

Rum & Grand Marnier Fudge Truffles

I was going to do a video post today, but I'm feeling quite lazy don't want to get all dolled up to show my face.

I know, I know, I was soo ready to show off not only the beautiful flowers I just got, but I was going to rock my newest shoe for the fellas!

*It happens when you don't really celebrate this lover's holiday. If my recollection serves me right, the last time I *enjoyed* Valentine's was about, uhm, 11 years ago. REALLY! It's been so bad, my sis and I call it **Singles.Awareness.Day**. Not sappy or bitter, just accepting of the fact the we've had our share of losers and no one has been worthy of seeing me bite into a luscious piece of chocolate, the way I know how.*

And then this all changed about an hour ago.

But let me go back for a moment. My sis is in Boston frolicking with her best friend, a guy. An all expense paid 4-day weekend to MA to see Disney on Ice, dine at Logan Square and I imagine a bit of shopping (and who know what else he's conjured up). He does love to splurge on her. So, as I'm typing up an email for her on Thursday night, advising her of what to wear (she's fashionably inept, so she says), it dawned on me there was no reason for me to spend TODAY in a crappy mood. If she was going to be all giddy, I had to join her. I wasn't going to allow some *man* or lack there of, dictate how I was going to feel today.

So I checked my attitude, pulled out an old recipe and went to work. I made these little rum balls you see here. **I LOVE THESE BALLS!** OMG. From what I understand and have read, these are a classic American holiday dessert, whose recipe has been passed down from generation to generation. I got mine that way, too. A former client of my mother's, now 80, has been making these for her for the past 20 years. Every Christmas, Mr. Pollock beckons my mother to his home, with a tin can waiting in the kitchen, with her name hand-written on it. For years, she'd bring the box home and before we even broke bread on Christmas day, the box of was all but full.

Yes, I had crushed every single ball. She'd fuss, but clearly understood the addiction. And for many years after the first time I bit into one, I'd beg him for the recipe. And every year he'd print a copy and I'd lose it. He's learned me tho. Now, he just has 2 boxes waiting for pickup: one for **mami** and one for me! And I still tear my box up within 48 hours. 30 of them may I add.

After 45 minutes of intense labor and girl foolish anticipation, I finished my little rum and grand marnier infused truffles. I like to get fancy with the name. In honor of Mr. Pollock, I placed them in a tin box (probably one he gave my mom) and placed them in the fridge to chill.

And then this afternoon, as I quietly sit at my computer, reminiscing on my trip to Paris & Monaco two years ago by looking at pictures (you can read some it that trip [here](#)), my door knocks. Hmmm, could it be? I open, and enters my dearest friend A, with the most beautiful arrangement of my favorite flower, a basket of girly body products (red tea and fig essence) and the biggest **I LOVE YOU** balloon and a bottle of Smith Woodhouse Porto!

Awwwww. I was so tickled, and almost speechless. My 11 year *itch* is over! Guess what!?!? Time to pull out the truffles! I popped two in my mouth and was more than content. Too early for the Porto, but trust the whole bottle might be finished tonight.

He so knows how to placate me.

And even though my friend **A** ended the **S.A.D.** stretch in a marvelous way, there is always a better way to top this all off! Can you believe that!?!?

My number one man, whom unconditionally and lovingly puts up with me and all my nuances and idiosyncrasies, in hopes of me taking care of him financially one day soon, calls me with a major surprise!

WE'RE GOING BACK TO MONACO!!!!!!

That man would me my father! More details to come, but oh yeah, this chic here is on her way back to Monaco, with a hop, skip and jump to Nice, Cannes, St. Tropez, Eze and a few others!

Good God, thank you, for you are so awesome to me.

I hope you and your loved ones share a sexy, ?über-romantique and luscious, sensuous Valentine's Day! And if you're single, rock on! A valentine's like mine is surely waiting for you!

Just don't scratch!

****WHAT DID YOUR HONEY GET YOU!?!****

RUM FUDGE TRUFFLES (adapted from Mr. Pollock's recipe)

- **3 cups Vanilla wafers, crushed**
- **1/2 cup walnuts, halved and crushed**

- **5 tbsp. corn syrup**
- **1.5 tsp. unsweetened cocoa**

- **5 tbsp. rum**
- **3 tbsp. Grand Marnier**
- **splash of vanilla extract**
- **1/2 cup powdered sugar**

Place wafers in large freezer plastic bag. Using a mallet, or meat tenderizer, crush the wafers until they are finely graded. You can use a processor, too. Place in large bowl and add crushed up walnuts. Sift cocoa, add & combine. Add corn syrup and vanilla extract. Using a wooden spoon, combine all ingredients. Add rum and combine until all ingredients are well blended. Add powdered sugar to a medium bowl. Using a teaspoon or your bare hands, shape 1/2" balls, cover completely with powdered sugar and place onto wax paper. Line tin can with aluminum foil. Place balls in tin can and let refrigerate over night. It's best to allow to chill for 24 hours or one day in advance before serving. Dust truffles with more sugar, as some of it will have dissolved into the ball. right before serving. Eat up and toast with a glass of good Porto!

Yields 22-25 truffles.