

Sparkles & Scrapes with Portia Carr-Bunkle

Dressed in Valentino's finest red, I sashayed through the mingling pseudo-celebs and the pulsating paparazzi to rub shoulders with those who really count. You know by now that I don't waste time on those who haven't been touched by celebrity or graced with chiselled features. A girl has to keep her standards, you know.

My resourcefulness was in overdrive when I nabbed a ticket (just the one; I was feeling lucky) to the week's hottest exclusive gathering – *The World's Best 50 Restaurants 2009*. My disappointment at Gordon Ramsey's absence (for the first time ever, he didn't make the list. Shock!) was quickly forgotten when Heston (*Blumenthal*, darling) threw his arms around me. Oh the stories I could tell about my parties with Hes...

The venue was nothing less than I expected: exclusive and majestic. I don't *do* common. The Freemason's Hall in Covent Garden keeps an aura of mystique locked behind its grand doors and, after last night, has a few of my experiences to add to its secrets. For those of you not fortunate enough to party with the cream of society (like moi), you can glimpse a hint of its magnificence on BBC's *Spooks*.

Anyway, despite attracting the attention of more than one top-ten restaurateur, my attention was purely on the attributes of Revelation! Yet again they made a stunning venue absolutely breathtaking! With gauze drapes that stretched from floor to ceiling (they must have been close to 40 feet!) lit with blues, greens and splashes of a regal purple they were almost as sleek as my legs! And trust me, that wasn't *my* line. Far be it for me to be coy. I did attract a certain amount of attention, if I say so myself. And what satisfaction when Sienna Miller asked for my designer!

But back to the show. No standard graphics panels, for this quality production. The brand was projected on a central gauze drape as a proud centrepiece to the set design. To either side were huge screens on invisible wires that seemed to float gracefully in mid-air. They must have had a master camera crew that picked me out on more than one occasion and displayed my blushes for all to see! It's not an easy task shining among the great and the good but, heck, somebody's gotta do it, and I do it so well!

They did a simply fabulous job of the branding, too. There could be no doubt as to who sponsored the event (San Pellegrino, if you didn't attend) with the fantastic graphics of various shapes, sizes and styles. We've all seen the crisp panels Revelation create but they surpassed themselves with triangular pillars of sponsorship and gobos that swooped coloured branding across Covent Garden outside.

The ceremony swept past me in a rush of euphoria as winners were declared and individual stings accompanied their walk-up to the stage for their awards and our adulation. The air was electric throughout the countdown to the final two. For the third consecutive year, dear Heston's Fat Duck was awarded second place and, for the fourth year running El Bulli was declared the World's number one.

I suppose I should say that was the highlight of the evening, at least it's one that I can tell you about. Let's just say that when the ceremony was over, the night was still young...