

The Love Story

Valentine's Sharing Menu - €59pp

A Toast To Us

Special Tanqueray Valentine's Cocktail to Raise a Glass on the First Chapter on Your Evening (Additional €13.50)

New Beginnings

SNACKS TO SHARE

Roast Scallop, Café de Paris Butter ^{2 7 12 14}

Pork & Cheddar Croquette, Cider Apple Ketchup ^{1a 3 7 10 12}

Tuna Sashimi, Sesame, Watermelon, Ponzu ^{4 6 11}

Crispy Chicken Wing, Chili Miso, Lime ^{1a 3 5 6 7 10 11 12}

Memories Made Along The Way

CHOOSE YOUR MAIN TO SHARE

Slow Cooked Beef Shortrib, Triple Cooked Chips, Grilled
Tenderstem Broccoli, Pepper Sauce ^{3 7 10 12}

Whole Sea Bream On The Bone, Champ Mash, Gambas, Mussels,
Buttermilk, Dill, Salty Fingers ^{2 4 7 12 14}

Pithivier Pie, Goats Cheese, Smoked Celeriac, Creamy Truffle Leeks,
Mushrooms, Balsamic, Rocket Salad ^{1a 3 7 9 12}

Happily Ever Afters

CHOOSE YOUR DESSERT TO SHARE

Warm Double Chocolate Cookie, Salted Caramel Ice Cream & Toffee Popcorn ^{1a 3 6 7}

Apple and Blackberry Crumble, Toasted Hazelnuts, Vanilla Ice Cream ^{1a 3 7 8f}

All meat used on site is of Irish Origin. 100% of tips are received by staff. 12.5% service charge for tables of 6 or more.

ALLERGEN INFORMATION: (1a) Wheat, (1b) Rye, (1c) Barley, (1d) Bulgar (2) Crustacean, (3) Egg, (4) Fish, (5) Peanuts, (6) Soya, (7) Milk, (8a) Almonds, (8b) Walnuts, (8c) Chestnuts, (8d) Pine nut, (8e) Pecan, (8f) Hazelnut, (8g) Pistachio (8h) Cashew (9) Celery, (10) Mustard, (11) Sesame Seed, (12) Sulphur Dioxide, (13) Lupin, (14) Molluscs

Who am I? And how, I wonder, will this story end? The sun has come up and I am sitting by a window that is foggy with the breath of a life gone by. I'm a sight this morning: two shirts, heavy pants, a scarf wrapped twice around my neck and tucked into a thick sweater knitted by my daughter thirty birthdays ago. The thermostat in my room is set as high as it will go, and a smaller space heater sits directly behind me. It clicks and groans and spews hot air like a fairytale dragon, and still my body shivers with a cold that will never go away, a cold that has been eighty years in the making. Eighty years, I think sometimes, and despite my own acceptance of my age, it still amazes me that I haven't been warm since George Bush was president. I wonder if this is how it is for everyone my age. My life? It isn't easy to explain. It has not been the rip-roaring spectacular I fancied it would be, but neither have I burrowed around with the gophers. I suppose it has most resembled a blue-chip stock: fairly stable, more ups than downs, and gradually trending upward over time. A good buy, a lucky buy, and I've learned that not even one can say this about his life. But do not be misled: I'm nothing special, of this I am sure. I am a common man with common thoughts, and I've led a common life. There are no monuments dedicated to me and my name will soon be forgotten, but I've loved another with all my heart and soul, and to me, this has always been enough. The romantics would call this a love story, the cynics would call it a tragedy. In my mind it's a little bit of both, and no matter how you choose to view it in the end, it does not change the fact that it involves a great deal of my life and the path I've chosen to follow. I have no complaints about my path and the places it has taken me; enough complaints to fill a circus tent about other things, maybe, but the path I've chosen has always been the right one, and you don't have it any other way. Time, unfortunately, doesn't make it easy to stay on course. The path is straight as an arrow, but now it is strewn with the rocks and gravel that accumulate over a lifetime. Until three years ago it would have been easy to ignore, but it's impossible now. There is a sickness rolling through my body; I'm neither strong nor healthy, and my days are spent like an old party balloon: listless, spongy, and growing softer over time. I cough, and through squinted eyes I check my watch. I realize it is time to go. I stand from my seat by the window and shuffle across the room, stopping at the desk to pick up the notebook I have read a hundred times. I do not glance through it. Instead I slip it beneath my arm and continue on my way to the place I must go. I walk on tiled floors, white in color and speckled with gray. Like my hair and the hair of most people here, though I'm the only one in the hallway this morning. They are in their rooms, alone except for television, but they, like me, are used to it. A person can get used to anything, if given enough time. I hear the muffled sounds of crying in the distance and know exactly who is making those sounds. Then the nurses see me and we smile at each other and exchange greetings. They are my friends and we talk often, but I am sure they wonder about me and the things that I go through every day. I listen as they begin to whisper among themselves as I pass. "There he goes again," I hear, "I hope it turns out well." But they say nothing directly to me about it. I'm sure they think

Special Valentine's Cocktails

Persuasion

Tanqueray Gin, Kinsale Hazy Mead,
Rhubarb, and Schweppes Soda

Outlander

Tanqueray OO. Peach & Mango Tea,
Vanilla Sugar, Schweppes Soda



Tanqueray