Because You Can't Be Sober All The Time

TheDrunk Times

Maybe this Year SheWill Get an Arrow in the Ass for Me!!!

Inside you'll find

An Atypic Valentines Day Issue!

Old Man

To be honest I never did see any of this happen. Maybe it was due to the excessive drinking. Or maybe it was because I act like a two year old, but it has happened and I am not happy about it. I have hit the magical age of 26 and I am a dinosaur.

I hadn't really thought of it until this past Christmas night, out for a few drinks with friends. We went to a bar my friend works at and had a few there. We played pool and talked and we were generally having a good time but we need to keep traditions alive and so we went to our usual Christmas night bar…Afternoon's. We only go here for certain holidays and usually it is an older crowd for Christmas night so we figured we would be fine.

As soon as I walked in I knew we had made a mistake. I think the average age of the people in the bar was like 18, so doing the quick math would make me 8 years older than these people. How did this happen? All I saw was a wave of kids trying to act cool with Von Dutch hats and some expensive label tagged every single item on everyone's clothing, As I looked down at what I was wearing and noticed that I was wearing my Christmas sweater. I was old and un-cool all at the same time, even Long Island Ice Tea's couldn't save me since my friend had to be cute and order us Long Beach Ice Tea's. So now I was old, un-cool and gay since I was holding a pink drink (though it does pack a wallop). Needless to say I left as soon as a ride opened up for me.

After that life altering night I have been really self-conscious and I just keep thinking about my age and reason for why I am so old. Do you know what I have seen because of this? I have seen that 21 and 22 year old's dominate every bar I usually go to, and that I have no sense of style when I am around these people. Do you know what I rarely see? People my own age, its like everyone else had a six month head start and decided to either find a new bar, a girlfriend/boyfriend so that they wont have to go to the bar or they have just decided to give up and do dinners or go to the movies for their outings. What will be my choice of action? Well after some serious consideration towards going to the mall and buying any article of clothing to make me look younger I realized I don't have enough money for that. So I will probably just wheeling myself out there, find a girl who is as old and miserable about this situation and live happily ever after with her from the safety of the indoors.

I Love You Rachael Ray!

Rachael Ray is the host of my two favorite shows on Food TV, 30 Minute Meals and the cost effective 40 Dollars a Day. She has also authored a few fine cook books including a few based on her show, one of which I own. Plus she is kind of cute, a bit annoying, but cute and I have a schoolboy crush on her.

I can picture how we will meet as I write this now. It will be in the city while she is doing research for her second stint in New York for 40 Dollars a Day. The topic for this episode will be dive bars and she will meet my blurred eyes while drinking in Reade Street. She will ask the bartenders if there were any usuals that she could talk to about why they always go there and since they know me they will point her in my direction. This will be to her pleasant surprise since she had already been spying me since I walked in with my friends. Then she will join my table and for a change I wont freeze up as per usual and she will just be mesmerized by my charm and sense of humor and then she will just stay with us way to long and just simply join us for the rest of the evening. It would be a night when every-thing clicked, every joke worked on both ends and sparks would fly. It would be magnificent.

The next morning we will share a tearful goodbye as she is on her way to another city. She will plead that I should go with her but as much as I tell her that we had shared an amazing evening, one of which I wished many more would follow, that right now I just could not join her. I then kiss her with every ounce of passion in me and I ask her where she is staying and to call me when she get there. She boards the plane and I catch a cab, both of us trapped in our thoughts…alone. That is until I demand the car be turned around, go back to the airport and catch the next plane to whatever city she has gone to. I manage to make it to her hotel only a few short hours after she arrived and hand deliver her room services. Happy to see me she opens the door and her heart for me and never closes them for me ever again.

I think I may have a problem with all of these thought. A man probably shouldn't even think things like this and should probably want this to happen with someone a little bit more attainable if anything, but hell a man can dream cant he?

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It's Coming April 2004

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BOO! ! !

What are you scared of? Is it dying alone, cancer or some other disease? Or is it something stupid like clowns? I myself am afraid of, dogs, cats, boogeymen, ghosts, draculas, werewolves, people, basements, what people are serving for dinner when I go over to eat and so many more trivial things such as if a T-100 is going to kill me in the future. What I am most afraid of though is the dark and I don't know why.

Like I need this hanging over my head, I mean I am almost entirely out of my head to begin with and now I have to tell everyone about my childish fear of the dark. What are you a pussy? Hard up for a story, a F*G! Well yes, yes and well hey man I like chicks!

I did some thinking about why I am so scared of the dark and I came up with two theories.

1. Scary Movies: Before I moved to my grandparents' house when I was five, the scariest movie I had ever seen was probably Clash of the Titans. Because of this I could sleep peacefully with the lights out. When my mom, sister and I moved in that all changed. Every Saturday was horror day and at 5 years old it was just a bit too much. My aunts and uncles would rent some of the goriest, and to me, the scariest movies of all time. The thing was that I had other people sleeping in my rooms back then so I was never alone and so the lights were always off and I had no problem. Sure everyone is gone now and I have to sleep with the lights on but I don't think this is the cause, in fact I definitely know what the cause is.

2. Death: In the twenty some odd years that I have lived in this house, two people have died in it. This has got to be the major cause for my fear of the dark, especially since one happened in my room. My uncle Harold died in my room in senior year and you know what it only took me a few weeks until it was lights on sleeping for me. Also my Aunt Kitty died in my "museum" room and late at nights I will not go into there either.

Ahh, the mystery has been solved as to why I am 26 years old and I still sleep with the light on. But there will be no way to fix it. So I guess we will have to add that on with the rest of the list (need the radio on, I snore extremely loud) for why I will make some unlucky young lady very unhappy when she marries me.

Popolinis (Pop-O-Lee-Knees)!

Underage drinking was and will always be remembered for me at least to be a great time. I mean the fear that you might not get in. The cool feeling you had when you were able to sidle up to the bar and you ordered that round of drinks when you did get in. And of course the thrill of watching one of your friends go overboard at the bar and puke by the end of it, good times. Unfortunately for me when I think back on those days is that a few of those places are gone now and I will never be able to relive those days, especially the days at Popolinis.

It was a small Italian restaurant close to NYU that had a bar, but it was a bar with cheap bud light pitchers so who cared about the food. Well actually that isn't true since a few times people did eat there, one of which I tried their world famous "HotBurger" a hamburger that tastes like a hot dog. That wasn't done on purpose by the way. It also had video bowling in its basement that was right by the bathroom and led to many twenty-minute pee breaks. How could you not love this place?

Well one reason not to love this place was the lack of people. This was a slight problem but since at this time most of us were in some form of relationship, it didn't matter since we had each other to keep entertained. Well that and have I mentioned the cheap beer yet? We would throw salt in the beer of anyone who was either not looking or in the bathroom, we had the bowling game and a decent if not unremarkable jukebox. Drinking, good friends and decent music, we had the world.

Unfortunately these days would not last. It became stale and boring so we decided to go elsewhere. About a year later it was closed as I walked by it one day while waiting for my then girlfriend, and the person who introduced us to it, to get out of class. Now we can never go back and relive those fun underage nights, especially the night where Dan went ballistic when his ex walked in front with a new man, but that's a story for another time. R.I.P. Popolinis.