

That's All about Signor Davide

Stories of a Reckless Girl

Rozana Mihalache

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Rome – the most beautiful memory

One day we stopped to have lunch at a restaurant near the Coliseum. It was sunny and an air of well-being surrounded us.

Walter, a waiter with a moustache and a bow-tie, completely tone deaf, would keep singing as he brought out our bicolor cake. He took a photo with us and gave us the glad hand before his shift was over. A last glass of wine and I look towards signor Davide, an old waiter, with eyeglasses, who limped. He had drawn my attention from the very beginning. He was dragging his leg and at the same time having the strength to smile and laugh a young child back into good humor.

Toasting with a last drop of wine, I said “La vita e bella!”, and signor Davide stopped by our side and approved. I then discovered that his story, which had intrigued me from the very beginning, is one of the most beautiful and cheerful I had ever heard.

Davide was 33 years old when he met his wife, who was 18 years younger. Before they got married he told her that he enjoyed reading, singing and painting, that those were his passions that she had to accept from the start. And that's how it was.

They've been married for 30 years and have never had a fight because each time they get angry, they circle the building in which they live in order to calm down. Signor Davide is a part of Rome I will never forget.

Translated by: **Alexandra Negreanu** and **Laura Bosnea**

MTTLC, Bucharest University