

Beer Drinkers of America:

This country was founded on a choice – the choice to stop paying rent to a king who always seemed to be too busy counting colonies to come around and fix the plumbing. Also, there was something about tariffs. Regardless. The foundation of our glorious democracy is the right to choose. The right to hem and haw and eventually pick this thing over that thing and not have to worry about having your head cut off as an off-shoot.

That is why we, as most loyal Americans, were more than a little alarmed when our esteemed opponent anointed themselves the King of Beer.

Yes, you read correctly: The King of Beer.

Poppycock!

You (the People) should not be brow beaten into the most important decision of your adult lives, i.e. – choosing a beer to call your own.

You (the People) have the inalienable right to make up your own minds, based on qualities such as rich color, fresh aroma, flavorful taste, and which label is prettiest.

You (still the People) have a choice.

To that end, we are hereby announcing this brewery's candidacy for the President of Beers. We will take our campaign to every bar, to every supermarket aisle, and to every fridge in America until either our message gets through or our money runs out.

Taste our beer. Taste theirs. Decide for yourself.

We are Miller and we would be honored to have your vote.

Sincerely,



Miller.

p.s. – we don't forget who our friends are, if you c\$a\$t\$c\$h our drift.

