

Galloping off to The White Horse & Oyster Bar

You could say my Silver Fox boyfriend is ungrateful for small mercies. Reaching the modest, but hair defining, age of 41 he feels his silver thatch might age him somewhat.

How many 41 year-old men would do cartwheels down the Royal Mile to have a full head of any colour hair? Ah well, small mercies aside, he's always grateful for the petit indulgence of little ol' moi. Any amount of turns round the sun is due a celebration in my book, so I took SF to The White Horse and Oyster Bar for his birthday tea.

At a prime (but not the naff) part of the Royal Mile, this restaurant is popular and oh so Instagrammable, such are the prettiness of the sharing dishes. Yes, one day someone's going to come up with the novel concept of having a whole meal to oneself.











Did we enjoy the food? Oh yes, baby! It was all delicious, particularly the octopus, so tasty that we ordered another. The oysters were fab, the side of seaweed seasoned fries crispy and the Champers and wine on point. In all we must have tried eight plates and were impressed by every one.

The restaurant has a buzz but not where you'd go to have a multi course relaxing dinner, certainly not on a busy Saturday. When I return it will be for oysters, a couple of plates and a light supper. Its a lively place: the tables are tight and the music on the higher bpm side. Perfect for an exceptional and interesting meal on the way to a Festival show but not for gazing into the eyes of the birthday boy.

SF was in the mood for stopping out and we repaired to Monteiths for a couple of nightcap cocktails, the cosiness and intimate atmosphere being just what was desired. Not only did I purchase SF a golf top for his birthday I also recently took him to a bar to watch the UK Open. It's like it's his birthday every day.

The White Horse and Oyster Bar 266 Canongate, Royal Mile EH8

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