

# **You Know you are an Alcoholic When...**

*(please remember this is for fun and is not politically correct!!)*

You won't rent an apartment that doesn't have a bar and liquor store within two blocks.

You're favourite cocktail is one quarter vodka, one quarter vodka, one half vodka and topped up with vodka.

You get angry when guys who can't hold their liquor keep stepping on your fingers.

You get nervous when there are only three bottles of liquor left in your house.

You forget how pants work.

You're not angry about the fly in your drink, you're angry he didn't chip in on the tab.

You've never taken a lesson, but after eight drinks you're pretty damn sure you can play the piano. And break dance. At the same time.

You hate it when your lightweight drinking buddies get so drunk you can barely see them.

You've put a dozen vampires into A A

You shake the same person's hand five times between last call and getting booted out.

You're entire life's savings equals a case a cheap beer and bottle of rotgut bourbon. And you're very excited by the fact.

You think Jim Beam is a utility company because it keeps shutting off your lights.

You never blackout. You just take a lot of "loud vertical naps."

You have never taken a drink of a non-alcoholic beverage without thinking, "Man, a splash of booze would fix this right up."

You've apologized to people you don't remember meeting for things you don't remember doing in places you don't remember going.

You think of plate glass windows as more suggestions than guidelines.

You can't walk a straight line unless the floor is moving.

You dressed as a wino for halloween and no one noticed.

Half the bartenders in town know exactly which porch to leave you on.

Your tapeworm joined a 12 Step program.

You attempted to have a keg delivered to your cell in the drunk tank.

Your paychecks are deposited directly into a bar's bank account.

Instead of "Good morning," the first words out of your mouth are "Have you seen my trousers?"

You were looking forward to your court-mandated alcohol classes until you found out there wasn't any actual alcohol involved.

You hang an open umbrella from your drinking hand to catch the spillage.

Long Islands are your cup of tea.

The words "Last Call" physically hurt you.

Detox leaves a mint under your pillow.

You fall down a well and send Lassie to the liquor store.

Bartenders call you when you've been absent for more than two days.

Lawn sprinklers are sometimes your alarm clock.

You wake up in a strange city not knowing how you got there, and the other guys don't know either.

You need help getting the breathalyser in the right hole.

You lost a fistfight with yourself.

It takes two shots of schnapps to wash the taste of breathalyser out of your mouth.

You like to stop for a drink on the way to the fridge to get a beer.

You went on vacation for two weeks and the owner of your regular bar had his boat repossessed.

You've asked a bartender to "freshen up" your shot glass.

Bars call in their off-duty bartenders when you walk in the door.

You've asked a waiter: "What sort of wine goes with vodka?"

When buying floor tile, you press your face against it to see how comfortable it would be to sleep on.

You get into a loud, enraged argument, then realize you're alone.

After your fifth drink, you're like Don Juan with the ladies: They Don Juan nothing to do with you.

You suspect that water, taken in small quantities, isn't all that dangerous.

You occasionally have meals with your wine.

You wake up every morning at the crack of ice.

You drink to forget you drink.

You distrust camels, or anyone else who can go a week without a drink.

People get drunk by shaking your hand.

You never eat breakfast on an empty stomach.

Beer is the reason you get up every afternoon.

The only drinking problem you have is the two-hands/one-mouth thing.

Your house is so messy because it spins like a top every time you lie down.

You drink to steady yourself, and sometimes you get so steady you can't move.

You never walk, you just occasionally stagger in a straight line.

You get angry because there's always so much booze left at the end of your money.

You think that drunks are a lot like chess players, only drunk.

You forgot your fishing pole on your fishing trip and didn't notice.

You've been laid out on more floors than Johnson's Wax.

Your liver has hired an attorney.

You wish all the world's parking lots could be somehow turned into lush rain forests, because, you know, it's hard to hide from cops in a parking lot.

Your favourite bar installed a seat belt on your barstool.

The glass isn't half empty or half full. It just needs to be topped off.

You don't fall off the wagon—you leap off it while chugging a bottle of cheap bourbon.

You have two personalities: Mr. Responsibility and Mr. I-Think-I'll-Call-All-My-Old-Girlfriends-While-I'm-Blacked-Out.

The word "rent" loses all meaning after your fifth drink.

You're so good at "drinking to forget" that you sometimes forget how to walk.

Whenever someone in a suit spills your well bourbon it magically transforms into top shelf scotch on the way to the floor.

You laugh at funerals but weep like a baby whenever you hear about a beer truck overturning.

You'd rather be a bus driver than an astronaut because, hey, there isn't no beer where they're going.

You don't mind when your wife finds you stinking drunk in a bar, because then you can hit her up for a free drink.

Pink elephants get drunk and they see you.

You can get drunk on Scotch tape.

You're not a hard drinker. It's the easiest thing you do.

You like to have a drink between drinks.

You'd join AA but you're always too drunk to memorize the pledge.

Your sleep number is 151 . . . proof.

You quit drinking once, and it was the worst afternoon of your life.

You won't eat an olive unless it's sterilized in gin.

You think Beethoven's Fifth is a bottle of schnapps.

You're living a champagne lifestyle on a beer budget. Except you don't like champagne so you just drink lots and lots of beer.

Gin rummy sounded like a fun game.

You're stalked by alcoholic vampires.

You have never screwed a cap back onto a liquor bottle.

Your friends pretend to be bartenders, just so you'll pay attention to them.

Your personal mantra is, "Where there's a swill, there's a sway."

You suffer from barthrititis— every night you get stiff in another joint.

You don't recognize the difference between "waking up" and "coming to."

You donate a pint of blood and the hospital has to card the patient they give it to.

Your liver enters itself in a Tough Man competition.

You wear Hawaiian shirts because it's tougher to see vomit stains on them.

Going out drinking with you is covered by your friends' insurance.

As a child your dad helped you learn math by first explaining a four-count.

Your personal math system is based on the number six, i.e.: "I'll take a twelver of Big Macs, with a sixer of those without cheese."

You use visualization techniques to master beer bonging.

In high school, you were voted most likely to drink in grade school.

2 for 1 is your lucky number.

A perfect date is soft music, a bottle of wine and moi.

A couple times a year you go on a “non-bender.”

Before you go out each night you consult a psychic hotline to determine which bartenders will be pouring strong.

Peeling the label off a beer bottle arouses you.

You feel a tinge of pride when someone refers to you as a “shameless alcoholic.”

You’ve discovered that teaching your dog to shoplift from liquor stores was not nearly as hard as teaching him to distinguish between Grey Goose and McCormick’s.

You were against going to war with Iraq until you found out those poor fuckers aren’t allowed to drink.

The first thing you thought when you woke up yesterday was, “Wow, look at all that gum stuck under the bar!”

Your girlfriend left you because you accidentally cried out “Glenfiddich” while making love.

Your beer back comes with a tap.

You conduct weekly “assisted short-term flight” experiments every weekend. With the help of various bouncers.

You’re regularly mobbed by autograph hungry alley winos.

You were the first person in line at the flu clinic because you heard they were giving away free shots.

You like tequila with a lime — or dirt, or a hamster or whatever, so long as there’s tequila involved.

You come home sober and your dog bites you.

The cafeteria in the detox centre has a sandwich named after you.

You can’t recognize your best friend unless he’s leaning against a bar. With a drink in his hand. Drunk.

You like a splash of coffee in your morning whiskey.

You can blow a .08 BAC from twenty feet away.

You take swim trunks to brewery tours.

You’re kept awake at night by the sound of your liver crying.

You prefer cold showers because the ice in your drink doesn’t melt as fast.

You’re shocked and confounded to discover they actually sell Coke without Jack Daniels.

When a cop asks you to walk a straight line, you ask, “Which one?”

You tried getting out of a DUI by putting a beer label on your arm and telling the cop you’re off the booze and on the patch.

You woke up on New Years Eve with the resolution of finding out which bars open earliest.

Get mad when your family calls you a wino because they know damn well you prefer whiskey.

You're definition of a problem drinker is guy who won't buy you a round.

You hate the person you become when you black out, because, you know, that fucker drinks all your beer.

You know hangovers only last a day, but a good drinking story lives on forever.

You don't like to think of it as blacking out. You prefer to think of it as exercising the lizard brain.

The only useful thing you got out of an A.A. meeting was learning how to identify your enablers. Because, hey, those guys are most likely to buy you a drink.

You distrust any wine that doesn't give you a decent hangover.

A good drinking buddy will bail you out of jail, but a great drinking buddy will be sitting in the cell beside you, saying, "Man, that was awesome!"

The last words you remember each night are, "Hold my beer and watch this!"

You're disappointed when you go to a funeral and there's no keg.

You refer to your mouth as your "booze hole."

You've told Jehovah's Witnesses, "Of course, I want to go to Heaven. I'm sure it's awesome. God does pick up the tab every night, right?"

You once got so drunk you dreamed you got fired and broke up with your girlfriend — and it all came true!

You regularly ask bartenders, "So, how are the spill mats looking tonight? Anything good in there?"

Someone tells you they don't drink anymore, and you bravely respond, "Don't worry about it, buddy, I'll take up your slack!"

You prefer vodka that comes in the handy plastic squeeze-size bottles.

The bartender asks for your I.D. just to see how long it'll take you to find your pants.

Two weeks into the bender you found out "Drink Canada Dry" was a corporate slogan, not a challenge.

For the money you've spent on Thunderbird, you could have bought the car.

You know that vodka is tasteless going down, but memorable coming up.

You say when your drunk what you think when you're sober.

You know the best beer in the world is the one in your hand.

Beer does not make you fat. It makes you lean— against bars, poles and tables.

You always drink Irish Coffee for breakfast because it contains all four adult food groups: fat, sugar, caffeine and alcohol.

You don't drink anymore . . . of course, you don't drink any less, either.

Your bartender never has to ask, "Do you want another?"

You recognize that vomiting is just the body's way of making room for another round.

You distrust camels or anything else that can go a week without a drink.

You're favourite method of dieting is the "Slim Jim": Ultra Slim-Fast shakes made with Jim Beam.

Absolut wants to run an ad featuring a picture of your liver in the shape of a bottle.

You only drink to get rid of hangovers, and sometimes it takes all night.

You know if you give up drinking you won't actually live longer — it'll just seem like longer.

You spend ninety percent of your paycheque on drinking and waste the rest.

You fell down two flights of stairs and didn't spill a drop.

You don't mind blacking out because it makes Sunday confession much less embarrassing.

When you wake up hungover you're afraid you'll die. Half an hour later you're afraid you'll live.

You wonder why people need friends when you can just sit in a room and drink all day.

You believe the only Absolut(e) in life is vodka.

You went on a diet, swore off drinking and bar food, and in fourteen days you lost two weeks.

Booze may not be the answer, but it helps you to forget the question.

You exist in a perfect Zen circle: you drink because your wife nags and she nags because you drink.

You got so drunk on St. Patrick's day it seemed like every other day.

You must have a drink by eleven, it's a deed that must be done. If you can't have a drink by eleven, you must have eleven by one.

If a man gave you a fish and you'd eat for a day. If he taught you to fish you'd sit in a boat and drink beer all day.

If it weren't for the olives in your martinis, you'd starve to death.

When your spirits get low, you use a straw.

You'd go on the wagon, but can't find one with a bar.

You always cook with wine. Sometimes you even add it to the food.

You drink a bottle of wine everyday. Unless you're sick. Then you drink two.

You refer to grapes as "wine eggs."

You can walk into a 7-11 at 2am, look at the cheese dog that's been mutating on the grill since 8am and think, "Man, that looks tasty!"

You know liquor gets better with age, because the older you get the more you like it.

You only drink to steady your nerves. Sometimes you get so steady you have to be carried out.

You drink to make other people appear cool enough to hang out with you.

Quitting drinking is the easiest thing in the world. You've done it a thousand times.

You have a reserved parking space at four different liquor stores.

You woke up feeling really strange, then realized you didn't have a hangover.

With a bottle of Passport Scotch and a suitcase of Stroh's you can go on vacation without ever leaving your house.

You never drink anything stronger than vodka before breakfast.

You make a point of never drinking before noon. Which is convenient, because you're never up before three in the afternoon.

One of your hobbies is sitting down and calculating exactly how much liquor your next paycheque would buy at the bottle shop. Just out of curiosity, of course.

Your co-workers start whispering with concern when you don't come in with hangover.

Your boss tells you to "Shape up or ship out," and you reply, "You mean like a cruise ship? Are the drinks expensive on cruise ships?"

The whole terrorism deal became very clear to you when you found out muslims aren't allowed to drink.

You wish you were closer to Jesus, especially when he's doing his wine to water thing.

A cold cement floor looks comfortable and inviting.

You wish temperance leagues still sang anti-drinking religious hymns outside bars, because, you know, it'd be a very funny thing to watch while getting hammered.

You think alcohol-fuelled automobiles are the wave of the future because, hey, it certainly works for you.

You think a wrong number is an adequate excuse to go on a bender.

"Going out for a beer or two" sometimes means waking up in Vegas three days later.

You hated Ted Kennedy until you realized he can probably outdrink you.

You always confuse the words picture and pitcher, especially when someone says, "Hey, take my picture."

You happen to share the same home town, ethnicity, lifestyle, opinions, occupation or whatever-the-hell of whoever happens to be buying the drinks.

You consider vodka a chaser.

Your roommates say good morning to you and you haven't been to bed yet.

You volunteered to work for free for NASA when you heard about the gas clouds in space containing billions of gallons of alcohol.

You know a bottle of Jack under your bed is worth a million bottles in the liquor store after midnight.

You have told a bartender: "I didn't hear anyone yell last call. How could I? I was in the bathroom, vomiting in your urinal."

Half the bouncers in town know exactly how much you weigh.

You know that time is never wasted when you're wasted all the time.

You use Calvin Klien's new aftershave, but don't really care for the aftertaste.

You refer to your mouth as your "booze hole."

You wish bartenders would spend more time 'tending' and less time 'barring.'

The first thing you say when you walk in a bar is, "I'm not still 86'd, am I?"

You'd go to Mass more often if they weren't so stingy with the wine.

When you were in high school you had a poster of W.C. Fields on your bedroom wall.

You drank ten bottles of wine last week and didn't need a corkscrew once.

You prefer Hamm's and eggs for breakfast, minus the eggs.

The rotgut whiskey you buy is so disgusting you have to drink the first half the bottle just so you'll be drunk enough to put up with the taste of the second half.

Whenever someone starts reading a bottle of Jack Daniels you say, "Quit cheating!"

You don't sniff the cork, you chew it.

Your career is interfering with your drinking.

You get so drunk Bud Light starts tasting like beer.

You read this magazine until you fall asleep, then use it as a blanket.

You heard you get drunker at higher altitudes so you always drink on top of the dumpster.

Your alarm clock is a garbage truck.

You've worked out a devious plot to steal Einstein's brain. So you can drink the alcohol it's stored in.

You masturbate to the liquor ads in Playboy.

You show up at the flu clinic to investigate rumours of "free shots."

You have a born-on date tattooed on your beer gut.

You hold a bottle of hair spray and say, "Man, if you were ice cold."

You're addressed by three separate liquor store owners as "the guy who paid for my houseboat."

You often confuse the word breakfast with Bloody Marys, i.e., "What are we going to have for Bloody Marys this morning?"

You know that liquor is especially tasty when it comes from the secret hiding place in your room mate's closet.

You can, in a pinch, construct a fully-operational keg tap from a cigarette lighter, two clothespins and lots of love.

You get in a heated conversation with your barstool neighbour about the proper way to vomit from a moving vehicle.

At 2 am you proclaim, "The party isn't over until the fat lady says no!"

You need a consigner to open a bar tab.

The monkey on your back is in rehab.

You know that, with a bouncer's assistance, man is capable of short-term flight.

You have recurring dream you're hired by the Guinness\Playboy Research foundation to prove twenty pints a day improves your sex life.

You often take your lover for romantic strolls among the picturesque aisles of liquor superstores.

You will eat a bug for a shot.

You know wine is mentioned in the Bible over 250 times. Perrier? Not once!

You have strained cigarette-butt infested beer through your teeth.

You consider 3.2 beer on Sunday as Uncle Sam's cruel taunt.

You can hear someone whisper "free beer" from three blocks away.

You know the heartbreak of watching the bartender dump the spill tray.

You call the bartending academy, inquiring as to what they do with their mistakes.

You refer to your refrigerator as "the stand-up beer cooler."

You give directions with liquor stores and bars the the major landmarks, i.e., "You'll pass Argonaut's Liquors on the left and Scooter's on the right, then turn right on the street between the Satire Lounge and the Lion's Lair, then continue until you see the tree that looks like a huge martini glass."

You think vomiting is the body's way of making room for the next round.

The first thing you look for on a wine label is the alcohol content.

You consider Aqua Velvet a daring after-hours liqueur.

You recognize last call as a secret signal that all unattended drinks are fair game.

When someone says "expensive wine," you think "gallon jug."

Four years of research and three hours of writing went into your masterful college thesis, "MD 20\20: Self-Esteem Enhancer For the Leisure Classes, or Cancer Cure for the Working Masses?"

*Other books with a slant on humour, learning and healing from RecoverOz include*

*[1. My Mind Is Out To Get Me](#) Hazelden*