



In the summer of 1929 legendary explorers 'Leftguard Fletcher' and 'Dimples Amberfield' set sail for Peru. Their aim, to paddle the 'Macho Gaikop' river from its source to its mouth in 'Las Wibiguns'.

Kayaks on their shoulders, they set off up the mountain track until, only a few miles from the source, things took a dramatic turn for the worse. Lefty's boat was struck by a flamingo. He fell, landing head-first in his boat. Unable to dislodge his head and shoulders from within the craft, Lefty lunged blindly to his feet, crashing into Dimples boat, launching it over the cliff to its destruction. Thrown into the air, Dimples landed alongside Lefty in the one remaining kayak. Jammed back to back in the cockpit they were alarmed by a soft scraping noise. The kayak was moving.

Wedged firmly together in the boat, legs flailing wildly, the plucky pair gripped with whitened knuckles as the kayak slid faster and faster down the mountainside, roaring over the stony path with ever increasing speed. As the headless, four-legged bobsleigh hurtled towards the base of the valley, Lefty facing down towards the bow and Dimples staring uphill at the stern's interior, they said their silent prayers.



Seeing nothing, Dimples felt a sudden tugging at his chest as his braces snagged on a lime tree. The boats progress slowed until, after over thirty feet, the branch snapped, firing the straps back towards Dimples' unprotected chest. Hearing a loud, twin barrelled crack he winced as a searing pain screamed through his body from each nipple. Instantaneously, the boat was rained with limes dislodged from the shaken tree, one of which found its way into the kayak's cockpit.

Fortunately for our hero's, the lush green meadows on the valley floor absorbed the remainder of the craft's speed, slowing it to a gentle halt.

After struggling in vain to free themselves from the kayak, the pair realised their only hope of survival was to walk four hundred and ten miles, back-to-back, through six foot grass, with the kayak on their heads allowing them little more view than that their own feet.



His nipples resembling two burned cocktail sausages, Dimples led Lefty in a rousing rendition of 'the old school song' as they rose defiantly to their feet to begin the long walk home.



Day after day the steely explorers staggered willfully on, each man taking his turn at walking backwards. They gathered what nourishment they could from the single lime that rolled around inside the boat, passing it to and from each other using an ingeniously athletic rolling cartwheel manoeuvre. After nine arduous weeks, the iron-willed adventurers staggered into base camp to overwhelming applause. Using goose fat, a series of pulleys, and a dozen hungry donkeys a helpful farmer prised the men from the battered kayak. Prompt action by the local vet saved Dimples' nipples from certain amputation and the plucky explorers set sail for Blighty only a few days later.

Back on home shores, Lefty and Dimples returned to Plas y Brenin, and their jobs as barmen where they recounted their tale to eager customers. Hearing the story, local brewer 'Humphrey The Great,' founder of the now famous 'Nant Brewery' offered to brew a special ale in their honour. The result was a refreshing real ale called "Lush Summer" flavoured with a hint of well-sucked citrus fruit.

Lush Summer is enjoyed to this day by visitors to the National Mountain Centre, helping them rehydrate after a long sunny day in the Welsh hills. So the next time you visit Plas y Brenin, be sure to raise a glass to the legend of Lefty and Dimples and enjoy the refreshing taste of a Lush Summer.

### **LUSH SUMMER**

Brewed Exclusively For Plas y Brenin By Nant Brewery  
Available Only At The National Mountain Centre

