

THE DRUNK TIMES

Because You Can't be Sober All of the Time



The Perfect Sign for St. Patricks Day...Minus the Japanese Lettering



Parade Souvenirs

Gone Drinking

A group of friends traveling amongst strangers. Solo cups and a bag full of beer to keep your buzz from the morning going. Cops everywhere looking to bust people like you just trying to have a goodtime. Yep you guessed it, it's the St. Patrick's Day parade and if you aren't careful the celebration may end sooner then you would hope. Like it did to us that one fateful day.

I should have known our day was in trouble right from that morning as two mini-disasters struck even before we could leave for the parade. First of all my friend Joe and I walked up to our friends bar at around nine in the AM(The Solosson Bar and Grille for those who don't know) figuring we could have a few before we got there. Well good idea but not when you need a bottle opener. After some quick thinking though and a slight loss in beer we smacked them open against the curb, avoided a complete disaster and had some beer. Then when we finally got there I slipped down four steps on some ice shortly after sustaining a sprained ankle, luckily the only damage that was done was a scrape on my back, but there was a scar developing on the day.

After that the day was starting to get better. There were

a lot of people there, a lot of booze good music and plenty of entertainment. What kind of entertainment, well how about having a bag piper in the garage of your friends house (aka the bar) at ten in the morning, or trying to discuss the meaning of pie, the movie, while you are getting thrashed. Hell that's entertainment right there considering who knows what it means when you are sober. Not enough well how about spending a half hour in St. Johns parking lot eating pretzels from a dirty waterdog stand while our friend took a test, deliciously fun. Then we got to take a booze cruise to the parade, well the ferry but I mean you can drink and it has some of the best entertainment out there. The scar seemed to have healed by then or at least my alcohol soaked brain thought so.

We get to the parade a little after noon, people are everywhere, and where there are no people there are porta-johns. We need a drink. We quickly find a double wide porta-potty and quickly fill our cups with beer, we have bee at the parade for no more than ten minutes but we are now drunk and locked and loaded for more. So we start to walk around and we check out the parade and we are having a generally great time watching a great parade. The only problem is that we had



Parade Souvenirs

Gone Drinking

to meet up with some of our friends who left earlier in the day and we need to cross the street which is nearly impossible all see so we look across the street. We luckily see a little opening and we decide to go for it, party over. As we are crossing the street people are now being nabbed by cops for having open containers so we do what any self respecting person would do, we try to walk away from the situation. We fail as just about everyone is nailed, everyone except for my friends girlfriend and I as I have the bag of beer and I am looking at daylight and the rest of our group. We made it to the next corner, chucked our beers and met our friends. A half hour later the rest of our friends made it back to us with their souvenirs from the day, summonses for open containers.

After that, the parade wasn't as much fun and we decided to go home and back to the bar. Our day was over and some people went home, other to a party that night but a few months later they would all meet back at a courthouse to relive their fantastic day. Their was no lessoned learned though because the very next year we were back at it again, but this time we were careful.



Freeze Drunk Ass!



Cereal Sinners

Beer, Sex, Music

Ahh every morning as I watch my cartoons eating highly sugary cereals I am trapped in thought. What thoughts do I have you my ask, world peace maybe or how to fix the worlds deficit maybe? No I think about what do the cartoon mascots really do on their free time, and yes they are real so they do have free time.

Boo Berry: Ahh the infamous boo berry and his nasty (blue-berry?) cereal what does he do? Well look at him and it is easy, he is a junkie. His eyes are barely opened, he wears rags and he eats crap like he has no taste buds. Not enough proof? Well who else but a junkie would disappear for months at a time just after you give him the last of your money just to come back looking slightly different and better, hello he just came back from rehab.

Toucan Sam: Ahh poor Toucan Sam, he of the cereal that is slowly metamorphosing itself to taste different all of the time. He could have had all the world just like a little friend of mine named Darryl (and another named Brittany). Except he succumbed to the pressures of a great cereal and needed to hit the coke and his nose shows it. The really scary thing is that he is so proud of his

habit that he even goes on TV and spouts, "Follow my nose it always Knows" sick.

Trix the Rabbit: Spokes-bunny for the fantastically delicious Trix cereal. The unfortunate rabbit was exposed early by his owners to The Grateful Dead and acid has warped his mind. Now all he can do is try to score of the hippy kids so that he can score another hit of acid to see the fruity "colors".

Lucky the Leprechaun: Famous for his "magical charms" in Lucky Charms cereal. This surly Irish mobster and member of the IRA is the head of this sick gang and head pusher onto the children of our country. This pervert is so demented that he has been willing to exchange some of his lucky charms to kids who are broke in exchange for them taking in some of his personal pink charm.

Who could have thought that these cute and cuddly spokes-beings could be so destructive towards the youth of America. Well besides their teeth.





Meet The Girl of Your
Dreams At:
Bar Crawl 2K3
May 5th, 2003 9AM

As you can see here anything is possible at the Staten Island Bar Crawl. In the case of Jim and John, they were able to find themselves a knockout of a beer model. Maybe this year it will be you but you will need to be there to find out.

Again it's on May 5th (hey that's Cinco De Mayo, alright) starting at 9 in the AM at 1414. There will be t-shirts on hand at a reasonable price to all. Also, we may have breakfast again for those sick souls who wish to eat before the event but that is by RSVP only so you must tell me if you want pancakes ahead of time.





Bathroom Etiquette

Personally Speaking

It has to be the most uncomfortable place in the world. Hell, I prefer not to even go there when I am drunk I mean some things just should not have to be done in such a way. That's right I am talking about using a multi facility restroom and it wouldn't be as scary if people knew how to use them. That's why I am here, this could take awhile.

As soon as someone walks in and you are dropping of the kids it automatically becomes a tense situation. This is of course increased by most people's lack of common sense by checking through the mirror if people are using a stall (hello that's why they are there); instead they try to pull at the door to see if it is open. The only people who are worse than this are the people who keep trying the door, I mean I would say something but they have literally scared the shit out of me and I can't but they keep on tugging. I wish I could tell you how many humiliating days that I have spent when the flimsy "locks" on the stalls have failed me, leaving my pale open mouthed self revealed to the perpetrator of a bathroom crime.

Wait, I am getting a head of myself here because for me I need to use the urinal more than the toilet.

The closest thing I can compare the urinal too is being pantsed in public. You just sit there vulnerable while you are peeing hoping that no one stands next to you and that you can get out without the fear of being ogled. This rarely happens. What usually happens is that there will be an odd number of urinals; you choose one that gives the most amount of urinals to pee in with a buffer zone. Next thin you know someone walks in and will stand right next to you, the plumbing goes off and you know the guy next to you is staring down at your cock laughing while he is holding the anaconda of all penises in his hand, and you know he is just dying to spin and pee on you to further the humiliation.

Ok, so you know have taken care of business and it is time to clean up, which is good I appreciate this. There are some problems here as well though, it's called lingering. It's almost like they are waiting for you to come out of the stall just to make fun of you for making some foul stench from your ass, like they don't. The lingering isn't even the worst part either. It's the fact that they are usually standing right in front of your stall (which usually has see through crevices on the edges) doing there hair, makeup washing their cocks right while they are waiting. I mean when I get out I go far from the stalls wash my



Bathroom Etiquette

Personally Speaking

hands quick splash on the face and if I am meeting someone (rarely) I will brush my teeth, I don't want to meet mister foul ass.

Ok so now have we all learned a lesson here about bathroom etiquette. If not I will break it down for you, keep your eyes on your own gargantuan penis, don't touch that door until you know no one is in there and get the hell out as soon as you are done. Oh, and one more thing. If you finish the paper while you are on the bowl leave it behind, I may take a while and I could use some reading material.



*Unfortunately my TP
is called
Ouch My Fannie*