



KERLOO
CELLARS

For us, compiling tasting notes feels like talking about our first-born child. How can we say anything besides how wonderful, enjoyable, complex, and well we think we've done? We are truly in love with our first release. We're proud — and therefore, biased. So, we sent a few bottles around the neighborhood and asked others to tell us what they tasted in the bottle. One particular stranger sent us two notes over a week's time that answered our nagging question: How do we describe Kerloo objectively and honestly?

Happy reading! And sincere heartfelt gratitude to Miss Sally F. Come by anytime. We're dying to meet you!

2007 Les Collines Syrah—Walla Walla Valley

Kerloo0000 Sir and Madam:

Rec'd your box. Was this unexpected surprise due to that fishbowl I put my name in at the market? Anyhow, much appreciated! Per the request in the box, here's a note of what I tasted.

That Les Collines Syrah wrapped itself around me in a way my husband wouldn't appreciate (if I had one, ha!). It was quite a charmer, to say the least. How does man get grapes to make all those flavors in one little bottle? Did you heat the corks in the cast iron pan used earlier for makin' bacon and then lay them out on damp flower petals for a few days before shoving them into the bottle? If that's what you did, you should teach a class. Hell, I was almost afraid to drink it. I just smelled it for about an hour. The thing had aromatics for days (that's an expression, wine doesn't last days at my place!). I thought pixies must be sprinkling dried blossoms from the garden of Eden into the glass. You'd think I'd see the pixies if that were the case, right? All in all, I was mesmerized. Good thing that the old fool down the street didn't drive by considering the way I kept sitting on the front porch, staring at and smelling a glass of wine for an hour. I was under a spell.

I'm glad I snapped out of it though, and went ahead with my first sip. Sweet onions! (Not to say I tasted onions, that's just an expression). This wine should come with an "R" rating for the way it slinks around your mouth draped in velvet. It's like a little clavicle bone playing peek-a-boo. Sashaying side to side, up over the gums and your jowls start zing'n. And then it's down the gullet leaving a long trail of perfume behind. I felt like I should turn on some sultry, earthy jazz to make sure the wine was comfortable.

Okay I'm just an old lady having fun here. But I meant everything I said though. Great stuff. I'm no stranger to the Double Walla juice. Been an Eastern Washingtonian my whole life. Just me and my cat friend Szanzibar.

She's a smooth, pretty bird, your Les Collines. I do appreciate getting a sneak peek.

Best of luck,
Sally F.