

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 Körnbärg · 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.