

October food diary

“It all comes out as it’s ready.” A prize for how many profanities the innocent waiting staff’s words induce.

The Silver Fox boyfriend and I decided that our regular Tuesday night date, where we indulge in amazing cooking (mine) and fine wines (his) was getting a tad passé. So we opted to go to the pictures. Eating at the next door noodle chain, where serving dishes at the same time isn’t a given, is a very popular Deliveroo outlet. While one of us was eating, the other was waiting for their main to arrive for twenty hungry minutes. In that time the Deliveroo cyclists picked up at least five orders. Were they all going to the same destination as “It all comes out as it’s ready!”

Apparently in London there are many ‘dark kitchens’. Sounds dodgy, but what’s wrong with people setting up remote outlets for takeaway businesses? Some of them might be offering amazing food by people who can’t afford to set up a shop front business or a restaurant. I hear there are one or two listed on Deliveroo in Edinburgh who offer great food and perhaps every dish is delivered at the same time. It’s an odd world where takeaways behave more professionally than restaurants.



Nobody does a buffet like Mal!

Hair brushed and parted I headed off to the anniversary party of Malmaison. The love story of boutique hotels began in Edinburgh, don't you know? We're all agreed that Malmaisons, or Malmaisai (?) are delightful. However when the M.D. gave a speech declaring all small hotels resembled Fawlty Towers before The Mal showed them how to do it, seemed a tad Trumpish.

But, credit where its due, Malmaison do their remit of modern luxury splendidly. He also declared The Mal buffet was the best ever. He was right there, they fed and watered us most luxuriously.



Malmaison is 25

“We’re off to Dunfermline for the night,” I told the Silver Fox boyfriend. Baffled, he was, knowing no golf course he desired conquering was nearby. “Dunfermline? Seriously?” The SF has recently been on a family trip to Monterey, Santa Barbara and L.A. and returned mildly snobbish about the restaurants of his homeland.

Yet on driving into Garvock House Hotel, he declared: “Wow, this is insane! Like we’re in the middle of the countryside! Gorgeous!” Almost like he thought of it himself... we both agreed we couldn’t have found a more cosy, comfortable and friendly place and felt immediately relaxed. Although the Garvock is owned and run by husband and wife duo Rui and Pamela Fernandes, Fawlty Towers it certainly isn’t.



Dinner was an exceptionally traditional and civilised affair. You enjoy a drink at the bar while you peruse the menu. They then take your order there and escort you to your table when your food is ready. I don’t think I’ve experienced that in

years so it was like going back in time in a very pleasant way.

The menu was also a welcome surprise as there was plenty on it that sounded good. The kitchen definitely know how to please any palate and the top dish of the evening was a perfectly presented venison fillet.

