



Venue of the Month: The Nomad

After months of isolation, followed by what felt like forever sitting unglamorously outside venues in the rain, desperate for a slice of the good life we once knew, it felt like all our Christmasses had come at once when The Nomad threw open it's majestically reclaimed doors at the end of May.

Since that divine moment we have visited this Covent Garden hotel, nestled within the historic former Bow Street Magistrates Court, opposite the Royal Opera House, more times than our bank manager cares to remember.

If you have ever heard of a little app called Instagram you will probably have seen your feed flooded with people posing on the strategically placed mezzanine in front of the main courtyard restaurant, a three-storey glass atrium that could easily be mistaken for a giant greenhouse, so adorn with hanging plants it is. It's a place to see and be seen.

On our last trip the food was as beautiful as the atmosphere. Even the bread apero, warm from the oven and smothered with whipped garlic cream was delicious. Although we were tempted by their winner winner chicken dinner set menu we decided that we would actually be a loser loser rubbish schmoozer if we didn't try a wider array of the delicacies on offer. So, we began, as all good meals do, with oysters and Champagne, closely followed by a skilfully presented venison tartare and king crab tagliatelle. For the main event we dived head first into the diver scallops bouillabaisse, cooked to perfection and couldn't resist the suckling pig with smoked bacon jam. The whole experience was washed down with lashings of crisp dry white and topped off with a selection of chocolate, strawberry and cherry desserts.

It really is a destination restaurant in its own right. But one of the things we love about The Nomad is it's sense of fun. Service is on point, staff are friendly, unobtrusive yet hugely knowledgeable, the surroundings are lush and the food, quite frankly is banging. But they don't take themselves so

seriously that all these wins are lost in a sea of pretentiousness like many restaurants do. If you need further evidence of this, just head to their classic British pub Side Hustle, set in the building's former Police Station, serving up all the flavours of Mexico. So if you can't get away for being stuck in the 'pingdemic' this is the next best thing to feeling like you are on a bar crawl in Tulum – and nearly as pricey. But cost goes out the window when you are polishing off your 4th margarita and getting stuck into tacos and guac. And if you do pass out in a summer fling you can always retire to one of the Grecian bedrooms and make that staycation one to remember.



