



50
Outrageous
Drinking
Games

THE SH*T FACED GAMES

**A SHOT AT GLORY AND GOLD
FOR THE WASTED WARRIOR**



by HogWild



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GAMES**

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FOR THE WASTED WARRIOR**

HogWild



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Mucho Importante Introduction to Alcohol Awesomeness



Welcome to the Shitfaced Games! World-class athletes train for their entire lives to have the chance to stand on the podium to be honored with a medal while their national anthem serenades their accomplishment.

Well, you will never be such an athlete. But you *can* compete at something you're good at: making an ass of yourself!

Yes! You've passed the trials, and now you've entered the Beer-athalon, the Drinking Events of the Shitfaced Games, and you just may enter the Alco-Hall of Fame!

NOTE TO UPTIGHT PEOPLE: Alcohol isn't all bad! In fact, scientists say wine has

enzymes that make you look younger. I know this is true because when I drink three glasses of wine, everyone looks better.

One downside to alcohol is that there are so many liquor ads! Stop trying so hard, alcohol companies! I like you, but you're being clingy. We'll hook up this weekend, I promise!

Play it cool, beer and liquor corporations! I didn't forget about you—I've just been busy. I'll tell you what: I won't wait until midnight to be with you. I'll treat you right, and we'll get together over dinner and have the whole night together! You can even stay until morning and I'll take you out to brunch. I *do* care about this relationship, but you gotta stop bugging me so much when I'm watching my sports and twenty-one- to forty-nine-year-old demographic comedies!

My fellow drinkers, each game in this book has a medal signifying how Shitfaced it will get you.



Bronze:

You will get tipsy drunk.

Ex. After winning the Bronze I once told this girl that I loved her.

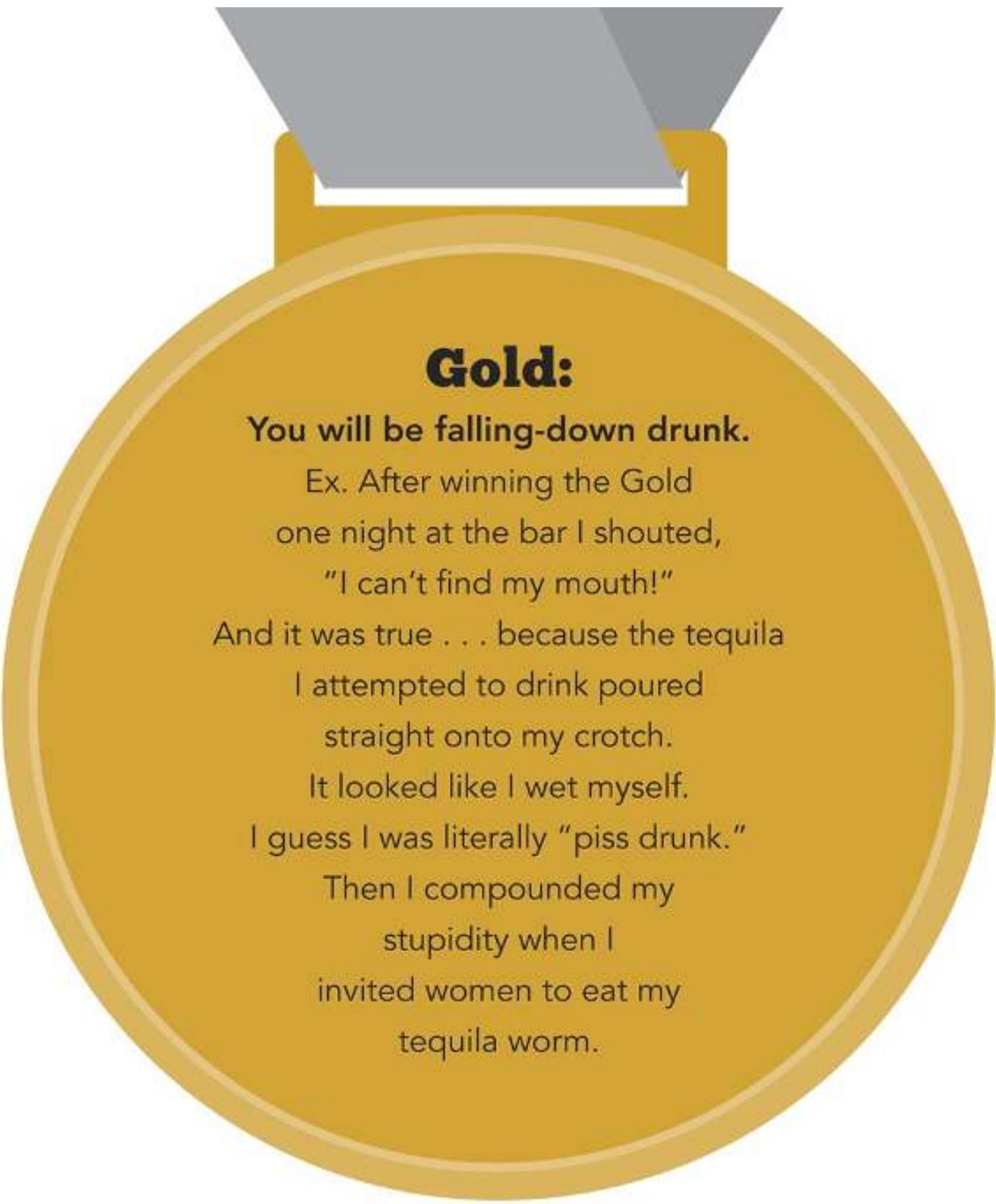
I know—bad. And I didn't just tell her—I wrote it to her . . .
in the snow with
my pee.

Silver:

**You will get slurred-speech
drunky-doo.**

Ex. After winning the Silver at a bar I once accidentally walked into the women's restroom. Of course, the girls were screaming. This one girl barked at me with attitude: "Can't you read?!

The door has a big W!" I was like, "Yeah [hiccup] I thought it meant Welcome!"



Gold:

You will be falling-down drunk.

Ex. After winning the Gold
one night at the bar I shouted,
"I can't find my mouth!"

And it was true . . . because the tequila
I attempted to drink poured
straight onto my crotch.

It looked like I wet myself.
I guess I was literally "piss drunk."

Then I compounded my
stupidity when I
invited women to eat my
tequila worm.

DRINKING FACT: Alcohol affects every system in the body, including the skeletal system. That's why drunk people are more likely to bone. Aw! Ha ha!

Now get together with some friends to play the Shitfaced Games, and go for the Goldschläger!

When the USA wins Gold, I helped because I ate McDonald's and they sponsor the games. Sure, the athletes gave blood, sweat, and tears, but I'm the one risking a heart attack!

These drinking games are patterned after the world's most popular sports and athletic competitions. Some of these games are team events, and others will put you one-on-one against your drinking buddies. Please remember the spirit of the Games is not to win at all costs; it's to promote an atmosphere of cooperation so that you will help others get Shitfaced. You're a hero!

Besides drinking games, this book also includes seductive sports-themed cocktails and alarming facts.

Before beginning the games let's make sure we understand what it means to get "Shitfaced." As an example of Shitfacedness, I present to you a . . .

Classic Moment in Shitfaced History

My uncle enjoys a good sloshing, and I remember the last time he got Shitfaced. It was at the Thanksgiving dinner table.

Totally drunk and slurring his speech, he stood up to announce that he was going to tell all of us the "Story of Thanksgiving" and that the young ones at the table should pay special attention.

Here is what he said:

"Thanksgiving is a holiday when we give thanks to America's first president, Jesus Christ.

"President Jesus told the pilgrims to leave England and sail to the New World on a giant ship called Noah's Ark.

"The trip was very hard because the ship hit an iceberg and Leonardo DiCaprio drowned!

"In America the first thing the pilgrims built was Starbucks. But Starbucks did not serve coffee, only tea. The settlers protested and tossed all the tea in the river while dancing and having fun! That's why it was called the Boston Tea Party. The roof was set on fire and then raised. Somebody let the dogs out. And, reportedly, the shorties partied like it was their birthday.

"But there was an evil terrorist organization plotting to destroy the good pilgrim people. These terrorists were called turkeys.

"They were evil suicide turkeys because they would stuff themselves until they exploded leaving a trail of destruction and dinner. It was delicious destruction!

"One turkey even kidnapped Jean-Claude Van Damme.

"I'm sorry, some of you college kids are too young to know who that is. One turkey even kidnapped SpongeBob SquarePants!

"But the pilgrims formed an alliance with the native people, and together they defeated this foul army of eeeeeeeevil flightless birds.

"So the pilgrims invited the native people over to rejoice. Rejoice means to joice again. Which eventually became the state of New Joicey.

"All of this happened nearly four hundred . . . million years ago.

"In France Thanksgiving is called D-Day.

"So each year we give thanks to great pilgrims like Lewis and Clark, and Ben and Jerry

Oops, I'm sorry, I meant, *Tom* and Jerry.

~~“And now that we're done with our big meal, we conclude with the words of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.: ‘Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, the *bathroom* is free at last!’”~~

Yup, that was my Thanksgiving. Ya know, on Thanksgiving some families actually *play* football. I wish my family had that kind of coordination. Last year my dad got injured passing the salt.

BRONZE-MEDAL DRINKING GAMES



The Misty Hyman Butterfly Swim

A swimmer named Misty Hyman won the Gold medal in the two hundred-meter butterfly at the 2000 Summer Games.

Wow. Let's think of the ordeals she's had. These days everyone wants sympathy: Waaa, I have the fat gene. Waaa, I have asthma. Waaa, I can't afford an SUV. Waaa, my mom never made eye contact with me while breastfeeding and now I'm lactose intolerant!

At least your name isn't Misty Hyman! If your name ain't Misty Hyman, then you can't complain about a *damn thing*!

Think about Misty's childhood. Okay, usually the *kids* laugh at a funny name. But this name is so horrendous that even the *teachers* had to laugh while taking attendance. "Um, is Misty Hyman here? [*snicker snicker*] I'm looking for a Misty Hyman?" Some kid shouts out "Aren't we all?!"

Where were the doctors on this? They should have stepped in here. The doc who delivered her parents' baby announced, "Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Hyman, it's a girl! What would you like to name her?"

"Um, we're thinking about Misty."

"Nooooooooo!"

The doctor should have sat the parents down and had a heart-to-heart discussion. Something like: "Do you realize the long-term ramifications of this decision? Do you realize that your last name denotes a part of the female reproductive anatomy? Do you realize that the first name you've chosen, in conjunction with your last name, will give juvenile boys the giggles?"

So, no, you haven't gone through a damn thing. But Misty Hyman has! And she deserves her Gold medal.

Now you go earn your medal in this drinking game named in her honor.



How to Play

The butterfly swim stroke is one of the hardest strokes because it requires strength, stamina, and technique. This drinking game will also require strength of stomach, stamina to keep drinking, and careful technique so as not to spill. It's a team race against your opponents.

Divide everyone into teams of two. Each team will perform the contest while being timed by a stopwatch. At the end the team with the fastest time wins.

Drinker 1 wears two water wings full of beer and a snorkel mask.

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR: Ya know, I can't swim. And I'm insecure about it. I tell people: "Hey! These are not water wings! They're not floaties!" I tell them very matter-of-factly: "These are inflatable biceps!" And then I strike the bodybuilder pose.

How do you fill water wings with beer? If you can't get it through the blow hole with a pressurized keg, then cut a hole in the water wing and create a flap, using duct tape to close the hole after filling it.

Drinker 1's teammate, Drinker 2, wears a Speedo.

~~Just kidding about the Speedo. Ya know, they say Speedos don't leave much to the imagination. Not true! I see a guy in Speedos and imagine gouging out my eyes with a lobster fork.~~

And random men in Speedos do not impress most women. Ladies prefer a polite man who isn't pointing at her.

Okay, start the timer!

Now Drinker 2 must position himself under his teammate's water wing biceps full of beer to squeeze out all the beer and drink it down.

After consuming all that beer Drinker 2 must fly around like a butterfly in a circle three times.

Then Drinker 2 must pour a shot of vodka down Drinker 1's snorkeling tube. If vodka spills to the floor, the team is disqualified. This is also known as a "Busted Hyman."

This is followed by two more shots of vodka poured down the snorkel tube. Then Drinker 1 must remove the snorkel and shout in a British accent: "Gold like Misty Hyman! There is absolutely nothing unfortunate about the name Misty Hyman!"

The Get-Hammered Throw

Just like the official Hammer Throw, in this game it's everyone for themselves.

How to Play

Soak a potato in vegetable oil until it is slippery. (To make this more challenging, use a large, irregularly shaped potato—you know, the kind that looks like your friend Bonk, the guy with a big head, wide ears, knot on his forehead, and three missing front teeth. And to think: that guy got more action than *you* last year! Tsk, tsk.)

Participants will be throwing the oiled potato, and the receiver must catch it with one hand. Furthermore, contestants may not wear a shirt (women and fat men with mar hooters—or, as I call them, mooters—can wear bikini tops). And everyone must oil up their torso.

Use this opportunity to practice flexing and trash talking like your favorite professional wrestlers.

All the participants will now form a circle.

NOTE: This is not a good time for you to encourage everyone to hold hands.

The person holding the potato may throw it to anyone. The Hammer Throw is done at a 45-degree angle, and so is the Get-Hammered Throw. The person with possession of the oiled potato must throw underhanded, and the potato must arc in the air. In other words, no speed throws and no straight throws to the feet or legs.

GAME TIP: Toss the potato so it spins a lot to make it harder to catch!

You can throw the potato to anyone, even when they're not expecting it! Everyone must hold their beer in one hand while the other hand is used to catch the potato.

Inevitably some smart-ass will stretch out his loose jeans and catch the potato in his pants. If this happens, everyone is encouraged to jump on this person to make "mashed potatoes."

Anytime someone drops the potato he must chug his beer. If a contestant drops the potato three times, he is out.

Last one standing wins! And by standing, I mean swaying while desperately holding back a projectile puke storm! Yummy!

APOLOGY TO DUDES WITH MOOTERS: Guys, being chubby is okay, but you don't

want random babies looking at your shirt and making suckling faces.

Game 3:

Drinking Bingo—Synchronized Swimmers vs. Basketball Players

Two teams battle for Bingo supremacy! That's right—Bingo. Bingo is an exciting game. It'll take your breath away! Why else do we always see Bingo players hooked up to oxygen tanks?

Ha ha, old people.

In Bingo there are those who are winners and those who have dozed off.

So we're gonna spice up our Bingo. And by spice up, I mean spiced rum!

NOTE: Rum can make anything better. Except forest fires. Don't spray fire with rum! It won't extinguish the flames; it will only make them dance and make out with each other!

How to Play

Team 1 is a synchronized swim team. Everyone must dress as a swimmer.

Guys, wear swimming trunks (a Speedo if you're daring or hilariously overweight) and no shirt. Girls, slip into your sexy swimsuit and sexiest shower cap.

NOTE: Guys, unless you are in some sort of Olympic competition, wearing Speedos will only win you the Gold medal in Too Much Information.

Team 2 is a basketball team. You must wear shorts, a basketball jersey, a sweatband around your head, and tattoos drawn in pen everywhere. High socks are a bonus.

Today's pro basketball players have gone too far with the tattoos. It's way too casual now to get a tattoo. I saw one guy with a tattoo on the back of his hand that said, "Milk, bread, eggs."

I guess his wife was pissed off that he kept forgetting to pick up those items at the grocery!

While drunk, I had the idea to get a tattoo of the word "truth" on my penis so I can say "You can't handle the truth!" I hope she doesn't say, "Truth? Looks like a little white lie."

There will be five synchronized swimmers and five basketball players.

On the floor or ground draw a large Bingo card (five by five), making it big enough that a person can stand on each square, in chalk or masking tape (or with paint if you just don't give a hoot), and put Bingo numbers in each square. Make sure you mark the square in the

middle as a free space.

The Bingo Caller will have access to a random number generator or an old-school Bingo machine.

NOTE: If you have an authentic Bingo machine, you are fucking rad! If you don't have one, you can easily get one by breaking into your local senior living facility.

When the number pops up, only the Bingo Caller sees it and then asks a trivia question that corresponds with the winning number. If a number pops up that is not on the board, pick another number.

For each question two players from opposing teams get ready to answer and run.

For example, if the randomly generated Bingo number is B-13, rather than announcing the number, the Bingo Caller may ask, "How many stripes are on the American flag?" Or "How many shots did Travis consume that night he committed a federal offense by puking in a mailbox?"

Players should run to the square that is marked 13.

If you get there first, you get the spot. If it's a tie, you do a shot with the other person. The first one to down their drink first wins the spot!

Whenever a synchronized swimmer wins a space he or she does a synchronized swimming motion. When a basketball player wins a space he takes an imaginary jump shot. If he forgets to do his move, he must drink.

If a player runs to the wrong spot, doesn't answer, or gets there too late, he has to take a drink and then stay on the sideline and wait for his turn to come up again.

The object for the players on your team is to form a Bingo line straight across any row, down any column, or diagonally. (A free-for-all sprint wins the free space, and the winner of the spot is whoever gets there and downs their shot first.)

When you win, the Bingo line becomes a drunken conga line as you dance while taunting your opponent!

The last time I was on a drunken conga line was at a family wedding. I felt a pair of hands on my waist, slipping down to my sculpted buns. *Those had better be a woman's hands!* I thought. They were—a seventy-year-old woman's hands! I turned around while congaing (whoa, that's the first time I've ever used the word congaing! You just witnessed me losing my congaing virginity! There's the word congaing again! I can't help myself! I *like* it!), and I say to this near-octogenarian: "Excuse me, what do you think—are we related?" She answered, "I don't think so!"

So I look her over one more time. "Okay," I say, "well, if we *are* related, I'm sorry I don't remember you, but thanks again for the Bar Mitzvah gift. And if we're not related, let's make out under the limbo bar!"

She was game, and we bent over backward under the limbo bar. We kissed, and she called out, "Oh God!"

"Yeah, baby. I know I'm good! But don't attract any more attention—my parents wouldn't approve."

But she couldn't help herself and shouted again, "Oh *God!* My hip! It's broken again!" Damn. It could have been a special night for me and Harriet.

Game 4

Beer Relay Race

Everybody loves watching a good relay race. But just running? Really?

It would be more of a challenge for the track stars if metal spikes randomly shot up from the track or runners had to duck to avoid a dragon's tail slapping them in the head.

Ha, Dragon's Tail sounds like a fancy sushi roll. Why do they have to name sushi something fierce sounding? A dragon is big, strong, and breathes fire. Sushi is soft and kinda squishy. If anything, they should call it Dragon's Scrotum.

Although that would make it less appealing to order in the restaurant: "I'll have sashimi, a California roll, and the Dragon's, um, thingie."

Of course, the waiter will try to up-sell you: "Good choices! The Dragon's Scrotum goes very well with our special house Dragon Sake. Our chef brews it himself. It's a bit thicker and milkier, but it goes down smooth."



How to Play

Play this game on a track with four players to each team. Each player holds a closed can of beer. Each team has a different lane, and the players on each team stand at different spots on their track.

Before you can hand off your beer can, you must completely empty its contents by ingesting the beer. You can either chug the beer and then run, drink while running, or run then chug. To prove you have emptied your beer can, you must turn your can upside down over the next runner's head before he or she may begin running.

At this point the next runner may crack open his can of beer or begin running. The first team to cross the finish line is the winner! Of course, Player 4 may not cross the finish line until he has consumed his beer.

When you win let out a victorious *burrrrrrrrrp!*

Ew, it smells like Dragon Sake! Aw! Ha ha!

NOTE: Back when I was a teacher, a nine-year-old said to me: “Grown-ups can drink —why can’t I?!!!” Because you’re yelling, demanding attention, and unwilling to

listen to reason. It's like you're already drunk!

Eye-Candy Events

Swimming and volleyball are the eye-candy events of international competitions. So this drinking event will focus on eyes and candy!

To that end, competitive swimming is unfair! Women, you get to see wet, naked men with muscles and a six-pack. But the female swimmers are flat-chested with big arms, wearing an ugly one-piece and granny's shower cap.

How to Play

This is a one-on-one drinking game. If you blink, you lose and must take a shot of liquor.

Player 1 has two minutes to make Player 2 blink her eyes by using candy in any way he wants, except he can't touch the other player.

For instance, you may want to make the other player blink through laughter as you slowly and seductively deep-throat a thick chocolate bar. Or maybe you will use the chocolate bar as a ridiculous mustache and start talking like a professor.

Or perhaps you will act out a dramatic love scene with Gummi Bears humping.

You can try to make your opponent blink by throwing the candy, juggling it, or doing something so absurd that she blinks her eyes in disbelief!

You can do whatever you like with the candy to make your opponent blink. After the two-minute round it's her turn to make you blink.

What would make *me* blink is if she arranged her Skittles into the shape of a heart. And by heart, I mean boobies! And by boobies, I mean a brain. Because I have no interest in the female form, only in soft, squishy, squeezey brain matter. Yes, sexy, sexy synapses!

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