

Oh happy day at Ohanasana

I'm a relatively late bloomer when it comes to all things health and fitness wise. I'd love to wax lyrical that the only time a dirty Maccies passes my lips is at the end of a night when only greasy carbs will do, but frankly, I'd be lying. However, there's something about hitting your thirties (and I really hope that this isn't just the case for me) that wakes you up to the fact that your body isn't quite what it once was, and that a helping hand from the old spin class and eating some greens aside from the mint in your mojito is no bad thing.

So [Ohanasana](#) was blessing in disguise for something who's dare I say it, challenged in the clean eating stakes. Ticking all my necessary boxes on the decor front – floral chairs, some fluro neon and an exposed brick, all that was left to approve of was the grub. And boy it did not disappoint.



Now before I extol the virtues of fat free, vegan type fun, let me be clear, I love all things calorific so for me to rave about something without there being a chip in sight it has to be good. I started with a juice called "young, wild and free" – I like to think they named it after me! *my tongue is firmly in cheek here. It was a mix of pineapple, mint, cucumber and

coconut water. With every sip I felt like I was radiating the kind of glow that Gisele Bündchen seems to naturally exude. Whilst I may not be Gisele, it was delish and did serve its desired purpose which was to counteract the gins consumed the previous evening.

Next up was a little amuse bouche of gazpacho, it had a slight chilli kick to it which I loved – having grown up near Birmingham (the balti capital of Blighty) I love all things spicy and appreciated the twist on a Spanish summer classic. Next came the build-your-own bowl section (which a fussy faffer like me loves as it avoids any awkward “can I switch the cucumber for more deliciousness that is an avocado”).



I plumped for a quinoa-base laden with gorgeous raw tuna, avo and edamame – topped off with some salty soy while my friend had the “happy” chicken bowl which did exactly what it said on the tin, left her feeling cheery and safe in the knowledge that her lunch was devoid of anything that could hamper

“operación bikini.”



But this is me and I'll never be completely angelic. With the merest mention of a dessert menu I was all over it like a rat up a drainpipe. The best part this time was that the chocolate pot that we shared wasn't packed with nasties and the mouse was even made of butternut squash – what's not to love about getting one of your five a day when it's masquerading as a cocoa fix.



Aside from the food, the service was faultless. Our lovely waiter was the right side of helpful, aka he knew what he was talking about but didn't enforce menu choices upon you and instead gently suggested that we should order the chocolate pot and for that, I was grateful.

Ohana Sana isn't just a luxury for peeps in the barrio either,

available on Glovo, Deliveroo and Uber Eats there's no need to exert any energy if you don't quite fancy going out to sample their wares. Convenient and clean eating, that's a combo that works for me.

Ohanasana

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