

The Sirens of Bass Strait

There wasn't a cloud in the ink-black sky as he stood on the deck. He'd made the trip many times before, but that night felt different.

"Don't worry" he thought and made for the bridge until a beautiful voice stopped him dead. It was enchanting.

In a split second the calm sea swelled into a white-capped monster, but still he stood transfixed.

"Fight it. Fight it. Save the ship."

As he regained control the haunting melody faded into the night breeze and the sea returned to the glassy millpond of moments before.

We'll never know if the Sirens of Bass Strait really exist, but what we do know is, no matter how difficult it is to get to the mainland, we'll never compromise how we brew James Boag's Premium or the water we use to make it.

Greatness rarely comes easy.

James Boag's Premium, from the pure waters of Tasmania since 1881.

Enjoy Responsibly.