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A Stag Weekend Becomes A Moveable Feast

What happens in Eastern Europe stays in Eastern Europe. Or does it? One lucky stag spills the beans on his stag weekend in Tallinn, Estonia's thumping capital.

stag, stag weekend, stag party, stag do, bachelor, wedding, marriage, groom

One Lucky Stag Has a Taste of Heaven in Estonia's Thumping Capital

There's a lot to love about a stag weekend in [Tallinn](#). Right now all I could hear was 'Void you like another beer?? and all I could see was row upon row of straight, white, perfect Estonian teeth and long, shiny, blonde Estonian hair. The waitress, and owner of said teeth and hair, was asking for the trillionth time: 'Beer. Do-you-want-another-one?? Even though it was my stag night which made me emperor and overlord of all I surveyed, I couldn't even muster eye contact and so just nervously spluttered out a well rehearsed 'Jah!?' Sweet. Beer in the form of the fine 'Le Coq Premium?' would be soon on its way and, well, I had to admit that my Estonian was coming along beautifully.

But before the beer could even be pulled from the beer pulling thing, before Miss Estonia could even return to service our table, the lights dimmed and there was a venerable hush. And after what had to be the slowest minute known to man, a vision appeared like a phoenix rising. Or something. Just 23 and a half hours earlier I had been arguing about the price of insulation batts in Reading Argos and now, before me stood ?or rather lay -a moveable feast in every sense of the word. She was Tanya. She was 22. She was from Haapsalu. Or was it Hishpalaa? Somewhere west of the capital. She was naked. She had our dinner strategically placed on her 22 year old perfect Estonian body. She was very talented.

In Japan, this practice is called *nyotaimori* and the name literally means 'adorned body of a woman?' and for the next three hours the unlimited beer flowed and me and my twenty-nine best friends wined, dined and hatched plans about escaping management consultancy and setting up our own bar in down town Tallinn. Or maybe we could open up an English school. Or an academy for young ladies wanting to be learned in the ways of contemporary British life. My Tallinn stag weekend was only half a day old and it was fast surpassing Skegness as my holiday destination of choice. We toasted to the Saku the finest Estonian lager to pass my lips, to Reading topping the table and to Tanya's left thigh. We toasted to Tallinn's remarkable ability to produce the highest concentration of the fit birds per square mile and, of course to me and my upcoming nuptials. We were still toasting when we left Tanya half covered in dessert and fig leaves and little else. We were toasting the magnificent delights of Tanya's right thigh in a rather loud manner, lager and le Coqs in hand, when we noticed what seemed to be a troupe of troopers walking in our general direction.

Crazy-Tallinn-street-cleaners-who-just-couldn't-part-with-their-soviet-army-fatigues (to them it would always be 1989). We toasted to 1989. To Berlin. To Gorbachev. To Reagan. To Yeltsin, who we were all sure was very certain of the infinite native delights of Estonia. To the greatest stag weekend ever. Thank you Tanya, wherever you may be, Tanan and Head ood! Thank you and good night. I will never look at grilled Greek pork in the same way again.

Peter Finlay spoke to Amalia Illgner. We are pleased to announce that Peter is now a happily married man with a house full of white goods in Reading.

Special Thanks to Chillisauce for organizing Peter's Tallinn stag weekend.

Now that's what we like to call service!

You can also find this article published on [A Stag Weekend Becomes A Moveable Feast](#)