

DRINK DRIVEN – FOUR TYPES OF NATURAL BORN BOOZERS

The Four By Ten Drinks Medley



On Friday night as office workers gather in bars with an American theme, women perched on stools huddled round the cocktail menu while men in bad suits orbit them swilling beer from bottles. A group of four secretaries will start with a cocktail that comes in a colour not known to any food group. After one of these a beer or wine seems boring so another cocktail follows. Not the same one, though, but a different combo of four other spirits with ice cream perhaps, or a frothy juice mix. They are so easy to drink, and after two, inhibitions are lost as is any resistance to their £5 tariff.

The strength of these is, deceptively, enough to take the varnish off the bar and remove any decorum that may have remained. The next eight rounds are ordered purely on the sexual connotations of their given names. After ten different hued potent mixes topped off with, perhaps, a Slow Comfortable Screw Against the Wall, there is a mass exodus to the ladies room for a Violent Uncontrollable Purge into the toilet.

The Slow Drinks Race



This maddening encounter is often played out during a business lunch, where control of emotion is paramount and a misplaced word could spell danger. When ordering, the hedonist wants a bottle of wine and is mortified when his acquaintance asks for a glass. Following his lead, two glasses are placed on the table and the free spirit downs two thirds before noticing that his partner hasn't touched his yet, which makes him halt to let his temperate colleague catch up.

A battle of wills ensues and, like a slow bicycle race, whoever finishes last wins. While the abstainer's glass empties as much through evaporation as through being drunk, his frustrated partner, unable to order another for fear of looking like a drunk, raises his glass to appear nonchalant but merely meets his lips without taking any in, almost shaking with the effort of resisting gulping it down and screaming for the wine waiter.

The Individual Pursuit



Usually four men will be waiting outside any bar at 10:50am as though 11 o'clock in the morning isn't early enough to start drinking. Despite being the same four people waiting there every day, some semblance of shame at their behaviour prevents them from acknowledging each other and they loiter until opening time as though casually waiting for a friend or a bus.

Pausing for 20 seconds after the doors are opened, so as not to appear desperate, they shuffle to the bar and order their usual tippie, acting like they've never clapped eyes on the barman before; as though they think he might not have noticed they are the only ones he ever has to serve before midday.

After a few pints drunk alone though, a certain bonhomie sets in and by three in the afternoon they are in such good spirits that, as the first zig-zags to the door, he calls an affectionate "Bastard" to no-one in particular, in a delivery that embraces mumbling and shouting in one unintelligible sentence.

The Men's Sprint Relay Team



A bar owner's dream - a group of lads who think the most important part of the pub experience is not the drinking but the buying of rounds, ordered at increasing speed like a game of pass the parcel. No-one waits until all drinks are finished before buying the next round in case they might appear tight, or worse, unable to keep up.

At 11 o'clock they will each have three or four full pints arranged in pools of spilt beer on an otherwise clean bar as it has been impossible to wipe the surface in front of them for hours due to the build-up of glasses. Now the serious matter of speed drinking ensues, as with intake levels already at maximum, they attempt to achieve a clean score sheet and leave their cluster of glasses empty. Then it's outside for a fight, or home to the missus - for a fight.

Nick Abbot