
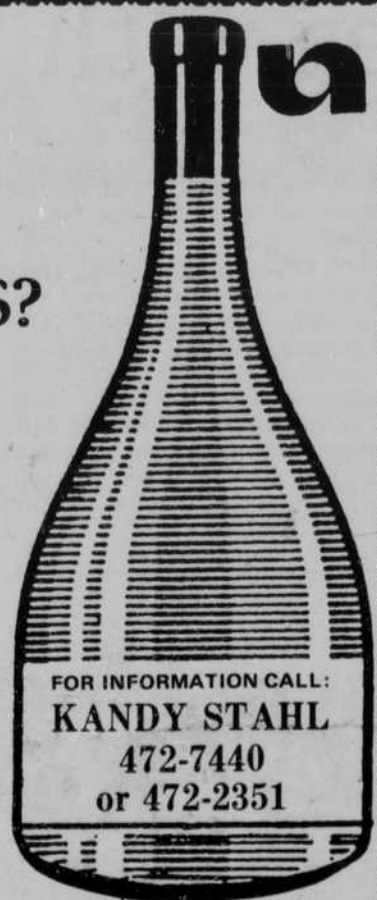


PARENTS WITH DRINKING PROBLEMS?

SUPPORT & PROBLEM SOLVING GROUPS FOR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS & STAFF

UNL HEALTH CENTER-CAMPUS ALCOHOL SERVICES

FOR INFORMATION CALL:
KANDY STAHL
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Barkeep, slide another to a dry (hic) cowboy

Alcohol adds personal quirks to checklist

Hi, my name is Bill and I'm an alcoholic.

I know I am. I read one of those check lists you pick up in the doctor's office to see if you are an alcoholic. I added to the list.

I hide alcohol, then get too drunk to find it.

Not only have I passed out from too much alcohol, I once woke up in Miami wearing a long green dress and Mickey Mouse Club ears. She said her name was Yolonda and got mad because her dress fit me better.

I've woke up several times and said I'll never drink again as long as I live, but then, I've said the same thing about women and we all know how that goes.

about unimportant things, like homework, deadlines and saying goodbye before I hung up the phone.

It was hideous, but it's all over now. I can go back to being the morose, cruel, uninspired derelict that I am.

I can once again relate to songs by Hank Williams and his son, and I can sing them out loud on downtown streets at 2 a.m. By 3 a.m. I'll have moved on to "Margaritaville," by the greatest American entertainer, Jimmy Buffett. Don Henley's "You Must Not Be Drinking Enough," can once again become my battle cry as I stagger from bar to bar, searching for a kindly bartender, an empty stool and free popcorn.

Oh, there were times when I almost gave in. My so-called friends would mix a Jack and Coke and leave it where I was sure to find it... in the refrigerator. I would laugh and just say no.

I went to a psychiatrist to make sure I wasn't suffering any mental problems from quitting alcohol cold turkey.

He gave me one of those word association tests.

"Okay," the shrink said, "say the first thing that comes to mind when I say the following words. The first word is black."

"Black," I said.

"No," he said. "You're supposed to use a different word."

"But you said the first word that came to mind."

"Let's try again," he said. "Mother."

"Mother," I said.

"You can't do that," he said, "you're ruining the test."

"I'm sorry," I said, "I'm trying to answer your questions the best that I can."

"Just use a different word," he said. "Okay, pain."

"Pain," I said.

"Now cut that out," he said, really mad.

Bob Newhart never lost his temper.

I could see there was nothing wrong with me. That guy just didn't know how to play his own games. He was trapped by his own lack of repetition.

He told me I was an alcoholic.

"I know that," I said, "I just want to know if it is doing me any harm."

He gave me the famous alcoholic check list.

Yes, I have to take a drink when I wake up in the morning. How else can I get rid of cotton mouth.

Yes, I've forgotten who and where I was. That's the main reason I drink.

Yes, I've gotten up the morning after a party, poured all the leftover beer into a pitcher, strained out the cigarette butts, added lime and drank it. Hasn't everyone?

I showed him my personal additions to the list... things I deal with on a regular basis.

1. Have you ever lay in bed at night, head spinning, and wondered how you could possibly think if you had never learned to talk since you think using words in your head, and then all of a sudden remembered all the lyrics to the theme song from "The Brady Bunch" and sang it, in your head, using words, then realized you couldn't do that if you had never learned to talk in the first place?

2. Have you ever woke up the morning after drinking and found a department store mannequin in bed with you, covered with leaves because in your drunken stupor you thought it was a dead body and tried to hide it, while the sound of police banging on the front door echoed in your brain like Woody Woodpecker in heat?

3. Have you ever woke up in Las Vegas married to a 43-year-old former showgirl named Flamingo, and remembered nothing but a hazy scene of trading your car to a guy named Cecil for two wedding rings and a case of those little drink umbrellas?

4. Have you drunkenly called an old lover in the middle of the night, made up with her, invited her over, then remembered the next morning why you dropped her in the first place?

5. Have you ever went to a 7-Eleven at 3 a.m., piled 78 frozen burritos on the counter and asked the clerk if the store has a bigger microwave oven?

If you answered yes to even one of these questions you may have a drinking problem, too. If not you should probably drink more. If any of this stuff happens when you're sober, you're in real trouble.

After reading my personal list, the shrink promised to quit giving me tests, but I had to promise to keep quiet about Flamingo. I guess he suffered a similar night in Las Vegas. I offered him a drink from the flask in my sock. He took a swig.

Yes, I've missed work because of alcohol. I once missed October because of alcohol. Starting tomorrow, I probably will again.



Bill Allen

I drink to forget. And I have.

And, like all alcoholics, I've often said I can quit any time I want. And last month I did.


I went one month without drinking (Although several bearded fat men claimed to be me in various bars around town. I've gotten used to this. They do it to pick up women).

Tomorrow is the first day of the month and I can drink again.

I didn't quit drinking for any religious reasons. If I was Catholic the only thing I would give up for Lent would be my subscription to Penthouse magazine. I can always read a back issue. I once went out with a girl who gave up sex for Lent. It was news to me. I thought she'd given up sex weeks before.

All in all, I'm pretty proud of myself. This is a personal record. I haven't went this long without alcohol since second grade. That's right, since last year.

But I wouldn't recommend it for other people. The side effects are truly weird. I would wake up in the mornings and my head would be clear. I would look across my room and everything wasn't covered by a red haze. My nose stopped glowing in the dark. I was actually starting to look forward to each and every day. Sometimes I would stop and smell flowers on the way to class. I started being nice to people, even when I didn't want something from them. My co-workers were starting to talk to me. I started worrying



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