



**Tullamore D.E.W.
Phoenix**



55%

Aptly named after an inferno from an 18th century hot air balloon tragedy. Kaboom! The alcohol singes the nasal cavities, baying for you to succumb, but there is underlying maltiness, tight currants, leather bootlaces, allspice, cherry, stewed apples, and damp warehouses. To taste: fire in the hole! At full power, it strafes the taste buds into submission, leaving them numb and cowering for the abatement of the peppery, dry finish. Brawn vanquishes subtlety. Douse liberally.



—Vol. 23, #3

