

mmmm





**an invitation:** staying at the inn, dalwhinnie, is the first step in joining the exclusive have-your-cake-and-eat-it club. i've been a member for years, and it's great. the inn is a delicious mix of ambient, languid music, large sofas and gorgeous food. but all this is found in the highest village in the highlands in the middle of one of britain's biggest unspoilt wilderness areas—in intoxicating fresh air, snow-clad mountains and millions of acres of no one else. and, what's more, because the inn is on the a9, it's only 1½ hours from edinburgh, and because dalwhinnie has a station on the mainline, there are daily direct services to and from london.



mmm, the inn is really the most yummy place to unwind, unhook, lounge, and sip something that quietly helps you to distance yourself from the outside world. as you slip into a totally unharrassed state, you can begin to let your mind carress the idea of something to eat. now then, what's on the specials' board tonight. could be seafood thai jungle curry with king prawns, goat's cheese salad with fig and parma ham, seared tuna steak with a soya and ginger glaze, duck with a spiced plum and wine sauce, passion-fruit crème brûlée with passion fruit jelly, blueberry and ricotta pancakes with honey and pecan ice cream. **wow.** you've got to come down right now.



ooo the music is so coool — mellow vibes, thick lazy beats, vocals by a man who barely has enough energy to sing, triphop, oozy, beguiling, insouciant, swaying, sensual, perfect, as we slip into the night.



bed, what a great thought. having truly got into a very tranquil state, maybe with the assistance of a triple dalwhinnie malt, the thought of bed is now the natural step. after all, you've probably driven a long way today, or conquered a significant summit, or leapt down the black-run at the wolfrax. the rooms all have en-suite bathrooms, steaming hot water and distant views of purple hills. time to dream.

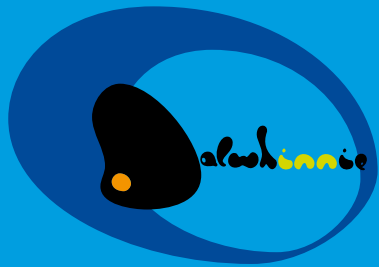


morning all. now then, you're almost a fully paid up member of the have-your-cake-and-eat-it club. step outside. this is a truly inspirational place—in the spring when the last snows linger on the peaks and the river is rushing past the inn, sparkling and peaty; in the summer when the hills are adorned with heather and salmon weave their way up the rocky river bed; in the autumn when the sky is decorated with double rainbows; in the winter when the sun shines on new snow and the deer come down off the high ridges to find food.



if you have **lots of energy** the inn is surrounded by mountains over 3,000 feet. there are well over a dozen munros that can be climbed on different walks from our doorstep. for the mountain-biker there are miles of off-road track. for the skier dalwhinnie is within an hour of four resorts. the hills, moors, lochs and rivers in and around dalwhinnie provide outstanding locations for hunting, shooting and fishing. and, of course, there's the distillery. it produces a wonderful single malt —aromatic, honeyed with a hint of peatiness. and beyond, there is the highland folk museum in newtonmore and kingussie, the landmark heritage centre in carrbridge, the wildlife park in kincraig, the strathspey steam railway in aviemore, the ospreys at loch garten and the funicular railway in the cairngorms and the rest of scotland.





so, there you are, miles from us and desperate to be inntouch.

you can contact us by

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pop in: best way



