



# The Rare Edition

*Whiskey Barrel Meats — Mapleton's Most Distinguished Publication Since 2025*

VOL. I - NO. 4 JANUARY 2026

## THE LOUNGE OPENS ITS DOORS

*(AND THE MEATBALLS HAVE CAUSED A SCENE)*



*Buffalo Trace on Tap only at the Smokehouse Lounge inside of Whiskey Barrel Meats*

I am not, by nature, a man of many words. Those who know me will confirm this. I have spent the better part of a century observing. Listening. Waiting for something genuinely worth reporting before I lifted a pen. January, I am pleased to say, has given me reason to do exactly that.

For those who have not yet passed through the black curtain and settled into one of the leather chairs, I shall describe it plainly: it is the finest room in Mapleton. Buffalo Trace on tap. An Old Fashioned ready before you've removed your coat. Red wine, white wine, and two beers on deck — the full company of civilized refreshment. A sputnik chandelier overhead. Whiskey barrels for side tables. If you have come to Whiskey Barrel Meats solely for the meat — and the meat is exceptional — you have, until now, been leaving too soon.

I recommend you stay.

On the matter of new provisions: the beef meatballs have arrived, and the counter crew informs me they have caused considerable excitement among our patrons. I have no quarrel with meatballs. They are a respectable contribution to the case.

However — and I say this with the full authority of a century of discernment — the buffalo chicken has no equal. I did not expect to feel strongly about this. I do. The buffalo chicken dip in particular has occupied my thoughts in a manner I find mildly embarrassing to admit in print. I mention it here solely in the interest of honest journalism.

Credit is owed where credit is due, and it is due in full to our head chef, whose continued development of this menu has elevated these walls from a fine butcher shop into something that resembles, increasingly, a destination. New cuts, new preparations, new reasons to return. The craft behind this counter does

not happen by accident, and it does not go unnoticed — not by the patrons, and not by this correspondent.

One final note: beginning next month, The Rare Edition will begin publishing grilling guides and supper recipes — the sort of counsel that makes an honest weeknight meal feel like you spent the entire afternoon in the kitchen. You did not. But no one at the table needs to know that. We shall provide the instructions. You shall receive the praise.

*Yours in beef and brevity,  
SIR ANGUS Senior Beef Correspondent,  
The Rare Edition*

## MR. FOXWORTH, ESQ., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The pressroom does not keep reasonable hours. Neither do I.

Long after the last customer has gone and the lights along the counter have dimmed, the Corona is still clacking — filing the stories, recording the details, making sure nothing worth remembering gets lost to the night. That is the work. It is not glamorous. It is not brief. And I would not have it any other way.

What keeps a man at his typewriter past midnight is not obligation. It is belief. Belief that the people who walk through that door deserve something more than a transaction — that they deserve a place that took the time, put in the hours, and genuinely cared about what ended up in their hands and on their tables. That is what this team delivers, day after day, cut after cut. I have watched it closely. I have documented it faithfully.

To every customer who has made the drive, told a neighbor, or come back a second and third time — the pressroom noticed. We always do.

The edition rolls on. So does the work.

*Yours in Smoke & Style, MR. FOXWORTH, ESQ.  
Editor-in-Chief, The Rare Edition*

