

Bar Wars V leaves hundreds asking: "What did I do last night?"

by thomas lloyd

Remembering back to my first Bar Wars always fills me with such good memories. Waiting in the lobby of the Barn because there were too many people in the lounge, and then drinking with so many other people as fast as we could so early in the afternoon. Then taking the trademark Eastern School District busses down the Avenue, with all the windows down and drunken obscenities being unleashed on innocent pedestrians. We went to Myron's first, and then split between Big Mama's and the Sportsman. Then we met up at the Sportspage. Maybe Melons was in there. Who knows, when you start to drink at 2pm there is little hope that three years later much will be remembered.

Then last year holds even fewer memories, other than it started at The Wave. School buses were still used, and karaoke was held at Inn on the Hill. But there is one thing I do remember about last



That's me in the middle; don't even try to duplicate my skillz

year's, and that was the honking big snow storm that was going on. Maybe it wasn't a huge storm, but when you are in a t-shirt that is already soaked in beer, and wandering around town in the cold, it can get nasty. Yet I'm sure that all the alcohol that was in everyone's blood had some sort of anti-freeze effect.

This year there wasn't such a pressing need to be fortified with copious amounts of booze, due mainly to it being unseasonably warm. The night started officially at 5pm, yet there were many who started well before then. I was running late, and got to the Wave a little after 5pm, already ahead of most people due to the ingenious

partnership of gin and my shower. When I got to the Wave I got a name tag, and thought Senator Lloyd would be clever. So from then on I was known as "seneter sex." I'm still impressed with that spelling.

Soon the call went out that the busses had arrived, and I was shocked to see that there were no big old yellow busses, but a real coach bus. Boo-urns. We headed to Myron's, and it was just a little past 7pm.

Myron's was about as good as one could expect from Myron's. A lot of people played pool, and a lot of people drank. A few people danced, yet more realized that it was only 7:30 and the spins were started to set in. However, there were pitchers for \$6.75, and shots of tequila for \$3.75.

Things start to get hazy at this point, yet at some time the traditional post-Myron's split happened. I can't remember how it was before, but this year there were yel-



One must study with Yoda before approaching this level of insanity.



Let's make it clear - I didn't use Photoshop - what you are seeing is real.