

THE DRUNK TIMES

Because You Can't be Sober All of the Time



Sometimes it Just Doesn't Stay In!!!



Vegas and Cranberry Juice

Gone Puking

Sometimes you go away to relax and get away from it all, well that's the plan anyway. Unfortunately when you go away for a short weekend and it's to Vegas, the only thing you plan on is trying not to drink yourself to death. My friend Jim got lucky, he drank himself to puke.

We got there late on a Saturday night sober and in dire need of a shower, so we got in a rip-off cab to get to our hotel which was just off the strip. Hey we were still in school and I am perennially broke so it was great to us. Unfortunately we got there to late and they gave away our room, so now we are sober, in need of a shower and homeless for the weekend. We hit the strip in search of a place to stay, and eventually we do at the world famous Travel Lodge. So we get in, we shower off and off to the casinos we go. Unfortunately for us it was really late and even though we did drink hard and gamble, it just wasn't our night as we hit McDonald's and crashed shortly before sunrise. The next day would be much better for us, or is that worse.

We woke up the next morning and I was only slightly hurting but I was starving so we went to the Luxor for a nice breakfast buffet. I mean when

you are in Vegas you might as well eat as the Vegans do. After our deliciously fattening breakfast we hit the casino for drinks and slots (not sluts). We had no luck in the Luxor so we hit Excalibur for a change of luck and nickel slots, but we still didn't have it and cash was starting to get tight. So we decided to do what any smart person would do, we bought a twelve pack and stayed in the room for a while since we still had the long night to go.

After we killed the 12 pack we decided we needed to get things started proper so we took our showers (separately, I don't swing that way) and decided to hit the Mandalay Bay for our start off with the plan of hitting as many casinos as we could through the strip. So we gamble and we are drinking our vodka cranberries and tequila sunrises with Grand Marnier and Jameson shot chasers, we were getting wasted. Then our trip begins as we hit a whole mess of places like New York, New York, the MGM Grand and Bally's with many in between and many drinks too and then disaster struck.

We came across this dirt casino called O'Sheas that has signs outside proudly announcing penny slots and 75 cent beers. How could we resist, actually how could we have been so stupid as the beer was disgust



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ing so we needed shots to wash them down. They were really cheap so we figured bar half shots but to our dismay we saw the bartender walk over with two perfectly poured double shots, one of Jameson's for Jim and a shot of Jaeger for me. Jim trying to prove his manhood decided to take his all in one quick gulp, I am not afraid to be a bit of a puss considering how wasted I was did a double swig to make sure I don't gag. Jim was not as fortunate as he got up and said it was time to go. Boy was it ever for we barely made it down the block and a fire house of red liquid came flying out of his mouth (cranberry juice) right in the middle of the strip just ahead of Paris . It was a great show and luckily for us we got the camera ready for the encore and we got a perfect shot of it all. We kept going that night and we even made it to a club but at that point there was nothing that could have topped our night.



Hunter Hurling

Gone Puking

Before you read this you must understand that I am not right in the head I won't explain why I say this now but after you read this you may get the picture. You see we were going away for the weekend to go skiing and there would be a lot of drinking so I figured I would take it one up and drink so much that I break my nearly 3 year non-puking streak.

The weekend started off fine, we made it up to Hunter Mountain late Friday night and we just sat up for a little to have a few drinks. Then Saturday we went skiing, well actually snowboarding, had a few drinks went to dinner and partied the rest of the night away. We all were loaded come late Saturday night but nothing worse than usual and I was actually scared that I wouldn't get to my job for the weekend. So I went to bed but I had the knowledge that Sunday would go right in my favor for I could not snowboard and I decided that I would spend the day watching football, smoking and oh yeah getting wrecked beyond belief.

I was up early to see my friends off which was good for me since I needed to start early, oh and of course I was already drinking. It started slow and steady with a few Amstels, hey a man has to watch his weight even if he plans on throwing it all up later in the day. So I drank, and drank had some lunch and continued to drink. I then took a shower with a beer just so I could continue to drink until dinner

came, at which time I fueled up for the night was about to downhill.

You see I learned a lot about myself that weekend, and not only the amount of alcohol I can take in but also what foods I shouldn't eat when I drink as well. Of course any thing you eat when you drink beer all day is going to be a little rough, but not only did I have a bunch of shrimp but after I finished dinner the Absolute came out. This was a huge mistake in the fact that I was a walking disaster area but it was also a major boost to my weekend goals. A few of us were doing shots after dinner but they had had enough so in my deteriorated state I decided to continue on by chugging directly from the bottle. I was a complete mess stumbling and cursing, fumbling with cigarettes and peeing every 2 seconds (not in my pants thankfully) my friends had seen enough. During a trip to the bathroom they decided to hide the bottle from me and when I saw that it was gone I became surly and demanded that they give me the bottle. Of course they didn't and instead played with my head by passing it when I wasn't looking, which slowed my drinking down but all of the movements sped up another process I was going through, regurgitation. Thankfully they got a bucket to me in time as I sat on the rug, topless, heaving bits of shrimp that had been swimming in alcohol in my stomach that evening. Everyone laughed, I puked but in the morning I celebrated with my chore for the weekend complete.



Young Yakking

Gone Puking

Did you ever realize that the last time you saw someone puke in class you were still in grammar school? Why were there so many kids who would just flat out puke in class? Have you ever puked in class? Well I know I have, and it was just awful. Actually I did it a few times. I remember the first time I blew chunks in a class because it was also the last time I drank regular milk.

I don't know when I stopped liking milk, but I know it was before that fateful day. Actually I never really Liked it as much as I tolerated it and maybe one of those times when I wasted a bowl of cereal with a sour dosage of milk it drove me over the edge. Knowing my history my mom still made me enroll in the milk program at school, I would either throw it out or give it away except for Wednesdays which were chocolate milk days. Unfortunately one day I was too thirsty and I sucked it up and drank the milk. So I choked some down and all was well until I took too much in on a gulp and then we had a back up in the system and milk all over my desk. After I spewed I was lucky enough to be sent home and I learned a very valuable lesson. Milk would make me puke so from there on out if I didn't want to go to school I would drink milk, it worked every time.

That was embarrassing

enough but a few years later I had another attack of the queasy stomach. This time I was sick I totally knew it but I had a test this day (I was a geek in my previous life, thank you beer for upgrading me to loser) so I wanted to take the test then go home by lunchtime. So I go to class and I am now hot as anything in the winter, I was spinning and queasy but we didn't have our test yet so I simply put my head down to rest. My teacher sees this and asks if I am alright and I say I am not really feeling that well but I want to take the test, how sad is it that I am actually sick on the day of the test and I don't take advantage of this? So my teacher says we will have it soon and just rest, so I put my head back down. This turns out to be a mistake, I have now hit the sick wall and the rush of my head to the desk instantly reacts with a rush from my stomach to my mouth as an orange-greenish liquid completely covers my desk and the are around me as the kid in front of me has to jump to safety. It smelled awful and I am sure the janitor came in with the sawdust but I was long gone by then and the test would have to wait another day.

Thankfully these are the only times I remember puking in school, minus hung over at college obviously but you know what the sad part is? It's that today I would rather have to puke at school, kind of a cool drunken warrior attitude I have, then take a crap in school. Which is actually a daily human function.