



## TOP 5 PLACES I HAVE BEEN SICK

TO THE DEDICATED HEDONIST CALLING GOD ON THE BIG WHITE TELEPHONE ISN'T JUST A PIT-FALL OR HAZARD OF THE JOB, IT'S SOMETHING TO BE APPRECIATED AND EVEN ENJOYED, YES ENJOYED. Don't look at me like that. If anything, a good chunder clears room for the next excess and adds to the mythology of the night out.

This attitude is most likely a self serving one for me because I haven't been able to do more than a couple of shots before puking since the incident in Paris back in '93 which the less is said of the better. Suffice to say I have a vague memory of myself trying to buy some plastic lemons off a kebab vendor by banging on the glass shouting "JAY VOOD-RAY OOOON CITRON".

So now, in the year of our lord 2009 – the last days of this consumerist decadent empire, I here collect my favourite vomit stories from around the great city of Birmingham.

Fingers down the throat time at the Holloway Circus Queensway, in the vain hope of sobering up before trying to get into the DOME II nightclub\*, luckily I was a little bit sick on my shoes too. This, when wiped, gave them a "just polished" look - which also circumnavigated the bouncers another excuse not to let me in.

Off the Bridge in Brindleyplace\*\* – Hurrgh Splat Sploosh!

The Iceland Room toilets of Oceana Nightclub\*\*\*. Notable because after the second round of Aftershocks (or "Satan's Earwax" as it should be know) sent me running to the toilet, the first set of heavens sent my house-mates headband I was wearing into the toilet, "it's ok" I thought "fish it out and swill it in the sink" which was fine until I was promptly sick on top of it.

Outside Edwards's number 8\*\*\*\* after the first and last time snorting flavoured vodka [Eds note: Only an idiot would actually try this].

O.K. this isn't really me being sick, it's a friend of mine and while I appreciate this may be cheating a little, its also worth bearing in mind its still MY list, so there. This was back in the heady days of the late 90's at Exposure Rock Café\*\*\*\*\* We were hanging around the front when The Man came to hassle us, well it was two Police Officers, but when your young and angry even traffic lights start to represent The Man. My friend, the drunk-est one amongst us, immediately seemed to sober up and explain we were merely waiting for some friends of ours. Halfway through this explanation he nonchalantly turned to his left, vomited, and without missing a beat continued the sentence where he left off. Classy.

\*The Dome II was a trendy shirt or short skirt paradise, where men grabbed ladies bums and ladies drank Metz until this gross act of personal invasion became the most charming chat-up line they could think of. Now home of the O2 Academy.

\*\*Brindleyplace is the expensive nest of bars that overlook the canal just off Broad Street. Expensive cocktails are served and when sunny it is populated by tourists or arseholes.

\*\*\*Oceana is a nightclub near Hurst Street that used to attract a big crowd but now is looking frayed round the edges.

\*\*\*\*The legendary rock club on John Bright Street, has since been burnt down, rumour has it due to a firework in the toilets – but in my experience the toilets were so soaked in wee I would be surprised if a flamethrower would work in them. Edwards has since moved to the Newt (briefly) and now has found a home at B.U.S.K. over the road on Gough Street.

\*\*\*\*\* Exposure closed its doors and turned into Expose lap dancing club and has now turned back to its roots as a refuge for young looking black-clad men in make-up called Subside.

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