

LITTLE RED SHED

TAP LIST

Lord Snow Imperial Stout (high gravity)
Wonderberry (spiced cranberry Berliner Weisse)
Ruby Ale
Hammerhead

WEE BITES

Italian Hand Pie

canadian bacon, Italian sausage, Smoked mozzarella, pickles, and Edgefield dijon mustard, served in hand tossed dough \$5

Pepperoni Pretzel Sticks

pepperoni & parmesan on two Bavarian pretzel sticks, served with Ranch and marinara sauce \$6

WEE DRAMS

Bart's Blood Bath

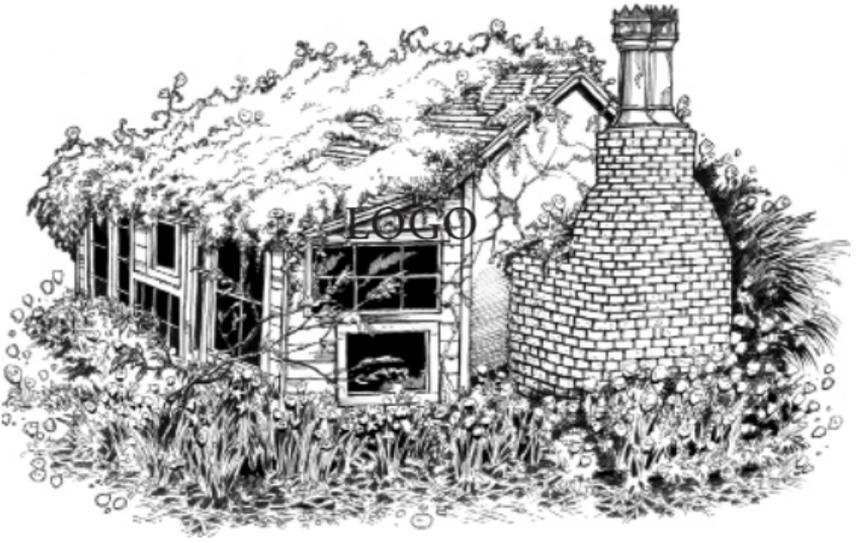
Bing cherry infused Billy Whiskey, Dolin Sweet Vermouth & fresh squeezed orange juice \$4

Weegrani

Gables Gin, Dolin Sweet Vermouth, Campari \$4

*Items are cooked to order.

Consuming raw or undercooked eggs & meats may increase your risk of foodborne illness



LITTLE RED SHED HISTORY

Originally, and for decades, this diminutive building served ingloriously as the county poor farm's incinerator, burning paper refuse from the property. Its design was wholly utilitarian: a basic wooden structure with a big brick chimney. In 1990, when we unearthed the old incinerator from beneath generations of tangled blackberry thickets, it was worse for the wear, but wonderfully inviting in its plainness.

The place received a new lease on life. But it wasn't until people crowded into the place – shoulder-to-shoulder, standing, seated, talking, laughing, glasses of whiskey, beer and wine in hand – did the Little Red Shed forever become something extraordinary in its utter simplicity.

It takes only 15 to 20 people to “crowd” the place, and it's at that point that strangers begin to converse, novel ideas take flight and new paths are revealed. It's happened time and again. Like when Michael Murphy, author of *Golf in the Kingdom*, visited Edgefield. That night in the Red Shed, Murphy along with Mike and Brian McMenamain and a few other folks communed with some fine whiskey and proceeded to plot and then literally pace off a Scottish-style golf course around the property. . . . Thus, the Pub Course was born.

The Little Red Shed's evolution to gathering place perfection became a veritable road map for other McMenamains' spaces to attain that lofty evolutionary peak, more commonly known now as “the small bar.”