

## Still haunted by whiskey drinking!

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*They say that taste has a memory. Perhaps because of this not everyone has acquired a taste for the water of life. Is it because certain persons imbibed in the distant past with unexpected and unfortunate results? Laurence McAulay of County Antrim, Northern Ireland, kindly shared the very sad tale of his long ago experience with whiskey (note the Northern Ireland spelling!). I hope you enjoy his story as much as I did!*

“Sorry to say Karen and I are not the people to ask re the delights of whiskey (notice the correct spelling) ... it is not a drink we would gladly partake ... OK we’re lightweights!

From my point of view whiskey still haunts me from the past... since my workmates took me out to celebrate my stag night in the late eighties. My so-called friends plied me full of double ‘Black Bush’... yes, our very own County Antrim so-called nectar, named after the local Bush River, from the oldest legal distillery in the world ... 1608, I think.



This was my first real taste of whiskey and boy did I suffer ... the last thing I remember was crawling around the floor of a popular night spot in Portrush, Northern Ireland’s premier beach resort! Then it all went blank.

It took me a good few years even to get over the distinct aroma of whiskey and it wasn’t until a quite recent visit to Bowmore Distillery, on the island of Islay, that I plucked up the courage to have a few drams (I had no choice as the kind lady in the bar set us up three large tumblers full to make up for us missing the fully booked tour...so it would have been rude to leave them). We both left the distillery quite jolly to say the least.

So, you see my experience of whiskey drinking taught me that it is an acquired taste...and I just haven’t acquired it!”

***Fortunately, Laurence found the courage to try a wee dram from the quaich at the Aviemore Gathering in 2019!***