

Seat Sale

Banff, Alberta: An Odyssey of Drunken Celibacy

by Vincent LAVERS



Situated on the edge of the Alberta's Rocky Mountains, Banff is a picturesque mountain town located two hours from Calgary. Being one of the largest tourist attractions in Canada, Banff offers breath-taking landscapes, state of the art sporting facilities and a haven for gullible tourists and shady businessmen alike. Last June, I was given the opportunity to take my long desired trip to the bustling ski village. Unlike most visitors, my motives were not derived from a longing for natural beauty and cultural depth, but the prospect of partying with a drunken women's rugby team instead.

My good friend Neil Macmillan has a cousin, Nora, living in the outskirts of Calgary. This being Neil's last weekend in Alberta, she had invited Neil, Chris and I to accompany her for an afternoon of rugby and an evening of drinks. The idea seemed innocent enough, and was thought to be the perfect way to wish our comrade a 'bon-voyage'. It would be a lie to say that this was the only motive to our journey; the three of us had also never experienced the high-life of Banff, and the prospect of being the only men at a gathering of drunken rugby girls had us very excited.

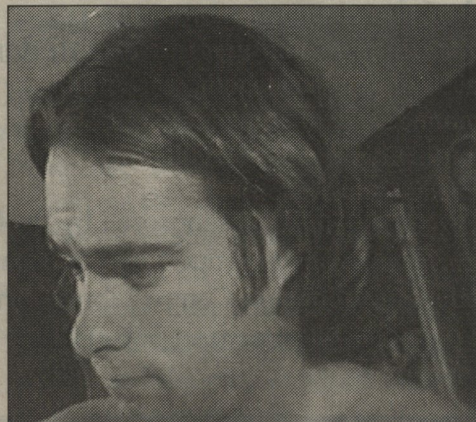
The two-hour drive was one you could only enjoy as a passenger. The winding roads and blind hills provide a hellish terrain for drivers; while it's natural beauty and picture-perfect scenery divert your attention at every turn. Speaking of natural beauty, Nora

had proved to be quite a number herself. I entertained the thought of a drunken sexual escapade with her later that night, but decided it was best to make my move when Neil had left the province.

The driving in Banff itself proved to be worse than the maze of mountains surrounding it. Jaywalking in Banff is so rampant that the laws against it are no longer enforced. We wove our way through the steady stream of tourists at a consistent 20km/h and headed towards the local rugby field. The fabled culture seemed shallow and resembled a theme park more than a town. I was not able to relate to the fast pace of Kodak moments and carriage rides that surrounded me. We were in danger; I could feel it. A few minutes later, we pulled up to the field.

These women were strong: resistance would prove useless.

"Boys, I think we're in over our heads," was the quote of the weekend. The physical and personal traits of the rest of the team did now follow those of Nora's. We were dealing with hardened, toned and determined women that were focused on literally devouring the opposing team. We found their strong physical play oddly erotic at first, but it soon turned to pure intimidation.



It was then that I first felt the fear. My comrades and I soon plotted a defense to any possible ravenous orgies. These women were strong; resistance would prove useless. It was decided that Plan B was to drink as much as possible, make ourselves look like assholes, and do our best to watch out for each other in the mean time. Dark clouds soon blanketed the sky, and our girls had won 42-0.

Within two hours I was completely drunk. What started as casual shoves soon turned into pinches on the ass or grabs at my genitals. "So you guys have a pretty good chance to score tonight eh?" the coach proclaimed. All of the girls giggled, while we sank in our chairs and nursed our drinks. The fear factor was very real.

A trip to the local pub and a stint at a local house party soon followed and played in our favour. The local Banff men sensed our sexual tension, blended in with our party and did their best to balance the male/female ratio. With our much-needed breathing room, we relaxed and let the smooth mountain lager take effect.

Women were everywhere now, as we danced to the thumping bass of a club whose name I have long forgotten. The women had discovered our ruse and sensed our fear. This had now escalated into a game of wits, but how much longer could we maintain? The walls were closing in and our fear soon turned into desperation and panic, as we drank more than we had ever drunk before. I remember trying to chug a beer and hard-lemonade at

the same time. The club atmosphere in Banff is free and accepting, so being unable to finish my chugging attempt, I poured the rest over my head. The girls playfully laughed and then Nora handed me yet another beer. Was she trying to seduce me? Ha, I was on to her petty ploy, and promptly poured the entire beer over my head as well. Plan B was a success!

The rest of the night passed in a blur of lemon shooters and take-out pizza. I woke up the next morning, fully clothed, with my fellow comrades nearby. I uttered a few words of victory under my breath, and marvelled at the intensity of my hangover. I still remember watching the Banff city sign fading away in my rear-view mirror shortly after. Good-bye Banff, and good riddance.

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