

Oh happy day at Ohanasana

I'm a relatively late bloomer when it comes to all things health and fitness wise. I'd love to wax lyrical that the only time a dirty Maccies passes my lips is at the end of a night when only greasy carbs will do, but frankly, I'd be lying. However, there's something about hitting your thirties (and I really hope that this isn't just the case for me) that wakes you up to the fact that your body isn't quite what it once was, and that a helping hand from the old spin class and eating some greens aside from the mint in your mojito is no bad thing.

So [Ohanasana](#) was blessing in disguise for something who's dare I say it, challenged in the clean eating stakes. Ticking all my necessary boxes on the decor front – floral chairs, some fluro neon and an exposed brick, all that was left to approve of was the grub. And boy it did not disappoint.



Now before I extol the virtues of fat free, vegan type fun, let me be clear, I love all things calorific so for me to rave about something without there being a chip in sight it has to be good. I started with a juice called "young, wild and free" – I like to think they named it after me! *my tongue is firmly in cheek here. It was a mix of pineapple, mint, cucumber and

coconut water. With every sip I felt like I was radiating the kind of glow that Gisele Bündchen seems to naturally exude. Whilst I may not be Gisele, it was delish and did serve its desired purpose which was to counteract the gins consumed the previous evening.

Next up was a little amuse bouche of gazpacho, it had a slight chilli kick to it which I loved – having grown up near Birmingham (the balti capital of Blighty) I love all things spicy and appreciated the twist on a Spanish summer classic. Next came the build-your-own bowl section (which a fussy faffer like me loves as it avoids any awkward “can I switch the cucumber for more deliciousness that is an avocado”).



I plumped for a quinoa-base laden with gorgeous raw tuna, avo and edamame – topped off with some salty soy while my friend had the “happy” chicken bowl which did exactly what it said on the tin, left her feeling cheery and safe in the knowledge that her lunch was devoid of anything that could hamper

“operación bikini.”



But this is me and I'll never be completely angelic. With the merest mention of a dessert menu I was all over it like a rat up a drainpipe. The best part this time was that the chocolate pot that we shared wasn't packed with nasties and the mouse was even made of butternut squash – what's not to love about getting one of your five a day when it's masquerading as a cocoa fix.



Aside from the food, the service was faultless. Our lovely waiter was the right side of helpful, aka he knew what he was talking about but didn't enforce menu choices upon you and instead gently suggested that we should order the chocolate pot and for that, I was grateful.

Ohana Sana isn't just a luxury for peeps in the barrio either,

available on Glovo, Deliveroo and Uber Eats there's no need to exert any energy if you don't quite fancy going out to sample their wares. Convenient and clean eating, that's a combo that works for me.

Ohanasana

- [Website](#) & [Facebook](#)
- Address: [Calle del Barquillo 34](#)
- Metro: Chueca
- Phone: 910 66 49 72

You may also like:

- [The Circle Food, tasty food for staying trim](#)
- [Honest Greens, feel-good food that tastes good too](#)
- [Zoco Comidero, eat well and feel great at Madrid's first \(and only\) flexitarian restaurant](#)

Don't walk right 'pasta' Propaganda 12

I really and truly love Italy. So much so that if my finances ever return to 'normal' after the battering they've taken from buying a flat, it's where I hope to spend a week over the summer getting some much longed for Vitamin sea.

I love everything from the sing-songy nature of their language, to the style and panache of their locals. And of course, there's the food. To me, there is literally nothing better than a plate of pasta. Like a hug when you're feeling blue, it has restorative powers.

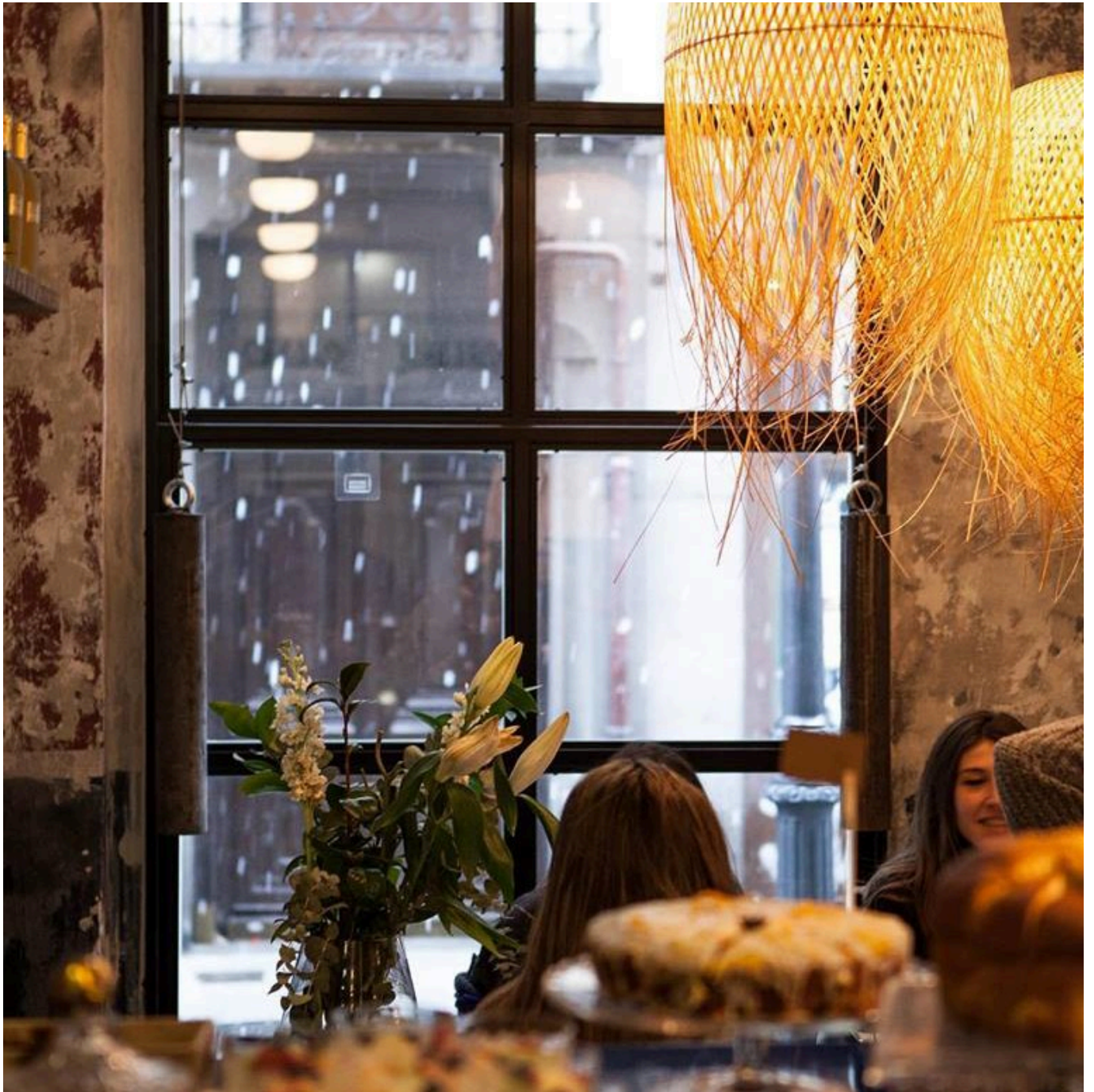
[Propaganda 12](#) is so much more than pasta though. It's like bypassing passport control and finding yourself in the land of limoncello, despite not having left the cocoon of barrio Chueca.



As mentioned, I bought a flat – a process in Spain that felt akin to a root canal, but I survived. And after you've

survived something there's only really one rightful thing to do and that's – celebrate. So off I went (with my Dad in tow) to toast my freshly signed mortgage.

No sooner did we arrive, our hostess (who couldn't be faulted the entire evening) offered us two glasses of champers – I liked the place already and the fizz combined with the decor (my current obsession is all things paint and plate related) made an excellent first impression. The tiles in the bathroom along with the wallpaper are sure to be papped and all over the 'gram.



Again, we completely trusted our wonder of a waitress when it came to wine and she gave us a back story with each bottle.

So on to the food. We shared anti pasta to start. Now so far, you may well think so predictable, but the roast pork that we plumped for was literally so a-ma-zing, that we ordered a second portion.



Now I enjoy pork as much as the next person but this was something else. Tasting of rosemary and served with freshly baked bread, I honestly think I could eat it day in, day out. Whilst I'm becoming increasingly open minded with food, my

Dad's a tough crowd and even he couldn't find enough superlatives to pile on the praise.



We both then had a beef red curry which was spiced to perfection – not bland, not blow your head off hot and two delicious puds, tiramisu and a red fruits cheesecake respectively. Everything was heavenly and as good as anything that I've eaten in Puglia. All the while, the setting is chic yet cosy, the staff friendly but not overbearing.

I also spotted that come weekends, they do a champagne brunch

for the non too pricey sum of 25 euros. Good food, good booze, good times.

An ideal place to brunch, lunch or dinner, pop propaganda 12 on your to-do list right about – now!

All photos from Propaganda 12

Propaganda 12

- [Facebook](#), [Website](#)
- **Instagram:** @propagandadoce
- **Address:** Calle Libertad, 12
- **Metro:** Chueca
- **Phone:** 910 56 70 03

Neon Nirvana at Kamikaze

They say a change is as good as a rest and that's exactly what I discovered on my visit to the recently opened [Kamikaze](#). Located where Dray Martina used to be found, it's now a tribute to all things awesome and Asian. So if like me, you can't get enough of gyoza, and edamame is your everything, this is the locale for you.

Like all my favourite Friday night dinners we kicked off proceedings with a cocktail. A mix of gin, mango syrup and rose-flavoured tonic, it was downright delicious and packed a punch thanks to the additional cayenne pepper kick.



Our aperitivo came complete with a flaming dragon (I was told that I needed to squeeze his tummy three times for good luck)

which I duly did even though I felt quite lucky at this point with my gluttonously gorgeous bowl of prawn crackers.

So onto the menu. Essentially there was nothing that I didn't fancy, which meant that we ordered a lot – partly due to the excellent host that was Giuseppe who was able to tip us off regarding some of his faves.



We sampled spicy edamame (and these really did leave your tongue tingling), curried mussels, steak tartare on teeny, tiny tacos, gyoza (natch), chicken wings, spring rolls and just to really ensure that a loose-fitting dress has been a wise choice, a prawn Pad Thai. Everything was ooh and aaaah

inducing and incredibly more-ish.



I had high hopes for the food, given that Kamikaze comes from the tour de force that is Grupo Larrumba and as such, the decor is second to none (we sat next to a Japanese cherry blossom tree that frankly I'd have liked to take home for my patio). There's plenty of neon (perfect for Insta) and plate porn if like me, crockery is your 30-something fetish.



As we were wrapping up with our post-dinner coffees, a monkey appeared wielding a ghetto blaster with tunes blaring; leaving us in no doubt that Kamikaze is definitely a place to get your weekend party started.

Choc-a-bloc with pretty looking peeps, as equally easy on the eye as the food was, this was aesthetically pleasing Asian at its best. I recommend booking for a Friday or Saturday if you like your gyoza hot and your cocktails cold.

Kamikaze

- [Website](#), [Facebook](#)
 - **Instagram:** @kamikazemadrid
 - **Address:** Calle Argensola 7
 - **Metro:** Colon or Alonso Martínez
 - **Phone:** 910810056
-

The Circle Food, tasty food for staying trim

When I lived in London it was soooo easy not to have to cook (if you didn't have the time, energy or inclination). First of all you had Mark's and Spencer's, purveyors of all things tasty and all available on the go – I take down all of their chicken and bacon sandwiches on brown upon my return to Blighty.

In addition to this, clean eating had really taken off and it required minimal effort to get something delivered (or picked up) that wasn't a heart attack on a plate.

I've always struggled with the concept of convenient food in

Spain, mainly because it seems to culturally evade them. Food isn't meant to be 'grabbed' – and if you want to eat quickly and healthily it's nigh on impossible.



This is why locales like [The Circle Food](#) are to be welcomed with a fanfare by people like me. Combining ease with eating well, it's showing the clean eating movement is slowly gathering pace in the city.



Now I love tortilla and the like as much as the next person, but from time to time (usually post gym when even the thought of showering feels insurmountable) I want to grab and go. Look no further.



Embracing the trend of organic bowls, [The Circle Food](#) is the ideal place to pick up something nutritious (and delicious) or indeed, a place to eat in with a friend. As I veer towards fussiness in the food stakes, I built my own bowl – you pick your base, I opted for quinoa and wild red rice.



Next up you select your toppings and salsa as you please. It's always a nice feeling for me to chase up a spin class with something containing the colour green. But it isn't all virtuous – it's actually really tasty, with the added bonus that you're doing your bod some good.



They have a fixed menu should you wish to streamline the decision making process and just trust in their food pairings. Aside from savory stuff, there's also breakfast on offer and Illy coffee which is always enough to get me through the door.



The space is light, bright and airy. A place to eat and co-work. Having thrown an opening bash last weekend and setting their stall out as being something that little bit different, The Circle Food is garnering attention for all the right reasons.

I'll see you there, I'll be the one in the post gym leggings ordering extra falafel.

The Circle Food

- [Website](#), [Facebook](#)
- **Address:** Calle de Santa Engracia, 76
- **Metro:** Iglesia or Alonso Cano
- **Phone:** 910 01 04 12

You may also like: [Honest Greens, feel-good food that tastes good too](#)

Grosso Napoletano – I 'adoughed' you.

Being a full time teacher means that I'm lucky enough to get some pretty major teacher perks, aka, a lot of holiday days – which let's be real, is something that money can't buy. So this week I found myself with a blissful 9 days off and aside from the on-going trauma that is '*buying a house*' in Spain (that's a whole other blog post that trust me no one wants to read) I basically found myself at a loose end.

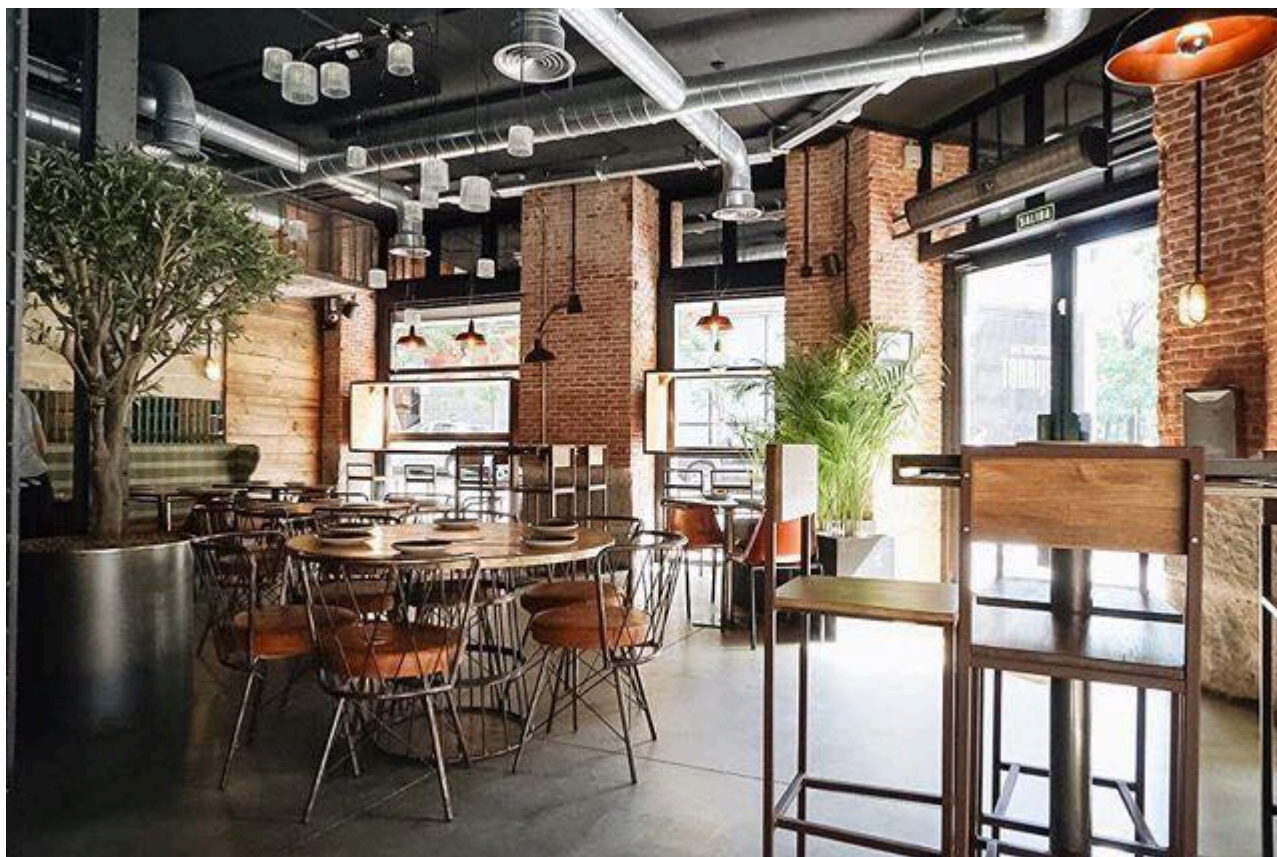
The upside of this being that I had time to become a lady who lunches – so having managed to persuade a friend to extend her lunch break, I sought out somewhere tasty looking near her office that wouldn't break the bank – my pennies are now being directed towards furniture sadly, and not food.



Fast forward to [Grosso Napoletano](#), a lovely little Italian spot serving up some of the best pizzas in the city. Located on C/Santa Engracia, it's neighbours with a whole host of hip and happening foodie outposts that are emerging weekly in Chamberi.



The beauty of [Grosso Napoletano](#) in my opinion was the simplicity of the menu – a few salads are on offer to share (we plumped for chicken and avo to get the tastebuds going) followed by diavola and a quattro formaggi pizzas respectively.



The cavernous wood burning oven cooked them to absolute perfection – the base was light but not doughy, the toppings charred but not burnt. I ate every last crumb and my friend took her leftovers back to work – much to the envy of her colleagues.



As the nervous energy that comes with the quest to becoming a homeowner appears to be burning some of my calorie intake, I plumped by a matcha tea tiramisu to round things off nicely. It was a quirky twist on an Italian classic and every bite as delicious as the pizza.





Pizza places are essentially ten a penny, but decent ones are not. Grosso serves up authentic Italian eats at prices that, let's face it, are far more purse friendly than a return flight to Rome to sample the same.

So if you fancy living La Dolce Vita but the budget won't stretch quite as far as Sardinia, Grosso Napoletano is no poor substitute. Both the service and the décor were spot on and if a simple lunch spot is what you're after, then that's what you'll get. With two locations in the city (the other one on C/Hermosilla) it's easy to grab a 'pizza' the action.

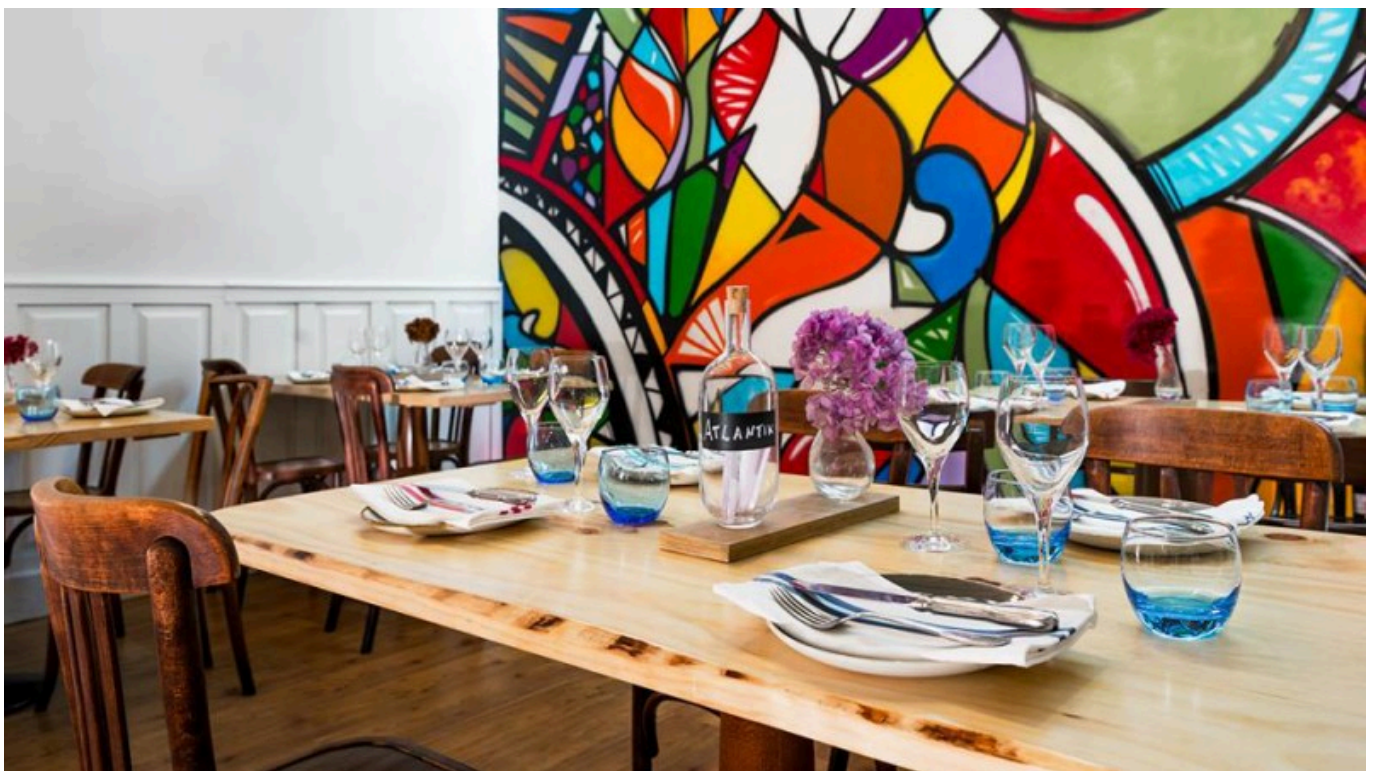
Photos from instagram @grosso_napoletano

Grosso Napoletano

- [Website](#), [Facebook](#), [Instagram](#)
- **Address:** Currently they have [8 locations](#)
- **Phone:** 911 70 46 53

I'd Cross an Ocean for Atlantik Corner

Sometimes you walk into a restaurant and you can just sense that somebody has put their heart and soul into it. That's exactly how I felt last Tuesday evening when visiting [Atlantik Corner](#) for the first time. From the little details, to the big concept that envelops their entire menu, no aspect of the dining experience had been overlooked; no aspect deemed too trivial.



[Atlantik Corner](#) is a Portuguese restaurant, but with a twist. There's no cliched chicken peri peri on offer here. This is fusion cooking at its best. Unbeknown to me, Portugal has strong historical links with Brazil (*that part I knew*) but I wasn't aware of their ties with Africa and India. So with flavours from these foreign lands having been thrown into the

mix, the result is a menu that can only be described as a masterclass in uniqueness.



Nuno de Noronha Goucha, the owner of Atlantik Corner, was a fountain of knowledge when it came to wine, decor and all things delicious from Spain's next-door neighbour. Hailing from Portugal himself, the restaurant is clearly a labour of love and he explained that the concept behind the menu was to encapsulate all things 'Atlantic' – rather than the Mediterranean food that's often held in such high esteem when you mention the south of Europe.



Kicking things off (and naturally, with a story behind it) was

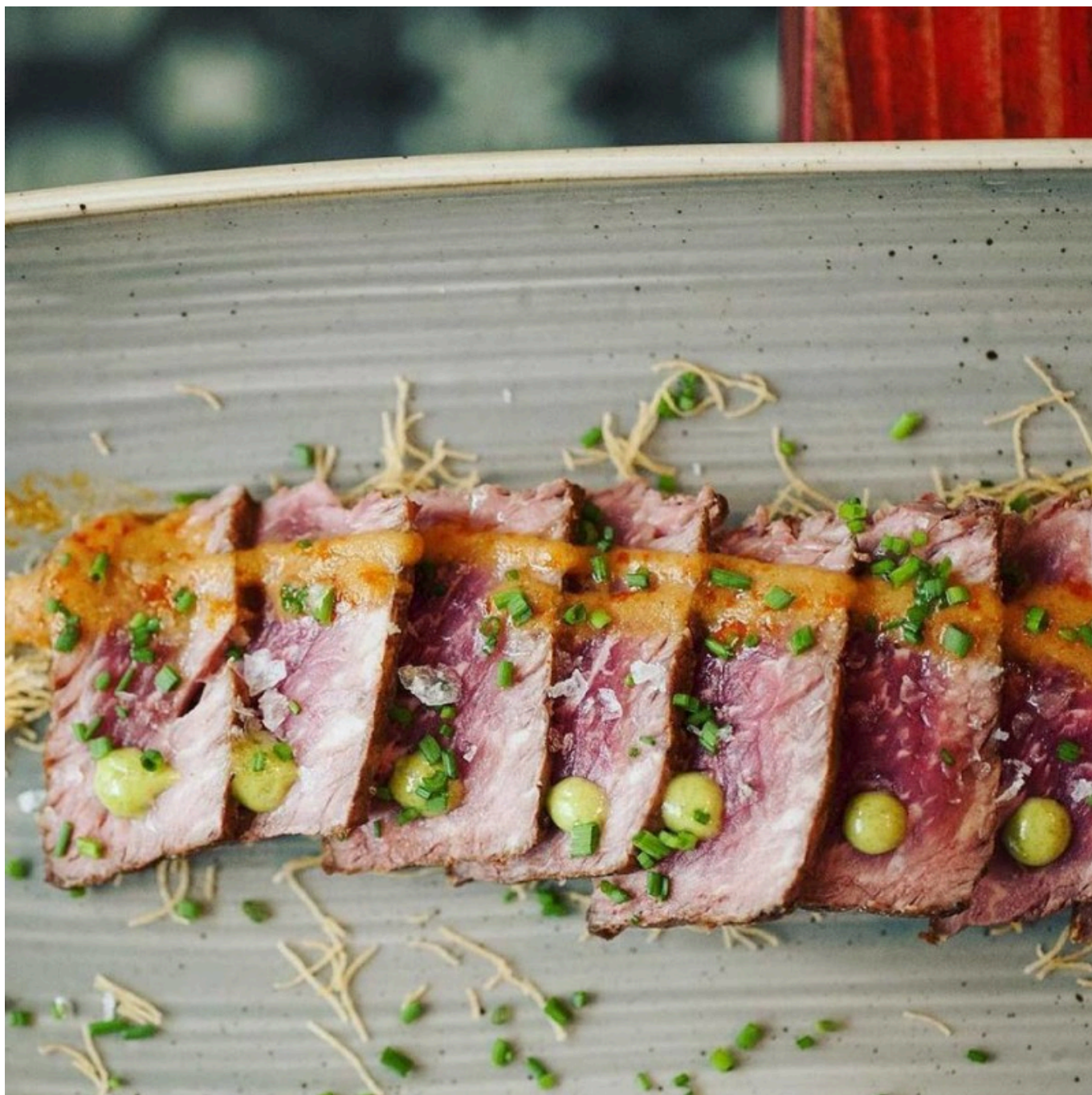
a delectable duck pate served with oaty biscuits that Galician sailors used to take on their voyages (for when their bread went bad). Well, I can only attest that they were some lucky lads because the *marinheiras* were so good that I could've snaffled the entire bowl and tipped them into my handbag, you know, to keep my hunger pangs at bay.



This was teamed with an ice cold Alvarinho wine that was perfectly chilled and was able to convert even the most diehard Crianza drinker. Then to really ramp up the *ooh's* and *aaah's*, a selection of homemade bread appeared, served effortlessly in a tiny cloth bag bestowed to the restaurant by none other than Nuno's own Mother – a nice touch, I'm sure you'll agree.



I feel it's worth a mention at this point that given it being a Portugese restuarant, the tile porn was off the scale. Gorgeous floors partnered the equally gorgeous food – ensuring that all senses were assaulted with loveliness. After the surprise appetiser, we plumped for three dishes, all designed to be shared and all incorporating an electric mix of ingredients.



We tried a *ravioli de gambon* – the pasta was wafer-thin (my favourite) and the prawns were pink, plump and perfect. This was followed by *suprema de vaca*, teamed with two spicy sauces, *mojo picon* and Thai green curry – I told you it was unique. And then came the final showstopper – a *carabinero al carbon*.



Now until fairly recently, I'm not ashamed to say that I was pretty squeemish when it came to all things 'under the sea'. I watched the waiter somewhat apprehensively as he squeezed the head of the *carabinero* with force, resulting in lots of goeey goodness, which laced the cous cous with an almost syrupy flourish. I tried not to think too intently about what it was exactly, but what was undeniable was the taste – I could've licked the plate.



Now some peeps after that little lot would be full, but I like to think that when it comes to appetites, I'm not most people. Not a huge dessert fan, once again I took advice from Nuno and went for a *torrija de brioche*. There are no words to describe how good that pud was so I won't even attempt it – however, what I will say is that I'd go back for that alone. Not that it's the only thing that will ensure a repeat performance – the *menu del día* (priced at a bargainous €14.50 for three courses) should have people flocking in droves.



So with dinner concluding and me being somewhat in awe of the tile/prawn combo, I wondered what was left to conquer in terms of the excitement stakes – well how's this for beyond cute? You could leave an actual message in a bottle. No I'm not just quoting Sting for fun – the team behind Atlantik Corner urge you to write a wish before you leave, and leave it safely ensconced in a bottle and they'll do the rest – aka, throw it into the Atlantic Ocean for you.

Wanna know what I wished for? That they could come up with a calorie-free version of the *torrija*, so that I could tuck in morning, noon and night.

By @littlemissmadrid!

Info

- [Facebook](#), [Website](#), [Instagram](#)
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- **Metro:** Sevilla or Antón Martín
 - **Phone:** 910 71 72 45
-

Gracias Padre, a new Mexican restaurant you'll be very thankful for

They say that practicing an attitude of gratitude is the key to a calm and content life. I'm never quite sure who "they" are when I make reference to them in this sort of context. I guess what I'm trying to say is that gratitude continues to be a buzz word for 2018, along with self care and *lagom*. Trust me, look 'em up.

Anyways, I digress. What I'm attempting to explain is that gratitude simply means pausing and appreciating what you have and giving thanks. To this end, there's no place easier to feel grateful for than [Gracias Padre](#); an almost box-fresh Mexican restaurant that just graced Calle Ortega y Gasset with its presence a mere month ago.



It's impossible to miss. A riot of colour that wouldn't be out of place on a Holi run, the decor packs a similar punch to the frozen margaritas that are on offer. I dined on a Friday night and it was heaving. So much so that word of mouth is clearly taking hold for GP quicker than you can say "tequila, it makes me happy."



Now I love Mexican food. Like, full blown love it. I love Indian food, I love Italian food, heck, I'm even genuinely starting to like Japanese food (I can't drop the L word just yet, it's still early days). But my full-blown love affair with decent Mexican food started in Tulum three years ago and upon my return, I've spent time, money and energy on dinners where I've wound up bitterly disappointed when I've been served up a plate of a beige-looking stodge.



There's no such issue at [Gracias Padre](#) where the food was light, clean and fresh, not your typical description of Mexican fare, yet everything I ate was delicious and not overtly calorific. **Slight disclaimer, I did try a corn on the cob that was dipped in butter (and mayo) then rolled in parmesan.*

Every sublime mouthful was well worth the need for my Saturday spin class. The fish tacos had the perfect amount of crunch and flaky softness, while the *tinga de pollo* melted in your mouth.



Mexican food isn't hard to find in Madrid, with chains popping up everywhere, you can't miss an opportunity for a burrito, much like it's hard to miss a bearded bloke in Malasaña. What deserves praise however, is authentic Mexican food, cooked with love. The type of tacos that take you back to that beach in Tulum and remind you why you'd give your right arm for a

decent marg after a tough working week.



Much like online dating, finding a true gem of a place to eat is often a numbers game. You've gotta rack up the dates and sift through the duds. Fret not, no need for you to conduct your own research. In this instance I've done the hard work for you. [Gracias Padre](#) is hands down the best Mexican food I've had on this side of the pond – and I've tried a lot of tacos.

Gracias Padre

- [Facebook](#), [Website](#) & Instagram: [@gracias.padre](#)
- **Address:** Calle de José Ortega y Gasset, 55
- **Phone:** 910 66 00 85
- **Metro:** Lista

Salivate at Sargo

The run-up to Christmas is undoubtedly (if you're anything like me) a social whirlwind. I'm not quite sure where the need came from to see literally *everyone that you know* before Santa arrives; it's almost as though we feel like the world might implode come December 25th.

In light of this, I often wind up feeling as though I'm over stretched having over committed. And therefore – rather than be filled with “Christmas cheer” – this quickly turns to “Christmas fear” as I realise I've spent too much time partying and not enough time purchasing (other people's gifts that is).



However, there are some dates in the old diary that are no hardship to keep. In this case, it was dinner at the recently

opened [Sargo](#). Located in Barrio Salamanca – not my usual stomping ground, but in an area that I do aspire to spend more time in and around – Sargo felt like the sophisticated older sister to many of the [restaurants that I tend to frequent](#).



I met my friend at the bar for a sparkly start (some gin-based fizz) and began to peruse the menu. It quickly transpired that whilst there were definite crowd pleasers to be found, innovation was the buzz word at Sargo with plenty of inventive options, of which I'll elaborate on later.



For me, I'm all about the "three S's" when I go out for dinner, so let me explain. Style, service and (lip) smackingly good food. It wasn't wasted on me that the decor at [Sargo](#) was Pinterest worthy in terms of its prettiness and if I'm going to be sat still for hours, then I want something nice to look at.



On that note, next comes the service. It didn't go unnoticed on myself or my dining companion that our waiter was incredibly attentive and essentially, he could've been plucked from the beaches of Rio. Pau was everything you'd want in a server, knowledgeable but not pushy. Friendly but not overbearing. Gorgeous but not so distractingly so that our food would go cold.



So onto the food, it passed the “S” test and then some. As I went with a veggie friend (we cover all food group bases) and tried A LOT of different things – what can I tell you, we were warming up for Christmas.



The standout dish for me was the *sashimi de atún rojo*, which was a work of art – quite literally, it was served upon a *pintoresco*. The concept of the menu is undoubtedly unique though – split into easy-to-read groups such as “*de machete*” – perfect for meat lovers and “*de cuchara*” which is ideal for those seeking comfort – which to be honest in these tiresome temps, who isn’t?





We bid the team at [Sargo](#) farewell having tackled the menu as a tag team and safe in the knowledge that we'd given their marvellously Mediterranean menu a good old bash.

If you're looking for a spot that definitely isn't style over substance, give Sargo more than just a glance. Set to become a darling of the Salamanca scene, set up camp now before the hordes arrive.

Info

- [Facebook](#), [Instagram](#), [Website](#)
 - **Address:** Calle del General Diaz Porlier 57
 - **Metro:** Lista
 - **Phone:** 910 1066 57
-

Varsovia Bar – Cocktail o'clock in the run-up to Christmas

It's safe to say that bars in Malasaña are pretty much ten a penny. There's possibly more bars than beards, and that's saying something. What's not so common though, is to find a bar that looks super appealing from the street, yet for one reason or another you're yet to make it inside.

This had been the case with [Varsovia](#) for literally, months. I'd strolled past it almost daily either on the way to work or the gym, however, I'd never actually been. So feeling high on hump day vibes last Wednesday, I decided to suggest it to a friend for a long overdue catch up, and to see if what was on the inside was as engaging as the exterior.



It was rammed. This might be partly due to Madrileños being on a countdown to Christmas and therefore not really needing to have their arm twisted when it comes to a post work *copa*. But even at 8pm (a slightly weird time to be boozing here) – not quite after work, definitely not post dinner – but the atmosphere was buzzing.

We quickly discovered that it was one of the waitresses' birthdays so a chorus of *Cumpleaños Feliz* rang out as we entered, and a cake appeared from nowhere – which the lovely Virginia even offered to share. First impressions count and the immediate feeling was one of friendliness and very much that it was a local bar, for local people.

The cocktail list is extensive but we thought we'd pace ourselves and start with a gin. Virginia kindly recommended that we sample a Nordes (one of my faves hailing from the North West of Spain) which even came with a little tapa of manchego cheese.



I'm always beyond thrilled when you're offered a food freebie in Madrid, as whilst it remains commonplace in the south of Spain, it's a lot less common in the capital unless you're offered some bog standard olives. Manchego cheese has become a cheese of choice for me and for this reason alone I was delighted.

Gins slurped, we thought we'd then sample some of the hard stuff. A gin cocktail that was nameless (we explained that it was our spirit soulmate) and we were promptly presented with a concoction that was gin based but laced with juicy apple flavours.

Cocktails in hand, we were able to chat whilst appreciating the background tunes which weren't offensively loud , as can

so often be the case. I was told that come weekends, DJs frequently take to the decks and kick-out doesn't happen until 3am – leaving you plenty of time to get the party started.



Varsovia seemed to offer something for everyone. Cocktails for those looking for some for weekday (or weekend) glamour. As well as vermouth for those who like their tipples to be a little more traditional.

Don't make my mistake of walking on by. Stick your head in and give it a try (apologies for the terrible rhyme, clearly there's a frustrated poet in me itching to get out).

Varsovia Info

- [Facebook](#)
- **Address:** Calle San Andrés 33
- **Metro:** Bilbao

Crackers for Caramba

Is it just me or does the run up to Christmas turn into a complete whirlwind of eating, drinking and being very, very merry – and that's all before the main event has even started. By the time December 25th rolls round you're often fit to collapse thanks to the endless festive functions that have filled your diary from the get go of the month.

However, where's the fun in being all 'bah humbug' about the excuse to crack open the bubbles and swerve the gym? There's none. So in the spirit of embracing the delirium of December, I booked a dinner at [Caramba](#) with a visiting friend and headed out to celebrate the most manic of months.



[Caramba](#) hails from the well known Grupo Larumba; which means that a stylish setting is a guarantee. Close to Puerta de Alcalá, it's perfectly placed for locals and tourists alike.

Should you have spent the day pounding the pavements in an attempt to soak up the city you can easily grab a tasty treat at the end of your day.



Alternatively, it's an ideal place to enjoy a leisurely lunch before mooching around the nearby stores on Gran Via. The menu is a mix of Spanish traditional, modern classics and an Asian twist. For instance, we indulged in *croquetas de jamón* (a nod to Spain's finest), but we also had some delectable Japanese style prawns that remained on the plate for all of about 13 seconds.

Next up came a tuna tartare that made us feel slightly more virtuous on the old health front (having polished off some golden, crispy chicken fingers beforehand that were almost wholly responsible for me now reaching for the old spanx). We concluded the sumptuous savoury side of things with a beef tenderloin that was as tasty as any steak that I've sampled in Argentina.



However, what got my pulse racing was the quirky list of cocktails; of which my personal favourite was the rather

novelty named 'De Madrid Al Cielo' – a magical mix of violet flavoured gin, lime juice and egg white – it was as pleasing on the palate as it was on the eye. Speaking of all things aesthetically pleasing, the decor was as lovely as the almond cake that we concluded the evening with.

FROM MADRID TO THE SKY 8,90

If Madrid has something special, it's the spectacular sky it has, and we'll bring it put it on your lips.

Violet and Ginger Gin *

Lime juice

Peppers and Jasmine Orgeat *

Egg white

In a country where sadly the service often leaves a nasty taste in the mouth (anyone else feel like they have to beg for

a bill?!), our server, Cata, deserves a special shout out. Attentive but not overbearing, he asked my friend what her tipple of choice was (gin, I mean she's a Brit, it's in our DNA) and with no questions asked he whipped her up her own personalised cocktail. A nice touch, I'm sure you'll agree.

Caramba, much like other hotspots in the Larumba group, is certainly not a case of style over substance. The food was delish. The cocktails a delight. And the service – the jewel in Caramba's crown.

Caramba Madrid

- [Facebook](#), [Website](#) & [Instagram](#)
- **Address:** C/ Alcalá 19
- **Metro:** Sevilla
- **Phone:** 910 88 28 98