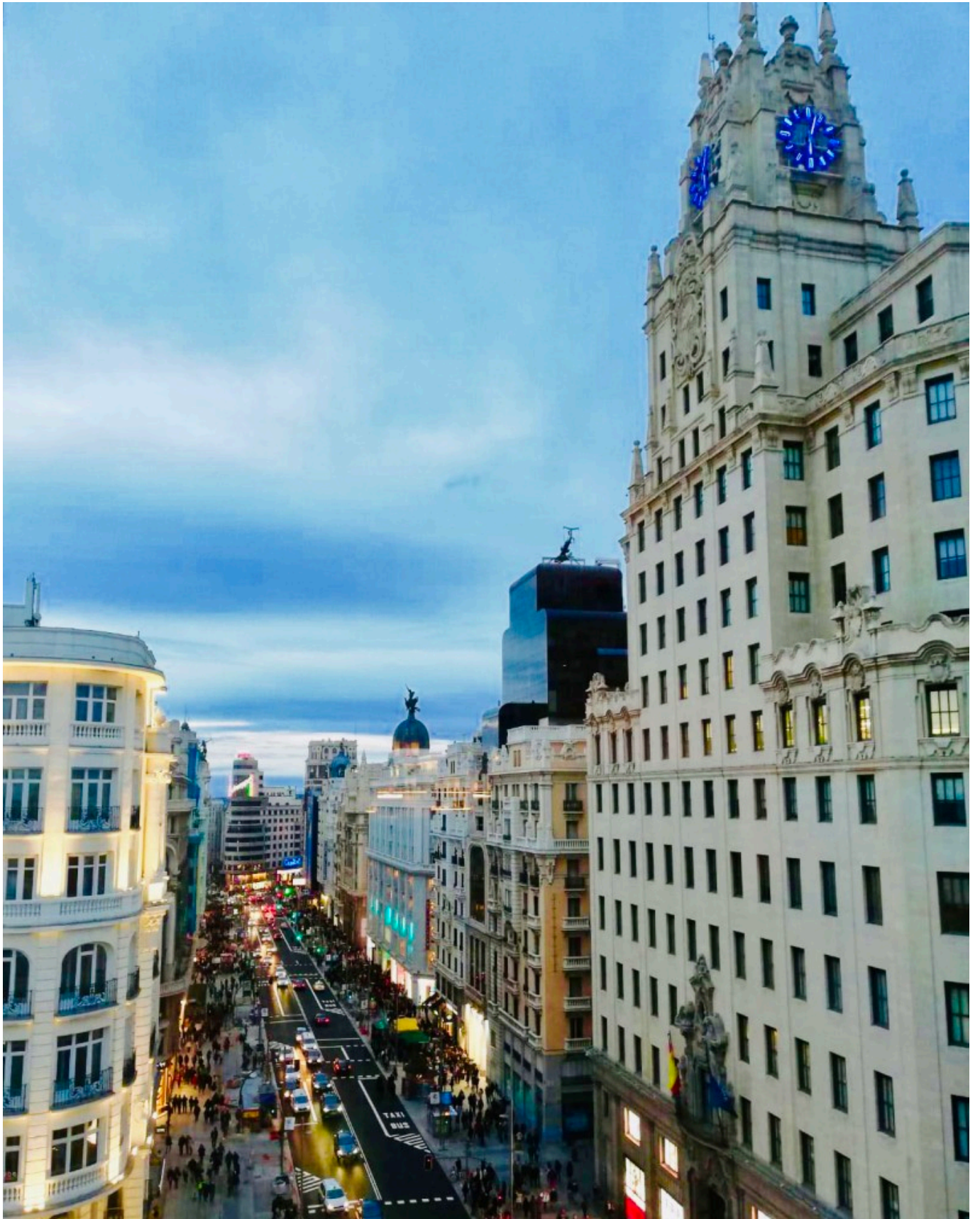


Picalagartos, dine sky high on a stunning rooftop overlooking Gran Vía

This year myself and one of my best friends have been on pretty different trajectories. Whilst she's been globe trotting galore having taken a sabbatical, I've never felt more aware of putting down "roots" – having finally become a home owner, cue quite the case of FOMO.

After 11 months of not being able to enjoy so much as a glass of fizz together in person, last weekend we were finally reunited for the *puente* in my adopted city of Madrid. This called for a special venue for a special lunch.



Now I love a rooftop. I'm not sure if it's something to do with being a city dweller who's constantly on the search for cleaner air, but I feel it's probably more to do with the "grammable" views that are pretty much guaranteed when you

head sky high.

Having done my research, [Picalagartos](#) was booked, the restaurant perched atop the NH Hotel on Gran Vía, boasts 360 views of the city. Not too shabby, eh? Now most hotel restaurants have a bad rep, often found to be overpriced and underwhelming, but not the case here. The standard of food matched the view, to be summed up in a word, it was stunning.



Feeling the kind of giddy high that I can only imagine toddlers feel at soft play, we started with a cocktail to

toast our reunion. This was the start of a true Spanish *sobremesa*, with neither of us keen to leave until the sun had well and truly set over Gran Vía.

My friend's a veggie (no I don't know how we dine out together either, being a self-confessed carnivore Queen) but it was pleasing to find that this wasn't an issue – the menu offering a variety of veggie options, all of which were more tempting than the standard offering of *tortilla*.



We split a mille feuille of patatas bravas that is in the running for being the best carb that's ever passed my lips. Layers of buttery potatoes formed into giant "chips" were served with a piquant *bravas* sauce and a mouth-wateringly good aioli. They were so downright divine, case in point, we ordered a second portion and not one part of me regrets having to work them off the following Monday at spin.



I plumped for a steak (cooked perfectly), while my *amiga* sampled the delights of a vegetable garden – which looked so temptingly tasty that it could almost have lured me away from my meaty marvel, but not quite.



A couple of chocolate soufflés later, gin and tonics sunk – our vows of friendship reaffirmed, there was nothing left to do but harass the waiter to take (multiple) pics of us with Madrid in all her dusky delight in the background – luckily he obliged, I have a feeling we weren't the only ones bowled over by the *vista*.



Picalagartos is the kind of “ooh and aaah” inducing spot that will have you falling in love with Madrid all over again (in case your affections have ever waned). The food, and in my case, the friendship, were faultless and it was the perfect place to spend a free Friday afternoon that combined both gorgeous grub and plenty of glamour.

Picalagartos

▪ [Facebook](#), [Website](#), & Instagram: [@picalagartosmad](#)

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