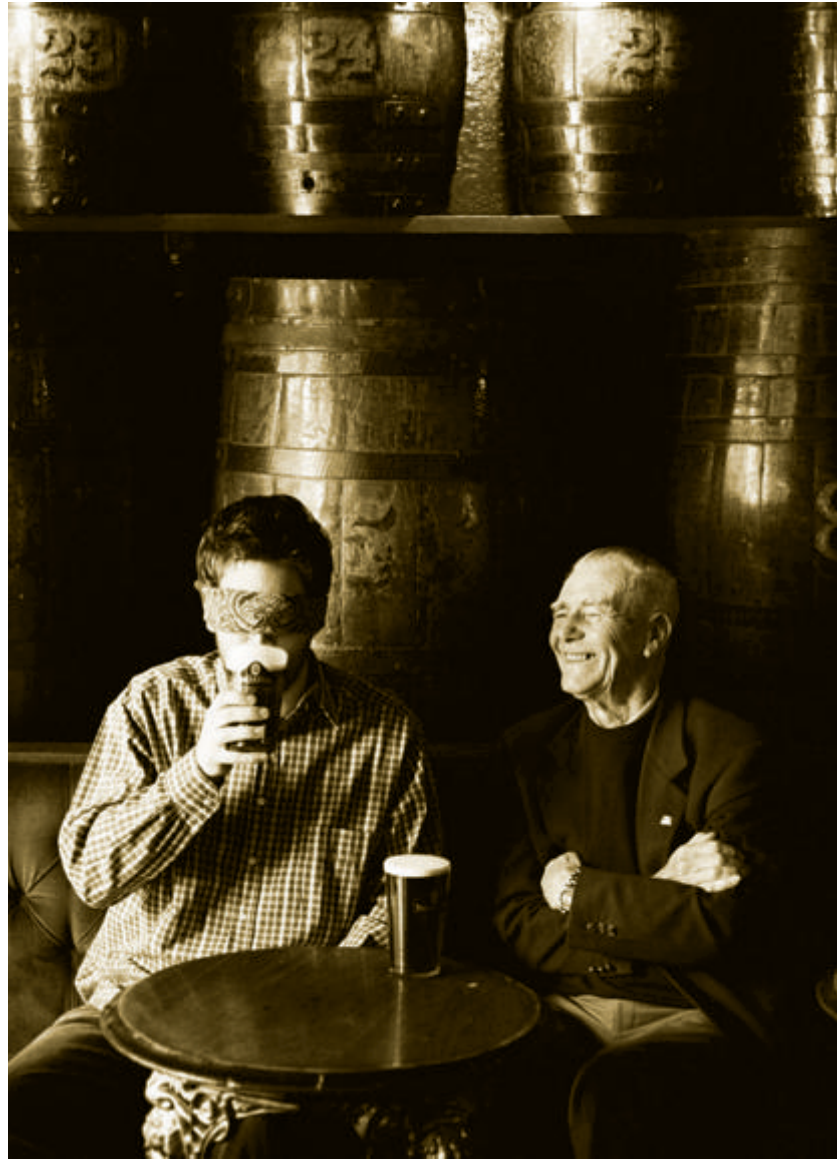


GRANDDAD was *always* a bit of a practical joker.

So I should have known better when he took me down his local. Especially when he blindfolded me. Hand on elbow he steered me to a chair and sat me down. “Here, sup on this,” he ordered, holding a glass to my lips. “What is it, Granddad?” I CHUNTERED, apprehensively. “Never you mind,” was the stern reply. “Just get it down you.” I sipped, timidly, then again, bravely. Then again, with NARY a care in the world. It was smooth, hoppy and dry. “It’s delicious!” I exclaimed, ripping the blindfold from my eyes to reveal my Granddad’s laughing face. “Theakstons Mild,” he chortled. “I can tell it with my eyes closed. Now you can too.” “But, even my dad says Theakstons Mild is only for pensioners,” I protested. “Aye, your father’s just not old enough to appreciate it,” said Granddad, his eyes twinkling merrily. “But I reckoned his son would be.”



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