

A Tale of Two Diners by Charlie Dick-Ends

It was the best of salads, it was the worst of salads, it was an age of salads that caused women and men and men and men, and women and women to go absolutely wild. It was a time of salads with plush Andalusian olives, salted anchovies and the tiniest hint of finely grated Columbian smack.

It was the epoch of Radicchio salad, served on its own – and for a long time it stayed that way.

It was a time of gargantuan Greek salads with crunchy roasted almonds and flakes of fake goldleaf, served with a large glass of Mongolian Bai Jiu and a whole unpeeled unwashed raw carrot.

It was the time of punchy dressings with Pepperoncino and two types of non-vegan LGBT+ approved cheeses. It was the era of salads with sundried baby tomatoes, rosemary and finely chopped spring onions, marinated in the fermented juice of apples, found only in the village of Betchworth in England, pressed by a virgin, brought in specially from the nearby village of Reigate.

It was the winter of discontent brought on by the pretentiousness of Arugula salads with an 'Escargot and Guinness' dressing, so awful that nobody touched them.

And it was at that time, when glancing up from his Watercress, Persimmon and Beetroot salad, laced with Himalayan Aged Goats cheese dressed with Champagne Vinaigrette, he saw her walking across the dining room, and he knew in his heart that his life was going to change forever.....

Diarmaid