

Olive Oil Ice Cream

We were greeted at the entrance to the restaurant by a lady whose apron seemed to be two sizes too small. She wiped her hands on her apron, which was smeared with oil and splattered with dried cake batter. She ran her fingers through her wiry hair as if she was trying to unsuccessfully tame it.

‘Are you here for lunch?’ she croaked, making her multiple chins wobble as she spoke. She waved a menu in front of them, which had a long list of delicious things to eat.

The friends replied, ‘No, but we would like to try the olive oil ice cream.’ They had read about this very unusual ice cream and were curious enough to find the restaurant to try it. Any remnant of a smile evaporated from the apron-wearing lady’s face as she waddled back inside without making a comment.

‘Would you like to sample some olive oil?’ she asked, pointing with her knobbly, outstretched finger at the range of olive oils they sold.

We politely replied, ‘No, thank you,’ as she turned to disappear into the kitchen.

Then, in a barely detectable voice, my friend Rose asked, ‘Can we order some olive oil ice cream, please?’

Her eyes were like slits as she hovered over Rose, who was now shrinking away.

‘We only have one serve left,’ she quipped, ‘and it comes with cake.’ Her beady eyes had seemingly now disappeared in the folds of her skin, but for a small glint.

After a small pause, Rosie responded that she would like to order the last serve of ice cream with cake, and that they would share it.

The apron-wearing lady now appeared and snapped, ‘You will only get about a teaspoon of ice cream each.’ The friends sat at the table, rather confused as to what was happening. A few minutes later, dessert appeared. There on the plate was a warm piece of orange cake with lashings of cream, and a small dollop of ice cream was perched on top of the cake. The apron-wearing lady was right. There was only a teaspoon of ice cream each. Perhaps that was the reason for her annoyance. The lady had gifts, meals, drinks, and a range of different olive oils for sale, but all the friends wanted was to share some ice cream that was smaller than the palm of a hand.

And what of the ice cream? It tasted like you would expect - slightly oily vanilla ice cream.