



Dear Reader

Let's Talk... The Cod, The Curry, The Cop Out

Let me tell you about the homemade fish curry that never was.

I'd bought fresh cod. Good cod. I was going to make a proper fish curry, the kind with whole spices that you're supposed to 'dry toast gently' in a pan before grinding them up... that was the idea anyway.

Then I had one of those days. What can I say... life happens. Deadlines to complete and a particularly bad night's sleep and I was tired. The kind of tired where it's an effort even to think about opening the fridge, let alone working out what's in there that could be made into something vaguely resembling dinner.

But I still wanted warm and comforting food. I still wanted my fish curry. I just didn't want to stand at the cooker pretending I had the energy of a woman who'd slept a full eight hours, rather than one running on caffeine and good intentions.

Normally this is where I'd tell you I ordered a takeaway and made peace with it. However, if you read my last newsletter, you'll know I've been shuffling my way toward being a bit more health-conscious, so a takeaway was not going to happen.

So I did something else entirely. I went to good old trusty M&S and I bought a couple of their tamarind lentil dhals. I tipped them into an ovenproof dish, popped the fish on top, spooned some of the lentils over the fish and pretended I was confident that it was all going to turn out beautifully and then not so graciously shoved the whole thing in the oven.

I made a quick green salad, pulled a bag of spiced flatbreads out of the freezer, warmed up the pilau rice and samosas (also M&S), all in the 10 minutes or so it took to cook the fish. And I served it up to hubby without a flicker of shame.

It was delicious. Genuinely. Hubby didn't ask where the home made fish curry went, because he didn't know there was ever meant to be a home made fish curry.

Here's the thing I want you to take from this, because it's the whole point of Entertaining With Evie. Your friends aren't coming over for a twenty-four-hour slow-cooked lentil curry. They're coming over for you. The food is the backdrop. You are the main event, whether you've spent three hours on a ragu or ten minutes on a shop-bought dhal.

And I can honestly say I would serve it up to guests without a moment's hesitation.

So consider this the first in a new series, because clearly I have more of these confessions in me. I'm calling it Faking It Deliciously and I'll be sharing more on here and on social media as I go.

Is there a dish you love but never make because it's too much of a faff? Tell me. DM me or leave a comment on my reel here and let's fake our way through it together.

Remember - hosting at home shouldn't leave you too tired to enjoy your own table.

Much Love

Evie x