

HRAFN GIN

Hrafn (pronounced **Ra-vn**) meaning **Raven** in Old Norse

HOME OF HRAFN - ABERDEENSHIRE

Aberdeenshire stretches from the Cairngorm Mountains - “one of the last great places on earth” to “one of the world’s top-rated coastlines”. So says National Geographic. And Scotland’s national newspaper ‘The Scotsman’ calls the city of Aberdeen, where ships dock right up against the city-centre streets and dolphins leap in the busy North Sea harbour, “one of the most architecturally distinctive in Europe”.

There’s something about the scale of this place between the mountains and the sea. This is a landscape of great estates, expanses of moorland, ancient Caledonian forests, rolling farmland, vast dunes, wide sandy beaches and expansive coastlines. History is writ large here too. Ancient sites and symbols mark this as a heartland of the ancient Picts. In the millennia that followed, no fewer than 300 castles were built here. And of course, this majestic place has long been loved by monarchs ... and by the salmon that return each year to power upstream in the fast-flowing waters of the Dee and the Don. You could call this True Majesty.

It’s a place of big skies and wide horizons, loved for its fresh clear air and the quality of its light. In summer, days are near endless, sunsets stretch out, darkness is brief. In winter, nights are deep and long and starry – and on occasion spectacularly lit by the Northern Lights. Here, mainland Scotland sees its first light of each new day. Trillions of tiny crystals glint in granite walls. And ninety-nine stone circles are aligned to the standstill moon. You could call this True North.

You can still hear words from an original Scots language – Doric – and feel its distinctive culture alive in its genial “couthie” (down to earth) people and its “affa fine” (very good) traditions – not least the fiddle-playing, the bothy ballads and the highland gatherings. Doric is in the warp and weave of this self-reliant place ... a place that’s used to being off the tourism track, known rather as a seat of learning and for its natural resources – its granite, its oil, its fish, its beef, and its whisky. You could call this True Scotland.

It’s here that Callum and Peter were brought up, in a local town outside Aberdeen called Inverurie: the capital of the Garioch – inhabited since Pictish times and made a Royal Burgh by King Robert the Bruce for its loyalty. It was here that the two brothers learned the meaning of family, community and quality through hard work, innovation and endeavour. They say that once you have a Scot from the North East as a companion, then only an operation can get rid of them. You could call this True Friendship.

NOTE TO EDITORS

Further information from Peter R Sim
peter.sim@ravenspirits.co.uk

T: +44 (0)1467-530404

F: +44 (0)1467-840012



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