



Welcome to what we hope to be a very long term relationship with our long time overdue newsletter....

Throughout the year, we will send out monthly newsletters, sharing with our friends and clients experiences that we enjoyed, enjoy and will enjoy. Functions, snippets, interesting events etc. We're pretty busy - so hope you're ready....

d.o.u.g.h and *Lambitious*
a little introduction:



It's not about settling down.

Not a question of where you've been, or why you're here?

Where did you come from, why did you come back?

What have you seen, why do you want to give it up?

Together, the 3 of us have seen the world, sailed it, tested it, tasted it, remember it and we're bringing it home...



Dylan, Mariette and Chani, have traveled the world for the past 12 years. Between us, we've gone from cycling across the United Kingdom, dietetics, interior design, marine mammal training, sailing the Caribbean, Atlantic Ocean and Mediterranean seas.

We've lost our hearts to the underwater world of east Africa and taught others to lose theirs too. We have cooked and entertained on private yachts in the British Virgin Islands, Antigua and Barbuda, Italy, Spain and France, rubbed shoulders with the most influential and the most influenced... and chose wine for our restaurant in the cellars of Stellenbosch.



Now we're home, ready for our biggest challenge yet - sharing all we have absorbed, gathered, experienced and learnt - on a plate! What better way to celebrate,

live and be alive than with a belly filled with good food, a palate ready for more wine and a heart soaring with memories, stories and friends!

Our recipe is simple: good, pure and honest food, no pretences, no illusions. Great food, big smiles, good times.

It's about remembering your roots.

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Are you ready - you have to be ready, be ready, be ready,
just be ready!!

How on earth does a nervous, evening-market-virgin-vendor prepare for these anxious and urgent warnings? Can we ever be ready enough?

The excitement is palpable, the air charged with electric preparations for the evening market - a magnificent event, to commence merely 4 hours after the buzzing morning sales. The usual 1pm wind down, how'd-you-do-today, glass of wine in the hand, boys trot off for a beer and a rugby game kind of atmosphere, has been exchanged for a scampering hustle and bustle. A few of the trusty morning stalls pack up to make room for the trains of new faces, A hurried packing and unpacking kicks up dust, as some of the morning stalls make room for the trains of cars and new faces entering the venue. Marvelous tables and grand displays seem to unfold from the rear of even the tiniest Citi Golf. Quite extraordinary... Or industrious, shall we say.

Like a huge foaming bath, the graveled lot slowly fills up with busy, bubbly, businessmen and woman. More tables pop up, lights are hung, cars are moved, fires lit.

Finally the cold and exhausted sun disappears behind the neighboring building - and Hazelwood Food Market erupts in a glorious display of twinkling lights, winking candles, crackling fires, pulsing music, sultry smells, teasing flavours. And people! Waves and waves of gorgeous people, streaming in through the gates, filling the autumn evening with colour and smiles, breathing life and laughter onto a prepared canvas! Wine is not wine until it wets a palate and warms a tummy and food is merely decoration until it lights up a face with a hearty smile. And there were plenty of happy tummies around...

The fabulous Mothersday Evening Market, left in it's wake, a plot dotted with red cheeked, content and laughing visitors, utterly exhausted and yawning vendors - contemplating the VERY long 8 May 2010, and nodding satisfyingly... we were ready.

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Thank you,

Chani, Dylan and Mariette.