

Part 8: The Last Night Out

The Roman Holiday was going by fast, but I was looking forward to one more night of spontaneity with Fleace and one of the Bellas. It began at a small bar where we ordered mojitos and ran into some of Fleace's Italian friends, including a man known to Fleace as Lawyer #3, whom Fleace was dating off and on. We weren't at the first bar long before we decided to go somewhere else. An Italian man Fleace knew drove Fleace, the other Bella, an American woman from New York, and me to the next party. We went via a convertible high



flying down the streets of Rome in the summer air. The party turned out to be the first club we went to on the trip where I got my first Italian kiss. We got more mojitos there, and surprisingly Mr. M came to the party, to see Fleace of course. We were all dancing, including Mr. M with Fleace, when I noticed a young Italian man lying down on a sofa of the party asleep—or so I thought. I saw him wake up, and I looked away and went back to my dancing. Out of curiosity, I looked back over, and he was looking at me, making a heart symbol with his hands. I decided to go over to talk to him. We exchanged names, I'll call him Angelo, and he asked me to dance.

The funniest part about this experience was the age difference. Fortunately, he told me beforehand he was 20 years old. Fleace said, and it is true, that Italian men tend to look older than they are because of smoking and time in the sun. I would've guessed Angelo was in his mid-twenties, but I believed he was being honest with his youth. I told him I was "older" but didn't give him a number. Angelo tried to guess, and once he got to 24, I stopped him, even though I was really 26. I never thought I'd be dancing,



and later kissing someone younger than me, but this was more about having fun, not a relationship. Angelo's kisses were less engulfing and softer than the last man I talked to, Marcos, making my last Italian kiss more memorable. Angelo eventually left the party to be with his friends, but before he left, he typed a message in my phone that he wanted to meet up with me the next day. I knew I wouldn't have time, it being the last day in Rome, so I didn't respond to his inquiry. Plus, I wasn't sure about hanging out with someone that young, but I did find Angelo on Facebook when I returned home.

I spent the rest of the night dancing and talking to my fellow Bella, the New Yorker, and one of Fleace's Italian friends. It was probably well after

A Different Holiday Part 8 – The Sails Within

4:00 a.m. when we left the party and got back into the convertible. However, we were minus Fleece since she was with Mr. M. Before going home, we drove to a burger place that was open, reminding me of the fast food places that are always crowded after the clubs shut down. This place was no different with droves of people getting something to eat. It was my first Italian hamburger, and pretty good too. It was literally a beef burger with ham and cheese—classic.

One of the lasting images of the night and my entire trip was seeing the sun come up at St. Peter's cathedral near our condo. The rising sun made the basilica and the streets look golden. I took a few pictures to keep the memory with me, although the picture could never show enough of how beautiful St. Peter's looked in the morning. It was a fun night capped by seeing Rome wake up and the beginning of the end of the Roman Holiday.

