

THE DRUNK TIMES

Because You Can't be Sober All of the Time



Now That's Cute!!!



Nudy Bar for One

Beer, Sex, Music

It's payday, you have just cashed your check and you are feeling randy. Too bad it's a Tuesday night and your chances of meeting anyone remotely worthwhile are horrific at best. So how do you get out that need to see some hot boob action? Well quite simply you get wasted and hit the nudy bar. the only problem is by yourself, but isn't that the reason why you are going to begin with?

So it was a tough week in late November, I had just worked well into 9 o'clock at night struggling to get someone's computer working properly to no avail. I was tired I was frustrated and I just wanted to get drunk, so I hit my favorite bar. Reade Street and decided to sit at the bar for a few pints and order a burger. It seemed like a really good idea but after the fourth pint I knew I had a decision to make, stay and get annihilated until closing or leave and save myself for another day. I made the right choice and I left, that would be the last good choice I make for the evening.

As I leave I know that if I go straight up the block and then walk down a block or two I can hit the bus stop and it will be a few minutes until I am on the bus passed out and on my way home. This is the right way to do things as there are few bars on this walk, I decide to walk down the few blocks first and walk up a block populated by bars and the first one happens to specialize in adult

entertainment. There is no doubt in my clouded mind I am going into the nudy bar and no one can stop me. "That will be ten dollars sir" the bouncer says as I walk in, all I can think is that this is going to be the best ten I have ever spent. Hey I was drunk I think stupid things when I am drunk.

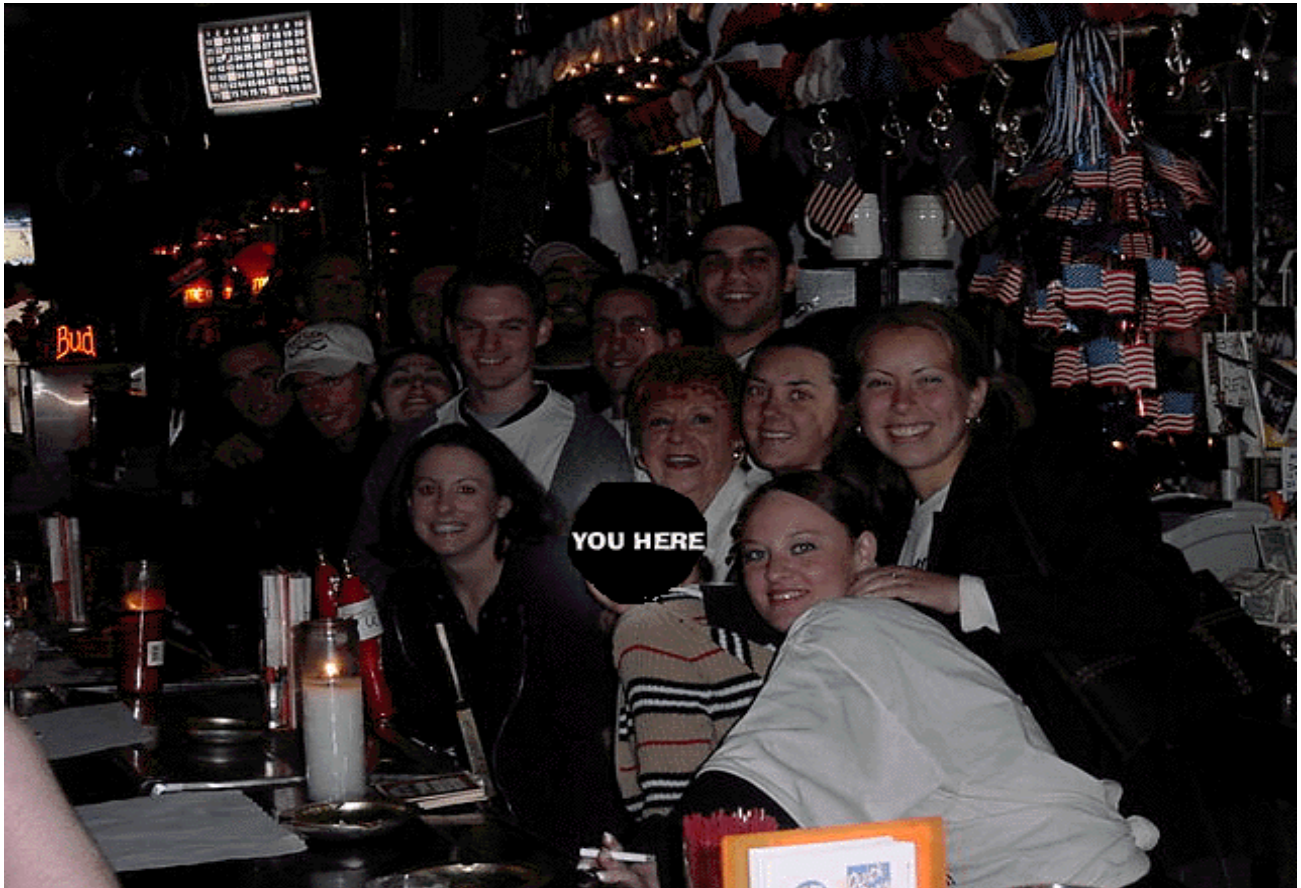
Ok so about two months prior to this I had a run in with the same bar and it had its way with me and my wallet. That night a friend of mine and I had a few strippers at our table all night as I drank and lap danced my way into poverty all while I was about to lose my last job, not good times. So I walk into the very same room of my demise and I notice that neither of the two who had been at our table where there, whew. So I order a beer at the cheap price of six dollars a piece of course plus tip. I am now about 20 in the whole already but at least now I am seeing some topless women when I failed to obey the cardinal rule of the strip bar...I looked around.

It was one of those moments when you realize that everything is going to go wrong and it sure was, the one stripper who had lap danced and white wined me to poverty had just walked in and I caught her eye. Too drunk to realize what I was doing I give her a smile and then we are off to the races again as she is talking with her deep Russian accent and I am left helpless as I accept her soft stripper scented bare ass grinding into my lap and all I can think is, well in two weeks I can't wait to do this again.

May 5th Forest Avenue 10AM until you are broke, puke or passed out.



BAR CRAWL 2k3



Welcome back old friends, and hello new friends!

It's Freezing out and dreams of the Spring are upon us so you know what that means. It's Barcrawl planning season. So if you or anyone else you may know want to have your face in the above picture be sure to join us on May 5th (date still tentative) starting at the 1414 club for a day of drunken stupidity.

The route is as follows, 1414 at 10 to take part in their happy hour (fifty cents off all drinks until noon). Then we are off to Moe's to play a little golf, followed by Robbies dad's bar for some pool. We then skip Artie's tavern because they are dicks. Maybe that new place that used to be monk and minstrel then too the hot spots of Emily's Keyboard (see above photo) and to Rusty's. After that the choices are up to you.

Again we will have T-shirts and we are hoping for an even better turn out than last years spectacular showing, so reserve your spot now I don't know how many more of These I can survive so you have to say you have been to at least one.

Oh and as always pass this on.



I Drink Alone

Gone Drinking

Some times work gets to be too much for anyone to take and you just need to have a drink. Well I had one of these days not too long ago and the only people who would share in my self destruction were my girlfriend (righty), my mistress (lefty) and my two hoes Steel reserve and Old E. So yes I drank alone and here is how it went.

It was a nice night in November and I knew I needed a drink but the thing is with cigarette prices going up as well as the girth of my stomach due to excessive take out I was broke so skip the sixer and head to the four-o shelf, aka the super-saver shelf. I grabbed a forty of the finest Old E they had on the shelf went to the counter got a pack of smokes and off I went into that dark moderately warm night. All I could think of on that walk home was how wasted I planned on getting that night. I think with my girlfriends hand wrapped around the neck of the bottle with a death grip, the people who passed by must have smiled and thought the same thing.

As I get home I eat a quick small meal so as I have something in my belly to look at if I puke but not enough to either slow me down or to suck up any alcohol. Fool proof plan? I would have to say so. I then

went up into my room locking the door behind me and went straight to the radio to put on some Andrew W.K to get me in the mood. I cracked the bottle letting the stench of malt liquor flow into the air, you could almost see the foul odor and you definitely smelled it. So as the genius that is Andrew W.K. blasts through his repetitive songs of partying I drank like I had a thirst that could never be quenched, in fact I was chugging. The music blasted and I was getting blasted, work had no effect on me anymore, I was having a good time in a depressing sort of way. It was a little after nine and I was a bit buzzed since I had just about pounded the whole thing already, I think I need to make some phone calls.

Ok so for those out there who know me, I have a slight problem with the phone in that when I drink I need to make phone calls. Sorry I can try to stop but I doubt I will ever be able to. So I talk to a few people who think that it is disturbing yet funny. Another wants me to go out, but this has now become my thing and no one else can join in my three-some and then I get on the phone with an ex, I am now drunk. The conversation goes well just talking about what's been going on and it is truly a pleasurable conversation until I realize that I am dry and it's still early. I quickly get off the phone put on a sweatshirt

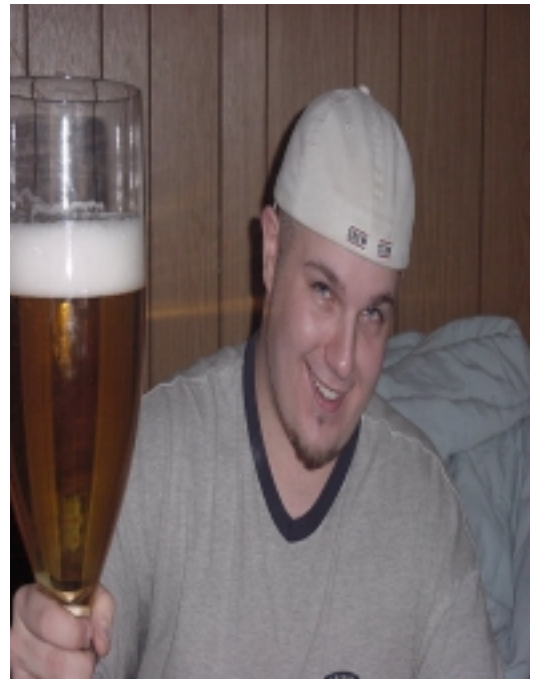


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Gone Drinking

pick up my wallet and smokes and run to the store for round two...Steel Reserve.

My phone calls are done, Andrew W.K. is done and all I have left is the most lethal alcohol known to man, oh and I am drunk. What would be the best choice of music right now, oh I know a three CD set of Sarah McLachlan, The Jesus & Mary Chain followed up by Portishead. Ok so now the real question is what happens first do I finish the forty or do I call up someone professing my love for them, well we are all wrong as I struggle through my forty I come oh so close. I look around and it is now six in the morning I have been sleeping at the foot of the bed and there is a quarter of the bottle left and its almost time for work, I survived the night.



Forties are nice but can you finish this?