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Praise Be! Will wonders never cease? A truffle has been found - not on the shelves of Waitrose or Fortnum's as I had supposed, but under the leaves and earth of a nearby tree. Tom won't say exactly where he found it - in fact he has become uncharacteristically coy. Usually he is happy to discuss everything from his ingrown toenails to my failure to do the washing-up, with anyone who happens to be passing. But get him onto where he found the truffle and he becomes as shy as a nun. Still, I think I can guess; It must have been somewhere near Stonehenge. Truffles need chalky soil and old gnarled oak trees to grow upon, and that's the only place round here like that, I can think of. To be honest it was only half a truffle that he actually found - Brenda ate the rest - and it was presented to me caked in mud and wrapped in a piece of loo paper. So, try as I might, I found it hard, at first, to rally the full gamut of rapturous facial expressions. But then the truffle smell hit me; a mix of ripe stilton, mushrooms, nuts and rotting wood. He carved me off a slice; I wanted more. It was like eating a piece of the English landscape, the ancient forests, the leaf mould floor, the light and rain, all in one bite.

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