

The Adventures of Drunken Dragon

by Marc MacDONALD

LOCATION: An Undisclosed Staff Party somewhere in Charlottetown

COVER CHARGE: A few bucks or a food bank donation

WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND: A poor, sober DJ playing the exact same drunken requests he gets asked to play every single staff party gig he works, mixed with some horrible karaoke.

DRINK PRICES: Beer/Rum&Coke — \$2.25

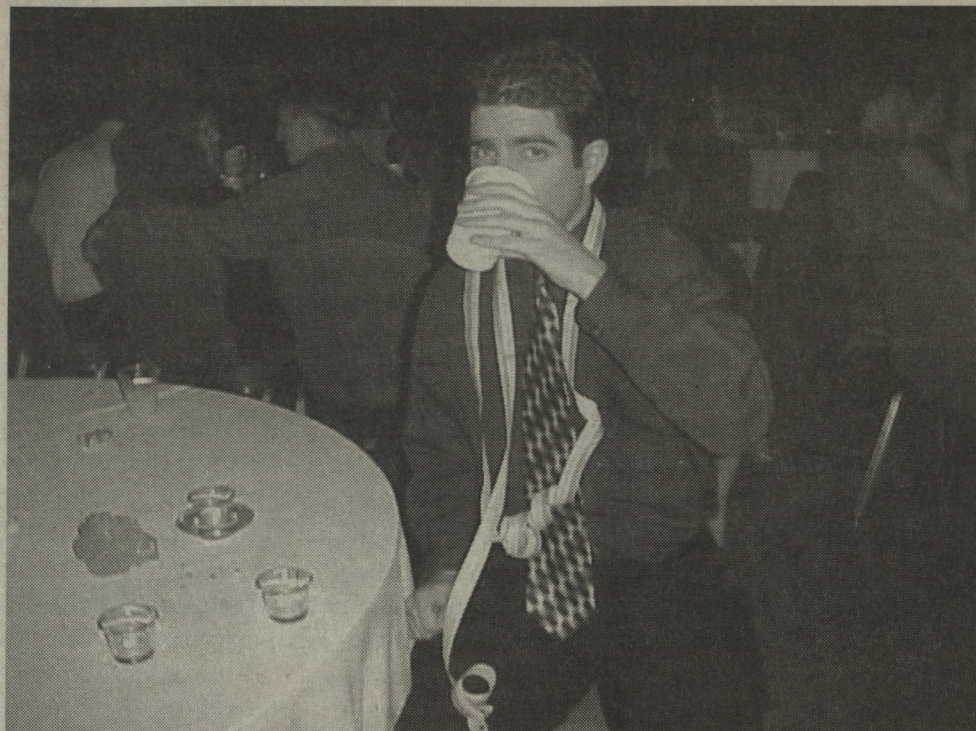
ADVICE: Get really drunk, dance badly and sing worse; it might earn yo' ass a promotion.

This week Drunken Driizzaggon gets twisted at a staff party somewhere in Charlottetown. I ain't telling you where it is 'cause I may be drunk but I ain't fucking stupid, and I like my job. But everybody who has a job (which is not necessarily many on this Island, but you might know somebody who has a job so go with them) has staff parties and, if you do thangz

right, you can have a lot of fun and even move up the corporate ladder.

There are certain rules to follow when attending a staff party. The worst thing you can do is arrive at your staff party hammered before most people can see the ice in the bottom of they glace of Gin and Juice. To demonstrate why I'll tell you a story. (And it's a true story, as are all stories in The Adventures Of Drunken Dragon, even though Chimo failed to believe I was in Amsterdam because of a misquote last time that said I did all my travels on my Christmas break when it was really over a couple years).

A co-worker of mine, we'll call him Russell Jones for the purposes of this story, arrived at a summer staff party drunk and high in the middle of the afternoon. This was his first mistake. Russell's second mistake was pissing off the sea-doo wharf while in full view of everybody up on the patio and then waving to everybody after



Drunken Dragon sleeps with the fishes.

they gave him an ovation. His third mistake was mouthing off and trying to pick a fight with the boss of his boss' boss who was trying to escort him off the premises. Mr. Jones was banned from staff parties for a year and damn near got fired. A year later at the next summer staff party Russell Jones made the horrible mistake of arriving drunk again and tried to shampoo a co-workers' hair with mustard. He was kicked out and banned again.

This all could have been avoided if Russell had of paced himself. Liquor at staff parties is always cheap so you should wait till you get there to start drinking. If you do, then by the time you are shitfaced, everybody else will be too. By that time you can piss on your boss, not get booted out and probably get a free drink out of it because that shit was so funny. After you get really drunk the best thing you do is be the only idiot up on the dance floor shaken yo' stanken ass, or, if they have karaoke, rock the mic. This will do wonders for your career and it doesn't matter if can't sing. For effect give a few shout-outs to your boss or department while rapping Ol' Dirty Bastard's "Shimmy Shimmy Ya". All this will show your bosses that your are self-motivated, confident, innovative and

sociable. To prove that you are a team-player call others up to assist you in a rendition of "Me So Horny" by 2 Live Crew.

Another thing about staff parties is that they are a great place to pick up. After getting plastered begin to holla at chicks/playaz. You know most of the people in attendance so you are already one up. Seize the opportunity to buy a drink for, or bump and grind with, that phat waitress/waiter or cashier you have had your eye on. There is nothing better you can do than to have a bunch of one night stands with co-workers creating an excess of sexual tension and awkward moments in the workplace. Or you might even start up a relationship with somebody you work with and work will never be boring again. Enter porn music ... I'm out.

P.S. This year was another bumpin party and I got my dance on wit my smashin date. We ate a scrumptious meal, drank a lot of cheap and free drinks, then danced all the liquor off. The only thing that sucked was that the DJ barely played any of the requests people asked for and he was way to light on the hip hop. Russell Jones was in attendance and kept his ass out of trouble.



We work hard, and we play harder. Nahmean?