident. What teenage girl doesn't aspire to that? (Obviously no T-Rexes in my dreams and no falling from high places either).

The local baker thought I was crazy but he found a drawing of a brontosaurus in a book and piped a green silhouette onto my sheet cake. I liked it. I liked it so much that I said to my parents, "If I ever get married, I want a dinosaur like this on my wedding cake. Why do wedding cakes always have swans or silly little bride and groom dolls? Swans may be graceful and they form faithful couples, but they are nasty birds, aggressive and unpleasant, Danny Kaye's song notwithstanding.

"Those little bride and groom dolls are dorky. They don't look like the people they are supposed to represent; the bride doll definitely wouldn't look like me. They are more like voodoo dolls than symbols of a bridal couple. Plus, I'm not sure I want to get married

in white.

“And all the other stuff — the floral displays and ribbon drapes and artfully placed leaves. No, that’s not me, and it certainly wouldn’t be like anyone I could possibly imagine marrying.” Not that I could imagine marrying *anyone* at that point.

My parents smiled and nodded. Probably they didn’t want to think about anyone who might want to marry the 13-year-old me.

Flash forward a decade. I met the man who changed my mind about marriage. He had no preconceived notions about what a wedding cake should look like and to him it didn’t matter. We were married by a justice of the peace in Washington, D.C. in the middle of my graduate school exams, so no celebratory banquet . . . and no white wedding dress.

A month later my parents organized a gathering in my home town, mostly for their friends, although a few of mine also attended. A cake would be appropriate in this setting, if I were so inclined. As it happened, the baker who had done my 13th birthday cake was still around, still making delicious desserts and pastries, though he was no specialist in extravagant wedding centerpieces. So yes, a wedding cake please, and now I had clear in my mind what I wanted: three tiers — one vanilla, one chocolate, and one almond. Each tier should be ringed by green brontosauruses. In a concession to convention, each brontosaurus should have a flower in its mouth. Since my favorite perfume was Tea Rose, that flower

should be a red rose. My mom found a green plastic brontosaurus and affixed a fabric rose to its mouth and put it on top of the almond tier.



by C.Flisi

And that's what was served. The cake disappeared, but the green dinosaur, body cracked but red rose intact, has graced my bureau ever since.

We were living in another part of the world when our 35th wedding anniversary rolled around. None of our friends there had attended our wedding or knew anything about my crazy cake. I decided to enlighten them with a party. I made dinosaurs the

theme and ordered little plastic dinos for every table, and two huge inflatable dinosaurs (stegosaurus and triceratops) as centerpieces. But what about the cake? It had been hard enough to find a crazy baker in New Jersey. What about northern Italy?

I made my pitch to the best bakery (*pasticceria*) in the area and was met with raised eyebrows. Italians can do gorgeous, eye-poppingly beautiful cakes, but, you know, normal. My request was not normal. For practicality's sake, this would have to be a sheet cake, in the manner of my 13-year-old edition. Easier to create, less risky to transport.

This time, there had to be two dinosaurs, since the celebration was our anniversary. I sketched out a few drawings of simplified dinosaurs. One was supposed to be bronto-looking and the other more T-Rexy. But the baker made them the same except for the color; one green and the other brown. They were supposed to be interacting a little like the dino scene in *Fantasia*, because that worked with the inscription: “*35 anni di sturm und dino-drang.*” But the baker had them semi-embracing, which was the more appropriate choice. And yes, there were roses. A daze of dino-roses. Before the photo op, I put the green plastic dinosaur briefly on top. It smudged the artistry but maintained the tradition



by C.Flisi

My parents were no longer around but I think they would have smiled again. The six-year-old aspiring paleontologist and the 13-year-old uncertain about marriage had become a fairly mainstream 35-years-married matron. I no longer dream about riding on dinosaurs.

Maybe it's because I don't have to. I have hunted for fossils among the Flaming Cliffs of Mongolia, the country that first kindled my interest in dinosaurs. I have ridden with my husband — on horses, not reptiles — in some of the world's most exotic locations. I've been stalked by cobras and squeezed by pythons, pursued by hippos and charged by rhinos. I almost drowned in Peru and

almost bled to death in Kosovo. On second thought, maybe my life DID become a little bit unconventional, kinda like my wedding cake.

###

Wedding

Dinosaurs

Love

Cake

Life



Written by CFlisi

Edit profile

226 Followers

writer, PR professional, mother, dog-lover, traveler. See more at www.paroleanima.com

More from CFlisi

