

# mX Flirt

5.30pm: Ready to paint the town red.



6.15pm: Girls take over the park.



11pm: What have we here?



# MISSION

# POSSIBLE

Dr Bella and a team of eager hopefuls hit the city last Saturday in search of some good men in this Man Coup. Was it successful? Who swapped phone numbers? And what IS that girl doing with a man in her mouth?

## 4:35PM

After securing the venues, making last-minute phone calls and double checking I had the supplies, I run a hot bath and soak in frangipani. While loofah-ing myself I wonder how our Man Coup will transpire, will the mX girls meet men they'll want to meet again...?

## 5PM

Then, the dreaded question: What to wear? I've asked all the man-hunters to dress in black, but when scrimmaging around for my favorite suit, I'm dismayed by its location: an uninviting hump in my laundry pile. Something else would have to do.

## 5:10PM

The bloody taxi's coming in five minutes and I can't find my make-up bag. Instead of becoming hysterical, I pour another glass of shiraz.

## 5:15PM

Our how-to-approach coach Foymoto arrives at my house and we catch a taxi to the Man Coup meeting place. The cabbie, named

Laurence, is a real lady's man. We banter back and forth. "You're in safe hands," he tells us, "soft and firm, but hard when need be." Guffaw. He passes us his card and we agree to use his services throughout the night.

## 5:30PM

We enter Bridie O'Reilly's Irish Pub and claim the cosy couch area. The girls arrive, first Lyana then Lu, followed by Ellie. I buy a round, hand out flashing love heart rings to each, and we toast the evening's assignment (right): Finding the-ever-elusive Good Man.

## 5:30PM - 6PM

Our how-to-approach coach, Foymoto, tutors us in engagement etiquette. Engagement as in how to interact and entice someone who catches your eye versus how to get bling on your left ring finger. Foymoto describes this art as a mélange of exuding confidence, warmth and vitality. She tells us to dismiss insecurity and embrace our inner rock star/sex siren. And to never underestimate the power of a radiant smile.



## 6PM - 6:15PM

Our uber-cool photographer Nicki arrives and we take to the street. I pop champers, fill the girls' plastic flutes (classy, I know) and we make our way to Princess Park in search of Jocks. "Just one more thing," I tell the girls. "Your job is keep your eye out for who you like, ours is to

bring them over to you." Lu cries out in incredulity: "It's like being at a store... I'll take that one, and that one."

## 6:15PM - 7:15PM

The Operation Good Man girls take over the park. We crash dog walker circles and meet "dog-boy",

a darling lad named Andrew who leaves with all three girls' numbers. We stop joggers in their tracks, quickly finding out their availability and then conducting mini-interviews with them. More numbers are exchanged. The sky darkens and my girls are getting chilly but ... spying a soccer game in full swing, I just can't suggest the preposterous. "One, two, three," I call out, and then we all make a mad charge directly into the centre of the game and gleefully hurtle ourselves after the ball. The soccer players are stunned, and the mX girls are all laughing so hard we can barely kick the ball. "It's a stampede, a stampede," I giggle.

## 7:15PM - 7:45PM

No cabs. Freezing cold. Stuck on a busy street. Urrr. What to do? An approaching tram provides the answer. We pop in. And then Foymoto and I walk its length in search of lovely boys. Two men in the stairwell fit the bill. We start introducing them to the man-hunting girls, but then one of the hotties interjects: "I know all about