

# The Adventures of Drunken Dragon

by Marc MacDONALD

LOCATION: The Playhouse

DESCRIPTION: Bby far the illest bar in Chartown.

HIGHLIGHTS: No pushy bouncers, cheapest prices, no cover, and no shitty pop tunes.

PARADOX: Very few people frequent this club.

Ahight, y'all, I know that I've been hatin' on a lot of bars in Charlottetown, and at times, I have been down right nasty. However, most places are wack and they deserve to be dissed by the dragon. But there is one exception. This, of course, is the Playhouse. This is by far my favourite bar on the Island. Since I'm banned from most bars in Charlottetown, I've been frequenting this ill joint for the last four years.

I've never waited in line to get in, once. This means no waiting on the frickin' sidewalk freezin yo' nutsack off because some steroid-abusing, bald-headed bouncer is on a power trip. Not only is there no line up, but cover is free. The extra bling bling I save from not paying cover has allowed me to pay for other useless things—like my Arts degree. Word to the mother.

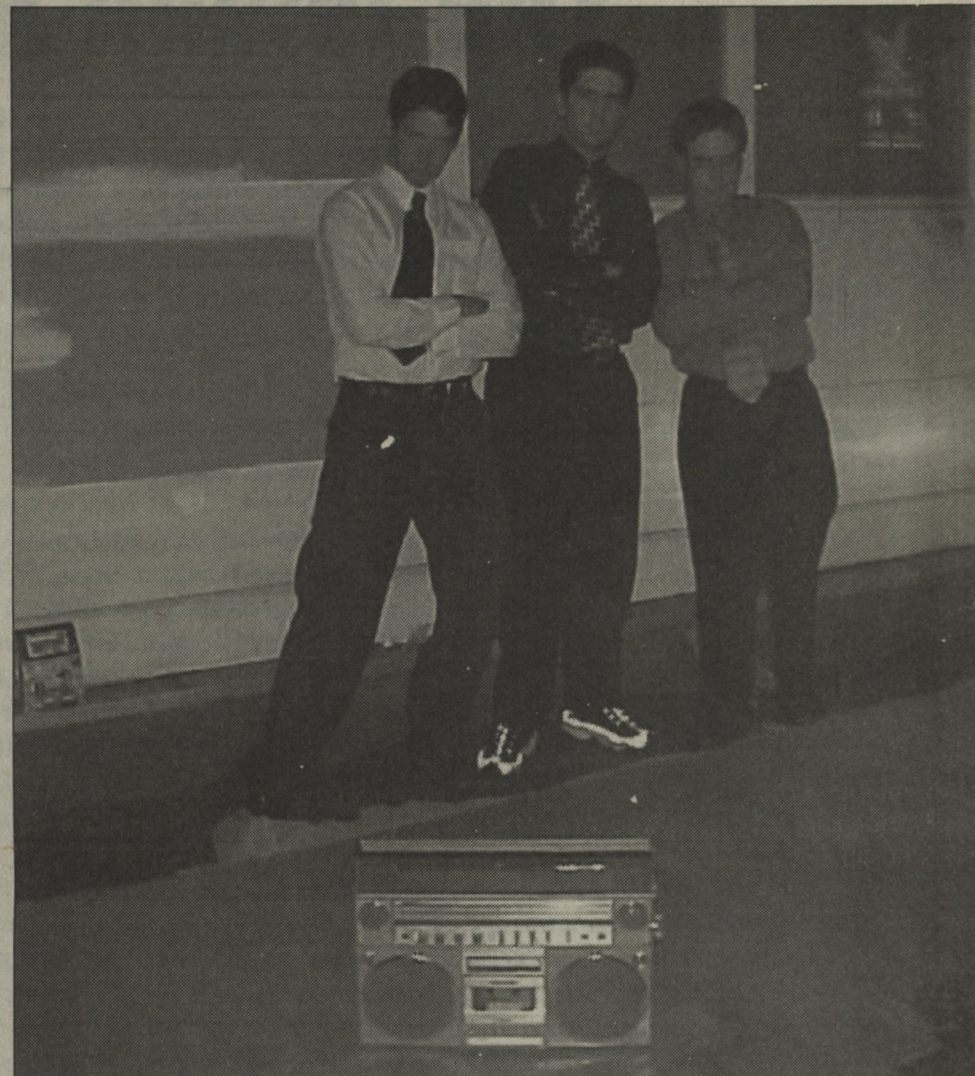
You will also save cash money at the Playhouse 'cause the drink prices are hella' cheap. And who doesn't want cheap booze? Just make sure you clean the tap off after drinking out of it. Yeah, that's right, beotchies, no bartenders either! The drinks are

never watered down, and every night is ladies night.

The hypest thing about the Playhouse is the music. They don't get no Collective Soul cover band or spin no Backstreet Boys records. Their DJs are slammin' and don't play the same shitty-ass pop songs that other dance clubs in town play. As an added bonus, they actually bump the phat joints you request and don't ignore you like they're fucking Funk Flex or somebody.

Don't worry about rednecks picking fights, or wallhuggers who don't know how to bust a move on the dancefloor. You can actually dance at the Playhouse without any worry. This is perhaps the only joint in town where b'boys can lock, stop and pop on the floor without honkies starting shit with them. I have yet to see a brawl at the Playhouse. Only the classiest chickenheads go to the Playhouse. These hunnies have class and dress fine. No dirty, Hollywood crack-whore-lookin' skanks here. If you want a woman like that, check out Myron's or yo mamma's house (I'm just playin', foo).

The Playhouse is clean and the bathrooms don't stank with urine. The Playhouse is the only bar in Charlottetown worth spending your hard-earned money at and is the place where you can have the best of times. I just hope the owners don't do something wack like turning it into a fucking honky-tonk bar.



Adam da Bomb, me, and Cinephile are showing the hunnies our goods.



I've got gravity-defying dance moves. You can't see my feet, but I'm dancing on the ceiling Lionel Ritchie style.



Adam on da floor of Tha Playhouse. "Don't spill that shit, homie."