An ornate, black and white decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, framing the entire page.

*It is by no means useless to travel,
if you want to see something new...*

mr-foggs.com/gin-parlour

An ornate, black and white decorative border with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns, framing the entire page.

MR FOGG'S
Gin Parlour

COVENT GARDEN

LONDON

1869

21st March 1869

Dear Diary,

After treading the boards for many a year around the great playhouses and music halls of Covent Garden, I have decided it is time to spread my wings further still.

With Fanny McGee, my adorably fresh-faced servant, in tow, I am to visit the most famous homes to music and theatre around the globe (whilst also making a point to taste a foreign tippie or two!).

The world will laugh, the world will cry and the world will applaud the wonderful Gertrude Fogg!

One last point of order before leaving ol' London Town: to bid 'au revoir' to my dear nephew, Phileas. Oh, how I will miss that young man. Despite his somewhat reserved disposition, I believe that his future brilliance beckons and, one day, he may follow in my footsteps.

Yours sincerely,

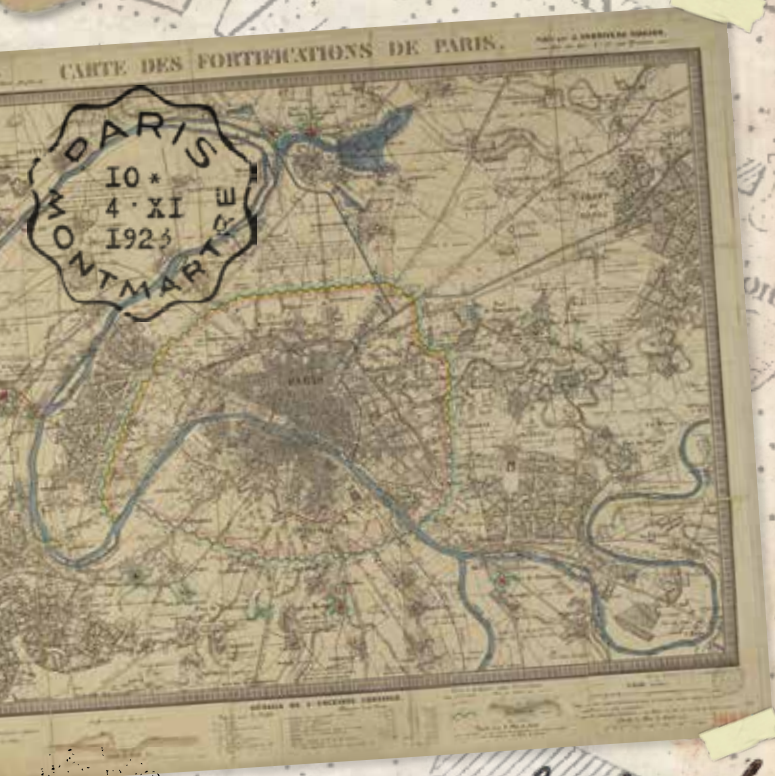
Gertry.



Property of Phileas J. Fogg, Esq.
Only to be viewed by my beloved
Aunt Gertrude's closest and
most trusted acquaintances.



Paris,
France



Bonjour!

10th April 1869

First stop, Gay Paree! Where music hall is nearly as popular as red wine and malodorous fromage.

After entering the newly built Folies Bergère theatre, I stumbled upon a poor ol' dear sobbing with a crutch placed under her arm. "Aidez-moi, jeune femme! [Help me, young lady!] I 'ave become intoxicated by Monsieur Lorenzo's wicked concoctions and, in my drunkenness, 'ave sprained my ankle!"

Not to be hoodwinked, I hastily stepped forward and joined the merry chorus line in their latest dance — the cancan. Legs were whirling like the sails on a windmill...God bless frilly knickers!

Fanny flashed a cheerful grin from the wings. "Magnifique!" she cried.



Mit 1000 y.
Gin Parlour
COVENT GARDEN



Treading the Boards Abroad

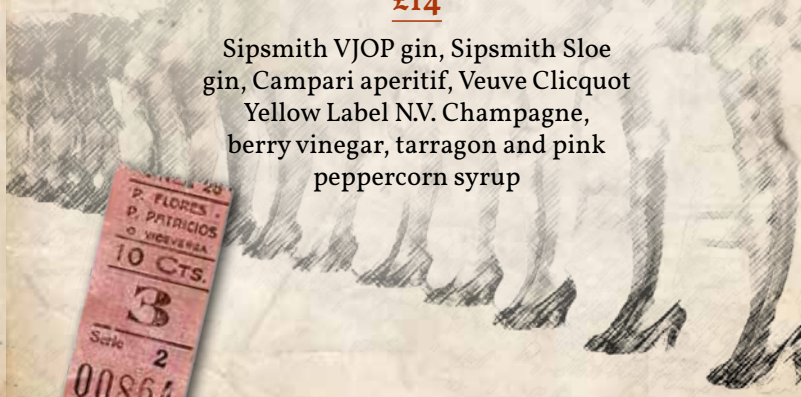
£14

Star of Bombay gin, Whitley Neill Quince gin, walnut & pear infused Martini Riserva Speciale Ambrato vermouth, walnut bitters and cheese tincture spray

Pink Parisian Pantalettes

£14

Sipsmith VJOP gin, Sipsmith Sloe gin, Campari aperitif, Veuve Clicquot Yellow Label N.V. Champagne, berry vinegar, tarragon and pink peppercorn syrup



Abuja,
Nigeria





5th May 1869

Travelling south through the vast continent of Africa, I met a rugged, yet cultured, Italian man named Giovanni.

He had been spending time with the Yoruba tribe, whose "rich, pomp and ceremonial nature is expressed most profoundly in their celebrations". This sounded like a good ol' half-crown ball to me! After the chief's wife had helped in fixing up my glad rags, we raised a glass to the occasion.

Drums were beating loudly as we heard the griot's praise song and danced with the locals as if life itself depended on it. The sound of the percussion had not been so welcome the following morning, as one awoke feeling all-round frazzled!



Elixir of Life

£14

The Botanist gin, Gertrude's African spice mix and fresh lemon juice

Under a Baobab Tree

£14

Whitley Neill gin, Bán Poitín Irish spirit, tamarind syrup, fresh lemon juice, rooibos & date reduction and turmeric foam



Edo, Japan

MR FOGG'S
Gin Parlour
COVENT GARDEN



カトリック

Nagasaki



Tochter des Prinzen von
Omura

歌舞伎

30th July 1869

As our ship docked in Edo, Fanny was all a quiver. "Miss, I was warned by Giuseppe, the drunken sailor, that outsiders aren't always welcome in these parts," she said. It was true that the Land of the Rising Sun had secluded itself throughout history. However, the rumours I had heard of their performance practices couldn't keep me away.

Guised as puppeteers, we had dressed ourselves in black attire, carried a three-quarter-size marionette and proceeded to make our way towards the theatre, where a fine kabuki was being performed. What splendid plays of virtue and honour that we had momentarily enjoyed! Our plans to watch the third act were thwarted when an armoured guard pointed to us, holding up three fingers. The puppet art of bunraku is always performed by three: the master the head and left hand; the apprentice the right; and the junior the feet. "Run," I whispered to Fanny. "RUN!"



Kabuki Cuppa

£14

Served either warm or over ice

Roku gin, peppermint-infused sake, lapsang souchong tea syrup and fresh lemon juice

Bad Luck Bunraku

£14

Hendrick's Orbium gin, umeshu liqueur, ginger bitters, cranberry cordial and fresh citrus juice mix



*New
Orleans,
USA*



MR. FOG
Gin Par
CENT



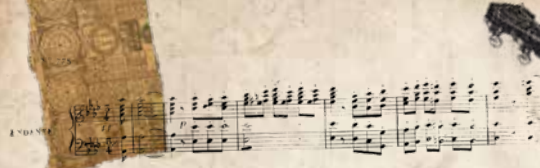
23rd October 1869



As our paddle boat slowly wound down the Mississippi into New Orleans, the sound of a brass band could be heard from the approaching dock. The cacophony was joined by two strangers, one playing a banjo and the other a harmonica. These foolish 'gentlemen' fell over themselves to be the first to lend a hand with our luggage. How were we to refuse?

Luckily, it turned out that the two were of more use still. They directed us towards a raucous bar filled with musicians from France, Africa and beyond. Finally able to make use of my theatrical talents again, I swiftly picked up a melody and recounted one of the bawdy songs I'd learnt from our boat journey.

As the music increased in volume and the lights were dimmed, I saw Mr Alberto's hand reach for Fanny's posterior. That rascal was on the floor in a full nelson before you could spell out: em, i, double-ess, i...



Mississippi Mint Mash

£13

VII Hills Italian Dry gin, Rinomato aperitif, Lucano Classico amaro, coffee stout syrup and fresh mint

Bitter Banjo Melody

£15

BARREL-AGED

Bulldog gin, Bols Genever, Hayman's Old Tom gin, Gertrude's vermouth blend, Lazzaroni maraschino cherry liqueur and Picon Amer aperitif



Remedios, Cuba



MR FOGG'S
Gin Parlour
COVENT GARDEN





24th December 1869



The Christmas Eve parade, Las Parrandas, begins with the tradition of banging together jars, plates and spoons whilst running about the village. Well, this sounded reason enough to jump continent to a festival that would welcome ol' Gerty with open arms.

Little did I know that they would dress me up as their mascot! Covered in feathers and painted red and blue to resemble a rooster, I feared that this was not to be the starlet's finest hour...

One of the villagers named Alessandro, who seemed to be aware of my nervousness, passed a tincture of yerba mate for me to drink. This leaf, imported from the South, sufficiently reduced my anxiety and allowed me to give the performance of my life!



The Rosey Rooster

£14

Dictador Colombian Treasure Aged gin, Roots Tentura liqueur, Aspell Draught Cyder, guava jam, peanut butter, pink grapefruit juice and fresh lemon juice

Guaraní Calm Your Nerves

£13

Bombay Sapphire gin, eucalyptus-infused Royal Tokaji Late Harvest wine, Roots Rakomelo liqueur, fresh lemon juice and sugar syrup, topped with homemade yerba mate soda



Undoubtedly, there will be many more adventures to recount as I continue my travels around the globe, spreading the joy of my fine talents further.

G.



*New Orleans,
USA*

*Remedios,
Cuba*

Paris, France

London, UK

Abuja, Nigeria

Edo, Japan

