

# 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

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- **Address:** Calle Libertad, 12
- **Metro:** Chueca
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## 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