**PIZZA AND THE CITY – 002**

Forno

Quick quiz: How do you spell ‘disappointment’ in one word?

D-I-S-A-P-P-O-I-N-T-M-E-N-T. Dummy. What did you expect?

However, I do wish I could change that to F-O-R-N-O (we were obviously coming here eventually. Dummy).

Words cannot stress – well, that’s not true. They quite clearly can – how upsetting this place was in contrast to it’s expectations. To make matters worse, I gave this one a shot immediately after Hall-of-Fame contender, DPB. And by immediately, I mean, immediately; I was on some real chunky monkey energy that night. But I really was looking forward to a magical pizzA double billing. Alas, it was never meant to be.

Anywhos, I think we should get right into it, because this one is not worth too many words from your humble narrator. It’s advertised as Neapolitan, and you can see the pie well beforehand. The charring on the crust looks incredible, the cheese looks well apportioned and the basil looks… menacing. It all appears to be very above board. Very horrorshow. Until you actually get the pizza.

For starters, their sauces. I don’t know what train they are attempting to hop on, but their hot honey is quite frankly anything but. Its loose unspecified sweet sauce with errant chilli flakes sprinkled all around and mixed. I would’ve been mad if I wasn’t so confused. Their garlic butter was pretty good though, however, its fairly hard to mess up garlic butter. Its garlic, and butter (then again, what then is hot honey if not honey, and… hot?).

But then the pie! Oh, Madonna! The pie. I’ll give them points for appearance, because at least it looked somewhat the same as the pictures. But oh my brothers, did it taste like the horse’s tail. The dough was flavourless and chewy, the cheese HORRENDOUSLY uninspired (and that’s the worst crime cheese can commit), and the tomato sauce tasted straight out of a can. I was pleasantly surprised that it was edible however, despite all of this, so, unsurprisingly, I cleaned my plate, paid my bill, and thanked the waiter. To all unsuspecting onlookers, I had a succulent Italian meal…

And that, my friends, was my crime.

Interestingly enough, I haven’t seen such a large percentage of older – and specifically white – expat males in one place (for all the ‘uhmmm akksshuallllyyyy’ warriors out there, not only am I being slightly hyperbolic, the key words here are old, male, **and**, say it after me: PERCENTAGE. As a ratio to the rest of the diners, it was definitely quite odd, especially at that time of day. However, I might have caught it at a unique time. But that’s besides the point.

I don’t think it was terrible, obviously. It wasn’t dirt, or human excrement (specifying human here, because we do eat quite a number of ‘poop varieties’ from the animal kingdom, either knowingly or unknowingly). It was just very sad food, advertised and priced as very very good food. I mean, it wasn’t hugely expensive, but for the size and quality at the end of the day, absolutely gonna have to give this one a **DNR** **out of 69**. There's a time and place for this kind of pizza experience, and I pray I never find wither myself there, or the hands on my watch pointing to it.