



ANATOMY OF THE AFTER WORK PINT AND ITS ROLE IN SAVING THE FREE WORLD

It is every free man's and woman's right - nay, duty - to finish a days work with a cold pint of soothing liquid relax. It serves as a glorious and soothing comma to the working week, later to be followed by a full stop of a weekend drinking excess.

Without the After Work Pint (AWP), a week in any job would be unbearable, the concept of work as far as I can see, is to swap small week shaped chunks of your life for money. If the AWP were revoked or never existed, we, the worker ants, would question our place in the mound and decide that, ultimately, we didn't give two shits about the queen ant and she could fetch her own bloody leaves. Where would we be then? Frankly I don't know, and the metaphor breaks down from there, but you get my point.

Firstly the name 'after work pint' is a misnomer. The after work pint is never just one pint. This is understandable mistake that comes from the intention, and the difference between intention and reality is a large one. Most people do intend to have 'just the one' but the first pint is *The Quencher*. Usually drunk in three or four long pulls The Quencher doesn't really taste of anything except cold joy and is the first switch in your brain computer setting Work Mode to 'OFF'. This is drunk so quickly that many people don't really count it as a pint - after all if you don't remember drinking it, it probably didn't happen.

The second pint hits the throat like a blessing. *The Baptist* washes away the sins of the day leaving the drinker reborn, unsullied by the mental stains of the pressures and worries of work. Ready to face the world anew, not as that worker ant, but as a person. Not as, to quote a half remembered Simpsons' episode, 'person DOING, but a human BEING'.

How should this newly reborn human being celebrate? Why, a pint of course! The third is the only AWP drunk with company. The Quencher and The Baptist can be drunk with people present, but are ultimately drunk alone. *The Loosener*, is where you begin to acknowledge the company you keep, to share in the camaraderie of the AWP, swap

stories about work, and humanise your fellow drones. Want to tell off your boss? The Loosener's got your back. Want to tell the pretty girl from accounts that if she fancies it that maybe you wouldn't mind taking her to the cinema? The Loosener will check your hair and breath before you go. Want to put your tie round your head like Rambo and sing 'Don't Stop Believing' by Journey, replacing most of the words with swears and the names of your co-workers? Then you've gone too far, The Loosener isn't for the drunk or even approaching drunk. It's the pint that ease's you into your newly discovered humanity.

Suitably fortified, the AWP is now finished. In just 1.70478445 litres we have kicked the snow of oppression off our boots and have settled by the fireside of humanity watching the television of human interaction. Of course modern guidelines in Britain tell us that anymore than 3-4 units in one day is as deadly as trepanning in a dirty shed, but scientists know nothing of religion - they're baffled by our modern rituals of calm and refuse to believe that the AWP is as holy a sacrament and as necessary as the Police to keep order in the streets.

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