Party at the Frosst's. I think my body is rejecting it.

Oh my. Alcohol is evil. I've suspected it for some time, but now my hypothesis has been confirmed. I just can't seem to handle it like I used to. Drinking the measuring cup full of rum didn't help, I'm sure.

Ray, Jeanine and I had planned to go skiing in the morning, but that turned out to be not practial nor possible as I was still drunk when I woke up. It's 11:08 now, and we still haven't ventured off of the couch. Watching Mythbusters and drinking tea seems much easier on my body.

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