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EMILY ROGERS WITH BIRTHDAY CAKE AND TIARA Photos courtesy Emily Rogers

FREE LEGAL LIBATIONS

Rating the free drinks you can get around
Eugene for your birthday

BY EMILY ROGERS

On Feb. 11, I turned 21 years old and entered the bar scene for the first time with one thing in mind — get free birthday drinks. Pro-tip to a night of going out for free drinks: wear an annoyingly flashy birthday tiara with a sparkly hot pink 21 and a birthday sash and people have no choice but to buy you drinks.

At the end of the night I got three free drinks, one from a friend and two bar specials. I will be rating them on a scale of stomach churning, to dancing on my kitchen table to Lady Gaga.

My journey started with a birthday dinner at **TACOVORE, 530 BLAIR BOULEVARD**. Myself and my three roommates are all Aquarians with birthdays every week starting from Jan. 20 to mine on Feb. 11. Other pro-tip: Find a group of people with birthdays near you and make sure you're the last so the bartenders will gush at the sweetness of your quad birthday friendship and your friends will buy you drinks in honor of being able to go out with you for the first time.

Tsering Hauenstein, my fellow Aquarius and the second of the birthday line, bought me my first legal drink: a 16-ounce cherry coconut margarita. (So while the drink wasn't free, it was free to me).

Our server took our IDs, one by one, starting with Stella Aversa, our pioneer in the act of turning 21. Then Hauenstein, a newly seasoned bar-goer, Fiona Coakley who had just made her 21st trip around the sun a week earlier, and finally, me, the baby.

The server made jokes about how we just barely passed the 21st birthday requirement and then began gushing at our Aquarian household. The excitement allowed me to be distracted as Hauenstein ordered me the margarita to go with my carne asada and shrimp tacos.

The margarita was hands down the best free drink of the night. The lime wedge squeezed inside made the drink taste akin to the non-alcoholic Shirley Temples I have drunk in the past with a light spike of tequila at the end.

Paired with the tacos and guacamole, the margarita created a delicious world of flavors that made me do a little dance in my chair and later took part in my two-hour kitchen dance party with my roommates and girlfriend.

Next stop was **MAX/TAVERN, 550 EA/T 13TH AVENUE**, where you can get one free drink for your birthday.

I, however, did not know that you could get *any* drink you wanted for free for your birthday and was told that they only gave out free "blowjob shots" for your birthday. Hauenstein and I handed our IDs to the bartender as he



EMILY ROGERS WITH KRISTINE MAREK
AT RENNIE'S LANDING.

wished us a happy late and present birthday.

I red-faced ordered the two blowjob shots. The bartender gave Hauenstein a shot for free since our birthdays are two weeks apart. The blowjob shot was second best to the margarita. It's one-half amaretto, one-half Irish cream and has a mountain of whip cream on top. The shot tasted like whip cream with a side of delicious iced coffee. I would rate it as a little jig on the scale from stomach churning to dancing on my kitchen table to Lady Gaga. However, I would advise ordering any other drink to save yourself from screaming the word "blowjob" above a crowd of people.

Our last stop was **RENNIE'S LANDING, 1214 KINCAID STREET**, where you have the option between Rennie's lemonade or another option that Rennie's bodyguard would not recommend or say by name.

After talking it through with the bodyguard I decided to go with the Rennie lemonade, a fearsome drink that I've heard from other 21-year-olds tastes like straight vodka. Expecting the world, I took my lemonade with shaky hands to discover that it was purple.

I don't know about you but I've never tried a purple lemonade in my life so I was suspicious, however upon first sip it didn't taste like lemonade or vodka at all instead it tasted like watered-down artificial grape. The more I drank the more it tasted like a variety of different things — a little vodka, a little grape, a little lemon, a little sprite. I choked down my last sip and felt a bit nauseated.

I would put Rennie's lemonade on the stomach churning side of the free drink scale. I've gone to Rennie's multiple times since my birthday and have never ordered the signature lemonade again.

However, I would rate the whole night as being as lovely as dancing on my kitchen table to Lady Gaga because I didn't end up with a hangover, so free drinks for the win!