

The Curious Chronicles of
Winston the Sheep



Vol. 1



A collection of British-inspired, whimsical cocktails, each sip
a story, each glass a chapter.

Join Winston as he journeys through misty moors and lively
parlours, sun-drenched seaside picnics and candlelit speakeasies.
Let your palate travel where his footsteps wandered, one spirited
adventure at a time.

SIGNATURE

TIPPLES



Chapter 1

The Seashore Vesper

Gin, Vodka, Vermouth, Caviar, Lemon Zest

Upon a cliff where gulls once cried,
Winston gazed at the changing tide.
With zest of lemon, crisp and dry,
He raised a glass to sea and sky.

Gin met vodka, vermouth sang clear,
A caviar kiss, the coast drew near.
The salt, the surf, the noble pour —
A martini whispered of the shore.



Spirit Depth



Chapter 2

Milk & Honey

Whisky, Figs, Milk, Honey

In Sussex fields, when dusk grew low,
He met a cow, warm milk in tow.
Beneath a fig tree, firm and stout,
A dram was poured, the stars came out.

With honey thick and whisky deep,
Winston drifted close to sleep.
A drink so soft, a sigh so sweet
It wrapped his wool from horn to feet.



Spirit Depth



Chapter 3

Fields of Crimson Fog

Hibiscus, Strawberries, Yogurt, Mezcal



In Wimbledon, where matches play,
And ladies sip rosé all day,
Winston wore white chic, pristine
And toasted love in strawberries & cream.

Mezcal's smoke met berries bold,
With hibiscus blooms and cream ice-cold.
He twirled his cane, let out a bleat,
"Game, set, sip, now that's elite."



Spirit Depth



Chapter 4

Of Kingdom & Koi

Whisky, Miso Honey Syrup, Yuzu

Beneath an oak in royal shade,
He met a monk in silks well-made.
Whisky warmed with eastern grace,
Miso-honey, yuzu's lace.

The sun rose slow, a golden arc,
Through forest mist and meadow lark.
"A sip," said Winston, "from east to west,
Where ancient meets the well-dressed."



Spirit Depth



Chapter 5

Dreams Beneath Tweed

Chamomile Cognac, Absinth, Whisky

On moorland hills, where willows weep,
He brewed a drink to help him sleep.
Chamomile soft, absinth strange,
A trio danced through whisky's range.

With starry eyes and gentle hum,
He counted clouds 'till morning come.
"One sheep, two sheep..." not a peep
Then Winston smiled, and fell asleep.



Spirit Depth



Chapter 6

Ghost in the Roast

Clear Espresso Martini (Caffeine-Free)

In London's depths behind a wall,
A bar lay hidden, candle small.
The bartender grinned, "I'll show you truth
A martini, but ghost of youth."

No coffee stain, no midnight bean,
Yet flavour struck robust, unseen.
"It's clear!" cried Winston, "but bold and bright
The soul of night in robes of light."



Spirit Depth



Chapter 7

The Vinekeeper's Whisper

Grappa, Super Juice, Sugar



In rolling hills of Kent so fine,
Winston stumbled on a tangled vine.
The air was crisp, the grapes were proud,
A vintner bowed beneath a cloud.

He poured a dram, both sharp and bright,
With sugar kissed and citrus light.
"From grape to glass," the vintner said,
"This drink revives both heart and head."



Spirit Depth



The Royal Lime Conspiracy

150

Not long ago while attending a terribly refined garden party at Buckingham Palace (strictly invite-only, I assure you) I found myself beside Her Majesty the Queen, who was eyeing the drinks tray with a very particular sparkle in her eye.

“Winston,” she said, with the weight of a thousand corgis in her voice, “tell me they’ve prepared the **Gimlet** correctly this time.”



Now, dear reader, if you’ve never heard of a Gimlet, let me enlighten you before you’re exiled from polite society. The **Gimlet** is a sharp and shining little potion, equal parts British naval history and botanical brilliance. It began life as a medicinal trick, with navy officers adding lime cordial to their gin to stave off scurvy. But like all good British inventions marmalade, sarcasm, monarchy it matured into something altogether more elegant.

Gin. Fresh lime. A whisper of sugar. Served ice-cold, stiff-lipped, and no-nonsense.

Back at the palace, the Queen sipped hers, nodded once and with that single, royal approval. I knew I’d witnessed greatness.

So, if you ever need courage, clarity, or to impress a monarch at dusk:

Order a Gimlet.

It’s not just a drink, it’s diplomacy in a coupe.

Gimlet

The Meadows



Gin, Creme de Cassis, Super Orange

Where hedgerows hum and songbirds spin,
I wandered through the grass with gin.
With cassis dark and orange bright,
A bloom in glass, the taste of light.

Spirit Depth ● ● ● ● ○

The Rising Sip



London Dry Gin, Yuzu

Beneath a sky both East and West,
He found the taste he loved the best.
With whisky kissed by yuzu's light,
It stirred the soul sharp, soft, and bright.

Spirit Depth ● ● ● ○ ○

The Golden Thread



Saffron Gin, Strawberries, Super Lemon

In tangled stalls where spices gleam,
I found a thread of sunbeam's dream.
With gin it danced so crisp, so thin
A royal hush of saffroned sin.

Spirit Depth ● ● ● ● ○

Whispers in Lavender



Lavender Gin, Super Lemon, Sugar

Through fields where violet perfumes sway,
Sir Winston strolled at end of day.
Each bloom a note, a fragrant thread,
To steep with gin 'til dreams are fed.

Spirit Depth ● ● ● ● ○

The Tonic That Saved the Empire

135

It all began with a sneeze. A rather dramatic one.

“Achoo!” blasted Winston, sending dandelion seeds and one poor scone flying off the picnic table.

“You’ve caught a jungle chill,” said his friend Colonel Featherstone, a retired British explorer with a moustache so grand it required brushing.

“I’ve caught nothing but ennui,” sniffed Winston. “I need something with bite. Something bold. Something colonial... but polite.”

The Colonel winked. “Then you, my woolly friend, are in need of a **Gin & Tonic**.”

He explained: back in the days of the British Raj, gin was elegant but tonic water was essential — the quinine in it kept malaria at bay. Unfortunately, it tasted like wet bark soaked in regret. So what did clever Brits do? Mixed it with gin, lime, and a stiff upper lip. And so the **Gin & Tonic** was born. Equal parts survival and sophistication.

Winston took a tentative sip.

Zing. Snap. A whisper of lime. A fizz that sang like a telegram from Bombay.

“This,” he declared, wiping a tear from his monocle, “is medicinal genius disguised as leisure!”

He then ordered six more. For science.



Floral Bloom

Floral Gin, Elderflower, British Tonic

Spirit Depth ● ● ● ○ ○

Whisky & Tonic

Scotch, British Tonic Water, Lemon

Spirit Depth ● ● ● ○ ○

Earl Grey & Tonic

Earl Grey Gin, British Tonic Water

Spirit Depth ● ● ● ○ ○

Alfresco G&T

Olive Gin, British Tonic Water, Olive

Spirit Depth ● ● ● ○ ○

A Tale of Temperance and Tiki



One balmy morning, after a night of caviar Vespers and invisible martinis, Winston woke up with a rather profound revelation:

“A refined sheep mustn’t always sip to swoon. Sometimes, one simply sips to shine.”

Thus began his sun-chasing adventure to discover the world of cocktails with **no proof, but full purpose.**

He traded his woolen waistcoat for a breezy linen shirt and set off toward distant tropics, where the air smelled like sugarcane and sunrise.

In a bustling island market, he met a ginger farmer who brewed fiery root teas strong enough to wake a parliament. A nearby fruit vendor offered him a golden glass of **pineapple nectar with vanilla bean pods floating like treasure.**

Later, on a hammock between two coconut palms, Winston tasted a chilled drink made of **passionfruit and lime**, kissed with a dash of sea salt and topped with frothy foam.

It was bold. Bright. And blissfully buzz-free.
“No need for gin when ginger grins,” he wrote in his journal.
“And who needs rum when passionfruit runs riot across the tongue?”
He returned home sun-kissed and inspired, launching a new line of **zero-proof cocktails** playful, elegant, and delightfully juicy.

Zero Proof Cocktails

110

Spirit Depth ○ ○ ○ ○ ○



Sexy Martini

Jasmine, Passion Fruit, Vanilla, Super Lemon



Pineapple and Basil Sour

Clarified Pineapple, Fresh Basil, Ginger and Osmanthus



Zero Spritz

Zero Proof Aperitivo, Tonic Water, Super Orange

Winston Adventure Map



The Chronicle of Winston will embark on another adventure with tales yet untold, and wonders still waiting to be discovered.