

What Happened Last Night?

The first thing I remember from the morning after what I can only describe as The Shit Show were lyrics from an Outkast song and the desire to rob a Dunkin' Donuts for nothing but its donuts. I wasn't really sure why at first but as I woke up I realized that both stemmed off a drunken conversation with Charlie while watching the movie The Waterboy, or some kind of Adam Sandler movie done in the early 2000's where he is this quirky individual who has an equally quirky love interest and in the end they get married before even having sex. There's usually a scene where the audience marvels in the fact that Adam Sandler is inexplicably great at sports. What can I say? I know my Sandler. He makes me happy. My second thought should have been my first thought, but I just woke up and you know your first thought of the day isn't one of a scholarly person such as Einstein but rather the thought process of Snooki on an average day, it's okay. It happens to all of us, but wondering why you woke up on a balcony should be a first-thought-of-the-day kind of thing oppose to "Ain't nobody dope as me, I'm just so fresh so clean."

But there I was laying on the spare couch cushions my friend Kayla had at her apartment for "outside purposes" wrapped in a blanket with an ornate pattern sewn into it staring at the Trump Tower from the distance. Good Morning Chicago. Did you miss me while I was blacked-out drunk? Because I missed you. I walked into the apartment and was greeted by a roomful of equally black-out drunk twenty-somethings splayed throughout the apartment in parts that weren't even bedrooms. It was like a scene from Skins, the U.K. one not that poor excuse for a

teen drama MTV tried to pull off. The show wasn't even the same! Regardless there were a lot of people here this weekend. But that's St. Patrick's Day in Chicago for you, a college kid's hajj. For those of you who never talked to the Muslim boy who sat in the back of the cafeteria in school, hajj is a religious practice of people of Islamic faith, it is a pilgrimage to Mecca, Saudi Arabia. Supposedly its a pretty dope experience, hopefully one day I will be able to do it, maybe. Back to my original point college kids in the Mid-west treat Chicago as their Mecca and St. Patrick's Day as their hajj. And from the splitting headache that started the minute I walked into the apartment, I think I did my hajj correctly, I mean. It was a pretty dope experience.

My following thought post-Shit Show festivities was one of basic human desire, water and a lot of it. As I walked over to the refrigerator I was trying to remember the last time I had a beverage that wasn't tea, soda, some kind of fruit juice, or Mountain Dew (yes, Mountain Dew is in a category of its own people! We must wake up and realize that neon yellow-green is not a color that comes from nature and that something that similar in color to anti-freeze should not be consume, but goddamn if its not the best drink that modern science could create.) that wasn't mixed with some kind of vodka, whiskey, Jagermeister or other alcohol that the three of Erin's friends brought up with them from their school. Gotta love those state school students! I pressed my glass against the fridge and watched as the water pour into my glass. I stopped halfway and remembered that I enjoyed ice with my water and slide the little switch to whole ice mode and watched as the ice cubes splash and crash into the glass. I took as sip and instantly felt a refreshing chill flow through my body. It was as if the each droplet of water was coursing through my veins, flushing out the alcohol that still lingered in my system. Cleansing my tongue of the stale taste of vomit, along with the "great ideas" I had last night, such as singing What's

Up by the 4 Non Blondes because you had to just had to utter the phrase “what’s going on?!” or even posting my true feelings for Elijah Wood on Twitter (and yeah, I mentioned him in it too, I wanted him to see it!). After I finished off my first glass I poured another, this time drinking it a much slower pace. I started walking back towards the island of drunken misfits where I was able to find a vacant couch to fulfill my newest desire, sleep.

Yes, I know I was just asleep on a balcony but, give me a break I spent the entire day yesterday getting drunk like a divorce woman attempting to cling on to her youth, which as many of you know is an exhausting feat to conquer if you are not a divorce woman attempting to cling to her youth. The rest of us can’t be like the women on the Real Housewives franchise Andy Cohen! Stop trying to make us like them! But regardless of what president of what channel that used to be respectable, being hungover is a shitty experience that makes anyone that whoever had one welcome death with open arms. Anything will be better then your stomach feeling like a parasite trying to expel itself from your small intestine to end up wiggling and screeching on the ornate rug in the middle of the room. Try explaining that to mom. You can’t because she would lose interest before you even start, at least that’s how it is with my mother. God bless her. Again, much sleep was needed and I was willing to join my fellow drunk brethren in their booze-induced slumber for a couple more hours. I mean. It’s the right thing to do. That and what the hell else am I gonna do at seven in the morning? Go for a run? Yeah. You wish, and with that I stretched my body across the turquoise couch and start to doze off, thinking about the adventures that led to my current situation.

What? Did you expect anything else from someone who is hungover? Think about it, the last time you were hungover the last thing you wanted to do was hold a conversation with

anyone. The most anyone wants to do at this sensitive moment is to wake up, get water and promptly go back to sleep until it is time to get greasy food. I prefer an omelet or even a burrito that was left over from a late night excursion and I won't even want that until the disgusting feeling of exhaustion and shame disappears. Perhaps this would be the perfect time for an Advil or some Gatorade, the only problem is, I'm sleep and I don't want to move.