

OUR SPIRITED AUSTRALIAN VODKA, THE OTHER BROTHER, IS INSPIRED BY A PROUD FAMILY HISTORY AND DISTILLED LOCALLY WITH CARE.



## **HEAD HEART & TALES**

## ----- DISTILLING CO.

A family story born in the wheat fields of Western Australia and proudly made in Victoria, Head Heart & Tales honours age-old principles and each numbered bottle comes from a small batch. Choosing the ingredients is easy when you're overseen by ancient wisdom, and selecting only the best. During the distillation process, the 'head' and the 'tail' of the spirit are removed, leaving only the 'heart' to be bottled and labelled with care. This passion and precision carry through into every pour, ensuring many tales to come. THE PURE CONCOCTION COMBINES CLEAR VICTORIAN SPRING WATER, AND DISTINCTIVE GRAINS HARVESTED FROM THE AUSTRALIAN WHEATBELT.



TALE NO. 1 by Head Heart & Tales

## THE OTHER BROTHER



It wasn't the brother you had to watch out for, it was the Other Brother. If one's prospects are decided by the toss of a coin, the Other Brother was the one holding the trick shilling. He always managed to land the right way up, like a cat tossed from the stable roof, not that he ever did that.

His father garnered respect the same way he baked bread: with a keen mind and rude labour, and the Doney bakeries were admired throughout the colony. He demanded only the finest wheat, pure and golden, and he bought it by the bushel and by the tonne. Any man is his position would consider their circumstances to be most satisfactory, and he did.

However, the Other Brother craved change and, after a chance encounter with a stranger, found that only a new endeavour could excite his interest. Having completed his errands for the day, the Other Brother took to walking. He soon found himself perched on a neighbour's fence where he watched the wheat fields swaying in the breeze.

"Brings the ocean to mind, it does" Somebody said. It was an old Mariner with skin like crinkled paper, probably on his way to town. He nodded towards the undulating yellow sea. "Yes." The Other Brother said, not wishing to encourage further discussion.

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink" The old man chuckled, taking a swig from his flask. It was a ballad he had heard many times, but today it sounded different, promissory. The Other Brother looked at the flask, at a passing Doney delivery truck, the family motto of 'by sea and by land' ringing in his ears, and finally down at the head of wheat he had plucked. He looked at them all with new eyes. Somewhere in his mind, a coin was tossed.

The Other Brother Vodka was born. Using the distribution network of the Doney bakeries, this restless rebel smuggled his bootlegged vodka across colony and country, rewriting his family's story along the way.

