



THE KITTOCKS COCKTAILS

INSPIRED BY AESOP'S TIMELESS FABLES, THIS COCKTAIL MENU IS FAIRMONT ST ANDREWS' OWN INTERPRETATION. CLASSIC TALES ARE REIMAGINED THROUGH SCOTLAND'S LANDSCAPE, LANGUAGE, AND CHARACTER. EACH DRINK OFFERS A PLAYFUL LOCAL TWIST, BLENDING STORYTELLING WITH CRAFT AND INVITING YOU TO SIP YOUR WAY THROUGH A SERIES OF MODERN FABLES.

COCKTAILS

The Tortoise And The Torrance Hare

The North Gale And The Bonnie Sun

The Islay Mule

The Adder And The Golden Eagle

The Lion And The Wee Moose

The Fox And The Sour Sùbh

The Wolf In Tweed Clothing

Johnny's Bees And The Golden Honey

The Wisper Of The Links

0% COCKTAILS

The Still Loch

The Kittocks Mean

THE TORTOISE AND THE TORRANCE HARE

INGREDIENTS:
Remy XO, Creme de Mure,
Creme de Cacao
16

*A rich, berry indulgence with a
Cognac backbone, served up
with a creamy head and
aromatic spice.*

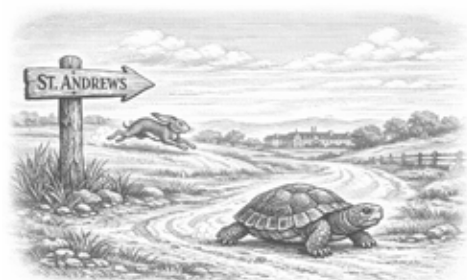
BEST SERVED



Old Fashioned
Glass



A HARE WAS MAKING FUN OF THE TORTOISE ONE DAY FOR BEING SO SLOW. "DO YOU EVER GET ANYWHERE?" HE ASKED WITH A MOCKING LAUGH. "YES," REPLIED THE TORTOISE, "AND I GET THERE SOONER THAN YOU THINK. I'LL RUN YOU A RACE AND PROVE IT."



The Hare was much amused at the idea of running a race with the Tortoise, but for the fun of the thing he agreed. So, the Fox, who had consented to act as judge, marked the distance and started the runners off.

The Hare was soon far out of sight, and to make the Tortoise feel very deeply how ridiculous it was for him to try a race with a Hare, he lay down beside the course to take a nap until the Tortoise should catch up.

The Tortoise meanwhile kept going slowly but steadily, and, after a time, passed the place where the Hare was sleeping. But the Hare slept on very peacefully: and when at last, he did wake up; the Tortoise was near the goal. The Hare now ran his swiftest, but he could not overtake the Tortoise in time.

"The race is not always to the swift."

THE LION AND THE WEE MOOSE

INGREDIENTS:

Kittocks Gin, St Germain,
William Pear Liquor, Sugar,
Supasawa, La Yuzu Chaser | 16

*A light, floral gin serve
softened by elderflower
and pear, lifted by citrus
and a whisper of yuzu.*

BEST SERVED



Martini Glass



A LION LAY ASLEEP IN THE FOREST,
HIS GREAT HEAD RESTING ON HIS
PAWS. A TIMID LITTLE MOUSE
CAME UPON HIM UNEXPECTEDLY, AND IN HER
FRIGHT AND HASTE TO GET AWAY, RAN
ACROSS THE LION'S NOSE.



Roused from his nap, the Lion laid his huge paw angrily on the tiny creature to kill her.

"Spare me!" begged the poor Mouse. "Please let me go and some day I will surely repay you."

The Lion was amused that a Mouse could ever help him, but he was generous and let the Mouse go.

Some days later, while stalking his prey, the Lion was caught in the toils of a hunter's net. Unable to free himself, he filled the forest with his angry roaring.

The Mouse knew the voice and quickly found the Lion struggling in the net. Running to one of the great ropes that bound him, she gnawed until it parted, and soon the Lion was free.

"You laughed when I said I would repay you," said the Mouse. "Now you see that even a Mouse can help a Lion."

"A kindness is never wasted."

THE FOX AND THE SOUR SUBH

INGREDIENTS:

Cachaca, Pineapple Liquor,
Sugar, Supasawa,
Ege Whites | 16

*A tropical twist on the
Caipirinha — fresh pineapple
brightness cut through with
grassy Cachaça and a silky finish.*

BEST SERVED



*Stemmed Old
Fashioned Glass*



A FOX ONE DAY SPIED A BEAUTIFUL BUNCH OF RIPE GRAPES HANGING FROM A VINE TRAINED ALONG THE BRANCHES OF A TREE. THE GRAPES SEEMED READY TO BURST WITH JUICE, AND THE FOX'S MOUTH WATERED AS HE GAZED LONGINGLY AT THEM.

The bunch hung from a high branch, and the Fox had to jump for it. The first time he jumped he missed it by a long way. So he walked off a short distance and took a running leap at it, only to fall short once more. Again and again he tried, but in vain.

Now he sat down and looked at the grapes in disgust.

"What a fool I am," he said. "Here I am wearing myself out to get a bunch of sour grapes that are not worth gaping for."

And off he walked very, very scornfully.



"We scorn what we cannot reach."

JOHNNY'S BEES AND THE GOLDEN HONEY

INGREDIENTS:

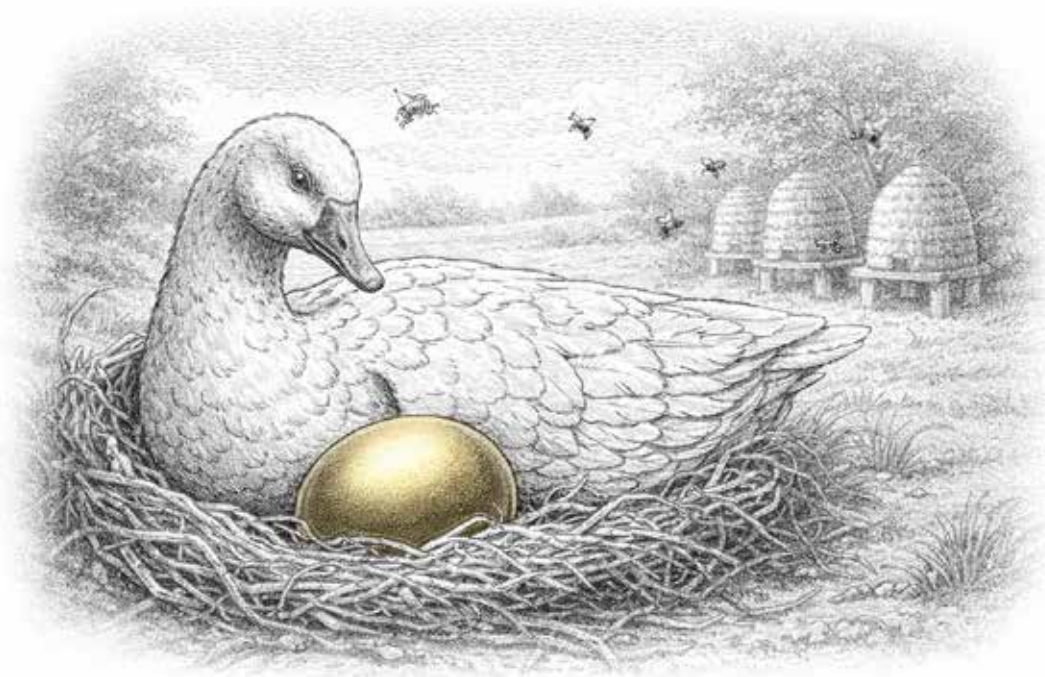
Graygoose, Nixta Corn Liqueur,
Vanilla Liqueur, Honey Syrup,
Supasawa | 24

*Smooth, golden, indulgent:
sweet corn and vanilla
rounded out by honey and
the clean precision of vodka.*

BEST SERVED



Old Fashioned
Glass



HERE WAS ONCE A COUNTRYMAN WHO POSSESSED THE MOST WONDERFUL GOOSE YOU CAN IMAGINE, FOR EVERY DAY WHEN HE VISITED THE NEST, THE GOOSE HAD LAID A BEAUTIFUL, GLITTERING, GOLDEN EGG.



He took the eggs to market and soon began to get rich. But it was not long before he grew impatient with the Goose because she gave him only a single golden egg a day.

He began to resent the slow, steady pace of his newfound wealth, feeling that his fortune was being meted out with agonizing slowness.

Then one day, after he had finished counting his money, the foolish idea came to him that he could get all the golden eggs at once by killing the Goose and cutting it open.

But when the deed was done, and he had sliced open the creature, not a single golden egg did he find, and his precious, magical Goose was dead, leaving him with nothing but regret and the silence of his own making.

"The greedy grasp more, lose everything."

THE WOLF IN TWEED CLOTHING

INGREDIENTS:

Plantaray 3 Star, Aperol,
Chambord, Sugar, Supasawa
16

*A bright, fruity spritz
with tropical rum sweetness,
bitter orange lift, and a
sharp berry finish.*

BEST SERVED



1924 Coupe



A CERTAIN WOLF COULD NOT GET ENOUGH TO EAT BECAUSE OF THE WATCHFULNESS OF THE SHEPHERDS. BUT ONE NIGHT HE FOUND A SHEEP SKIN THAT HAD BEEN CAST ASIDE AND FORGOTTEN.

The next day, dressed in the skin, the Wolf strolled into the pasture with the Sheep. Soon a little Lamb was following him about and was quickly led away to slaughter.

That evening the Wolf entered the fold with the flock. But it happened that the Shepherd took a fancy for mutton broth that very evening, and, picking up a knife, went to the fold. There the first he laid hands on and killed was the Wolf



"The deceiver is undone by his own deception."

THE NORTHERN GALE AND THE BONNIE SUN

INGREDIENTS:
Michters Rye, Disaronno,
Supasawa, Sugar, Brown Sugar
and Clove Foam | 16

*A warming, spiced sour with
bold rye character, amaretto
sweetness, and an aromatic
clove crown.*

BEST SERVED



*Stemmed Old
Fashioned Glass*



**THE NORTH WIND AND THE SUN
HAD A QUARREL ABOUT WHICH
OF THEM WAS THE STRONGER.
WHILE THEY WERE DISPUTING WITH MUCH
HEAT AND BLUSTER, A TRAVELER PASSED
ALONG THE ROAD WRAPPED IN A CLOAK.**



*"Let us agree," said the Sun, "that he is the stronger
who can strip the Traveler of his cloak."*

*"Very well," growled the North Wind,
and sent a cold, howling blast against the Traveler.
With the first gust, the Traveler wrapped his cloak
closely around him. The harder the Wind blew,
the tighter he held it.*

*The North Wind tore angrily at the cloak, but all
his efforts were in vain.*

*Then the Sun began to shine. In the pleasant
warmth, the Traveler unfastened his cloak and let
it hang loosely. The Sun's rays grew warmer, and
the man mopped his brow.*

*At last he became so heated that he threw himself
down in shade by the roadside.*

"Gentle persuasion beats forceful bluster."

THE ISLAY MULE

INGREDIENTS:

Ardbeg An Oa, Apricot Brandy,
Supasawa, Ginger Beer
16

*A smoky, fruit-forward long
drink with peated whisky
depth, stone fruit softness,
and a ginger kick.*

BEST SERVED



Highball



A MULE HAD HAD A LONG REST AND
MUCH GOOD FEEDING. HE WAS
FEELING VERY VIGOROUS INDEED,
AND PRANCED AROUND LOFTILY, HOLDING
HIS HEAD HIGH.

"My father certainly was a full-blooded racer," he
said. "I can feel that distinctly."

Next day he was put into harness again
and that evening he was very downhearted
indeed.

"I was mistaken," he said. "My father was an Ass
after all."



"Be sure of your pedigree before you boast of it"

THE ADDER AND THE GOLDEN EAGLE

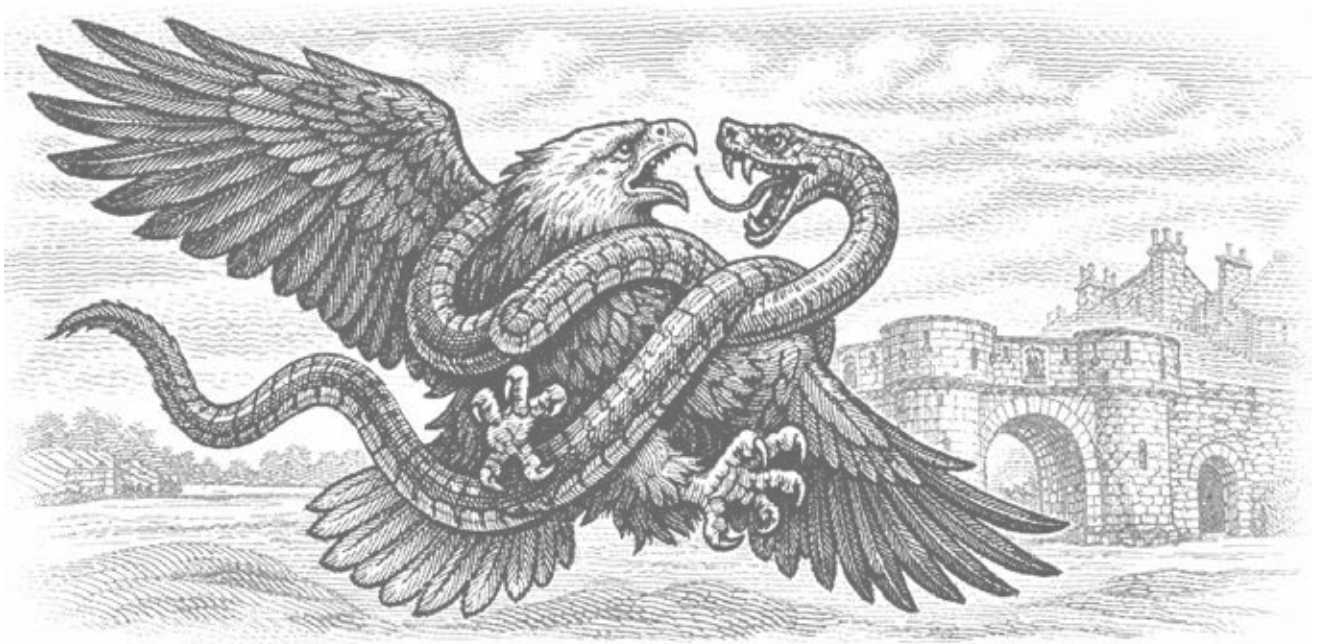
INGREDIENTS:
Fino Sherry, Mezcal,
Ancho Reyes, Agave Syrup,
Pineapple Juice | 16

*A smoky, sun-drenched blend
of earthy agave, chilli heat,
and tropical sweetness with
a dry, saline finish.*

BEST SERVED



*Stemmed Old
Fashioned Glass*



A SERPENT HAD SUCCEEDED IN SURPRISING AN EAGLE AND HAD WRAPPED HIMSELF AROUND THE EAGLE'S NECK. THE EAGLE COULD NOT REACH THE SERPENT, NEITHER WITH BEAK NOR CLAWS.



Far into the sky he soared trying to shake off his enemy. But the Serpent's hold only tightened, and slowly the Eagle sank back to earth, gasping for breath.

A Countryman chanced to see the unequal combat and rushed to free the Eagle, loosening the coiling Serpent.

The Serpent was furious. He had no chance to bite the Countryman, so instead he struck at the drinking horn hanging at the Countryman's belt, and let fly the poison of his fangs.

The Countryman went on toward home. Growing thirsty, he filled his horn at a spring and was about to drink. Suddenly the Eagle swept down, seized the poisoned horn from his savior's hands, and flew away to hide it where it could never be found.

"An act of kindness is well repaid."

THE QUIET COCKTAILS

Not all great tales need a twist of spirits. Our 0% cocktails are crafted with the same care and imagination as the rest of the menu — complex, considered, and every bit as worthy of the story.

THE KITTOCKS MEAN

INGREDIENTS:

Almave Ambar, Pineapple, Agave syrup, Supasawa, Ginger Beer | 14

A vibrant, tropical long drink with smoky agave depth, sweet pineapple, and a crisp ginger finish.



THE STILL LOCH

INGREDIENTS:

Giffard Elderflower, Cucumber Syrup, Supasawa, Sugar | 14

A delicate, garden-fresh sour with floral elderflower sweetness, cool cucumber, and a clean, bright finish.



THE WHISPER OF THE LINKS

THE ONE MEANT FOR YOU

In a bar lined with stories, the master barman listens more than he speaks. He reads the rhythm of your words, the space between your likes and loathes, and from that quiet he shapes a drink that belongs only to you — drawn from his vast collection and guided by instinct over recipe.



LATE ONE EVENING, A TRAVELLER ENTERED A QUIET BAR AND ASKED THE BARTENDER WHICH DRINK WAS THE FINEST OF THEM ALL.



"Each glass holds a story," the bartender said, "but the one meant for you has not yet been written."

The traveller listed what he liked and loathed—sweet but not too sweet, bold but not too strong, surprising yet familiar. He spoke so much of his tastes that he left no space for possibility. The bartender nodded, then leaned in.

"With respect," he said softly, "those who speak too loudly of their desires rarely hear what they truly seek."

He turned away and crafted a drink—slow, deliberate, intuitive. When the glass was placed before the traveller, he hesitated.

"What is it called?" he asked. "The one meant for you," the bartender replied. "Some stories are best heard only when we stop speaking."

The traveller tasted the drink—and said nothing more that night.