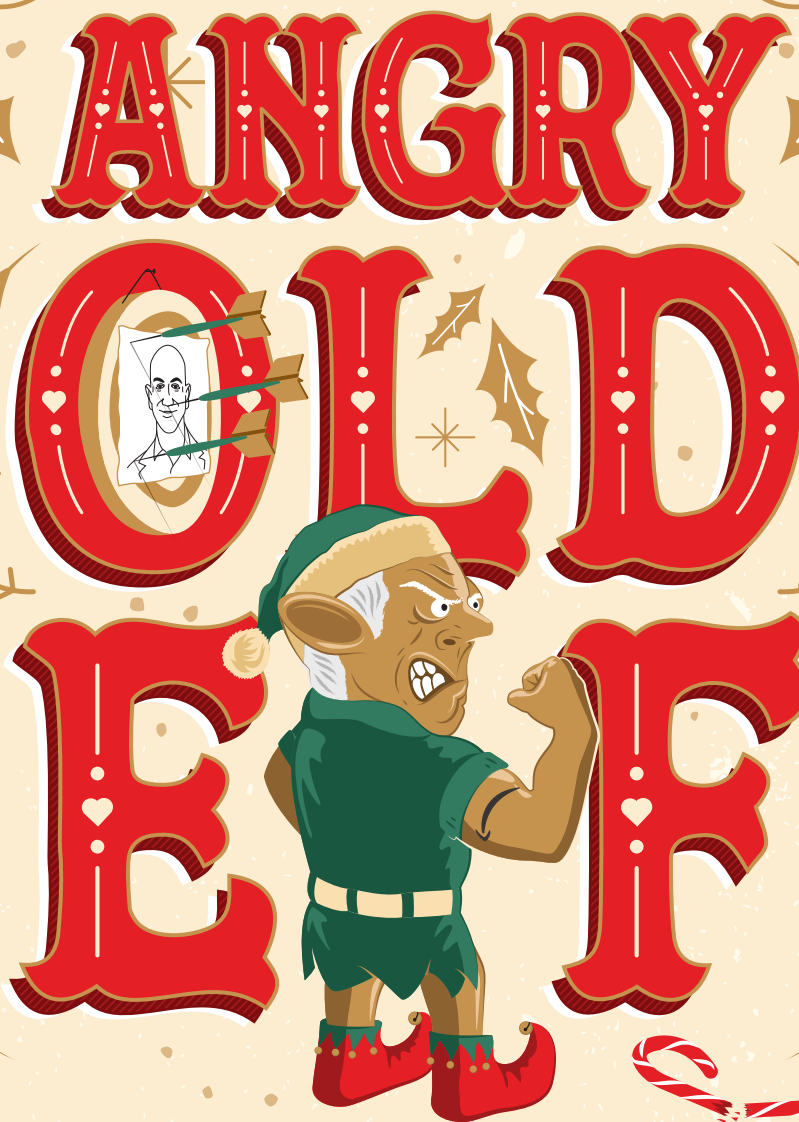


# ANGRY OLD ELF



A CLASSIC OLD FASHIONED...WITH A BITE.

## INGREDIENTS

1 OZ MEZCAL

1 OZ ANEJO TEQUILA

3 DROPS ORANGE BITTERS

1 TSP. MAPLE SYRUP

GARNISH ORANGE TWIST

## *Instructions*



RECIPE NO.

05/05

ADD THE MEZCAL, TEQUILA, BITTERS, AND MAPLE TO A MIXING GLASS WITH ICE, AND STIR UNTIL WELL-CHILLED. STRAIN INTO AN OLD FASHIONED GLASS OVER ICE. EXPRESS AN ORANGE TWIST OVER THE DRINK AND DROP IT INTO THE GLASS.

It was a brisk Autumn morning in the North Pole, and Santa was making his rounds. Passing through one of the many assembly lines, he heard a familiar, crotchety voice.

“What’s next, he’s gonna grow a beard and start wearing velvet exclusively? Who’s this guy think he is?” The angry old elf vented to his assistant as an unmanned spacecraft rocketed towards the stratosphere on a nearby laptop.

“Well, sir, I think in terms of logistics and supply chain management, there’s actually a lot we could learn from Ama-...,”

“A lot we could learn huh?” the senior elf interjected. “You wanna start wearing a diaper on the factory floor too? Or how about I cut your overtime pay? How’s that for logistical innovation?”

“What’s overtime pay?” she earnestly asked.

“Never mind that! It’s not gonna matter by next year anyway, when that bald man takes over the world with his next-day shipping and fancy rockets and frustratingly good streaming content! We’ll all be out of a job!”

The angry old elf had turned bright red and was on the verge of a complete breakdown. With curse words spewing left and right, and helpers in the warehouse starting to take notice, Santa reluctantly headed towards the irate elf to de-escalate the situation. Just as he did, an understudy elf sprinted past him with a drink in hand.

“Your 11am pick-me-up, sir,” he said as he handed it to the grumpy elf. “Just how you like it.”

With one sip of the mysterious concoction, the rage dissipated from his face. His hostile tone was replaced with an assured, calming voice.

“You know what, I think we’ll be okay. There’s no substitute for quality craftsmanship.”

Amazed, Santa flagged down the young man with the miracle elixir. “What the heck is in that drink? And where can I get one?”

