

VOLUME II

HATTER'S GARDEN

of CURIOUS CURIOSITIES



A FAIRYTALE COCKTAIL MENU

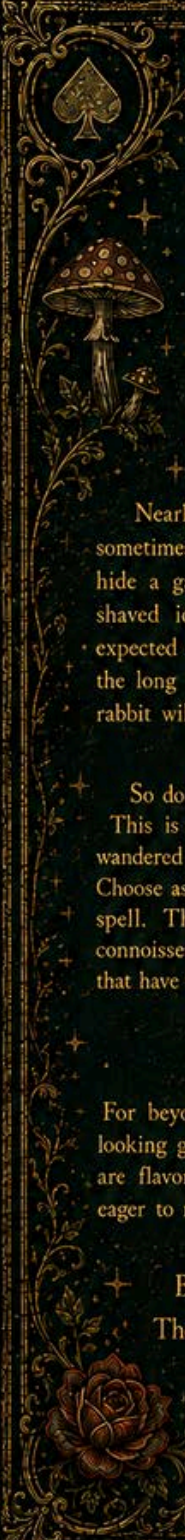


Before the First Sip

There was a time, not so long ago and not so near either, when tea was never merely tea, ice never simply cold, and a glass was not a glass at all, but a little doorway with a stem.

In those curious days, a proper concoction was not poured so much as persuaded. Leaves were steeped until they whispered. Fruits were pressed until they remembered summer. Syrups were stirred by moonlight, ices were shaved into sugared snow, and spirits—when treated politely—sang back in flavors both familiar and impossibly otherwise.

Here at Hatter's Garden of Curious Curiosities, we have set the clocks just sideways enough for such a time to return.



The Looking Glass Team has been very busy indeed. They have coaxed brightness from peels, perfume from petals, mischief from herbs, and velvet from things that ought not to have velvet in them at all. They have clarified, steeped, frozen, folded, fizzed, foamed, infused, reduced, rebuilt, and occasionally argued with an ingredient until it agreed to become more interesting.

Nearly every sip before you has been touched twice, and sometimes thrice, before it reaches the table. A cordial may hide a garden. A tea may carry a memory. A shard of shaved ice may hold more flavor than a whole orchard expected of itself. Even the smallest garnish may have taken the long road here, because the long road, as any sensible rabbit will tell you, is often the only road worth taking.

So do not hurry.

This is not a menu to be conquered, but a story to be wandered through. Turn the page as one might open a gate. Choose as one might follow a key. Taste as one might test a spell. There are dreamers here, and mischief-makers; connoisseurs, adventurers, and more than a few curiosities that have wandered quite outside the ordinary rules.

Stay a while in the garden.

For beyond the hedge and beneath the hat, outside the looking glass and just past what is usually possible, there are flavors waiting to be found, and they are dreadfully eager to meet you.

Begin wherever you like.
The story has already begun.



THE FOUR SUITS OF WONDERLAND

Not all curiosities are curious in the same way.
Some drift through gardens collecting flowers and stories.
Some slip through hedges searching for secrets.
Others sit quietly with impossible thoughts
until they become possible again.
A few wander straight into the peculiar parts
and seem perfectly pleased about it.

*To help the traveler find their way, the Garden has long
been divided into four suits. Not by rank, nor by reason,
but by temperament.*

**CHOOSE THE PATH THAT SOUNDS
MOST LIKE YOURSELF.**

*Or, if you are feeling particularly adventurous,
become someone else for an evening.*

HEARTS

WHERE SWEETNESS MISBEHAVES

The Dreamers

The Hearts are for those who believe a cocktail ought to be just a little romantic. Here, blossoms bloom where they shouldn't, fruits become more vivid than memory, and sweetness refuses to sit quietly in the corner like a well-mannered guest. Florals drift through the air, bright flavors dance where they please, and every sip seems determined to leave behind a pleasant daydream.

Do not mistake them for simple things. A rose may hide a thorn, and a strawberry may be plotting something entirely unexpected. The Hearts are soft, whimsical, and wonderfully enchanting—but never quite as innocent as they first appear.

*"Every flower keeps
at least one secret."*

DIAMONDS

WHERE THINGS GET PECULIAR

The Mischief Makers

The Diamonds have never been particularly fond of rules. They collect unusual ideas the way magpies collect shiny things, tucking them away until just the right moment to unleash them upon an unsuspecting evening. Familiar flavors arrive wearing disguises, ingredients become things they were never expected to become, and the impossible has an alarming tendency to become rather delicious. These concoctions delight in surprises. A sip may begin one way and finish another entirely. Textures shift. Aromas wander. Expectations are cheerfully ignored. Nothing here is peculiar for the sake of being peculiar. It simply happens that some of the most interesting things in Wonderland have never learned how to be ordinary.

"Normal is terribly overrated."

*"Begin at the beginning," the King said gravely,
"and go on till you come to the end: then stop."*

THE FOUR SUITS OF WONDERLAND



CLUBS

WHERE STRENGTH IS MEASURED

The Connoisseurs

The Clubs are patient creatures. They understand that some stories require time, some spirits require age, and some flavors reveal themselves only after a moment of proper consideration.

These concoctions are rich, layered, and thoughtfully composed. Deep spirits, careful craftsmanship, and quiet complexity live here. Nothing shouts. Nothing rushes.

Strength, in this chapter, is not measured by proof or bravado, but by character.

The Clubs are for those who enjoy lingering over a page long after everyone else has turned it.

"The most interesting answers rarely arrive first."

SPADES

WHERE THE CURIOUS WANDER

The Adventurers

The Spades belong to those who hear a distant path calling and cannot help but follow it.

These concoctions are built for exploration. They travel through unexpected combinations, hidden flavors, and discoveries waiting just beyond the next turn of the page.

Some journeys are bold. Others are subtle. All reward the traveler willing to venture a little farther.

The curious rarely ask whether a path is sensible before taking it. Fortunately, Many of Wonderland's greatest discoveries were made by those who wandered first and asked questions later.

The Spades celebrate the spirit of adventure—not recklessness, but wonder.

"Every great adventure begins with a curious first step."



A FINAL NOTE

Should you find yourself belonging to more than one suit, do not be alarmed. Most residents of Wonderland do.

After all, a heart may wander, a diamond may dream, a club may become peculiar, and a spade may occasionally stop to smell the roses.

The Garden has never been particularly strict about such things.



A NOTE ON CURIOUS CARDS & OTHER COLLECTIBLE THINGS

Not every curiosity in the Garden is meant to stay on the page.

Some arrive in glasses.

Some arrive in stories.

And some, if you are paying close attention,
arrive as little cards worth keeping.

Throughout Hatter's Garden, certain cocktails carry their own collectible card — a tiny keepsake from the chapter you chose, the suit that found you, or the peculiar character who followed you home.

*Collect them by flavor, by suit, by favorite story,
or by whatever method makes the least sense
and therefore feels most correct.*

*The cards are for taking.
The glassware is not.
The teacups, you will find,
are terribly attached to the Garden.*

The Four Suits may help guide your wandering:

- ♥ HEARTS for the Dreamers.
- ♦ DIAMONDS for the Mischief Makers.
- ♣ CLUBS for the Connoisseurs.
- ♠ SPADES for the Adventurers.

But do not worry too much about choosing properly.
Wonderland rarely rewards proper behavior.

Ask your Host in Nonsense about:



COLLECTIBLE
CARDS



FLIGHTS



LOW ABV
POURS



A SOTTIER SIDE
OF WONDER
(N/A options)



Some things are sipped.
Some things are saved.
Some things are traded, treasured,
or discovered later like proof that
the evening really happened.

Choose the drink that calls first.
The card may simply be its way
of remembering you.





Now Let's
BEGIN...

*Simply turn
the next page.*

Many guests discover
their favorite story
entirely by accident.

*And Wonderland
has always been
rather fond of
accidents.*

All Cocktails \$16 Unless Noted

The Duchess's Little Darling

The Good Little Piglet



The Duchess had always insisted that her little darling was perfectly behaved, which was the sort of thing one says just before a teacup flies, a cook screams, and a baby turns into a pig.

But this darling was different.

This one arrived rosy-cheeked and quite pleased with itself, dressed in a pink ceramic grin and crowned with rose boba pearls that bobbed and blinked like tiny garden secrets.

Vodka gave it a clean little nudge, Licor 43 whispered vanilla and golden citrus from behind the nursery curtain, and Strawberry Liqueur tumbled in with all the confidence of a child who had stolen the Queen's jam.

Then came Coconuttery, soft and tropical, smoothing the whole tantrum into something creamy and dangerously charming. Finally, Becca's Wondrous Strawberry Puree swept through the glass like a heart-colored spell, sweet, bright, and just mischievous enough to make the Duchess pretend none of this was her fault.


By the time it reached the table, the baby was gone, the piglet was smiling, and everyone agreed it was probably better this way.

Sweet Strawberry • Vanilla Cream • Coconut Kiss

Nurtured by MEGAN | Whipped up by JACQUELIN



Mûre Than a Feeling

 Lavender Daydream

The butterfly peas insisted they were not butterflies, not peas, and certainly not responsible for what happened next. Violet-sifting vodka tumbles through the glass with a looking-glass trick, while blackberry liqueur brings lush, dark berry mischief and lavender trails behind like a purple ribbon caught in a dream. At the center, a frozen limoncello lemonade flower glows, blooming and unblooming as it melts. By the last sip, the drink has changed color, changed shape, and perhaps changed the subject on purpose.

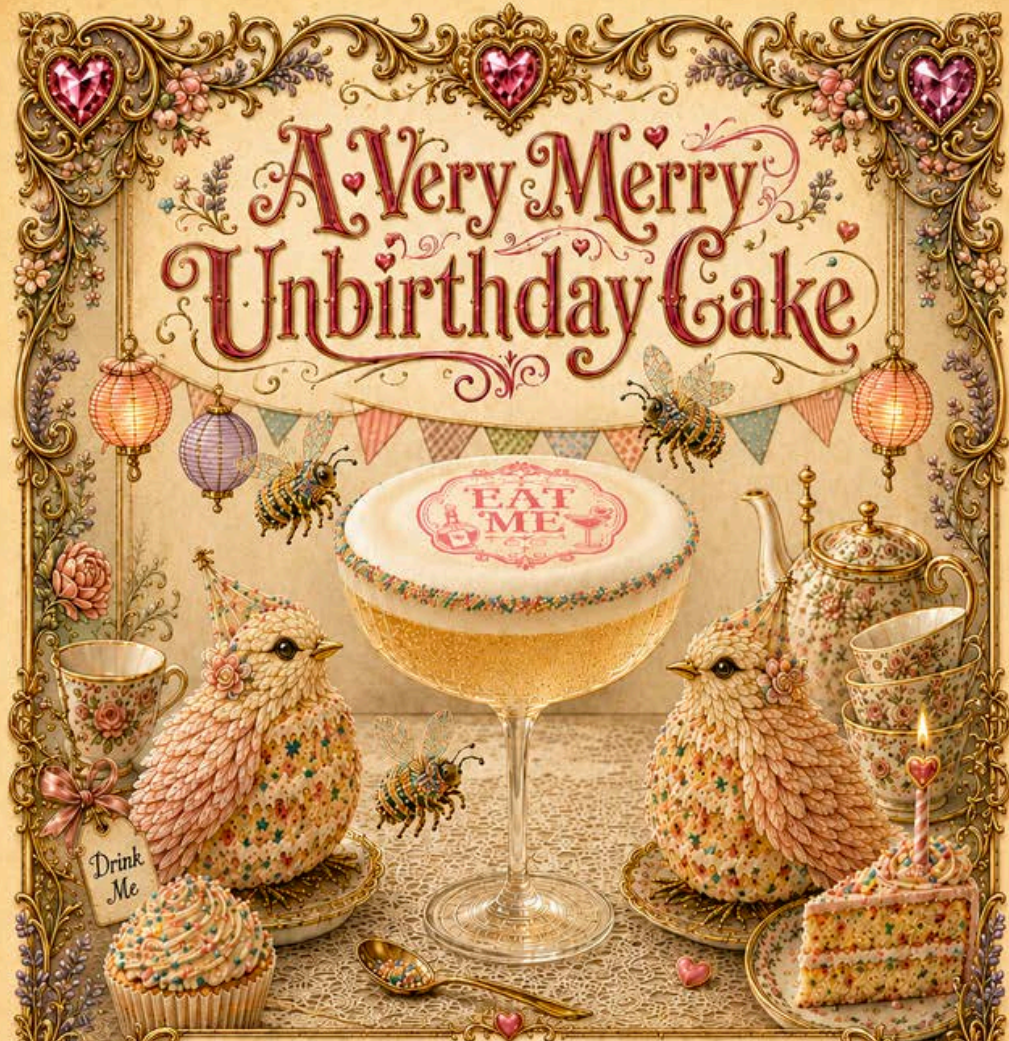
—♥— Floral • Berry • Citrusy —♥—

—♥— Dreamed by Jacquelin —♥—

HATTER'S GARDEN OF CURIOUS CURIOSITIES

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A Very Merry Unbirthday Cake

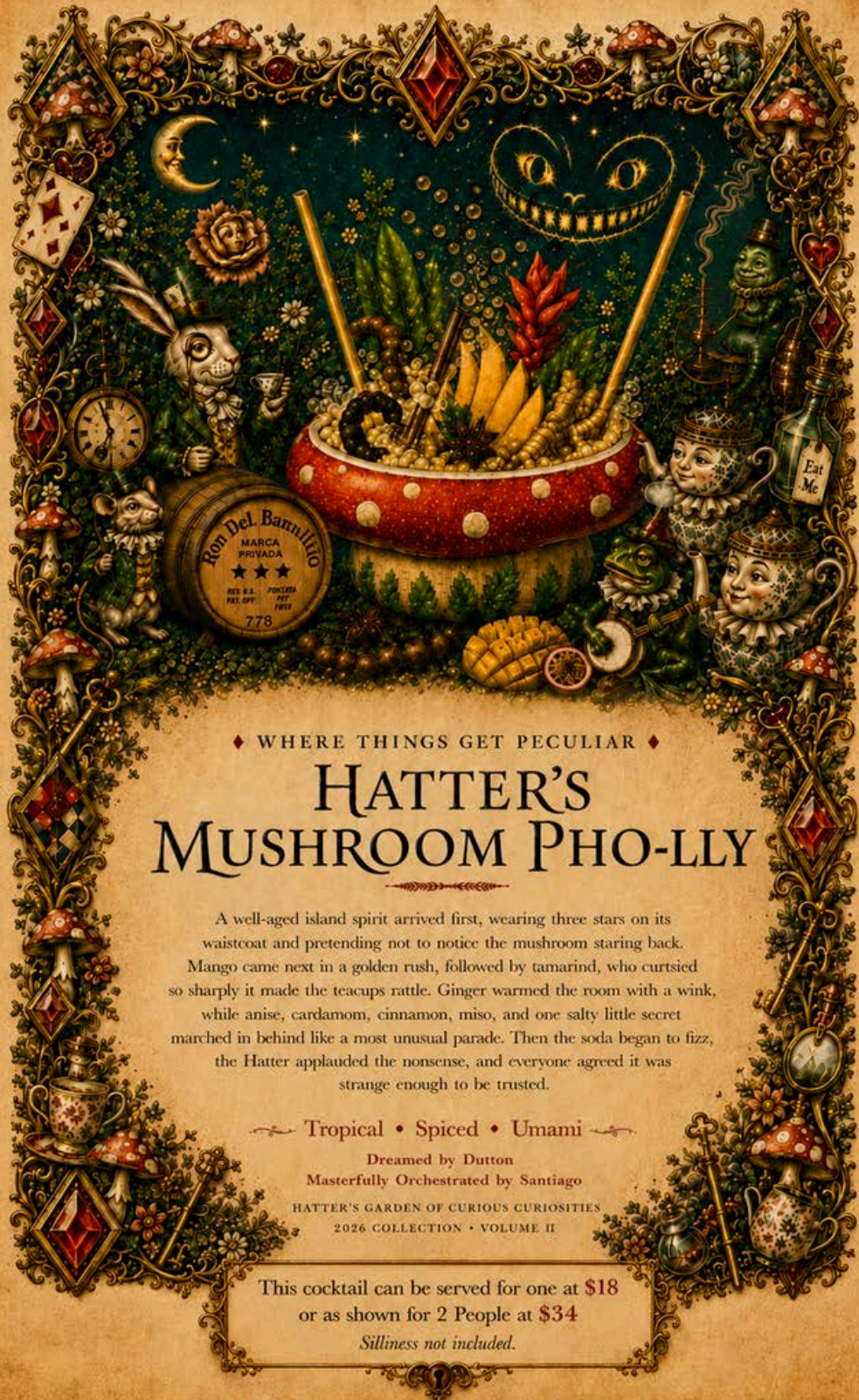


“Who stole the cake?” cried the table, though the answer was plainly the glass. Vodka had been infused with the most wonderful flavor of funfetti cake: all the makings of a most delicious one, rainbow sprinkles, almond, vanilla, and a great deal of edible mischief.

✦ Licor 43 came skipping after it, all golden vanilla and citrus, while Amaretto and white crème de cacao argued over whether almond or frosting was the better disguise. The cream, however, had been quite busy with Fruity Pebbles and whole milk, becoming half frosting, half cereal milk, and half impossible, which made three halves in the usual Wonderland way. Then Lemon shouted “Clear the room!” and curdled the cream before anyone could object. Once strained, it stood in the glass as a very merry contradiction: clear as a secret, sweet as a cake, and meant for a birthday that never happened.

♥ Dreamy ♥ Luscious ♥ Layered ♥
♥ Spun by Landon ♥ Layered by Rebecca ♥

HATTER'S GARDEN OF CURIOUS CURIOSITIES
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◆ WHERE THINGS GET PECULIAR ◆

HATTER'S MUSHROOM PHO-LLY

A well-aged island spirit arrived first, wearing three stars on its waistcoat and pretending not to notice the mushroom staring back. Mango came next in a golden rush, followed by tamarind, who curtsied so sharply it made the teacups rattle. Ginger warmed the room with a wink, while anise, cardamom, cinnamon, miso, and one salty little secret marched in behind like a most unusual parade. Then the soda began to fizz, the Hatter applauded the nonsense, and everyone agreed it was strange enough to be trusted.

Tropical • Spiced • Umami

Dreamed by Dutton

Masterfully Orchestrated by Santiago

HATTER'S GARDEN OF CURIOUS CURIOSITIES

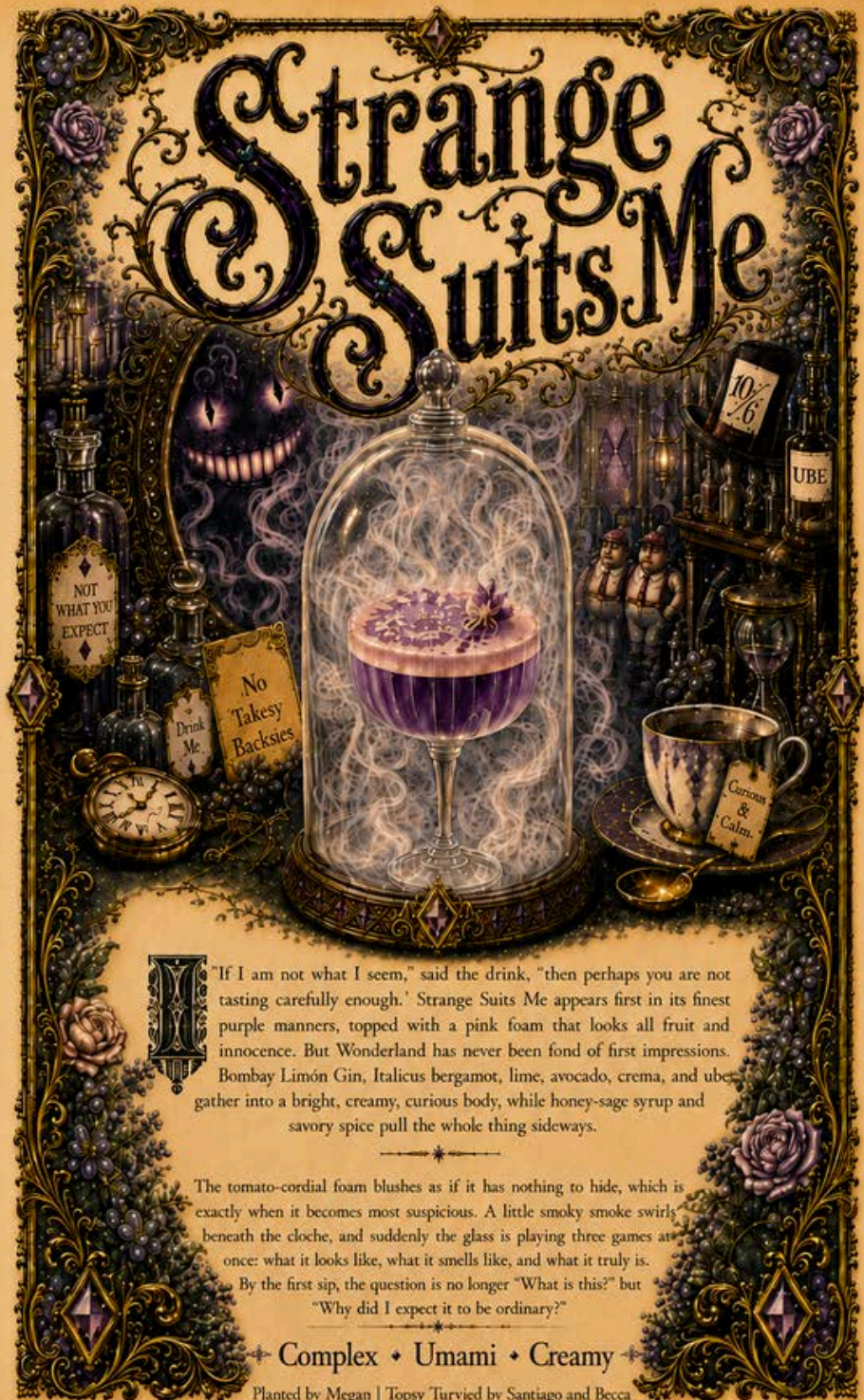
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This cocktail can be served for one at \$18

or as shown for 2 People at \$34

Silliness not included.

Strange Suits Me



If I am not what I seem," said the drink, "then perhaps you are not tasting carefully enough." Strange Suits Me appears first in its finest purple manners, topped with a pink foam that looks all fruit and innocence. But Wonderland has never been fond of first impressions. Bombay Limón Gin, Italicus bergamot, lime, avocado, crema, and ube gather into a bright, creamy, curious body, while honey-sage syrup and savory spice pull the whole thing sideways.

The tomato-cordial foam blushes as if it has nothing to hide, which is exactly when it becomes most suspicious. A little smoky smoke swirls beneath the cloche, and suddenly the glass is playing three games at once: what it looks like, what it smells like, and what it truly is.

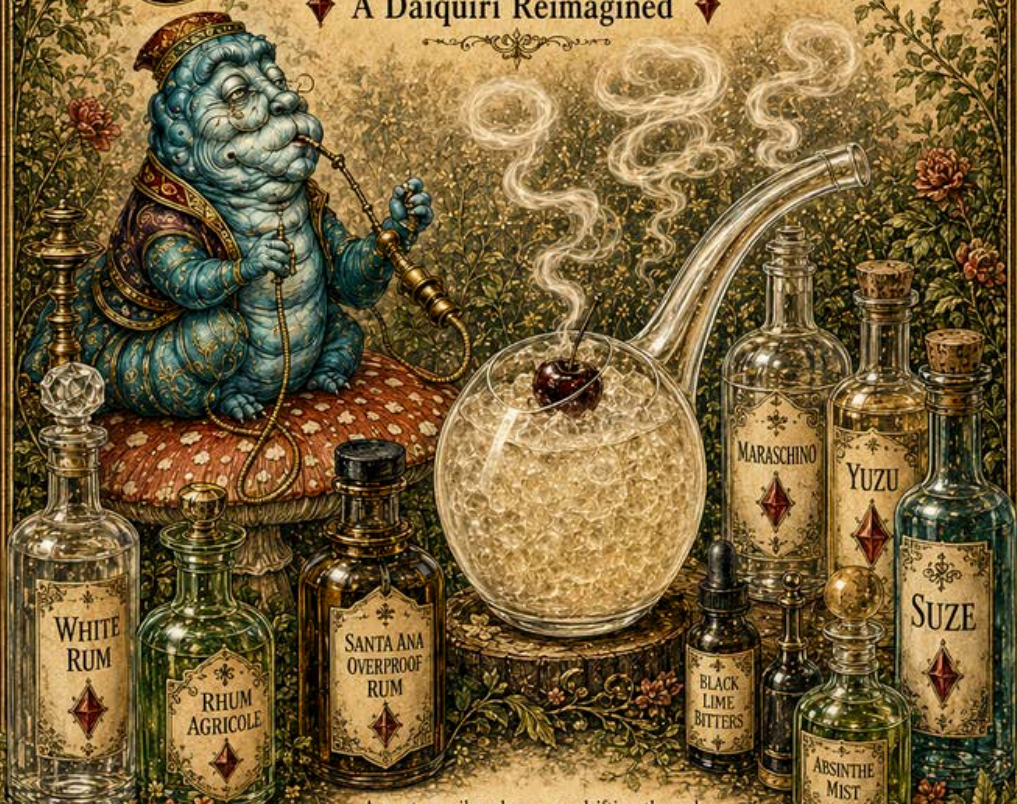
By the first sip, the question is no longer "What is this?" but "Why did I expect it to be ordinary?"

✦ Complex • Umami • Creamy ✦

Planted by Megan | Topsy Turvied by Santiago and Becca
HATTER'S GARDEN OF CURIOUS CURIOSITIES
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Smoke Ring Riddles

◆ A Daiquiri Reimagined ◆

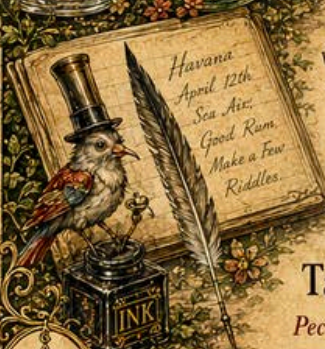


A most peculiar glass came drifting through the garden with three rums arguing inside it. White rum insisted on being sensible, rum agricole insisted on being strange, and Santa Ana overproof rum insisted on being noticed. Grapefruit and lime spun round them in a cordial argument, maraschino giggled behind a curtain, yuzu glittered like a clue, Suze sighed bitterly, and black lime made certain the answer changed before anyone caught it.

Tart ◆ Bright ◆ Complex

Peculiarly Dreamt Up by Jacquelin & Rebecca

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Café de Curiosidad

Low ABV



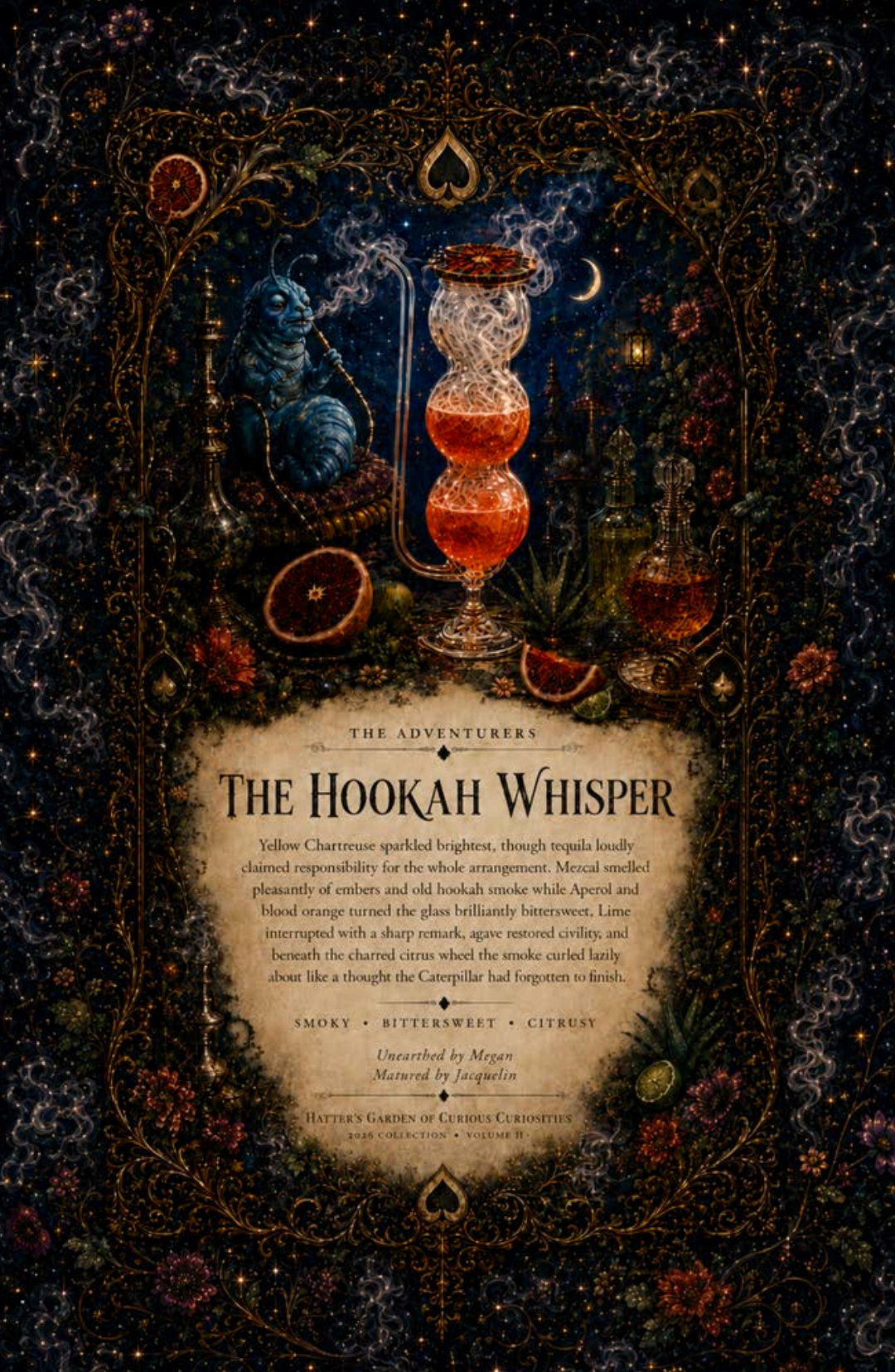
The rabbit did not run this time. He sipped. In his glass, Cold Brew made in-house from locally roasted beans that had wandered through the looking glass and returned curiously than before. Licor 43 answered with vanilla, citrus, and golden mischief, while a little Borghetti tucked a coffee-dark secret behind the hedge. Then Ube Cold Foam bloomed above it all in a violet crown, soft as a curtsy and strange as a shrinking door. A gentler glass for those who wish to wander, wonder, and keep their manners... mostly.

Smooth Coffee • Vanilla • Ube Cream

Dreamt in the Minds of
Jacquelin & Rebecca

HATTER'S GARDEN OF CURIOUS CURIOSITIES

✦ VOLUME II ✦



THE ADVENTURERS

THE HOOKAH WHISPER

Yellow Chartreuse sparkled brightest, though tequila loudly claimed responsibility for the whole arrangement. Mezcal smelled pleasantly of embers and old hookah smoke while Aperol and blood orange turned the glass brilliantly bittersweet. Lime interrupted with a sharp remark, agave restored civility, and beneath the charred citrus wheel the smoke curled lazily about like a thought the Caterpillar had forgotten to finish.

SMOKY • BITTERSWEET • CITRUSY

*Unearthed by Megan
Matured by Jacquelin*

HATTER'S GARDEN OF CURIOUS CURIOSITIES
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RINGLEADER

Yaupon gin went first, as sensible things sometimes do when no one has asked them, and was followed at once by guava in a pink hurry, pandan in a tall green hat, and falernum with far too many opinions. Orgeat sat politely among the flowers, lemon made a sharp little bow, and Coconuttery whispered something to the white rabbit that made his ears stand up in surprise. Then Saturn tapped his ring upon the table, the Mad Hatters clapped in time, and The Ringleader sent the whole garden spinning merrily round the glass.

Tropical • Fruity • Nutty

Dreamed by Rebecca

HATTER'S GARDEN OF CURIOUS CURIOSITIES

2026 COLLECTION • VOLUME II

The Irving

Low ABV

Inspired by and adapted from "The Irving" by Lissa Brennan of Con Alma Jazz Bar & Restaurant, Pittsburgh



Irving had not meant to cause a scene, though this is often the first thing said by those who are about to cause one. He had merely asked for something minty, cool, and properly chocolatey, which is the sort of order one expects from a grasshopper who knows exactly who he is. Chareau replied with garden riddles and aloe-green manners, while Green Chartreuse glowed in the corner like a monk's secret, too rare for the usual shelf and far too peculiar for the usual tongue.

White crème de cacao floated in sweetly, pale and proper, mint coconut wine made everything bright, and coconut milk smoothed over any remaining confusion. It was not a common drink for a common palate, and Irving liked that very much. So he climbed the flamingo glass, tipped his hat like a man with a microphone, and said, "I'll be here all evening... unless the flamingo leaves first."

• Minty • Chocolatey • Most Uncommon •

Reimagined for Hatter's Garden by Becca & Jacquelin

HATTER'S GARDEN OF CURIOUS CURIOSITIES

WHERE STRENGTH IS MEASURED

The Honey Bear's Alibi



in the deeper part of Tugley Wood, where the branches bend to gossip and the apples blush before they are accused, there lived a honey bear with the face of an innocent and the habits of a thief.

Every afternoon it sat at the edge of the Hatter's orchard, smiling politely while the bees circled overhead in a most official manner. They were not ordinary bees, of course. Ordinary bees make honey. These made allegations.

They claimed the bear had hidden something golden. The Hatter claimed it was "only cider." The March Hare claimed it was "none of his beeswax," which was immediately written down as evidence.

But the truth was far sweeter and much less behaved: rye and bourbon tucked inside a honeyed spell of sage and citrus, apple cider wandering through the middle like a lost chapter, and lemon bright enough to keep the whole tale from becoming too wicked. At the bottom, honey boba waited like little amber secrets, rolling and winking whenever the glass was lifted.

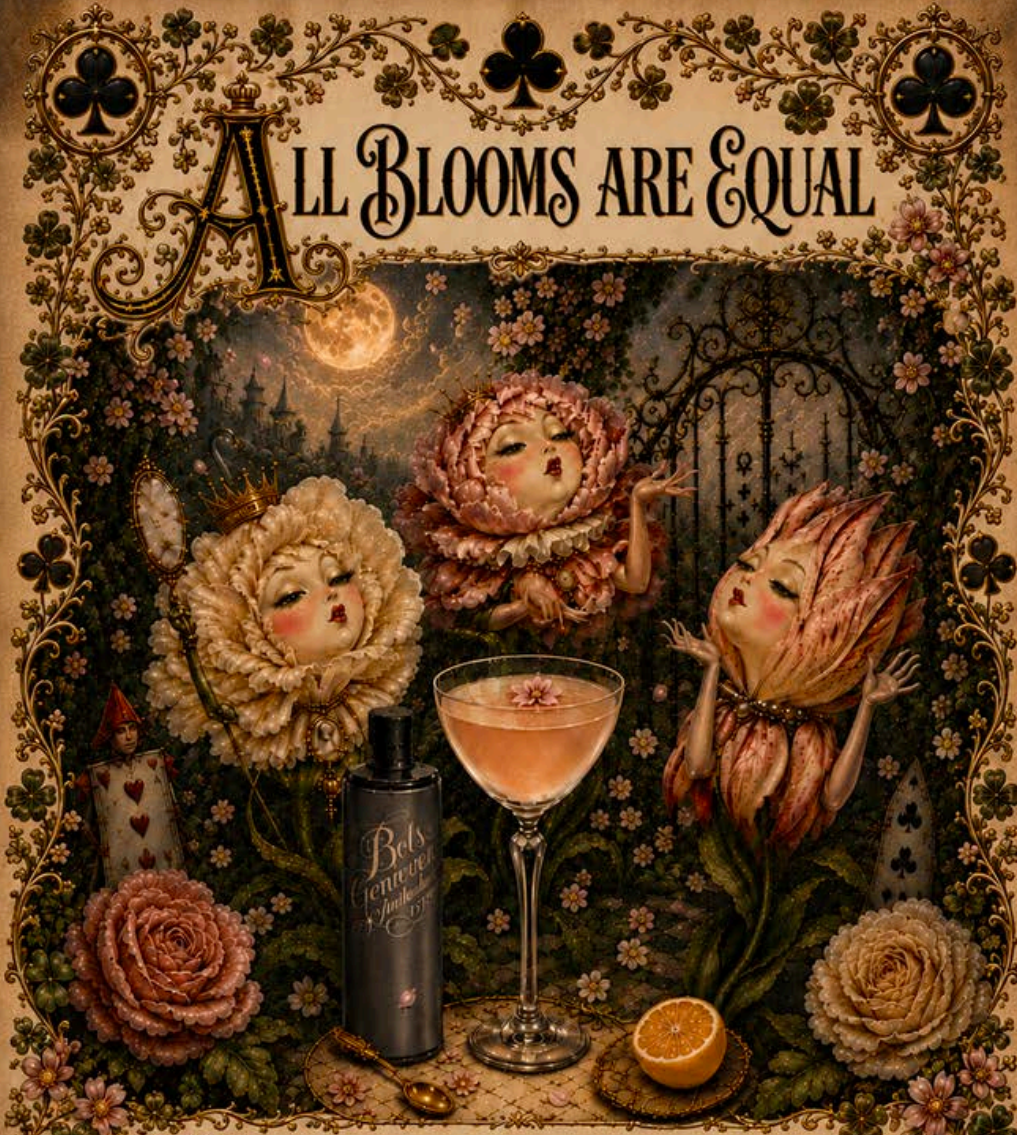
When asked for a confession, the bear simply smiled.
Which, in Wonderland, is nearly the same thing.

\$18

*Sip, smile, and keep the Bear—
he's much too sweet to stay behind.*

HATTER'S GARDEN OF CURIOUS CURIOSITIES
2026 COLLECTION • VOLUME II

ALL BLOOMS ARE EQUAL



A

very peculiar trial was held beneath the Club suit, where the hedges leaned in and the flowers pretended not to listen.

Bols Genever spoke in an old Dutch accent, full of malt, juniper, and the sort of confidence that comes from being older than nearly everyone in the room. Oka Kura Yuzu answered with a flash from Japan, citrus-bright and quick enough to make the teacups tremble. Mancino Sakura Vermouth smiled from Italy, soft and floral, and somehow made the whole garden blush.

The Queen wanted drama.

The flowers wanted praise.

The Clubs wanted a proper build.

So each was given the same place in the glass. No crown above another, No petal more important than the next. Just three curious heritages, poured into one balanced little rebellion.

Floral • Citrusy • Elegant

Imagined Before Breakfast by Jacquelin & Becca

♣ Café de Coraje ♣



Café de Coraje was poured for the moment just before the leap, when curiosity has opened the door but courage must do the walking. Rittenhouse Rye gives the drink its spark, Pierre Ferrand Cognac lends it a silken old-world hush, and Borghetti brings the deep café note that started the whole tale. Licor 43 glows through with vanilla, citrus, and golden mischief, while Xocolatl Mole Bitters add cocoa, spice, and the faintest grin of danger. The stamped cube waits in the center like a tiny commandment: Drink Me. And really, who argues with Wonderland once it has written instructions?

— Bold • Bittersweet • Spiced —

Stirred up By Landon
Fortified By Jacquelin

WOOL & WONDER

A Softer Side of Wonder

SOFT SIDE
HARD
QUESTIONS



There are some drinks that are made, and others that are discovered behind a shelf that has moved three times. Wool & Wonder is the second sort.

REPOSADO TEQUILA gives it a golden backbone, warm and steady enough to row by, while BECCA'S ROSY RIDDLE brings whole beet, pineapple, and mango into a deep, earthy-sweet current.

CHARRED SMOKED PINEAPPLE is muddled in until the sunshine turns dusky at the edges. Then COMPLEX CURAÇAO appears where a lime ought to have been, proving once again that the Looking-Glass has very little respect for ordinary citrus.

LEMON BITTERS finish the tale with a bright snap, and the Sheep, who knew perfectly well what had happened, said only, "Drink it before it changes back."

Earthy ♦ Tropical ♦ Complex

Unearthed by Tessa
Cultivated by Jacquelin and Becca

EVERYTHING
IS CURIOUSER.
FROM THIS SIDE.

A Flight Through the Looking-Glass

Pricing

Flight of 3
\$23.95

Flight of 4
\$29.95



There is a chill little hour, tucked between nonsense and nightfall, when the Hatter is never judged for wanting multiple tinis.

In that hour, glasses grow on vines, lanterns turn to petals, and the wrong direction becomes the most promising path.

The tree may offer Golden Daffodils, protesting petals, royal mischief, or whatever else has appeared since you sat down.

Choose three or four with the help of your Host in Nonsense, and do not worry too much about certainty.

Certainty is rarely invited to tea.

Until the Next Curious Chapter

Because we are so often asked how it all began,
we have done our best to set it down.
No one agrees exactly how it began.

Some say a couple with builder's hands and storyteller's hearts
followed a trail of barley and bubbles. Some insist a teacup
tipped over at just the right moment. One unreliable witness
claims the Hatter sneezed, and three businesses appeared.

According to the crumbs, clocks, and curious parties:

Brii was built by hand.

BTW arrived with mischief.

Crafted Concoctions was dreamed before breakfast
and signed into being before anyone sensible could object.

Since then, the place has changed costumes often – blooming
into gardens, darkening into apothecaries, and glistening
through holidays with secrets in every glass.

And so, dear guest, thank you for spending your time in
Hatter's Garden. Thank you for letting our curious little
world borrow your evenings, your laughter, your wonder, and
a small corner of your story.

Every seat filled, every glass lifted, every smile shared across
the table becomes part of the tale we are still lucky enough
to write. You may have come here for a cocktail, but by
staying awhile, you helped the Garden become what it was
always meant to be: a place where strangers feel welcome,
friends feel celebrated, and ordinary time remembers how to
become magical.

We hope you leave with more than the memory of what you
drank. We hope you carry a bit of the wonder with you –
tucked in your pocket, hiding behind a grin, or waiting to
bloom again the next time you find our door.

Come back when you can.

The teapot is warm, the gate is not locked, and the
Garden will keep a little light on for you.

Becca & Craig



THE
END



...or is it?