

Cascade



Amber

TIED HOUSE BREWING

CASCADE AMBER

Rising like hot steam into cold air, the legend has been whispered for ages. Strange and beautiful things were said to have occurred in Wolfram von Otto's brewery on that distant, foggy night. The ensuing disintegration of von Otto into utter hysteria and the dilapidation of his once boisterous brewery, continues to intrigue, yet frighten, those who know the story.

During his heyday, Wolfram von Otto had been widely praised for his talent in brewing the finest beer in the region. Yet, he cared little about his noteworthy success and was known to have long, sleepless fits where he sequestered himself to the brewing basement for days on end. Von Otto lived only to brew the perfect ale and believed this was something he'd never accomplished. His devoted patrons however, who called von Otto "The Wolf", thought the old man was a genius, unaware of his gift. Every time they got a taste of one of his new brews, the merry bunch would laugh boisterously at The Wolf's grumbling, guzzle the fine ale and rejoice in festive frenzy.

Time pushed on and von Otto remained fixed in his routine of brewing and lamenting. Until one November, at the point where dusk steals the last light of day, she appeared. Amber entered the empty alehouse like a powerful, yet vague dream. Her long cascade of tantalizing red hair spellbound The Wolf. It was as if he'd seen her before, but only in the space where fantasy brushes with reality. Amber claimed to have come from deep in the Great Forest and had lost her way in the thick, autumn fog.

Von Otto offered the mysterious maiden a cot in his brewing basement for the night, which she graciously accepted. The alehouse was now quiet and dark, but noticing a shimmer of light seeping through the floorboards, von Otto decided he'd better have a look. What if she had knocked over a candle and his ale was at risk?

Yet, upon entering the basement, the Wolf was stunned by the most fantastic and beautiful scene he'd ever witnessed...or imagined. There was Amber, nude, soaking in one of his huge barrels of brew. Her long cascade of crimson hair draped down the barrel in a flood of radiant light. It was not a candle, nor a fire - it was Amber. She was aglow.

The legend goes that as Wolfram von Otto stood starrng, entranced by such an encounter, Amber merely gave him a wink and said that if he left her now, he would have his gift in the morning. Instantly struck by the shame in gaping at a nude woman, The Wolf bowed his head and left the basement immediately.

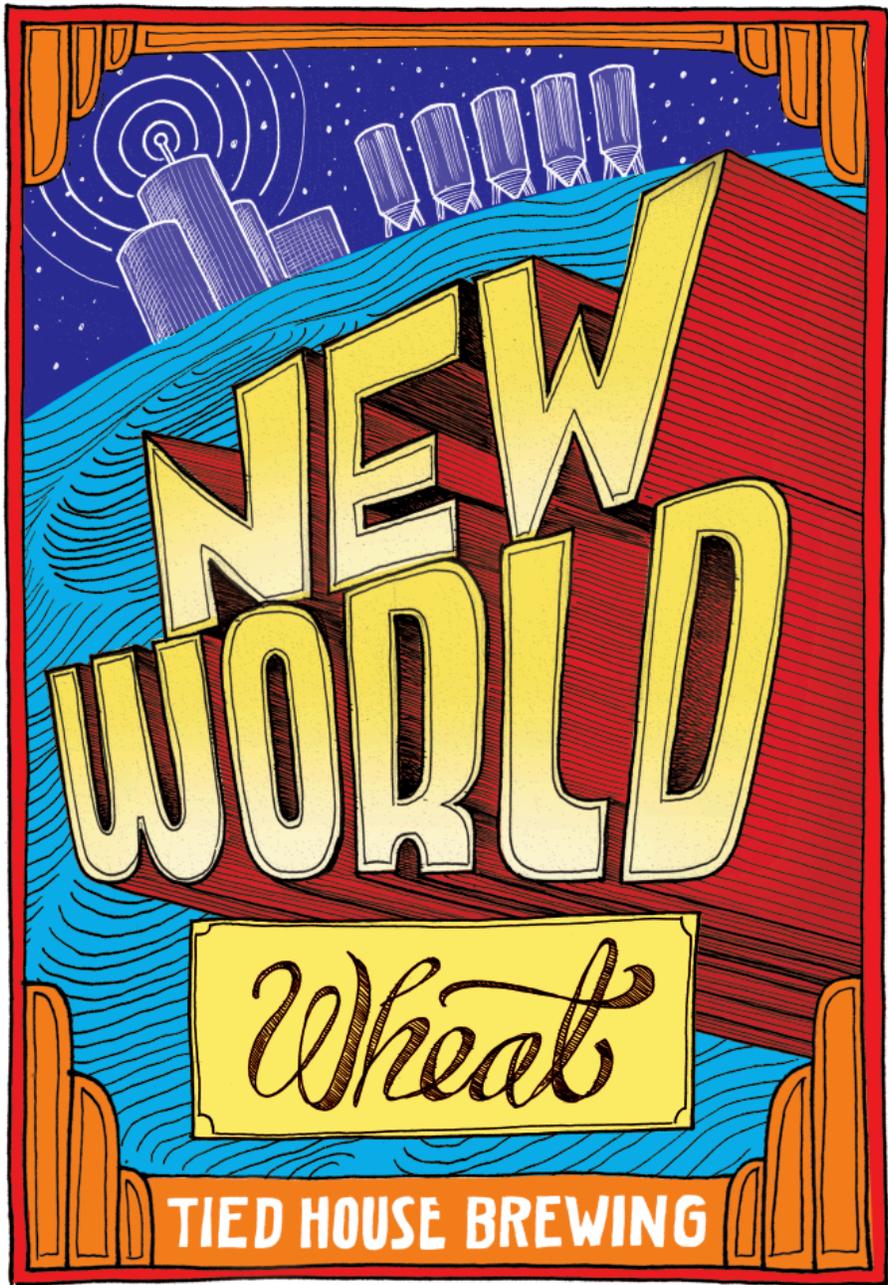
The following morning, von Otto crept down the stairs with a tray of tea and toast, hoping to find the magic from the previous night. But alas, she was gone - the great, mysterious beauty had vanished. All that remained, pinned under a pint of amber beer, was a note that simply read, *"This is your dream."*

In agony over her absence and confused by her words, The Wolf reached for the ale she had left and took a long, desperate drink. And at that moment it became instantly clear - he knew. It was the perfect ale. This *was* his dream. After a lifetime of brewing and brewing, searching and searching for the perfect beer, here it was, right in his hands.

Wolfram von Otto's exaltation, however, was short lived. He awoke to the reality that Amber, not he, was the magic behind the miracle. Tasting his dream was not enough

for von Otto – he was determined to create it for himself. Like a mad scientist, The Wolf kept brewing and brewing, never sleeping, only emerging from the basement at dusk to stare off into the Great Forest. Finally succumbing to his inability to recreate Amber Cascade, von Otto set off into the Forest in a desperate attempt to find that beacon of light and hope - that radiant, red hair that mysteriously transformed dreams into realities. The Wolf was never heard from or seen again.

For ages, Cascade Amber lived only in dreams, only in whispers. Until one foggy night, late in November, a brilliant, amber glow was seen beaming out of the Tied House windows. All who'd heard the great legend knew - they knew that the magic had returned. Cascade Amber was back.



NEW WORLD

Wheat

TIED HOUSE BREWING

New World Wheat

Gerald sat on the curb with his suitcase - it was time to go. His taxi appeared to be running late, which fueled his already fragile nerves. Gerald had a terrible case of butterflies since he'd read another article in the paper about a young woman permanently losing her appetite from time travel. He knew it was an uncommon side effect, but Gerald was a born chef whose life revolved around food. Traveling had never been worth risking his deep love for cooking, eating and drinking - at least not until now, not until he'd heard about the new discovery.

Gerald saw the green light flash on his Informer and the taxi materialized in front of him and scooped him up. "Where you headed to?" The pilot asked.

"The spaceport please, I'm flying Comet Carrier."

"Oh great, Comet's my favorite spaceline. May I ask where you're traveling to?"

"I'm needed in the New World for business." Gerald was instantly proud of the sound of these words.

"The New World Wheat? Wow! I've only heard the best about it. You know a lot of people don't even know it was discovered?"

"Yes well, that's all about to change." Gerald said with pride.

After a brisk journey through space and time, Gerald arrived safely in the New World. He found Mr. Pearl, the managing director of the resort and restaurant, waiting as planned in the hovering zone.

"Welcome to New World Wheat, Gerald!" Mr. Pearl said with a big grin while handing Gerald a beer. "This planet needs you and there's no time to waist. Drink up!"

Gerald had been dying to taste the beer ever since he'd heard about the planet's discovery and didn't hesitate to drain the bottle. The cool beer was better than he'd imagined - it was an ideal combination of malted wheat, barley and yeast. "This is fantastic Mr. Pearl. I wasn't expecting such perfection...from nature."

"I know, Gerald - and there are literally oceans of it. Oceans of beer my friend! It's a truly phenomenal discovery." A team of explorers in search of water had recently found the small planet and discovered it consisted solely of a delicious and refreshing wheat beer. The Tied House Brewery hadn't hesitated to tap into the resource and was currently setting up a new franchise on the planet. "We're excited that you're here - your pallet is crucial to our mission."

"To tell you the truth Mr. Pearl, I was a little nervous that I might lose my taste buds from the travel, but it looks like I'm safe. The beer tastes great! I can't wait to get started."

After a quick ride from the spaceport to the new Tied House, Mr. Pearl escorted Gerald to the outdoor dining patio. There were steps down to the Biermeer (a new word that paid homage to the German origins of wheat beer, meaning "beer sea") where patrons could swim, Jet Ski, parasail or take a ride on a banana boat. Mr. Pearl handed Gerald a frosted mug and he scooped up a glass from the Biermeer.

“Gerald, I’ll leave you to your work now. We’re hoping to have the restaurant up and running as soon as you can create the menu and let Earth know which supplies we’ll need.”

“Thank you, Mr. Pearl. I should have it finished by the end of the day.”

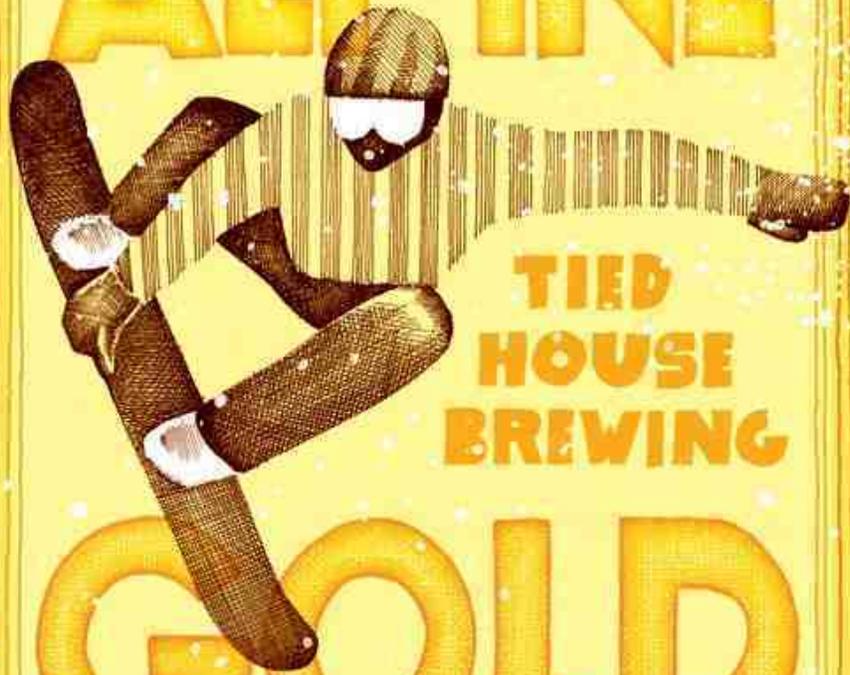
Gerald spent the remainder of the day sitting on the patio drinking beer from a 10-foot straw that dipped deep into the Biermeer and creating the menu. He found it exhilarating and simple to come up with tasty flavors that would perfectly complement the rich complexity of the New World Wheat. When he was satisfied that his menu would be talked about from galaxy to galaxy, he said farewell to Mr. Pearl and set off once again through time and space to Earth. This time, however, he carried more than a suitcase; he also carried a case of the New World Wheat.

Gerald found the journey home to be a much more tiring and dizzying experience. There had been a jam in one of the wormholes that caused a long delay. By the time Gerald arrived home, he realized he hadn’t had a bite to eat since the New World - which could have been years or even millennia ago. He was famished. Heading to the fridge to make one of his famous fried-egg sandwiches, Gerald picked up a pear and took a big bite. But to his utter dismay and horror, he could not taste a thing - the juicy pear had as much flavor as piece of Styrofoam. Gerald fell to the floor gasping and screaming, “Oh, No! No! Please no. This can’t happen to *me!*”

Consumed by grief, Gerald lay on the floor weeping. He noticed the case of New World Wheat sitting by the door, and thought about what a delicious beer it was, which only caused a new wave of pain to wash over his body. ‘Beer, too?’ He thought. ‘Without food and beer, what else is left for me in life?’

Crawling like a fallen soldier, Gerald made his way to the beer. He had to make sure his worst nightmare had really come true. He popped off a lid and took a long, desperate drink. Gerald tasted nothing. Yet, much to his dismay, his tongue began to tingle and pulsate like a heart beating after the jumpers. Gerald’s gifted and talented tongue was slowly coming back to life. He pounded another beer and felt his taste buds fully resume once more to their natural glory – he was able to taste every distinct element in the fine, cool beer. With this amazing realization all feared drained out of Gerald and he thought, I wonder how soon I can travel back to the New World Wheat?

ALPINE



TIED
HOUSE
BREWING

GOLD



Alpine Gold

Kristen stood in the doorway with her arms crossed. She looked pretty mad, but mostly scared. “Where were you?” She asked. “Why didn’t you call?”

Greg was always good about calling. He came through the front door looking tired, but excited. “Baby, I’m sorry. Please don’t get upset, but I’m training for it - and this time I’m going all the way.” He threw down his snowboard and she saw in his eyes that he meant it.

Kristen’s biggest fear was confirmed and she instantly thought of Robby and everything he’d been through in the last year. She knew what Greg was up to and she cringed.

“Greg, you understand this is nuts don’t you? I can’t go through this again. Have you forgotten what happened last time?”

Of course Greg hadn’t forgotten. That was exactly why he’d been out so late; he had to practice. “Nothing’s going to happen to me. The snow is perfect, and I’m in the best shape of my life. I really need your support, baby. I’ve never wanted to win something more in my life.”

Kristen couldn’t believe what she was hearing. She never would have imagined that Greg would compete again and put her through that agony one more time. Last year, Kristen had spent the entire day of the competition pacing back and forth in the lodge waiting to hear who the winner was – or if there was a winner. When a helicopter was sent to the backcountry, she knew something terrible had happened and became physically ill at the thought that it was Greg who was hurt.

“How can I support you in something so reckless?” Kristen’s eyes were getting teary. “What if you get hurt like Robby did? Do you want to spend the rest of your life in a wheelchair, too?”

“Of course not, baby,” Greg said emphatically, “but what happened to Robby isn’t going to happen to me. I can make that tunnel; I really can. I was launching off the kickers all day and getting the biggest air of my life. I cleared every gap. Listen Kristen, I wouldn’t do this if I didn’t think I could win.”

“Tunnel! What do you mean by tunnel? It’s not at the same place it was last year?” Kristen pictured the cliff and deep, rocky ravine that Robby had fallen into. Would this year be even more dangerous than the last?

“Yeah, baby. This year we’re jumping the interstate tunnel. But I know I can make it!” His eyes were wide and full of enthusiasm.

“Greg! This is crazy! Jumping the tunnel isn’t just about clearing the gap. I know that terrain and it’s rocky on both sides of the freeway. I thought after what happened to Robby the contest wouldn’t even cross your mind, and now you want to attempt something even more dangerous?” Kristen was flabbergasted, “what could possibly make you want to do this so badly?”

At the question, a huge smile spread across Greg’s face. He kissed Kristen and said, “Baby, this year they’re calling the contest The Alpine Gold after the Tied House beer, because get this, the winner receives a lifetime supply of Tied House beer.”

Kristen took a long deep breath and looked at Greg straight in the eyes. "Well you didn't tell me that part." Since she and Greg had tasted their first pint, they were crazy about Tied House beer. They drank nothing else. Now it all made perfect sense - if you were going to risk your life for something, Tied House beer was it. "Okay, Greg. Okay." Kristen smiled and kissed Greg back. "Let's get you to bed. You've got a competition to win in the morning."