

Says E.T.: "I have been personally researching this for over 20 years and it helps. The sodium in Dirty Sue will trick your body into needing/wanting more water, and hydration is the main goal here. Oh, and if you really think you may be in trouble, add two Advil to the Coke."

The Edge Off

Created by Malina Bickford of Cliff's Edge, Los Angeles

- 2 ounces Angostura bitters
- 2 activated charcoal caplets
- ginger beer

Dissolve charcoal caplets in a shot glass filled with Angostura bitters, then pound that shit. Chase immediately with a shot of ginger beer.

Says Malina: "I'm not going to lie, it goes down rough. But rough can be miraculously effective."

The Bitter End

Created by Jess Mellen-Graaf of the Cresheim Valley Grain Exchange, Philadelphia

- 2 ounces Fernet-Branca
- Coca-Cola
- dash of Angostura bitters

Combine ingredients in an ice-filled rocks glass.

Says Jess: "Your body is banged up. This will help un-bang you."

Constitution

Created by Missy Koefod of 18th & Parchment, Atlanta

- 4 droppers of 18.21 Prohibition Aromatic Bitters
- seltzer

Add bitters to the seltzer with ice.

Says Missy: "The bubbles help settle your stomach, along with the combination of herbs and roots which have been used for centuries for medicinal purposes. Plus, it tastes really fucking good."

Get Bloody

Of course, no list of hangover cures would be complete without the grandmommy of them all. While the original name and recipe of the Bloody Mary has long been a topic of debate, most cocktail geeks agree that the most popular modern iteration—vodka, tomato juice, lemon, Worcestershire sauce, and an array of spices that usually includes celery salt and black pepper—is the handiwork of a barman named Fernand Petiot, who introduced his vodka-and-tomato concoction in the early 1920s at Harry's New York Bar in Paris. A decade later,



Petiot took up residence behind the stick at the King Cole Bar inside the St. Regis Hotel in New York, where his signature creation (which the St. Regis renamed the "Red Snapper") became a libational sensation.

As for the historical Mary for which the drink is named, there's been lots of conjecture about that as well. Queen Mary I of England and actress Mary Pickford are oft-cited namesakes. But according to Petiot, who died in 1975, the drink was named for a popular waitress at the Bucket of Blood bar in Chicago.

Here's Petiot's original recipe:

- 1 ounce vodka
- 2 ounces tomato juice
- 1 dash lemon juice
- 2 dashes salt
- 2 dashes black pepper
- 2 dashes cayenne pepper
- 3 dashes of Worcestershire sauce

Combine ingredients in a cocktail shaker. Shake vigorously. Strain over ice cubes. Garnish with a lemon wedge.

Now, the proportions here are dainty, so double 'em. And we prefer a celery stalk. But a Bloody Mary can be lots of different things to lots of different people. Basically,

if it's booze and you can keep it down, drink it. If that means 3 parts vodka, 1 part tomato juice, 1 part prayer, shaken over ice, we're not going to call the cocktail police on you.

Wake and Bake

As legendary stoner Jeffrey "the Dude" Lebowski taught us, you can survive practically anything so long as you're good and baked. Thugs sent to piss on your rug by a ruthless pornographer loan shark? No problem. A loudmouthed Puerto Rican pederast/bowling rival? It's all good. Emotionally unstable best friends, kidnapping, grand theft, and nihilists who set your car on fire? The Dude abides. The Dude abides.

Smoking a fatty won't rehydrate you, of course, which is the single most essential step on the road to recovery. Ah, but what it will do is stimulate your appetite, and as we've already established, serious grubbin' in the wake of getting wasted will help set you straight. There's also some scientific evidence that components of pot can reduce alcohol-induced neurodegeneration by almost 50 percent. We're talking brain damage, people. Brain damage? Mary Jane don't play that!

Oh, and sweet Mother Weed is a miracle worker at treating nausea. Seriously, if cancer patients use the sticky icky to mitigate the ill effects of chemotherapy, what chance does a hangover have?

Coffee

This one may seem counterintuitive. After all, a cup of Joe will wake you up, and when you're hung like a haggard porn star all you really want is to sleep it off. Here's the funny thing, though: The magical caffeine inside coffee will constrict the blood vessels in your brain, making it hurt less. It's a miracle how this works. Do you believe in miracles? Of course you do. You'll believe anything if it'll make the pain go away. And on the same principle, might we also recommend...

A Cold Shower

Cold also constricts your blood vessels, but without drugs. Way to go, cold!

If you've had water, booty, burgers, booze, weed, coffee, and a cold shower and are still feeling like Satan took a giant dump on you, it's time to punch something really hard. Turns out that if you break a few knuckles, the pain in your hand will make coping with a headache as easy as falling off a log. Or, come to think of it, you could just fall off an actual log. You drunk bastard. ☕

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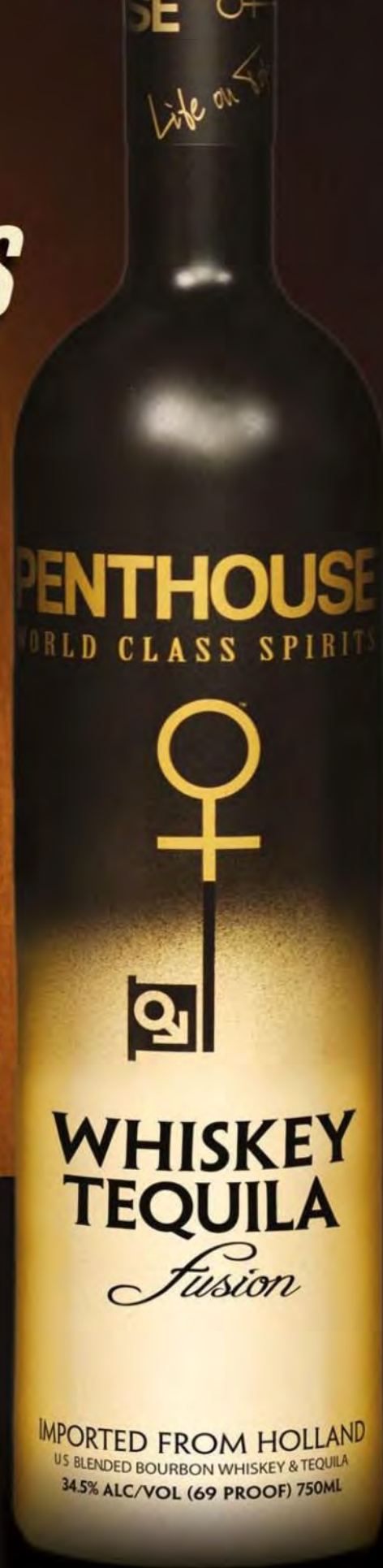
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FORUM REJECTS



ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

THE BEST OF THE WORST FROM PENTHOUSE LETTERS

DEAR *Penthouse*,

I am a sales manager at a small tech firm. No, it's not a start-up; no, I don't work in a creative space; and no, we don't have a skate ramp in the common area...although I wish we did. My job is fairly straightforward, but as a manager, I'm always trying to squeeze the most productivity out of my team. This means that we're on the road a lot, hocking our technology at a ton of sales events, conventions, and regional trade shows. Like most brands in our competitive set, our sales teams are dominated by men, but our trade-show booths are stocked with women. Models. Booth babes.

At one of these conventions, I was sitting at a conference table with some reps, stuffing a donut into my face, and secretly lusting after this booth babe named Monica. She was a thin, leggy blonde with these miraculous, jiggly C-cups, and a plump ass shaped like an upside-down heart. She was down-to-earth and personable, but she also knew exactly how hot she was and it was amazing to watch her in action. She'd work the aisle in front of our booth, flirt with just about any poor schlub that passed her by, and was able to direct just about all of them into the greasy, chubby, clammy hands of our sales guys.

That's when it hit me: Was it such a crazy idea to see if I could train her to be in sales? A booth-babe sales team—two birds with one smokin' hot stone. I asked Monica to join me for dinner. I hinted that I had an opportunity for her, and she was intrigued. I closed down the booth and we headed to the lobby bar in my hotel, which was steps away from the convention center.

We split a bottle of wine, ordered some nibbles, and had a long chat about her goals for the future. She was totally into it, and had a ton of great questions for me. I was impressed...and I was excited to demonstrate that I was a master at my job. The bottle of wine turned into two, and then we'd drained a third by the time we were finished talking. It was late, and Monica was too drunk to drive home. I had a small suite, and welcomed her to sleep over—she could have the bed and I would crash on the couch.

Monica took me up on my offer, but felt bad. She didn't want me sleeping on the couch while she had the big bed all to herself. She said I was more than welcome to share the bed with her. After all, I was such a nice guy.

Once we were in bed, it didn't take long for us to start kissing. My heart raced but something was amiss. She had beautiful lips, but they felt kind of...mushy, like I was kissing a doll or a cadaver. It was like she wasn't even trying...she just pressed her mushy mouth against mine and flopped her mushy tongue around in these lazy, mushy circles. She was on her back, so I rolled on top of her to see if I could get things going. She let out these soft, sexy moans as my hands explored her curves, but she didn't move. She just laid there, flat on her back, completely still. She told me to take her shirt off, and I did. She told me to take her pants off, and I did that, too. She was by far the most attractive woman that I had ever been with—amazing body, flawless tits, and save for a cute little lacy thong, she was naked...in my bed.

I grabbed one of her tits, and she purred with delight. She still didn't move, but she cooed as I continued to knead and lick her mushy, lifeless tits. I was stunned. I was so turned off. And I was getting tired. After a few long, painfully uneventful minutes of more mushy mouth kissing, I couldn't take it anymore. My eyelids grew heavy, my brain shut down, and I felt the intoxicating confusion of sleep overtake me.

Yup, I fell asleep mid-kiss. Right on top of Monica.

Thankfully, the following morning wasn't terribly awkward. Monica just assumed that I'd passed out because I had too much to drink. Silly me. I smiled and agreed...because what else could I have said?

—Todd H., Wilmington, Delaware

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FIRE IN THE HOLE

When Jessica moved into her apartment complex last summer, she didn't know a soul. Soon, she and Rose became fast friends...a relationship that blossomed into so much more...like swimming...and having red hair...and mutual bikini removal. Ain't love grand?

Photography: Lee Richardson























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