

Putting More Than Meat To The Test

By **Alexander Baron** - Jan 22, 2016



More Than Beef Burger

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Last Friday I met with Barry Honeycombe, he of **More Than Meat** fame. Over cappuccino and small talk he passed me a refrigerated bag containing four of his five kitchen creations and begged me to test them. It's a horrible job, but somebody has to do it.

First up Friday afternoon was the jumbo sausage roll. I grilled this – remind me to read the cooking instructions next time. It was consumed with a few vegetables, a couple of slices of bread with margarine, and a swig of ginger beer. Although I burned it, it certainly tasted like sausage, albeit a very fluffy sausage. Could anyone but an expert gastronomer tell this from the real thing?

Friday night was **jerk burger** – two of them with wholewheat rolls, tomato and onion, salt on the tomato, margarine on both rolls, chilli sauce on one. This time I obeyed the instructions. The smell in my kitchen for the next few hours was more like lamb shish, which I have been known to make on occasion with pita bread and full salad. A very pleasant smell, I might add.

Saturday night: although I am not a great fan of casserole, this is the one I was looking forward to; it was supplemented with crinkle cut chips, three large mushrooms, mixed vegetables cooked from frozen, Yorkshire pudding, wholewheat rolls with margarine, and washed down with a can of drink. I cooked the main dish in a saucepan, burning the bottom – par for the course for me – and how did it taste? I have to say it was nothing special, but apart from the odd bean you would have had a hard time convincing me it wasn't meat had I not known. Which is really the point.

Finally, Sunday night it was the turn of the lorne sausage. This went into the frying pan and was consumed with button mushrooms, most of an onion, and a tomato, all of them likewise fried, the remaining two wholewheat rolls with margarine, salt – I can't eat tomatoes without salt – mustard and a can of fizzy stuff. I was tempted to add a fried egg too but thought that was rather against the spirit of vegan cookery. By the time I'd finished with the lorne sausage it looked like fried bread, but it tasted like a fluffy and optimally cooked pork sausage. Again, had I not known what I was eating, no one could have convinced me it wasn't meat.

So, after testing it thoroughly I can safely say that Barry's vegan cuisine passes with flying colours, and for a dedicated meat eater like myself, that is high praise indeed.

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