ST. PAT'S DAY

BEE'S KNEES ENGLISH

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## ST. PAT'S DAY ... DUKE PUKEM

There is one contest I would pay large amounts of money to see: the puke for distance contest. Now, I would never take part in this myself, and I agree that it is a disgusting contest, but I simply can't stop laughing when I watch it. What happens is that these guys take turns drinking a beer, then they stick their fingers down their throats and puke as far as they can. They have to stay behind this white line when puking or they are disqualified. A referee with a measuring tape actually measures each contestant's effort. Some job, huh?

I was amazed at this one big fat guy who reminded me of a pig, and who seemed proud of looking like one. Anyway, this guy slammed a beer and puked twice as far as the second place guy. He had style, too, kind of like a discus thrower. He drank the beer, leaned forward with his big feet just barely behind the line, made this terrible sound as he puked, like an elephant, and the green stuff shot about twenty-five feet. The crowd roared.

All of the contestants get two chances, and **the second time** the pig guy **did even** better. He won **at** twenty-eight feet and seven inches. The announcer said the guy **had beaten** the **all time record by about** two and a half feet. The crowd **went wild**; the pig guy slammed a beer and puked **all over** the crowd and a **riot broke out**. Everybody was throwing beer **on each other** and fighting, it was terrible. I had green beer **all over me**.

But that wasn't **the problem I mentioned** before. The main problem that year was that **a couple of** students **apparently** died **of** alcohol poisoning and the university was criticized **for allowing** such contests to **take place**. The newspapers **mentioned** the **puke for distance riot** and **some** other bad **incidents**, so the university and the town **cracked down on** the festival. They even **banned** the puke for distance contest. That **made me sad**.

The next year the festival was not **as fun**, there were **too many police** and too many new **regulations**. I never went again **after that**. **Still**, you should **go see** a St Pat's day festival **if there is one** near you, because you would **definitely** enjoy it.