

THE DRUNK TIMES

Because You Can't be Sober All of the Time



Those Better be Filled With Beer!



Easter

Life Stories

Ah Easter. Such a magical time of year, you can see it from the PAAS Easter egg decorating kits to the various candies that flood every store you walk into. My house is no exception either for the tradition of Easter lives on today even though I am 23. I cant remember way back, like when I lived in the house I was in until I was like 5 but I do remember what went on after we got into the house I live in now. Shall we go on.

I can remember the Saturdays before the big day always seemed to drag on forever yet my sister and I had to go to bed early because, "the Easter bunny only gives candy to the kids who get to bed early", mom said. In reality it was so she could get the Easter basket's ready for us in the morning. I didn't care about that much since hey I saw her buying the candy I knew what was going on but if she needed us asleep for this fine with me, hey I was getting candy in the morning. I am sure this has happened in every house that celebrates Easter though. Sunday is a different story though.

Once my sister or I would wake up we would then rush in to wake everyone else up so that we could start the Easter hunt. Once everyone was up my grandfather would go

downstairs to go and see if the Easter bunny was still there. If he was he would try to get rid of him, and of course he was still around. So once he got down he would go to our broom closet and then he would hop around the house screaming for the bunny to get out of the house. While this would happen we would wait at the top of the stairs hoping just to catch a glimpse of what had to be a rabbit of marshmallow man proportions. This was my favorite part of the day because just to hear the sounds of the bunny being chased by a sweeping broom was just too exciting for anyone to bear. I really miss that now. After all of that excitement we would the dart down the stairs and ask him what happened, he almost seemed like superman to us. After that we would stare out the windows so that he wouldn't come back to the house, and you know what he never did until the next Easter.

After that it was just a free for all looking for what the Easter bunny got us, which was usually a basket filled with candy and maybe a small toy. After the battle my grandfather went through though it didn't seem to matter. Because in our own house we had a giant of a man who could destroy beasts just to save his family on Easter Sunday.



Opening Day BBQ

Gone Drinking

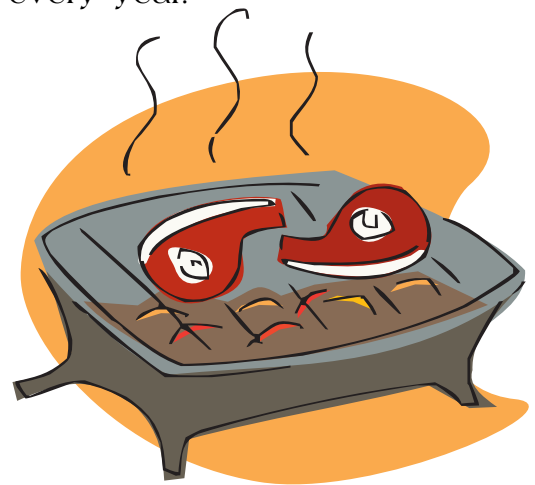
With the springtime finally upon us and the summer just around the corner I only want one thing for dinner every night BBQ. And with BBQ I can only think of our yearly event known as opening day. This is of course our first barbeque of the season and it has led to many memories but one year holds a special place in my heart, the day the door came down.

It all started innocently enough, my grandparents were away and my mom was working. Shortly, people were showing up with their beer and the grille was flaming up burgers and dogs. So it was a normal barbeque. Everyone seemed to be enjoying themselves as they had mixed drinks and beer while eating and the music was pumping, it could only be seen as a success.

This would all end soon though because as the party hit full swing my sisters friends decided to come over and just start throwing things around out in front of my house. I didn't want that going on so I decided to ask them to stop, which they didn't, so I then asked them to leave. After a bit of yelling they then left screaming to me to, "watch my back", this infuriated me but then I saw my sister running to the door so I had

to deal with her first. She locked the door. I then became a man filled with anger and only one outlet for it. So as I screamed politely for her to open the door, ok I screamed to her to open the door bitch, I used all of my 140 pound strength to kick the door down. After the crack in the door my anger subsided.

After that it was a stupid rush for us to fix the door before anyone came home. We had no chance though since we had no clue to fix it and my mom would be home shortly but we did try our best in vain. It did get fixed before my grandparents got home. Unfortunately it cost me most of my money and a lot of pleading to uncles for it to get done. But hey I got away with it and I still get to have my BBQ's every year.



*Ahhhhhh....Steak,
Mmmmh.*



Painting A Red Room Red

Learn from the Retard

I am 23 years old and I live in my grandparents house still. Loser yes but I do have things to do in the house so it isn't that I am just lazy. Actually that didn't even justify my case so forget I even wrote that. The thing is though I have learned from living in their house and I just learned my greatest lesson to date. I have learned how to paint a red room red.

Wow a red room red I have always wanted to do something as outrageous as that, teach me how to do it myself. Ok, fine I will then.

The first lesson and probably the most important is to have someone force you to do this most ridiculous of tasks, for me it was grandmother or the HWIC (Head woman in charge). This was an ideal situation for me since she wants everything done so meticulously that I think she even pulled out a white glove to make sure my painting supplied enough of a coating on the walls. Well okay maybe she wasn't that insane about it but she was still neurotic about me getting everywhere and that I make sure to keep my room clean.

The next point is almost the same as the first and is most likely a result of it. Like all great artists you must be driven insane to really do an exceptional job with your painting.

Thankfully my grandmother was in charge of everything and she has a great knack for driving me insane with her incessant questions and pointless tasks that take forever and worst of all her scheduling for me to paint on my cherished weekends. I was just driven to the brink of delirium a few times just by her constant questioning while I was trying to paint.

The only other tip I can really give is to stock your room with some nice calming music maybe a beer you can drink while you are painting (I would go with a nice ice tea myself). And just try to let all of your creative juices fly while you are a drunken near schizophrenic person who is doing one of the most impossible of tasks. You are painting a red room red.



Did I mention that I also have animal print blankets and curtains?



Derek Jeter

Who's Gay?

The crack of the bat, the smell of drunken obese men who spew profanities and the look of closet homosexuals. Yes folks after a long winter baseball is back. And in honor of this great time of year I will put out a very famous and from what I hear desired athlete. Sorry to be the bearer of bad news ladies but Derek Jeter is gay.

How could he be gay you ask, and why would he want to be since he could get any woman he wanted and basically has. But as we have learned in the past from Rock Hudson to Don Johnson not everyone who has a hot girlfriend/s is doing it for the sex. Yes folks we have another frontier here.

Need proof I got it here for ya. First of all he failed to defend himself against the verbal attacks from his supposed friend Alex Rodriguez. Now sure this may seem to make him more of a pussy than a fag but I mean why would a supposed man not want to stand up for himself to take charge and give him shit if for nothing else but to prove his "manhood", but sadly he failed to do so. So that would have to be strike one.

Next lets look at his choice of "girlfriends", well one of them anyway in Mariah

Carey. Now don't get me wrong I think she is kinda hot but she wouldn't be my choice for female companion with her somewhat shady past. Shady? I don't understand what you mean mike. Ok first of all and actually most importantly is how she was married to Tommy Mottola, a rich old guy who owned the record company she was signed with. Sure most women do it for the money but really I think it was a way to keep her dykish tendencies in the closet. Ok not convinced yet well then how about her highly publicized case of smelly twat (allegedly). Now I don't know about you but personally I would never, no matter how hot, never have sexual relations with some chick with a nasty smell in her crotch. So with a foul (she is hot and I am not sure if she is a lesbian or not) we have strrike two.

Finally what is the deal with the Aforementioned Alex Rodriguez and what is the extent of their relationship. As I mentioned before he basically went silent when A-rod ripped on him. This really made me question the fact that maybe it was a lovers quarrel and that Jeter fought back in another way, like no blow jobs. I am going to with a strike three and he is out (of the closet) especially since I have no clue on A-rod's dating exploits.



Derek Jeter

So as all the fine women out there say all of the hot guys are gay and mister Jeter is no different. So there you have it another fine investigative report to bring you the truth on the ins and outs of our gay, gay world.

Who's Gay?



*And He Doesn't Swallow
Either!-Alex Rodriguez*