



In December nineteen-plenty-nine, pioneering explorers Dimples Amberfield and Leftguard Fletcher set sail for Papua Snewbaggia. Their plan, to paddle kayaks in search of the lost tribe of the 'Unarriginees'.

On day seven, at the edge of a towering towering waterfall they fixed their eyes on a signpost bearing the words 'Short Creek'.

Pulling sharply into the bank, Lefty heaved his kayak out of the water. Dimples tossed his paddle up on to the bank preparing to follow suit. Almost immediately his kayak's progress slowed. Then reversed.

Now bouncing towards the waterfall. Void of his paddle Dimples was powerless to steer the boat away from the rocks and certain death beneath.

Instinctively Lefty hurled himself into the water, desperate to join his dear friend and share whatever fate lay ahead. Clutching the tail of the kayak he fought for breath as the swirling current dragged them towards the rocky drop.

Flailing wildly Dimples' fingers wrapped around the signpost. Catching Lefty's eyes in his, mouth's simultaneously curled into a defiant grin. With gargantuan strength Dimples ripped the post from its stony mooring, twirled it swiftly around and plunged the board-end into the water. Deftly carving the makeshift paddle through the water Dimples manouvred the kayak towards the foaming, rock-free chute at the centre of the creek.



As the plucky pair surged over the brow of the thundering precipice they looked up to see hundreds of Unarriginal warriors lining the cliff tops around them. The tribesmen whooped in admiration, with their spears aloft as the luckless heroes plunged to their doom.

Almost ten minutes later, the foaming spin-cycle spat two lifeless bodies out at the base of the falls. Fishing the men from the water and raising them



aloft, the warriors carried them to their camp, chanting feverishly as they went.

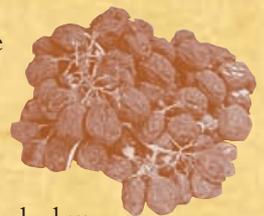
With the entire tribe assembled, the Unarriginal Chief gestured to his son, a fine looking boy of eighty seven, who gently withdrew a cluster of shrivelled grapes from deep beneath his left armpit.

Wiping away the sweat, dust and excess body hair, the boy pushed a handful of the sacred delicacies into each of the men's mouths.

Instantly Lefty and Dimples' eyelids began to flutter, their waxy pallor gave way to a vibrant hue and the crowd roared with delight.

Both men were soon on their feet embracing their rescuers as the tribe erupted into song and began to cavort in the ancient 'dance of the river gods'.

For two months the Unarriginees worshipped Lefty and Dimples before the plucky



pioneers finally said their farewell. Leaving the camp, they looked up to see the chief standing proudly on the crest of the great falls, beside him a new sign reading "Dimples' Creek".

Back on home shores, they returned to Plas y Brenin, and their jobs as barmen, where each night hoards of eager drinkers were absorbed by their captivating tales of bravery and adventure.

Hearing their story, 'Neville the Grape', founder of international wine importer 'Blas yr win', commisioned a fine wine in their honour.

The result was a rich, succulent wine he entitled Dimples' Creek, fermented to a secret recipe, enriched with 'son-dried' grapes.

Dimples Creek is enjoyed to this day by visitors to The National Mountain Centre, helping them recharge their batteries after a long day on the hill, or of course - on the water.

So the next time you visit Plas y Brenin, pour yourself a glass of Dimples' Creek and drink to the memory of the greatest explorers that never lived.

## DIMPLES' CREEK

A Fine Wine Bottled Exclusively For Plas y Brenin  
Available Only At The National Mountain Centre

