

10.30pm: Laughs in The Long Room.

your Man Coup, I read about it in last week's mX." The girls flush with their new-found fame. Would autographs be required?

8PM - 9:15PM

We enter The Town Hall Pub in North Melbourne. We we are on the lookout for Rocks (alternative types). After a big yummy meal, with Foxymoto bringing over "possibilities" she'd wrangled from around the bar, and with more numbers exchanged, we head out to the next man-meeting location. The coup was going superbly, but we hadn't had our fill.

9:15PM - 9:45PM

The supermarket (IGA, North Melbourne). We cruise the aisles. Lyana is sure to put bananas on top of her shopping basket as this is code for "being single". Bet you didn't know. Ellie finds someone cute at the checkout.

9: 45PM - 10:15PM

Laurence, our cabbie, comes through and ferries us to the CBD. "Would you like to meet Mediterranean men?" he asks us. "Oh goody, yes," I reply. "Take us there."

He pulls up near Lonsdale and Russell and leads us to the Greek section. Here we cross paths with a stag party and Foxymoto, as is her want, gets carried away.

10:15PM - ONWARDS

It is time to take to The Long Room in search of Cops (corporate, office-ish, professionals). We pose in front of the red carpet *Charlie's Angels*-style and then strut, catwalk-like, inside. The manager – a hot single man himself – greets us personally, takes our coats and pours us Champagne. Oh, this is the life. Men are everywhere and the night is still young.

Foxymoto and I have a word alone. We had schooled the *mX* girls in how easy it really is to approach a man and talk to him. It was time, like mumma birds or such, to let our Man Coup girls apply the lessons we'd taught them, and fly alone. Standing back, we watch with great pride as they reign in the boys themselves.

■ Contact me, if you want to contact Lyana, Lu or Ellie, at dearbella@mxnet. com.au or www.drbella.com

I will leave you with Lyana's eloquent

Travelling in packs was brilliant. I cherished the power to be able

to be able
to crook a finger and have
men lassoed in for me.
Granted, the finger didn't
do much exercising, but
having a personal selection
of men presented without
any effort on my part was
truly intoxicating.
My faith is restored in
Melbourne men. There
certainly are some
sumptuous specimens
out there ... and sweet to
boot! Thank you to all the
lovely men we accosted,
who were not only able
to impressively hold their
own, but were so refreshing
in their responses:
unguarded, unrehearsed
and adorably genuine.

