

Drunk Girl Adventure-1

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It a story based on real life experience and about increasing one's ' Drinking capacity' :D . um...cheers :D

Published on
Booksie

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For my sister, Ruth with whom I have spent several hours playing video games

(We are good at hidden objects only)

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^ ^ ^ ^ ^ *It was just a normally crazy Saraswati Puja evening- The Wikkid Wicket (Restaurant and Bar) was fairly full of cricket enthusiasts enjoying a perfectly ^ mundane^ cricket match and a few drinks and snacks. The place was dimly lit and an occasional cheer would be heard (as I said perfectly ^ mundane^ match). Bore.*

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ *A cubicle near the window was occupied by a little group of friends (three in number actually). Two of them being clearly a little more than friends. They were- Nick and Ruth and Nick's best friend Neil. The two men were having whiskey on the rocks while the lady was having vodka (90 ml) with sprite. They had also ordered pan fried chicken drumsticks. ^ All was going normal until a mischievous thought glittered in Nick's mind. He wanted Ruth to increase her ^ drinking capacity^ . He ordered Vodka (120 ml) with sprite. Ruth stubbornly refused because she knew she wouldn't be able to keep her mind sane. But Nick and Neil were very persuasive. Nick even used the ^ Edward Cullen's Dazzling effect^ . Ruth finally agreed.^ What fun!*

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ *After a few long minutes the intoxicating effect of vodka began to kick in. Ruth flashed a childish smile at Nick and Neil. The same thought occurred in both minds-Uh OH! It didn't seem very awkward as the effect of whiskey was kicking in too. Soon the cubicle was filled with childish giggles, pokes and tickles. Ruth even tried to kiss Neil's cheek thinking it was Nick. Nick suddenly become very protective (it was uncalled for since they all were drunk) and gave Neil a very sullen look and gently pulled Ruth towards him saying, ^ I'm here!^*

^ ^ ^ *OH!^ , giggled Ruth and planted a small kiss on his cheek.*

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ *The rest of the conversation was not important. They talked about everyday things with Neil trying to eat a drumstick using a fork. It didn't go too well because his cerebellum was under the influence of alcohol. Hence it couldn't control the finger muscles efficiently. They had a good laugh about it. The atmosphere of the Wikkid wicket was changing. It was getting merrier and merrier (a drunk merrier and merrier). It was when Nick patted a young woman's shoulder and flashed her a smile and said, ^ HI!^ and was answered by a stern ^ Hi^ from her boyfriend that the little group decided to leave.*

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ *Ruth wobbled dangerously. The manager, of Wikkid Wicket, who was standing near her, came to her to rescue. ^ ^ Are you Okay? Can you walk?^ , he asked her.*

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ *OFF- course I can!^ , Said Ruth in a dignified way. And with another step out of the Wikkid Wicket she had fallen into a heap. Nick and Neil carefully helped her up.*

“Whoops!” , said Ruth and grinned. Nick sighed and Neil could just smile back helpfully at her. They soon hailed a taxi. Before anyone could speak Ruth muttered angrily at the taxi driver saying, “Go STRAIGHT. You take ONE turn I’ll tell you!” The driver looked helplessly at the men. They comforted him and told him their destination. Ruth’s hair was a mess and so was her make up. There was no way she could go home like this. Nick proposed that they should stop for some lemonade for Ruth. Ruth hugged him and Neil and said joyfully, “The cricket match was SUC-ka *hiccup* BORE!” Neil was laughing silently. The later part of the drive was spent by Ruth holding Nick’s hand, Neil staring out of the window (bring polite) , Ruth making a gun out of her hands and pretending to shoot at the driver when he took a turn and stopping for lemonade.

“”””” Ruth’s mind cleared a little after having the lemonade. She excused herself to the washroom to set her hair neatly- not very neatly though. The taxi dropped her home. Neil waved at her from the taxi while Nick helped her out. He kissed her on the cheeks and bade her goodbye. Ruth brushed her hair one more time and tried to look normal as she knocked on the door of her house. It was 11 o’clock.

The (non tipsy) End.

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