

Craft Gin Connoisseur

A Short Story

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We use only the most exclusive ingredients in our distillery. The leaves of the kaffir lime. The bark of the cassia. Elderflower and orris root. Lavender and lemongrass. Bog myrtle and pink peppercorn. Angelica, saffron, yuzu ... they're very fashionable at the moment, very *darling*.

They're also rather a bore.

The Young Turks of the marketing world say that to be heard at the noisy digital dinner party we must be different. We must stand out.

Brand identity, not bland identity.

We must be prepared to repel as well as compel if we are to attract the perfect client, the angel client ... the client who will pay our price for our product because they want what we, and only we, can offer.

But craft has become the new C-word.

We stand by the artisanal values that underpin every bottle we produce while the big brands nip at our heels, ready with their ubiquitous small batches, botanicals and tea-bagging butchery.

Less craft than crass.

We ask: where is the provenance, the traceability, the humanity?

For the artisan, a gin is conceived, born, nurtured, shaped.

Consumers can taste the soul of our spirits on their tongues.

There is valour in every infusion, credibility in every measure, a story in every distillation.

Juniper is our base botanical, naturally, but coriander and cardamom are for those who have bastardized our art. Rather, our clients' discrete palettes determine our signature notes:

Tears.

Pain.

Grief.

Terror.

None can be picked wholesale. Each provides the gin with a distinct human *dimension*.

Ask and we will tell you the names of the weepers and how many cups they filled with their heartache.

Ask and we will tell you of the torture they endured and for how long they suffered.

Ask and we will tell you about the lives we stole, and how those left behind were ripped asunder.

Ask and we will tell you of the dread we ground into the very bones of our donors.

Provenance. Traceability. Humanity.

The foundations of our craft.

Chin-chin.