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**09/07/2008**

Wed, 09/07/2008 - 12:00

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Four years ago I lived in London. I worked for a national newspaper and spent my days in and out of West End restaurants and nightclubs chatting to Government ministers and Hollywood stars, and on occasion eating truffles. White, creamy, with the texture of marshmallow and the pungency of a fox, they were incredible.

Now I am a trufflers wife - I never get to eat any truffles. So far, my boyfriend, (we are not, in fact, married) has found just one. It was large and brown and looked like a dinosaur dropping. He found it in Wiltshire under a tree. He felt it was a sign from the little people of the woods that he should become, yes, The Last Truffler in England. What, you might ask, happened to all the other trufflers? Well, they starved to death.

My boyfriend says he is unemployable - and it is hard to disagree. So I am holding out the hope that Brenda, his new (and possibly more loving and loved) "wife," might do better than me in saving the family fortunes. Brenda is a dog; a truffling hound - who looks like a canine version of Barbara Windsor. Small, stout, cheerful and with a dizzying mass of curly blonde hair she is just what he likes.

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