



A JOURNEY UNDER THE TABLE

Ten drinks that will knock you on your ass BY ANDY VALENTINE PHOTOS BY JACKSON VOELKEL

You wake up and the ceiling's spinning. There's some kind of pulsating shockwave rumbling through your spine. Your ears are muffled and it's now that you notice how odd it is that there's gum stuck to the ceiling. Come to think of it, that's not even a normal ceiling; it's made of wood, and people have scrawled their drunken musings all over it with fat, black magic marker. It takes you longer than it should to notice that your friend is crouched over you with a drink in his hand, looking at you with concern.

"What the hell happened?" you ask. Your friend replies, but you can't hear what he says.

This is the story of you, under a table, emerging from a blackout. Wanna know how you got there? These are the drinks that helped:

"GOOMBAY SMASH"

The Cooler (20 Centennial Loop)

ONE SHOT CAPTAIN MORGAN RUM, ONE SHOT BACARDI 151 RUM, ONE SHOT COCKSPUR RUM, ONE SHOT AÑEJO TEQUILA, JUICY GOODNESS, MOSTLY PINEAPPLE. • \$8.50

This drink, created by a Cooler regular while on vacation, could have been your first step down the road to annihilation. It's juicy, delicious and, by the time you're done with it, you've got an ass-kicker of a brain-freeze and a warm internal blanket weaving its way between your cold bones.

"SMOKING GUN"

Izakaya Meiji (345 Van Buren)

TWO SHOTS HIGHLAND PARK SCOTCH, ½ OZ. FERNET-BRANCA MINT LIQUEUR, BITTERS, HONEY & VANILLA SIMPLE SYRUP • (CUSTOM PRICE)

This saucy little number in a short glass is dense, delicious and rugged. You probably stopped here because you had a hankering for a whiskey buzz after all that rum. Craving satisfied.

N.B. Ask Travis to mix this one if he's bartending; he pours like a pro.

"THE WEEKLY"

Hot Mama's Wings (420 W. 13th)

ONE SHOT SNAKE RIVER STAMPEDE WHISKEY, ONE LEMON, SQUEEZED, ONE LIME, SQUEEZED, GRENADINE, SODA WATER • \$8

Simply put, this drink is the shit. It's whiskey delicious, and the most chuggable cocktail ever. It's more than likely you downed this at breakneck speed and dipped out to let the real madness begin. Though it's possible you thought it was so great that you stayed and drank another two to five of them, again at speeds rivaling light and sound. Beware, this beverage (named in honor of nearby patrons) will creep on you — making its presence known later.

"MURDER IN BRENTWOOD"

Highlands Brew Pub (390 E. 40th)

ONE SHOT SOUTHERN COMFORT, ONE SHOT ABSOLUT RASPBERRY VODKA, ONE SHOT ABSOLUT MANDARIN VODKA, ½ CAN RED BULL. • \$7

The name pretty much says it all ... a pulpy massacre in a glass that kicks your cheeks in with its sweetness. At this point, you probably started seeing double a little bit, maybe made a dumb joke about gloves fitting or not fitting, and then stumbled to the bathroom to break the seal.

"SPANISH COFFEE"

Old Pad (wastedly, "Old Pan") (3355 E. Amazon)

ONE SHOT BACARDI 151 RUM, ONE SHOT KAHLUA, ½ OZ. TRIPLE SEC LIQUEUR, 2 OZ. BLACK COFFEE, WHIPPED CREAM. • \$6.75

What's that on your hand? Oh it's whipped cream TWKTSOOYA — this is what you found later, scrawled on the palm of your hand. This drink fucked your shit sideways. Probably something to do with the caffeine.

"IRISH HOCKEY PLAYER"

Black Forest (50 E. 11th)

JAMESON IRISH WHISKEY (A FUCK TON), MUDDLED LEMONS, MAPLE SYRUP • \$5

Yes, yes and yes. This was a strong one; it's hard to believe you were still coherent enough to keep ordering.

"MUTANT MAI TAI"

Black Forest (50 E. 11th)

ONE SHOT COCONUT RUM, ONE SHOT MANGO RUM, ONE SHOT PEACH SCHNAPPS, MELON LIQUEUR, ORANGE JUICE, PINEAPPLE JUICE. • \$5

This was probably the part of the night where you leaned all of your body weight on your friend's shoulder — elbow first — and yelled into his ear something like: "It's green like a fucking ninja turtle and dank as fuck!"

"SWEET TART"

Horsehead (99 W. Broadway)

ONE SHOT GRAPE VODKA, ONE SHOT CHERRY VODKA, CRANBERRY SOUR MIX, LIME JUICE. • \$6.75

Likely, you stumbled through the doors of Horsehead like a bull in a china shop, knocking over glasses full of swizzle sticks and straws as you approached the bar. You then requested "the strongest cocktail you have, please," and proceeded to dance heartily right after downing the thing, proclaiming, "I dun-no know how ta holda martina glasss." These were such happy times, but the darkness was starting to set in.

"LIQUID SIN"

Starlight Lounge (830 Olive)

ONE SHOT BARENJÄGER HONEY LIQUEUR, ONE SHOT PEAR BRANDY, BLUE DOG MEAD, LEMON JUICE, GINGER. • \$9

Now the room likely started spinning violently. Your insides churned as you drunk dialed someone. What the fuck did that drink taste like? It was good; that much you know. That's all you know.

"CUMBERJACK"

Jackalope Lounge (453 Willamette)

THREE SHOTS HENDRIX RHUBARB BITTERS, CUCUMBER, SIMPLE SYRUP. • \$7

With your head spiraling wildly out of control, your grip on the glass loosening as you fall into the abyss, you probably hit your head very hard against a bar stool as you tumbled to the floor, crawled toward the nearest shadow — in this case the table you're under now — and stared up at the gum that dots the ceiling.

There you have it. Now go nurse your decrepid, moribund liver back to health, toggle-muncher. ■