My Friday night

Friday was Jeanine's birthday, so a bunch of people went out for drinks and eats at Mexicali Rosa's. Unfortunately, I accidentally ordered their 'contest food', simply because it was a good deal. After finding out that I could get my picture on the wall and a free deep-fried ice cream for finishing the Bigger-than-your-head burrito, I was compelled to try, not only by my ego, but the dozen or so people who had suddenly become my biggest fans.

Obviously they hadn't a chance to actually measure *my* head, previous to this engagement, because the 'bigger-than-somebody's-head' burrito was handled with ease. This was certainly no 72 ounce steak.

Following that outing, which was relatively tame compared to where I was to go next, I caught a cab home, changed (because I had gone to Mexi's right after work), and headed to a friend's place for another birthday party. He shall remain nameless because I am about to describe various acts of belligerance and debauchery, which may or may not be illegal where you are.

First, allow me to describe the scene as I walk in: To my left, a full DJ set up. Two turntables and a microphone, as Beck would say. To my right, a bar selling shots for $2. This was excellent, because I hadn't brought nearly enough beer for this party, which was surely destined to go all fucking night.

Not 5 minutes after I had entered the place, some jackhole (who shall also remain nameless) grabs a container of bear mace (*bear fucking mace*) from somebody else's pocket, and proceeds to spray it in the living room. For anyone who has not yet experienced this lovely concoction of chemicals, let me tell you that it's not exactly pleasant. I can say with absolute certainty that I do NOT want to get this shit sprayed in my face. You couldn't exactly *smell* it, but you could definately *feel* it. It was spicy. Kind of like somebody holding an indelible tabasco marker under your nose.

The house bascially had to be evacuated. You couldn't exist inside without coughing up a lung. Stay inside long enough and it made you gag. Windows were opened, and fans were set up. About 45 minutes of hanging out on the deck later, and it was ok to go back inside. You're probably thinking that was the worst thing to happen that night, right?

Wrong.

Around three o'clock in the morning, some fucking yahoos try to crash the party and end up (I heard this second hand) getting pushed down the stairs. Naturally, they try to start a fight by insulting people. Being drunk and stupid, people respond in anger. Party crashers get driven off, only to

promise to return with firearms and shoot up the party. That's when I left.

Here are my photos. I didn't have my camera at the crazy party, because I'm sure you realize, as I did, the places where you most want to take pictures, are the places where you least want to take your $400 digital camera.

So there's my Friday night in a nutshell. Can you top that? Post your stories here.

Oh, one more thing: After being in a room that has had bear mace released into it, remember to wash your hands **before** using the washroom. That is all.

Originally posted on Sunday, 2004-05-30 at 12:57:56.

Revision #1
Created 2022-02-01 17:54:11 AST by Steve Dinn
Updated 2022-02-01 17:54:11 AST by Steve Dinn