

The Red Line • 185

Stockholms Bränneri Navy Gin 57%,

Swedish strawberries & a mist of Absinthe

Like taking testosterone and switching subway cars mid-ride, just because you can. It opens flirtatious, then turns feral — fruity up front, all muscle and menace underneath. Nothing safe here. Just speed, confidence, and a very deliberate middle finger to anything “easy-drinking.” Smells like a platform at dusk and decisions you won’t explain tomorrow.

Tom Kruse • 175

Cucumber, gooseberry, basil, pickled jalapeño &

Patrón Silver tequila

It starts polite. Almost suspiciously so. Clean, green, well-behaved. Then something shifts. Someone barges in from the side, raises their voice and takes over. Sharp, herbal, and quietly aggressive. A drink for those who like things calm — right up until they aren’t.

Katta Strof • 175

Sweet-sour pomegranate juice, mandarin soda,

calamansi, Beefeater gin & Earl Grey tea

She’s flirted with Manhattan, but chose Söder. Polished on the surface, more comfortable in worn sneakers and nights that run too long. Bright and tart with a cocky edge — more Katarina Bangata than rooftop bar.

A highball for messy kisses and evenings that never really end.

Mama’s Munchies • 135

Clarified pineapple & ice-cold Cava

Tastes like a Sunday with no agenda. Starts gentle, almost innocent. Then it drifts. Time loosens its grip, conversations stretch, and someone suggests “just one more” without anyone objecting. Fresh, bubbly, and comforting — like missing the last train and knowing it’ll somehow work out.

Tommy Körsbärg • 185

Maker’s Mark bourbon, cherries, amaretto, brittle,

ginger & misted with Agitator Timmer whisky

Warm, dark, and a little too emotional. Sweet and smoky in a slow embrace that lasts just a beat too long. Then — a quick hit to the back of the neck. Tastes like a late decision made with full conviction.

You know you should think twice. You don’t.

Rabalder • 175

Tart rhubarb, Absolut vodka, Söder tea &

Spring shoot syrup

Like wandering along Slussen on an early spring day: a little mischievous, a little soft, and full of that SÖDER feeling that lingers under the ceiling. First a bright acidity, then a rounded warmth — and finally a quiet green hum that brings to mind inner courtyards, laundry lines, riding a bike hands-free, and a time when everything moved slower.

A brief, nostalgic wink from the past.

Yoggi Bear • 185

Blueberries, wild lingonberries, Thai basil,

Bacardi Carta Blanca & vanilla fluff

Childhood first. Then something strange. Then suddenly — adult. It opens safe and nostalgic before taking a sharp left into deeper territory. Like hearing an old folk tune again, but now on vinyl, slightly warped, played a little too loud — and absolutely right.

Blood & Tears • 185

Blood orange, Absolut vodka, white chocolate, sorrel,

brittle & Champagne- & Elderflower fluff

This isn’t balance. It’s emotion. Sharp, sweet, and slightly chaotic — more mood than flavor. Like a breakup that turned into a party, or a party that became a breakup. Everything at once. No apologies. It doesn’t linger on your palate — it sticks somewhere else entirely.

South Side • 175

Clarified tart mint mix, Bombay Sapphire gin &

raspberry foam

Clean, cold, and dangerously easy. Goes down like it means nothing — which is a lie. Tastes like the moment right before the night derails. Before the cab. Before the message you shouldn’t send. Minimal, icy, and promising this is only the beginning.

Bubble & Stone • 135

Clarified peach & ice-cold Cava

Soft, smooth, and a little too kind for its own good.

Like someone saying “I’ll just have one” — and actually meaning it. For about ten minutes. Then it slips away.

Harmless on the surface, treacherous over time.

Perfect when you don’t want to think — just float.