

Hooray for Summer!!!

July 2004

Because You Can't Be Sober All The Time

The Drunk Times



Love, Hate and... Wait, is That a Nipple?

IS THAT A NIPPLE?

Nudity, ok good now that I got your attention let's talk politics. Nah, I'm only kidding, I can see nothing better to talk about than nudity. Fortunately for me I don't always have to rely on seeing it in person through girlfriends or strippers, no I have been privy to seeing it in some much more random ways.

HOLY BONER

When I was in the eighth grade I had a highly spiritual experience in a CCD class and god had nothing to do with it. We were all getting ready to take our big test; if we passed the test we would receive our confirmation and finish my hell that was CCD class. For some reason we were separated one side boys the other side girls and across from me was a girl named Dawn, she wasn't that great and she wore glasses so I figured no distractions here. That was until I looked below the desk, I think that was the exact moment of my first erection, she had no panties on and she was sitting without her legs crossed. I spent the rest of that test staring between her legs like Michael Jackson staring down the newborns at the hospital nursery. On the third try I did pass but to this day I still remember what was between her thighs.

PEEPING TOM HOTEL

Back in my freshman year in college, all the guys got together and we went don't to Seaside for the weekend. We were basically all packed with one change of clothes a bathing suit and cases of beer. We would not be shacking up that weekend, because when you go to Seaside with 15 broke people there is only on way to go, cramped into the cheapest rooms owned by people who don't give a shit. The thing about this very special hotel was that the way it was built made it possible for people to see across the way into another room's bathroom. So I am out on the veranda with everyone drinking when it is time to pee and of course I decide to take a peak across the way when I see someone moving. I instinctively run for everyone else so that we can all enjoy the show, oh and what a show it was as we saw a nice full frontal shot (well at least I did since I was standing on top of the toilet bowl). Unfortunately our show would be brief because since we were all packed into our peep booth we could not stop giggling and she caught us. Let that be a lesson to everyone out there, you can not be discreet when there are 15 guys in the bathroom and female nudity is involved, that goes for porn too.



[I thought his would be Bigger](#)

IS THAT A NIPPLE?

GGW- NYC SUBWAY EDITION

Fun Friday's were what they were called, but in reality it should have been called slow march to alcoholism day. We would go straight from work and just bar hop until we could no longer understand each other and it was never a night for meeting girls. On this very special night though I met two nice friends, well actually four since it wasn't their minds that I was after. My friend's Jon, Robby and I were in Polyesters one late Friday night and it was time to go since our pockets were empty and we headed towards the train...Just a normal ending for a normal night. Well that was until two girls were standing on the opposite platform, in my drunken state I figure they must be cute so I said the one thing that I can always get out when I am drunk, "Show me yours and I will show you mine!". It worked as they sat there and flashed us, and of course I flashed back. They kept doing it to and then they told me to come over, so of course I did but when I got there I realized that I was too drunk to talk and decided to skip their train (probably my one chance at a threesome) and get back to my friends.

There have been other times of random nudity as well, but none can compare to these three, well except for the time I got my sisters friend to flash us but that is a story that I want to save for another time.



HOW NOT TO CLEAN UNDERWEAR!

In the past I have taught people how not to do things, like how not to get a date and how not to stay sober. In that tradition I come to you with a brand new lesson that I have learned since I have moved out. Today we learn how not to wash your underwear.

First things first, if you have not seen me in them or out of them before my choice of underwear are boxer briefs. Briefs are way too snug and boxers are way too loose so I go for the best of both worlds. So if you wear boxers or briefs these results may not be the exact same as your s will be. If you free ball it well then you are nasty and you should invest in some underwear. If you are a woman, what the hell are you doing wearing underwear?

There comes a time in everyone's life when you run out of clean underwear and unfortunately for me, when that happens I have a problem. I do not live by a Laundromat at my grand parents live far enough away from me so that if I don't remember until late at night I will not be able to make it (my bus stops t 11 is why and I don't drive). So of course that happens to me one night and I start to panic well that was until I realized that I don't need to worry I can wash them with my hands.

I take a dirty pair of underwear with me into the bathroom and I throw them into the sink and run the water, obviously you will need to get your underwear wet in order to clean them. Once they are soaked I turn off the water and then take out my hand soap bottle and squirt it all over the now soaked underwear and then scrub one leg into the other to "clean" them. After I think that I have cleaned them enough I do a quick smell and proceed to blast them with another shot of water to get rid of the soap, after that I ring them out an once completely soap free to the naked eye I hang them up over my shower and proceed to go to bed.

At this point I am pumped, I think that I will have clean and dry underwear for the morning and I actually sleep pretty well. Unfortunately when I wake up I am no longer in a pleasant mood as the underpants are far from dry, what is a man to do? Well if you are me you have three options:

1. Wear dirty one's (yes it is nasty but sometimes it ahs to be done I guess)
2. Turn dirty underwear inside out and wear them (not a good idea because then you have to wash your pants as well)
3. Stick them in microwave and Nuke them clean (I think we have a winner)

So I stick my underwear in the microwave, once, twice...four times and they are almost dried. I am so happy I want to celebrate by popping a champagne bottle. So I put them in for the fifth time expecting them to dry when I realize how bad this plan was. My underwear was charred in many spots and the elasticity felt lost in them, I said what the hell at least they are dry and I put them on but as I did all I could feel was the charred spots rip apart and then soon the rest of my underwear followed.

My experiment in clean underwear failed and I then had o resort to choice 1 that day of work but I learned a very valuable lesson in preparedness and cleanliness. And thanks to this I hope all of you have learned how not to clean your underwear!

FIRST EVER DRUNK TIMES **CONTEST**

Hey ladies, do you want to know what really makes The Drunktimes tick? Or better yet, do you want to get to know the man beneath the misspellings? Well today just might be your lucky day. One of the very few lucky readers of this magazine dedicated to bad grammar, bad taste and evil stories can win a date with the creator of this finely digitized rag.



The winner* will receive one date with our HHIC (Head Honkey in Charge) to one of the following fine destinations.

1. Reade Street
2. A Staten Island Yankee Game
3. Donovan's
4. My Apartment for a finely ordered pizza

Hurry up. You don't want to be left kicking yourself over missing this once in a lifetime opportunity.

Rules: Just submit why you should win a date with the HHIC in 100 words or less. Send all submissions to drunktimes@netzero.net

*Of course this is a joke please no submissions. A date with me is not much of a prize

I...HATE...YOU

I did not want to do another list, I swear I didn't but sometimes a list is needed. So with no further ado I give you, the ten (types) of people that I hate right now. Well at least the top ten people that I have run into in New York at least. Trust me this list could have been a top 100 if I wanted to be but the nicer side of me took over.

10. Tourists: They don't know how to walk a city street, they stop to look at the crap being sold on Prince Street and they do just about everything else to slow me down as I am running to the bus at the end of the day. Go back to wherever you are from and never come back.

9. The Vendors of Prince Street: Why do I hate these people more than tourist, duh, they cause the god damn tourists to stop and they have their god damn card tables of crap taking up half the block as it is.

8. Guy's who spend 20 minutes in the bathroom after they have finished going to the bathroom: This is work not a fucking fashion show and as an added bonus over %60 percent of all men do not wash their hands after they go the bathroom so all of that cleaning has been taken away with one false touch of the doorknob on your way out. Also, if I am taking a god damn dump get the fuck out of there, I don't need your accusing eyes while I am trying to clean up and get out of there without anyone knowing it was me who stank up the bathroom.

7. Subway performers: Do I even need to say anymore?

6. People who beg on the Subway and do not perform: Again, do I need to say anymore?

5. People who walk around the Ferry/Subway Station/Subway spouting out from the Bible. A.K.A Bible babies: Ok I need to hear the word of God in the morning from some person who just broke out of the psycho ward but can't break out a bar of soap like I need to hear my boss or a girlfriend say "We need to talk".

4. Bootleg CD guys: Their CD's are usually crap to begin with and even if you find one you want they last you about a month anyway.

3. Shine Guy: Why would he try to shine my Puma's?

2. People who think that I am an information Kiosk: Which way am I going? Where are we? I need to pee, where can I go? Where is a strip club? I know the answers but get a fucking map and leave me the fuck alone, if you are a tourist I already hate you, if you are stupid and you live in New York I hate you more

1. Sidewalk Hogs: YOU DO NOT OWN THE FUCKING SIDEWALK SO MOVE BEFORE I RIP YOUR BALLS OFF. LET GO OF YOUR GOD DAMN GIRLFIEND/BOYFRIEND/WIFE/HUSBANDS HAND AND BE FUCKING CONSIDERATE