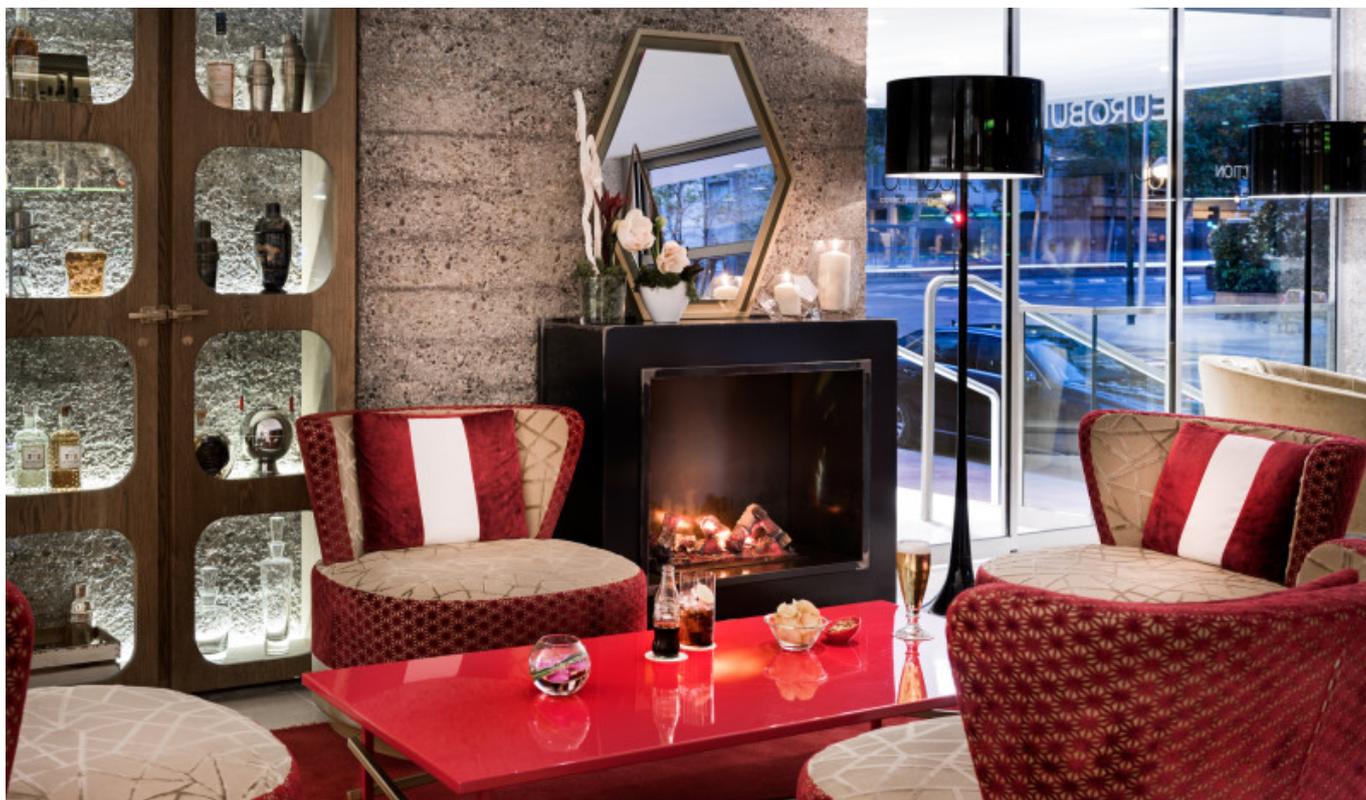


Killer Cocktails at NH Collection Madrid Eurobuilding

I haven't always been able to call **Malasaña** home. In fact, since decamping to Madrid almost eight years ago, there have been a plethora of places that I have indeed called 'home', if only for a short time. There was the awful place on Calle Barco (complete with a landlord who just used to rock up unannounced and sit in his dressing gown on the sofa, true story). There was the hovel in Iglesia where running water was frequently considered a luxury. There was even a place near Moncloa where mould featured heavily as part of the interior design.

However, in the midst of all of this, I found a lovely little place to call mine near Cuzco. Since migrating south to **Malasaña** and having become a fully fledged member of the barrio, I rarely find myself back up north as it were, but given that it's August and the city feels like your own private playground (due to the lack of folk in the sweltering oven that is Madrid), I decided to spread my wings, as it were and make a pilgrimage to my old hood.



The reason for making it to the **Eurobuilding Hotel** was that I'd heard whisperings about their killer cocktails. Having just got back from three weeks in Vietnam, where drinking beer felt like a national past time, I figured my bikini bod (or current lack thereof) would thank me for laying off the hops. We're also not talking any old cocktails here either; the menu (which changes annually) was created by cocktail maestro, **Diego Cabrera**.



So I went hopeful that the tipples would trump the kind of ropey offerings served up during a happy hour in your bog standard beach bar. Given the heat and the thirst that I'd worked up thanks to the mercury melting temps, I sampled three delights (as well as a sneaky bit of tapas to ensure that I could remember the journey home – tempura prawns and a veal-stuffed potato, both equally delish and devoured within seconds). Whilst they offer all the classics, the specially curated menu is unique to say the least. Pairings of flavours are quirky and presentation is paramount. Being a huge fan of

Pisco (sadly at the moment it's the closest I'll get to Peru), I tried a **Sherbert Shurb Punch**. The recipe for which was to be found niftily on the back of my coaster, a nice touch.



The outdoor terrace was also the perfect spot to people watch and watch we did as the Real Madrid team bus sailed by en route to the nearby **Bernabeu**. So if you'd struggle to sell the place to your man friend there's definitely something for the boys on offer; its close proximity to the stadium makes it the ideal place to enjoy a celebratory tippie. Which given Los Blancos' current form, could be happening more often than not.

Info

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