
How To...Drinking Games

Posted by jsmith73 - 2009/07/26 09:32

Just started a new site with new rules and videos. www.howtodrinkinggames.com . Let me know what you think.

Thanks

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Re:How To...Drinking Games

Posted by dearljail - 2009/11/17 04:28

“Hey, Jenna, do you think we’ll still be friends when we’re eighty-two?” I stopped bouncing on the trampoline when I saw a puzzled look on my friend’s face. Boy, did her look say it all! It was clear she was wondering where in the world I had come up with such a random question. Being such good friends, it had become easy to read each other’s minds. So, while I waited for Jenna to answer, I started wondering what life would be like without her.

Definitely not the same, that’s for sure! Losing Jenna would be like losing a very close sister. We hang out together as often as we can. We laugh together. We cry together. We give each other advice. We even look a little bit alike. When I spend the night at her house, I feel like part of Jenna’s family. If it weren’t for Jenna, I don’t know where in my life’s journey I would be, but I’m sure it wouldn’t be here.

World of Warcraft power leveling,

Suddenly, my thoughts were interrupted. “Of course, we’ll still be friends when we’re eighty-two,” Jenna announced loudly. I gave Jenna a friendly stare, and she returned it. We stared at each other until we were laughing so hard that tears were streaming down my face. That moment was one of the most important in our friendship together and, as you might have guessed, eighty-two was our new magic number. But that’s not where the story ends.

The next year, in fourth grade, we met Jamie. Jamie had just moved from California, and since she lived in the same neighborhood as Jenna and me, the three of us soon clicked into a really tight group of friends. We played together almost every day. We shared our biggest secrets and crushes, and even came up with crazy ideas to make a little extra cash for the summer. I was happy to have reached out to Jamie as well as getting even closer to my other good friends. Things couldn’t have been better, and I thought even time couldn’t pull us apart, but that is where I was sadly mistaken.

replica rolex,
The three of us started fighting a lot—and not just small fights where your friend won’t return a CD you let her borrow. No, these fights involved hurt feelings, crying, taking sides, nasty e-mails, and mean glares. Before Christmas, we had a really big fight, and it was just my luck that Jamie and Jenna were ganging up on me, both saying I was bossy and couldn’t keep my mouth closed. I felt helpless and alone. They wouldn’t even talk to me at school unless they had some mean insult for me. I had very little hope for the future, and I was almost positive that Christmas, my birthday, and New Year’s Day would be horrible! Why is this happening to me? I thought. How can I not even know what I did and have things end up this bad?

That’s why I was surprised when Jenna came to my house and gave me an awesome Christmas card she had made for me. I was so sure that she was still disappointed with me, and now I was getting a really nice card that she even made herself. Is time going to prove me wrong once again?

replica rolex,

“Wow,” I said, breaking the silence as we stood on either side of my front door. “Thanks.”

“Okay . . . well . . . I have to go,” she said softly.

replica rolex,

“Okay. See you later then. . . .” and I closed the door and headed back to my mom’s bedroom to finish watching a movie.

“Who was that at the door?” my mom asked.

“It was Jenna,” I explained, showing her the card. I pressed play on the VCR, but I wasn’t watching the TV screen. Instead, I was admiring the front of the card, which was decorated with snowmen, snowflakes, and a perfect image of Santa Claus. After a few minutes of admiring the front, I decided to peek inside.

replica rolex,

The card started off with “Merry Christmas” (what else would you put in a Christmas card?), but then, farther down the page, it said, “I am so glad we’re friends. I am sorry about what I said when we were fighting. A fight won’t stop us from being friends. Besides, we said we were going to be friends even when we’re eighty-two.”

I stopped reading and started laughing. I couldn’t believe I had forgotten what she said that day in her back yard. I couldn’t believe I had been so selfish in trying to get even and making my friends feel sorry for me that I had forgotten about real friendship.

wedding dress,

Instead of drifting farther and farther apart, and eventually going our separate ways, like my friendship with Jamie, Jenna and I held strong, even through the bad times. Jenna ended up being my true friend. Isn't that what a true friend is? Someone who chooses to stick with you every day of your life, even when you're eighty-two.

Friends Forever

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Re:How To...Drinking Games

Posted by strong1r - 2009/12/04 05:18

Father Frost

In a far-away country, somewhere in Russia, there lived a stepmother who had a stepdaughter and also a daughter of her own. Her own daughter was dear to her, and always whatever she did the mother was the first to praise her, to pet her; but there was but little praise for the stepdaughter; although good and kind, she had no other reward than reproach. What on earth could have been done? The wind blows, but stops blowing at times; the wicked woman never knows how to stop her wickedness. One bright cold day the stepmother said to her husband:

wow power leveling,

"Now, old man, I want you to take your daughter away from my eyes, away from my ears. You shall not take her to your people into a warm hut. You shall take her into the wide, wide fields to the crackling frost."

The old father grew sad, began even to weep, but nevertheless helped the young girl into the sleigh. He wished to cover her with a sheepskin in order to protect her from the cold; however, he did not do it. He was afraid; his wife was watching them out of the window. And so he went with his lovely daughter into the wide, wide fields; drove her nearly to the woods, left her there alone, and speedily drove away--he was a good man and did not care to see his daughter's death.

Following continue. wow gold,

Alone, quite alone, remained the sweet girl. Broken-hearted and terror-stricken she repeated fervently all the prayers she knew.

Father Frost, the almighty sovereign at that place, clad in furs, with a long, long, white beard and a shining crown on his white head, approached nearer and nearer, looked at this beautiful guest of his and asked:

"Dost you know me?--me, the red-nosed Frost?"

"Be welcome, Father Frost," answered gently the young girl. "I hope our heavenly Lord sent you for my sinful soul."

"Are you comfortable, sweet child?" again asked the Frost. He was exceedingly pleased with her looks and mild manners.wedding dress,

"Indeed I am," answered the girl, almost out of breath from cold.

And the Frost, cheerful and bright, kept crackling in the branches until the air became icy, but the good-natured girl kept repeating:

"I am very comfortable, dear Father Frost."

But the Frost, however, knew all about the weakness of human beings; he knew very well that few of them are really good and kind; but he knew no one of them even could struggle too long against the power of Frost, the king of winter. The kindness of the gentle girl charmed old Frost so much that he made the decision to treat her differently from others, and gave her a large heavy trunk filled with many beautiful, beautiful things. He gave her a rich cloak lined with precious furs; he gave her silk quilts--light like feathers and warm as a mother's lap. What a rich girl she became and how many magnificent garments she received! And besides all, old Frost gave her a blue dress ornamented with silver and pearls.

This site is on the Crushers crusher

wedding dress,

When the young girl put it on she became such a beautiful maiden that even the sun smiled at her.

The stepmother was in the kitchen busy baking pancakes for the meal which it is the custom to give to the priests and friends after the usual service for the dead.

"Now, old man," said the wife to the husband, "go down to the wide fields and bring the body of thy daughter; we will bury her."

The old man went off. And the little dog in the corner wagged his tail and said:

"Bow-wow! bow-wow! the old man's daughter is on her way home, beautiful and happy as never before, and the old woman's daughter is wicked as ever before."

wedding dress,

"Keep still, stupid beast!" shouted the stepmother, and struck the little dog. Went to eat, while repeat.

"Here, take this pancake, eat it and say, 'The old woman's daughter will be married soon and the old man's daughter shall be buried soon.'"

The dog ate the pancake and began anew:

"Bow-wow! bow-wow! the old man's daughter is coming home wealthy and happy as never before, and the old woman's daughter is somewhere around as homely and wicked as ever before."

wedding dress,

The old woman was furious at the dog, but in spite of pancakes and whipping, the dog repeated the same words over and over again.

Father Frost

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Re:How To...Drinking Games

Posted by Ramya - 2010/01/09 06:05

A Coke and a Smile

I know now that the man who sat with me on the old wooden stairs that hot summer night over thirty-five years ago was not a tall man. But to a five-year-old, he was a giant. We sat side by side, watching the sun go down behind the old Texaco service station across the busy street. A street that I was never allowed to cross unless accompanied by an adult, or at the very least, an older sibling. (wow power leveling)

Cherry-scented smoke from Grampy's pipe kept the hungry mosquitoes at bay while gray, wispy swirls danced around our heads. Now and again, he blew a smoke ring and laughed as I tried to target the hole with my finger. I, clad in a cool summer nightie, and Grampy, his sleeveless T-shirt, sat watching the traffic. We counted cars and tried to guess the color of the next one to turn the corner.

Once again, I was caught in the middle of circumstances. The fourth born of six children, it was not uncommon that I was either too young or too old for something. This night I was both. While my two baby brothers slept inside the house, my three older siblings played with friends around the corner, where I was not allowed to go. I stayed with Grampy, and that was okay with me. I was where I wanted to be. My grandfather was baby-sitting while my mother, father and grandmother went out. world of warcraft gold

Thirsty?" Grampy asked, never removing the pipe from his mouth.

" Yes," was my reply." How would you like to run over to the gas station there and get yourself a bottle of Coke?"

I couldn't believe my ears. Had I heard right? Was he talking to me? On my family's modest income, Coke was not a part of our budget or diet. A few tantalizing sips was all I had ever had, and certainly never my own bottle.

" Okay," I replied shyly, already wondering how I would get across the street. Surely Grampy was going to come with me.

Grampy stretched his long leg out straight and reached his huge hand deep into the pocket. I could hear the familiar jangling of the loose change he always carried. Opening his fist, he exposed a mound of silver coins. There must have been a million dollars there. He instructed me to pick out a dime. After he deposited the rest of the change back into his pocket, he stood up. World of warcraft Power Leveling

" Okay," he said, helping me down the stairs and to the curb, " I'm going to stay here and keep an ear out for the babies. I'll tell you when it's safe to cross. You go over to the Coke machine, get your Coke and come back out. Wait for me to

tell you when it's safe to cross back."

My heart pounded. I clutched my dime tightly in my sweaty palm. Excitement took my breath away.

Grampy held my hand tightly. Together we looked up the street and down, and back up again. He stepped off the curb and told me it was safe to cross. He let go of my hand and I ran. I ran faster than I had ever run before. The street seemed wide. I wondered if I would make it to the other side. Reaching the other side, I turned to find Grampy. There he was, standing exactly where I had left him, smiling proudly. I waved.

"Go on, hurry up," he yelled. cd keys

My heart pounded wildly as I walked inside the dark garage. I had been inside the garage before with my father. My surroundings were familiar. I heard the Coca-Cola machine motor humming even before I saw it. I walked directly to the big old red-and-white dispenser. I knew where to insert my dime. I had seen it done before and had fantasized about this moment many times.

The big old monster greedily accepted my dime, and I heard the bottles shift. On tiptoes I reached up and opened the heavy door. There they were: one neat row of thick green bottles, necks staring directly at me, and ice cold from the refrigeration. I held the door open with my shoulder and grabbed one. With a quick yank, I pulled it free from its bondage. Another one immediately took its place. The bottle was cold in my sweaty hands. I will never forget the feeling of the cool glass on my skin. With two hands, I positioned the bottleneck under the heavy brass opener that was bolted to the wall. The cap dropped into an old wooden box, and I reached in to retrieve it. I was cold and bent in the middle, but I knew I needed to have this souvenir. Coke in hand, I proudly marched back out into the early evening dusk. Grampy was waiting patiently. He smiled.

wow power leveling," Stop right there," he yelled. One or two cars sped by me, and once again, Grampy stepped off the curb." Come on, now," he said, "run." I did. Cool brown foam sprayed my hands." Don't ever do that alone," he warned. I held the Coke bottle tightly, fearful he would make me pour it into a cup, ruining this dream come true. He didn't. One long swallow of the cold beverage cooled my sweating body. I don't think I ever felt so proud.

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