

Old Platonic

You just can't get this booze normally. Old Platonic has to be imported from a particular plane of existence, where all the **real** things dwell in eternal perfection. More accurately: the booze is imported into that plane of existence, kept there for a second, and then pulled right back out. Wait too long, and the booze simply explodes when re-exposed to this common world of toil and strife. But assuming that everything instead works out properly, congratulations! You now own a bottle of Old Platonic, which is guaranteed to be the ultimate [adjective] booze.

And what is the [adjective]? You won't know until you open the bottle. Sometimes it's the ultimate Tasty Booze. Sometimes it's the ultimate Tastes Like Urine and Bad Decisions Booze. There was one documented occasion where a bottle of Old Platonic was opened and shared out, and the drinkers discovered that it was the ultimate No Noteworthy Characteristics At All Booze. The woman who bought it at auction swore that the experience was worth every penny that she paid for the bottle, although she (and everyone else who had a drink) struggled for the rest of their lives to describe the actual taste.

Generally, Old Platonic is harmless enough: it's alcohol, not plutonium or smallpox virus, so it's conceptually impossible for an opened bottle to be the ultimate Armageddon Booze, or anything like that. People mostly buy it for the unique (and typically impossible to describe) flavor signatures. Well, that and the fact that Old Platonic sells for a great deal, which makes it a status symbol and sign of conspicuous consumption. Which is fine: as the philosopher once said, it help keeps the money in circulation, and that's the important thing.

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