

Part 4: Mr. M



The experience with Fleace and Mr. M was an opportunity to see a little bit of what Fleace's dating life was like in Rome. Fleace told us beforehand that Mr. M had a successful career in real estate and was very well known in Rome. Right away I could tell Mr. M was a real gentleman and incredibly into Fleace, even with two extra people around. At times he seemed to look at her very googly eyed and was very happy to be in her company. Even though I couldn't understand his Italian, or much Italian for that matter, I could tell

by his body language, smile and tone of his voice that he was enjoying the night. At the bar, Mr. M recommended some incredible red and white wines from different parts of Italy. Fleace told us he is quite the wine connoisseur, which didn't surprise me given the red wine I had was fantastic. I only wish I understood Italian so I could've remembered the names of the wine! Mr. M also had a dessert sampler brought to us, which included tiramisu, crème brulee, a strawberry cake and chocolate cake. It was my first time trying tiramisu and what a delicious experience it was, but the crème brulee was even better. It was the perfect blend of tartness and sweetness, which is what I love about so many European desserts.

Fleace's date certainly seemed to be a generous man and one who wanted us to have a good time our first night out. Even as I was getting tired, I was trying to enjoy the experience and take in the vibrant ambiance of the bar, which was predominantly in white, decorated with blue, pink and purple lamps. After we finished the dessert tray and first round of wine, we moved to another part of the bar with a dance floor and DJ. There, we enjoyed more wine, as well as nuts, dark chocolate and strawberries. We also danced to music that included Italian and



modern American music. I watched as Fleace enjoyed a dance with Mr. M, who seemed to have a genuine love for dancing and having fun. A little later in the night, he even sang a few songs. Fleace told us he loves to sing and that he sings very well. The other Bella and I enjoyed hearing him sing, as did the crowd that was also with us. After dancing to a few more songs, we called it a night. The other Bella and I went back to our condo, while Mr. M took Fleace home. I thought it was a nice opening to a night out in Rome and a good way to end what was overall a tough day. For a few hours, I didn't worry about my finances or other concerns over the trip. The bar was great, the food and wine wonderful, and I enjoyed

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the dance music. It was nice of Mr. M not to mind sharing his time with two other women. I know Fleace appreciated that about him too, but my guess is that he was even happier to spend some time with her alone.

I went to bed shortly after getting back from the bar. I knew I was only going to get about five hours of sleep before having to be up the next day, but I spent some time writing in my journal, reflecting on the day and contemplating what would happen next. I was hoping to bond more with the group, but also get a chance to meet and converse with some Italians. I wished my language wasn't so limited, but I thought I'd get lucky and meet people who spoke at least a little English. As I would find on my trip in some instances, language wouldn't matter, as long as it ended with a kiss.