

# The Bespoke Drink Fucker

(Part of a series of criticisms of trendy stereotypes in Singapore. Other stereotypes include; The DJ Fucker, The PR Fucker, The Norm Core Fucker, The Eat Clean Fucker, etc.)

We all know the Bespoke Drink Fucker. Picture this.

## Scenario #1

You walk through the first door, and you mutter the password you got from the restaurant next door. The nice restaurant. At first you asked the Nasi Padang stall and the aunty looked at you utterly confused.

“You know, the password... For the secret bar?”

“Huh? You want Mee Soto or not?”

Then you realise you are probably asking the wrong restaurant. Finally, you get the right details and walk in. Past the non-descript door, is a warmly lit, musky bar on a rainy day, the sounds of shaken ice bellow in a *thank god it's friday* rage.

A tattooed, young-ish man in a vest walks up to you.

“Describe to me what you like. What's your flavor?”

“Hmm I'm not sure...”

“Do you like sweet, tart, bitter, or maybe something smokey, or with a hint of rose?”

“Erm... sweet?”

“Ah, okay, do you prefer a sour kind of sweet, or maybe something a little bit more oaky?”

“Erm... (at this point, you don't even know anymore), OAKY?”

And you get some cherry drink with a cinnamon stick and a plank of wood in it. Tastes like farm. With a hint of hospital.

“Yeah, mmm... thanks, it's great.” You smile politely at your *mixologist*. You instagram it immediately even though you don't like it. #mixology #bespokebeverage #passwordonly

OR...

## Scenario #2

You waltz into a cafe. It's a sunny, brunchtastic Sunday. You order a Piccolo Latte from the coffee counter.

You glance down and there's a little hand drawn place card on the counter, in Tumblr-worthy black painted cursive fru fru writing. It reads, “Pay what you think is right <3”.

You fumble with your change, trying to think what you pay at other places. You don't wanna be the cheap fuck whose Piccococolo Latte they spit into. You want the perfect Latte Heart. Like the one with a lot of lines. So that you can #thirdwavecoffee, #bespokecoffee, #freshlybrewed.

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Who are bespoke drink fuckers?

They're the people taking photos of their flowery cappuccino on a distressed coffee table in a neighbourhood like Tiong Bahru. They're the ones waiting 15 minutes for the slow drip of their locally harvested beans in a Syphon coffee maker. They're the ones at a unnamed bar on Hong Kong Street, drinking a \$35 smokey whiskey cocktail, hand shaken by a tattooed 26 year old.

Does coffee really need to have a third wave? Does it really need to be \$6 and have a ridiculous name like Piccolo Latte? I mean seriously, are buzzwords for coffee like "Third Wave", "Fair Trade" and "Artisanal" really necessary? Does alcohol have to have 15 things in it so you can actually pretend to stomach it?

Does getting caffeinated or drunk need to be so complicated?

I guess in a sense, it's good that at least people are taking time to appreciate getting drunk or getting coffee jitters in the guise of loving the smokey taste of lighter fluid whiskey or the taste of love in a latte heart. Maybe we need these things to remind us to slow the fuck down and enjoy our drink, at least to justify the \$35 hefty alcohol price tag... Or the confusing price tagless coffee price tag.

Whatever it is, if you do this, you're still a Bespoke Drink Motherfucker. Drink a kopi-o and chase it with a shot already. You don't need an expensive, instagrammable reason to do things.