welcome to fable

at fable, every cocktail tells a story. our menu is inspired by lore, where each signature drink is crafted with precision, creativity, and a touch of the extraordinary. we believe in the art of mixology, where we combine technique, flavour, and presentation to create an experience beyond the ordinary.

our eight signature cocktails follow a journey of complexity, starting from number one, the most approachable, to number eight, the most intricate. whether you seek something simple or a challenge for the senses, there's a story waiting for you in every glass.

house notes

- many of our cocktails begin their journey long before they reach your glass and are crafted over 24 to 72 hours with care and passion.
- restrooms are upstairs, consider it a mini adventure before your next drink.
- a discretionary 12% service charge is added to each bill because great service (and a little magic) deserve appreciation.
- our cocktails come with unique elements. please admire them, but leave them for the next adventurer.
- be mindful of your surroundings. whether it's fellow guests, glassware, or the mood we've carefully curated, respect goes a long way.
- no outside food or drinks. our bar is well-stocked and our chefs have got you covered.
- have fun, be kind, and drink responsibly. the best stories are the ones you remember.

ts & cs apply. all rights of admission reserved.

01 playful pygmy mice *195*

when shadows lengthen and the grass begins to cool, the pygmy mice slip out to play beneath the moon.

they race through reeds and clover, spinning joy into the night where only stars look on.

once, a child reached out to catch their wonder, and the dance fell silent at his touch.

for magic fades when chased or held too tight, vanishing back into shadow.

but those who simply watch may feel their hearts lifted, renewed by play left free.

*hennessy vs | giffard banane du brésil | condensed milk
amaretto

**hennessy xo +350*

flavour notes:
velvety
comforting
nutty

02 wood-ash stars

195

before dawn, gau crossed the plains in search of a gemsbok hide, dreaming of the girl who waited for his return.

night and storm swallowed his path, and beneath a starless sky he wandered, wrapped in hide and fear.

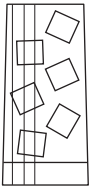
sensing his peril, she rose and cast hearth ash into the dark, pleading for light to find her love.

the ash bloomed into a scatter of stars, burning silver through the dust and showing gau the way.

by morning they met again, knowing the sky itself had answered their devotion.

tanqueray gin | green rooibos | pear eau de vie | honey
giffard crème de cacao | toasted coconut | chamomile

flavour notes:
fresh
harmonious
toasted



03 lady in white

195

at dusk, the lady in white moves through the gardens of rust en vreugd, and the air cools beneath a sudden bloom of roses.

wherever she passes, petals stir and a pale perfume lingers, sweet with longing and loss.

at midnight her soft footsteps drift through empty rooms, carrying on scent rather than sound.

she pauses by the sea-facing windows, breathing toward ships that never returned her love.

by dawn she fades from sight, but the fragrance remains – an ache that clings long after she is gone.

inverroche classic gin | strawberry hibiscus sorbet
cucumber | giffard elderflower liqueur | soda

flavour notes:
delicate
floral
refreshing

04 rain bull

195

in times of drought, when the plains of the karoo lie cracked and silent, the rain bull is called.

from hidden caves it rises, drawing storm clouds to its horns as the sky darkens and swells.

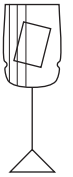
lightning splits the sky with every step, cutting bright through sheets of rain.

the heavens split, and water is set upon the land, waking dust into green.

but all are warned: honour the one who walks in thunder, or the storms will pass you by.

rosaluz blanco | fassionola | papaya | pineapple
lime | campari | red bull cloud

flavour notes:
tropical
vibrant
bittersweet



05 grootslang

195

in the deep caves of the richtersveld, the gods shaped a monster too vast to endure – a serpent fused with an elephant, born of raw power.

feared even by its makers, the grootslang escaped into the dark and claimed a cavern veined with diamonds.

there, in the echo caves, it coils upon endless treasure, its hunger as deep as the night.

hunters who sought its hoard vanished without trace, leaving only scattered gems and broken tools.

even those who came bearing tribute learned the truth too late: greed is never satisfied, only fed.

tanqueray no. ten | granny smith apple | hanepoot
rocket | abadia 54

flavour notes:
crisp
herbaceous
zesty

06 tokoloshe

195

beneath a blade-thin moon, a curse was brewed and the tokoloshe answered the call.

it crept through cracked walls and under children's beds, fouling the night with fear.

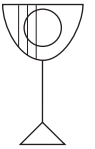
at dawn, stolen food and little footprints circled the cots, ash marking the truth.

bricks were placed under every bed, a hard barrier against what crept below.

for those who summon such things soon learn: once set loose, terror cannot be commanded.

herradura reposado | tomato | strawberry | bell pepper
atchar | lime

flavour notes:
vegetal
fiery
bright



07 hole-in-the-wall

195

known to the bomvana people as esikhaleni, the hole-in-the-wall is the fabled breach in the seaside wall where sea and stone collide.

a lagoon girl caught a sea man's eye, though her father denied their love.

one night a great fish drove open the cliff's wall and led the sea people into the bay.

the lovers vanished beneath the swell, and on high tides their wedding bells are said to sound.

the xhosa say this breach is a gateway where ancestors rise from the sea to guide their people home.

ketel one vodka | grape | olive | black pepper
hanepoot | peat

flavour notes:
briny
fresh
smoky

08 lion’s share

195

at dawn the lion hunted with the wolf and fox, and together they brought down ass, gazelle, and hare.

the wolf divided the spoils with careless pride, claiming portions as though power were shared.

the lion struck the wolf down in a single blow, and the dust fell quiet.

summoned next, the fox bowed low and named every prize for the lion alone: today, tonight, and tomorrow.

asked where such wisdom was learned, the fox replied “from the wolf, who spoke too soon.”

*martell blue swift | maple wood | brown butter sherry blend | walnut

**martell xo +350*

flavour notes:
bold
woody
nutty