

I'M NEVER DRINKING AGAIN

Some common and not so common cures for the dreaded hangover

BY MARK FRISBEE

With my sleep-crusted eyes struggling to open, I stretch out my arm in search of the snooze button like a teenage boy trying to undo his girlfriend's bra for the first time. "Jesus Christ, turn that buzzer off before my head explodes," I say in a raspy voice that sounds like I just finished smoking an entire pack of menthol cigarettes. Finally, after three flailing attempts, I quiet the annoying sound that seems more like an air raid siren than my tiny alarm clock.



It is in this post air raid silence that I realize my entire body feels like Tony Soprano's crew has gone to town on my skinny ass with some special edition Louisville Sluggers. The first thought that pops into my head is "I am never drinking again!" Didn't I say the exact same thing last weekend as I was "cleansing my system" like the Olsen twins after an all-you-can-eat buffet at Sizzler?

OK, question: How do I cure this hangover? The first phone call for the race for the cure is to Mom, because moms know how to fix everything, right? Unfortunately, after a 15 minute phone call with Mom my headache is worse, my self-esteem a bit lower and my hangover nowhere closer to being cured. Mom, you're supposed to make me feel better, not kick me when I'm down. Note to self: Remove Mom from the hangover cure call list!

Down the list I go; Richey doesn't answer. Next, I get Roo's voicemail, and finally Vince answers, but he just mumbles something about raw eggs and Tabasco sauce. Not helpful, Doogie Howser!

Obviously I am going to have to fight through this on my own. I gingerly walk across the room to get my ... BURP ... sorry, little bit of vomit came up on that one ... to get my laptop. If my dumb-ass friends don't have the answers, Google will.

I hunt and peck my way across the keyboard, type "Hangover Cures" and hit enter. I do some searching and quick reading ('cause straining your eyes to read tiny words on a computer screen doesn't exactly do wonders for a throbbing headache) and come up with four "remedies" that seem to have some potential.

Remedy #4 from SoYouWanna.com seems like the most medically sound, but it involves a lot of prep, and if the only food you have in your house is something in a Chinese take out carton that used to be Kung Pao Chicken and stale bread and peanut butter and jelly, you are S.O.L. and you should just skip on down to remedy #3.

Take 2 aspirin, 200mg cysteine (available at specialty food stores), 600mg vitamin C and one vitamin B-complex tablet.

Mix the following ingredients together in a blender:

1 banana, 1 small can V-8, 6 large strawberries, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 cup orange juice, 1-2 cups milk (or soy milk) to desired consistency, 1/2 tsp. salt, dash of nutmeg.

Drink it all up.

Remedy #3 is the good old diet of aspirin and Gatorade. Taking care of the dehydration and the pounding headache are two very important first steps. With your electrolytes replenished and the ice-pick-in-your-temple feeling gone, you will be up and running around in no time.

Follow these easy steps:

Struggle like two monkeys trying to hump a football to get the childproof top off the aspirin bottle.

Open a bottle of _____ (insert flavor of favorite sports drink) flavored _____ (insert brand of favorite sports drink).

Extend lower portion of beverage disposal unit referred to here as mouth.

Place aspirin in said unit along with large quantities of aforementioned sports beverage.

Close beverage disposal unit, tilt cranium slightly backwards and swallow.

Repeat steps 1-5 every 4 hours as necessary.

Remedy #2 comes from our amigos south of the border via Forbes.com's "Ten Tried and True Hangover Cures." Tripe soup is hangover cure numero uno in Mexico, and if you can suck down a bowl of this stuff without puking, you are well on your way to recovery! Tripe soup is made from the lining of a cow's stomach, lots of chile spice, garlic and a heaping amount of other seasonings. Just the thought of this one is enough to keep me sober, which oddly enough leads me to #1 on my list but probably the least popular amongst the masses ...

Remedy #1 Try (and I heavily stress the word try) drinking in moderation for once, ya dumb ass! This one is foolproof, Einstein. Example ... if you wait until 11:30 pm to start pounding Jäger Bombs instead of starting at 10:30 pm, you are that much closer to not having to eat the lining of a cow's stomach!

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