

Philosophers and Sociologists Crawl with the Politicians

by Brad DEIGHAN

The unusual events described in this chronicle occurred at Oran, no sorry, Charlottetown. Anyway, it happened on Friday, February 15, and began with the herding of a colony of crawling pubsters.

Our colony, composed of cramped and claustrophobic left and right wing radicals, hoarded each other into the barn to meet and politely debate the future of the human race. Human race? Sorry, should read drinking race, right Ralphie baby? I mean, come on now, really. Our numbers were almost equivalent to the amount of decades will take our government to realize that free education and its long term benefits are more important than the lumps of cash spent on golf courses for retired politicians and other such "economy boosters." Actually, we really only had twenty-three people and a few extra brain cells - brain cells that would be jettisoned in larger and larger mental clusters, leaving brainless bodies sitting, their gross greedy rotund hands and round chubby fingers attempting to clutch and drink overly-emptied beers with overly emptied minds, .

Our first stop was at Casey's. This was nice; we tore apart un-sliced Greco pizza and chewed the scraps while beginning the drinking races and checking out the live mullet entertainment. It was good: the students drank, they talked, and the bartender washed the tables for them, maybe in hopes of getting them back, but more likely to wash off the stuff that was crapped out of their mouths on the table. We did after all, have future politicians with us.

After this we headed to Dooley's to shoot pool. After Dooley's we walked down to the Inn on the Hill. Wait, we walked up the hill to the Inn. This was my favorite spot. It had karaoke and old people. We met up with another pub crawl, the psychology pub crawl, and believe me, it got wild. People were getting up and singing. People were dancing, talking, yelling, drinking, and running to the washrooms.



The author with his new friends from the Inn on the Hill.

It really was fun: old people with guts and golf shirts know how to take their spectacles off at party time. They showed us how to do everything, including serenade your friends with hot music from the bronze age. They even dropped tips on how to score with tomatoes—whatever the hell that means: (1) get your fat wrinkly friend to sing a slow grating romantic song in the wrong key; (2) proceed to slow dance with the old lady, and slur to her over your beer gut; (3) do not crush her toes like last week and the one before; (4) slur to her—over your beer gut—you didn't step on her feet like last week . . . and the one before (5) pop a Viagra; (6) pop a . . . Oh yeah, no . . . Shit! Goddamn Viagra! Go home and sleep on the couch. Yeah, I



The pub crawl was a great success.

know what you're thinking, but what do you think it's gonna be like when more people can't afford to go to school.

We left The Inn and regretfully rolled down the hill to the Harp and Thistle, people werre gettiinsg drunnsk on sstartings-g to slurrs and these micx worsds, but that didn't stop us, it only boosted our moral. We hung out at the Harpy for a little while and people got louder and dumber, less sure of their surroundings and unsure as to whether they were sure of this, unsure of it, or only but at least semi-sure of it.

After this trip, the revolution was headed toward another place, but a small portion of us—those too far gone to go any further, and/or those

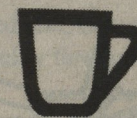
who hadn't gone far at all —were invited back to the house of a girl called Mister, where more substances were consumed, along with many, many, more brain cells.

The night ended that morning with everyone sprawled unconscious on couches. That left me in my not-as-sober-as-before state on a journey back home, a journey that proves to be more difficult when you've expended all you money on shit: booze and fine Chinese food—a journey made more difficult by the fact that all brain cells had been jettisoned during the last rounds, leaving a brainless body aimless in the office. Sorry, street. How I was to get home I just wasn't sure, semi-sure really, but even of that I can't be completely sure.

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