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I was wondering today when Wonder Dog might actually find some truffles. Tom claims the season is just beginning, and were she to actually dig any up I suppose they would look like elderly peas, but I am tortured by the smell of the damn things. Our fridge is stuffed with them, in little tupperware boxes and lovingly cocooned in cotton wool. Open the door and you virtually pass out. But eat them? Oh noooo. These ones have been especially bought for Brenda - yes, you did read right - to ensure she doesn't forget how they smell. Poor darling. Dont want her to start developing a penchant for rabbits or weasles - much too common. Still, if this carries on much longer she might find she is out of a job as much as we are out of pocket. My snout is getting so acute I can smell a truffle from four miles away...

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