

The Adventures of Drunken Dragon

by Marc MacDONALD

LOCATION: Breakers

COVER CHARGE: Zero for females at all times, Zero for men unless there is a band.

WHAT YOU MIGHT FIND: Pool, karaoke, live music, wing night, dance or rock music.

DRINK PRICES: \$1.75 for vodka on Thurs. Beer/Rum&Coke — \$3.00, \$3.75 after 9pm. Special (White Russian) — \$4.

PATRONS: This place is busy most nights of the week with jocks, college kids, middle aged rednecks, chicks, bikers, amateur vocalists, and pool enthusiasts comprising its regulars.

This week, the ADD takes me to Breakers. Word on campus is that *The Cadre's* own Cinephile has been mesmerizing audiences at Breakers with his high energy karaoke crooning/dancing, so I had to check this out for myself. I was the Sober Dragon on this occasion because I had a damn sociology test the next morning. My friggin' education is getting in the way of my drinking and writing career. But I took the time out of my busy schedule on this night to soak in the atmosphere at Breakers and catch the Cinephile's performance. Apparently there is a karaoke competition going on, and there is a grand in prizes to be

won. Since the Cinephile has been "Burning Down the House" with his David Byrne impressions and balls-to-the-walls performances, I was hoping to help cheer on the little shrimp on his quest for the karaoke equivalent to Olympic Gold.

Breakers is an interesting place, to say the least. It used to be called Snooker World, but they changed it for some reason. The owner drives a Hummer (legend has it that it is the only one on this miserable sand bar). Breakers is also Charlottetown's "Asia Minor," as it is at the crossroads and in the middle of our small little bar district. People like this place for two reasons. Some see it as a place to go if they can't get into Myron's; others see it as a place to go before they go to Myron's. My brother hangs out there, because his girlfriend gets free drinks from all the older men hitting on her. Don't mind if I do. It saves him money and she certainly ain't going home with one of those man-skanks.

Breakers seems to be full of middle aged men and twenty-something girls. But on this particular night it hosts a wide range of characters. There are steroid-pumped/testicle-shrunken muscle men in gym shirts, guys who have their own pool cues which they carry in a case, a bald guy



Cinephile's karaoke version of "Roxanne" was almost as good as Puffy's.

with a shirt that says "Just Do Me," and a girl with the Playboy bunny logo on her chest. There are also college kids and amateur vocalists trying out for the "Prince Edward Island Karaoke contest." Karaoke night contributes to the collage of characters at Breakers.

The bar features a wide variety of events to entertain the various personalities that frequent it. There is a large selection of pool tables, "Coyote Ugly" night (cough cough), wing night, karaoke, ladies' night, and Haywire's Paul MacAusland.

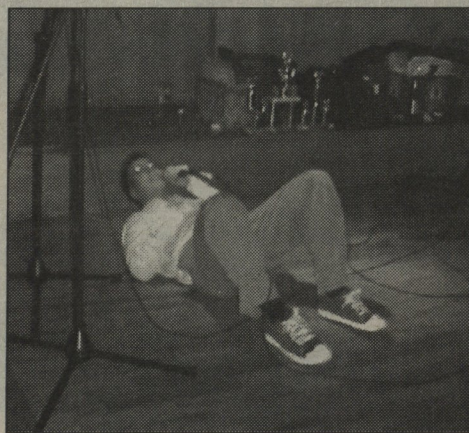
The main attraction at Breakers is its bartenders. Personally I think the bar, pardon my French, pimps them by having them partici-

pate in "Coyote Ugly" night, putting their pictures all over the wall, and featuring them in their advertising. I suspect this place only hires Gold Cup and Saucer Girls.

It is a good time to be young and drunk in Charlottetown because all the bars are competing to get yo' ass in their place with a variety of gimmicks and events. Some may be cheesy, but at least there is a selection of things to do. Karaoke night had some cheese, skill, laughs, and fun. There were the typical karaoke clichés like that *Grease* song and "A little ditty 'bout Jack and Dianne." Some other cats managed to start off sounding like the artist they were singing only to lose it by the middle of the song. Finally there were some amazing performances worthy of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame: Cinephile's "Roxanne" and "Out My Back Door", Coolbreeze's rendition of "Jumping Jack Flash" and Eric B's eery version of Will Smith's "Boom Shake the Room" which the local Platinum Thug threw down without even looking at the lyrics. Coolbreeze and I were going to sing Coolio's "Gangsta's Paradise," but I had to go home and get ready for my midterm. Maybe next week.



Coolbreeze rocked the karaoke mic to "Jumping Jack Flash."



Cinephile's pleases the crowd.