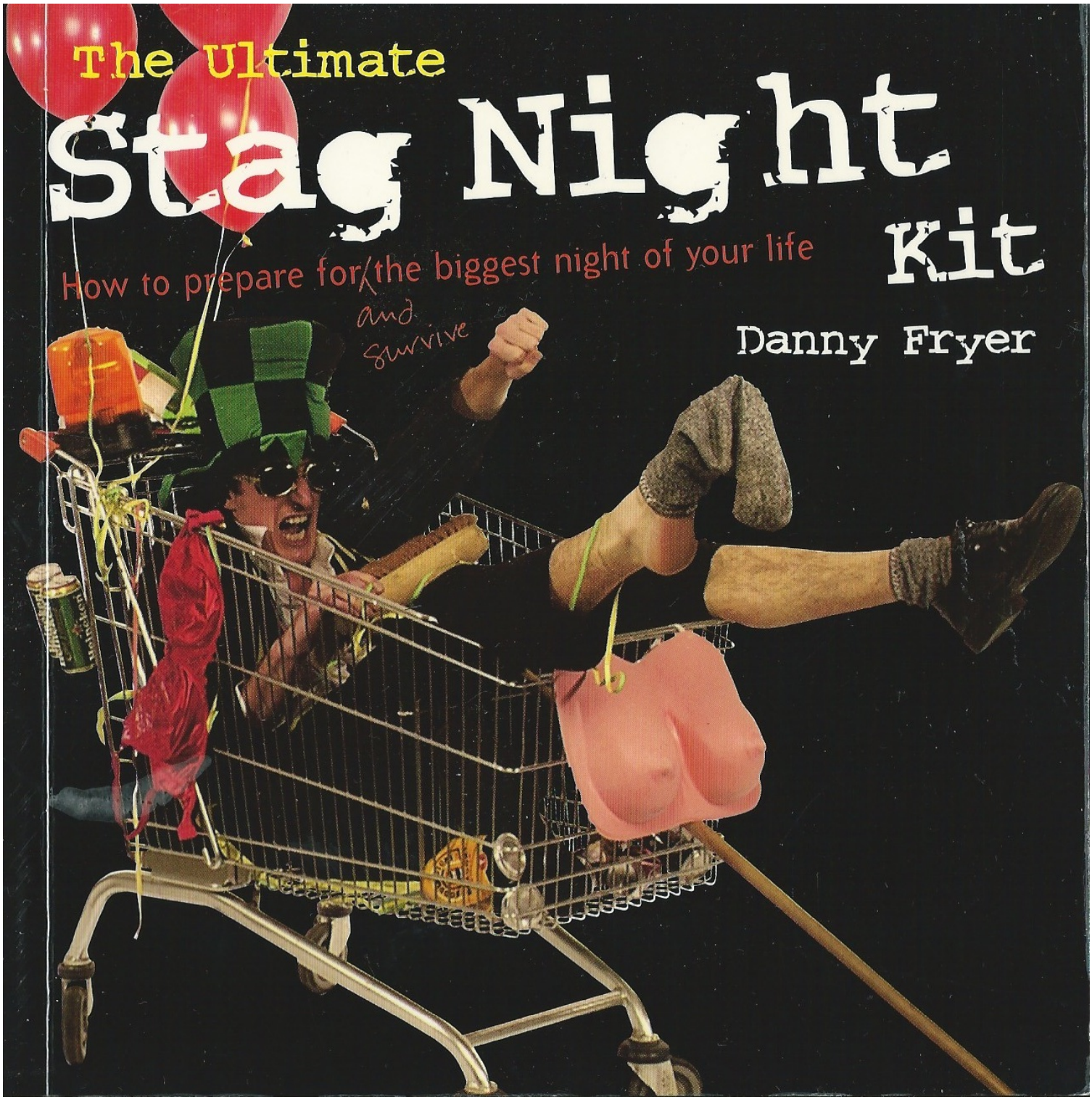

The Ultimate
Stag Night
Kit
How to prepare for the biggest night of your life
and survive
Danny Fryer

THE ULTIMATE

Stag Night kit

'How to prepare for the biggest night of your life and survive'

Danny Fryer



Chrysalis
Impact

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Foreword

As a veteran of six marriages himself, King Henry VIII is no stranger to the stag night. Whatever kind of party you're planning, there's not much this man doesn't know. Here he dispenses a few words of celebratory wisdom...

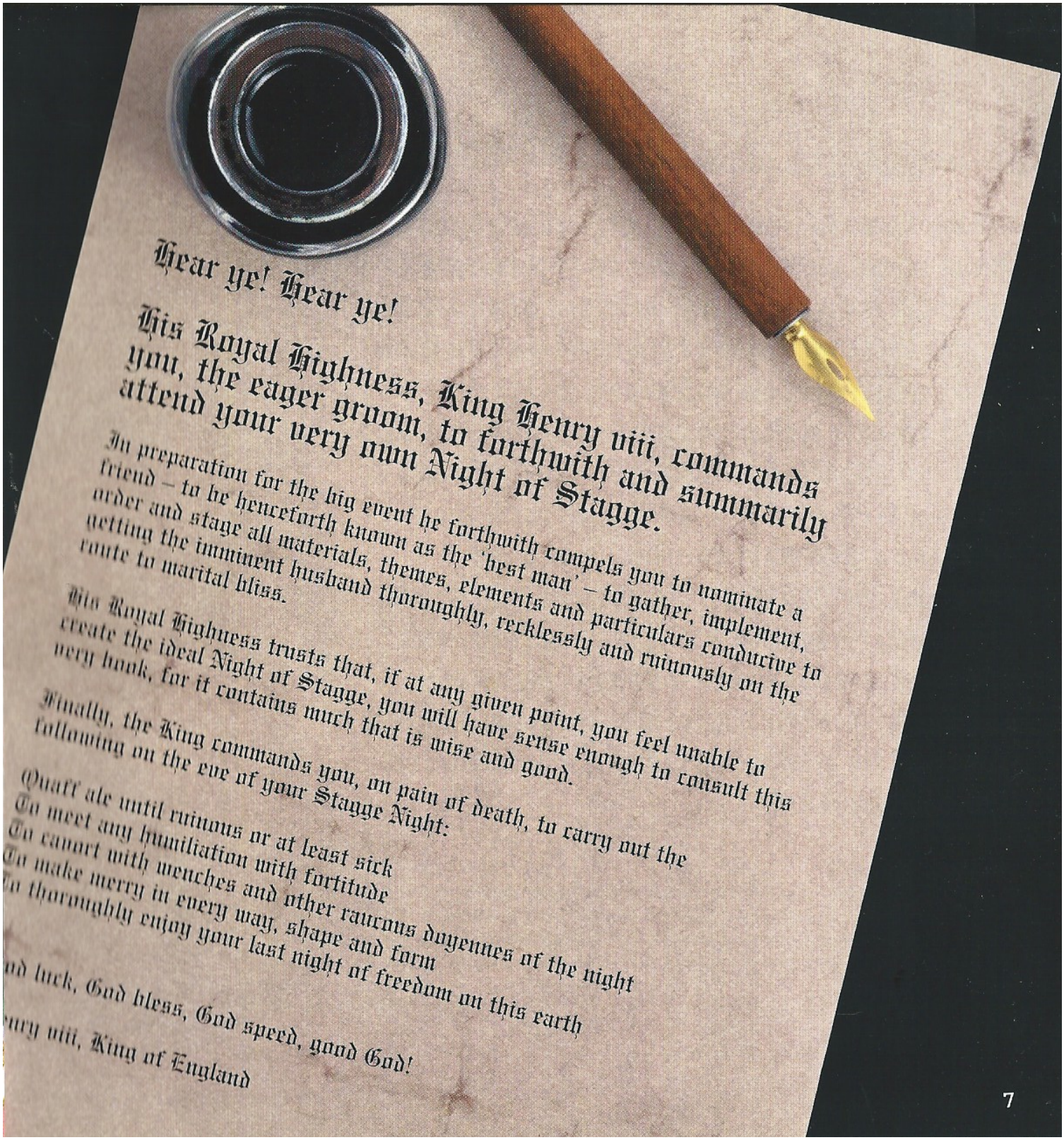
Greetings and felicitations to you, the almost-wed. Are you ready for your last night of true freedom? The last night you can ever quaff ale with your mates without fear of recrimination? The last time a set of jugs – other than those that belong to your good wife-to-be – will ever be jiggled harmlessly in your face? The last time you can behave like a complete twat and get away with it? Unless you're me, of course. Well then, this is your last chance to be raucous, lawless and mindless, and still stagger home to collapse in a drunken heap, or wake up in a police cell – without getting grief for your efforts.

People often ask me, "Henry?" they say, "Why did you marry so many times?" And it's an easy question to answer. "It wasn't for a son-and-heir as tradition dictates," I tell 'em, "it was for all them stag nights." For the chance to drink and be merry, and to be tied naked to an oak tree while some buxom wench strips down to her bodice or – in this day and age – a G-string; for the chance to behave like a complete reprobate – but for a legitimate reason.

Like most momentous events in life, a stag night needs careful planning and several cunning ingredients. This book goes a long way to helping you prepare for a night you probably won't be able to remember. Enjoy.

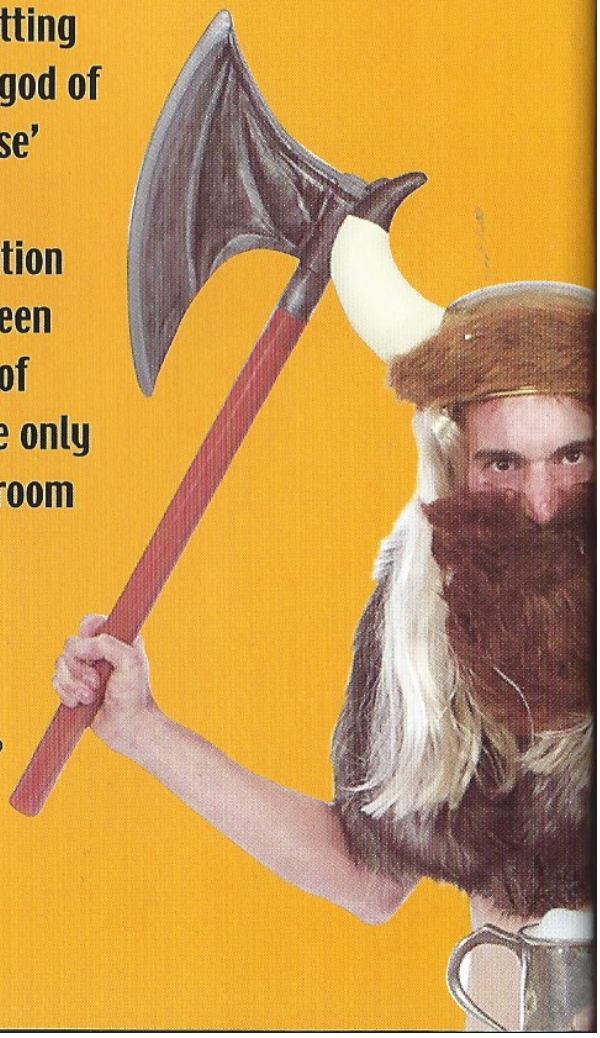
Henry viii




Hear ye! Hear ye!
His Royal Highness, King Henry viii, commands you, the eager groom, to forthwith and summarily attend your very own Night of Stagge.
In preparation for the big event he forthwith compels you to nominate a friend – to be henceforth known as the 'best man' – to gather, implement, order and stage all materials, themes, elements and particulars conducive to getting the imminent husband thoroughly, recklessly and ruinously on the route to marital bliss.
His Royal Highness trusts that, if at any given point, you feel unable to create the ideal Night of Stagge, you will have sense enough to consult this very book, for it contains much that is wise and good.
Finally, the King commands you, on pain of death, to carry out the following on the eve of your Stagge Night:
Quaff ale until ruinous or at least sick
To meet any humiliation with fortitude
To caract with wenches and other raucous doyennes of the night
To make merry in every way, shape and form
To thoroughly enjoy your last night of freedom on this earth
nd luck, God bless, God speed, good God!
enry viii, King of England

1 History of the Stag Party

Getting thoroughly and disgustingly inebriated; nubile young women peeling off clothes for your enjoyment; loud music and a room full of mates to help send you on your wedded way. A modern invention, you may think. Think again. You've got ancient gods specifically dedicated to the sorts of shenanigans you'll be getting up to. For instance, there's Bacchus – the Roman god of wine; the Greek god Pan – the lover of 'merry noise' who knew a good party when he saw one; and Cernunnos, the Stag Lord – the Celtic god of initiation ceremonies, to name but a few. Yes, stags have been rutting and hens have been clucking in the name of matrimony since time immemorial. Sometimes the only way to get the bride married off was to get the groom thoroughly plastered.



The Vikings are coming!
More flagons of ale than you could feasibly quaff, pillaging on a grand scale, buxom wenches and big axes to grind - and the only way to get to heaven was to die fighting, carousing, or both. Them Vikings knew how to party. Why not get a bunch of mates together and go plunder a village. Northampton, anyone?



Henry 'line 'em up' Tudor
Henry VIII: history's first serial stag. Eat, drink and be merry for, come the morning, you can always chop her head off and orchestrate yet another marriage to celebrate. Hurrah!

What have the Romans ever given us?
The orgy, for starters: wine, women and song in copious amounts – an intoxicating atmosphere, a heady brew and a room full of sweaty, writhing bodies. Sounds like the perfect stag do. And what better way to send your mate off than dressed like a big girl in a sheet?

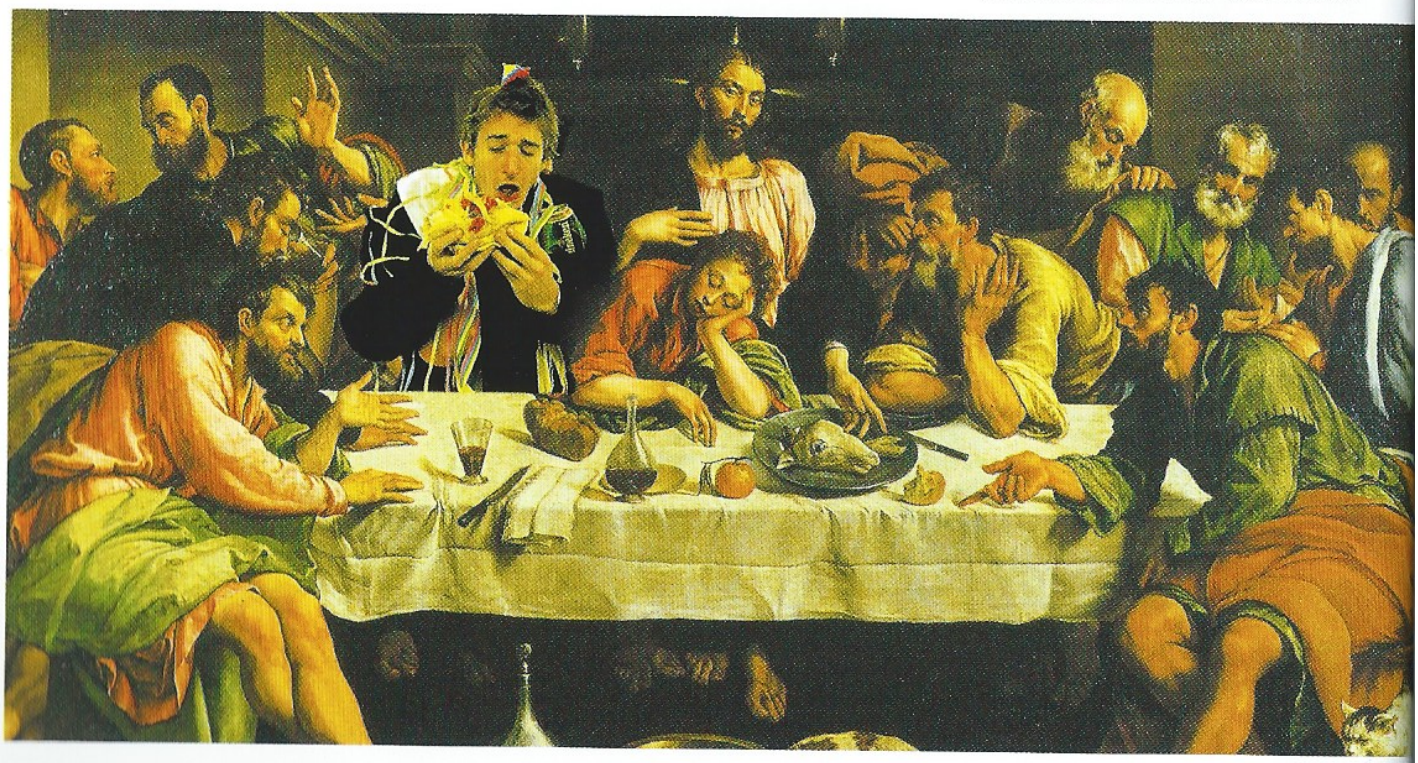
CHAPTER 1

The Stag: A History in Ar

Life mimics art and art holds a mirror to life – from the dawn of time and up to the present day, artists throughout history have long been obsessed with initiation rites and rites of passage. One such ceremony stands out more than any other: The Stag. Great works of stag art include...

The God Horus 800-700BC →
The Egyptian God of light and goodness, Horus, is depicted here running foul of his mates Thoth and Seth in that time-honoured handcuff-and-lamppost tradition.

Da Vinci: The Last Supper 1497 ↓
It's the last supper all right, but for whom? Jesus joins in the pre-nuptial celebrations for his mate Paul, who use to be called Saul, while the guests tuck into bread, wine and, errr, kebabs.





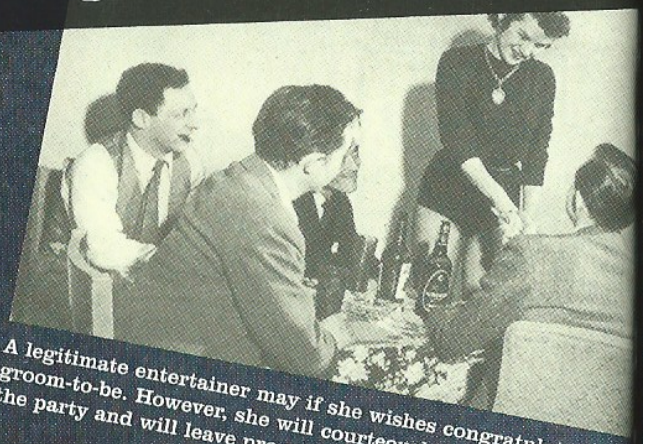
Michelangelo: The Creation 1508-1512 ↓
In 'Creation', Michelangelo depicts God getting a round in on this, the eve of Adam's wedding to, umm, Eve.

Rodin: The Thinker 1880 →
The earliest known sculptural rendition of the soon-to-be groom contemplating his impending marriage – and about to hurl after a well-organised stag.

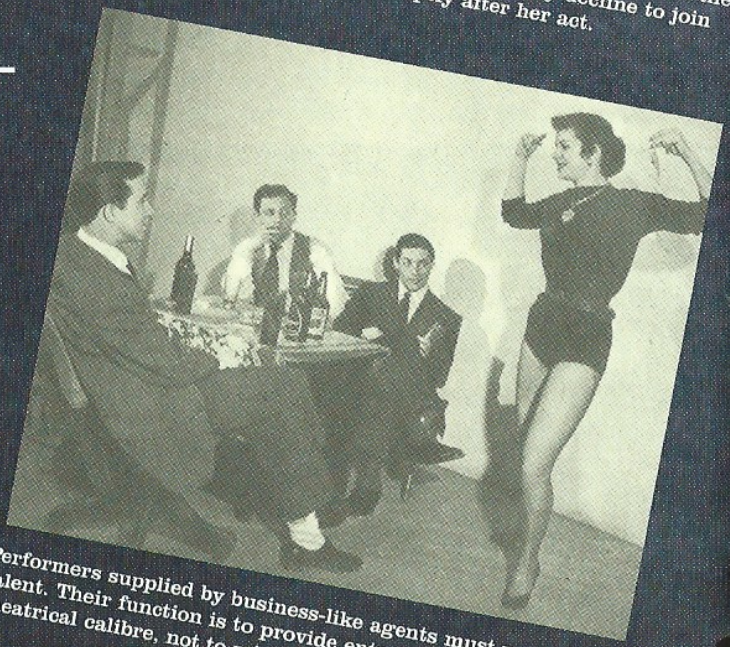
CHAPTER 1

The Classic Stag Party

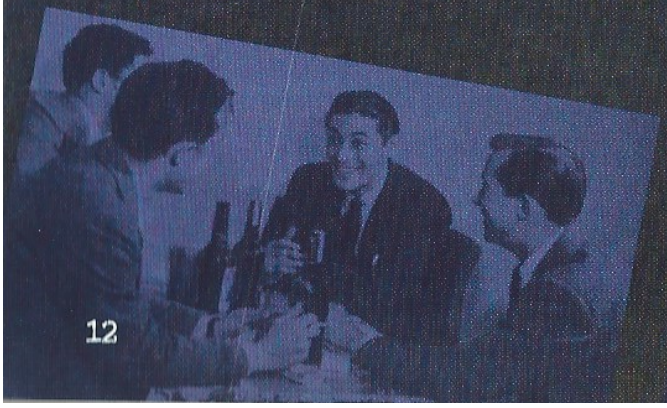
The bachelor party is an 'old, established custom' that has been well documented, not only in art, but also in print, as this article from 'Glance' magazine, September 1951, all-too-readily shows. They don't host 'em like they used to, and amen to that! However, you'll find a fair few modern-day elements already in place, namely the booze and a stripper.

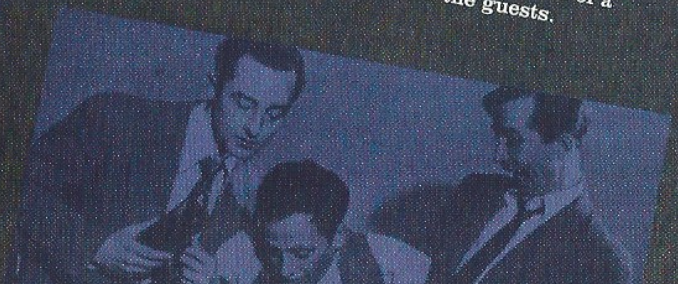


A legitimate entertainer may if she wishes congratulate the groom-to-be. However, she will courteously decline to join the party and will leave promptly after her act.



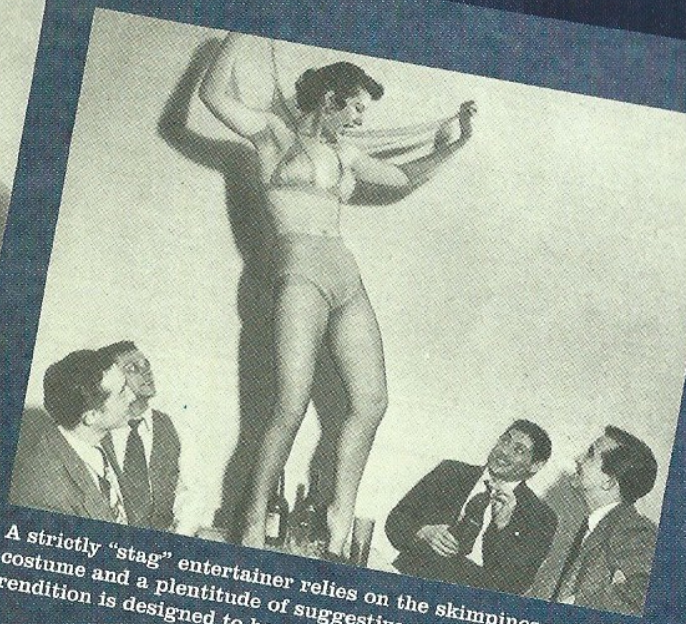
Performers supplied by business-like agents must possess talent. Their function is to provide entertainment of a theatrical calibre, not to mingle with the guests.



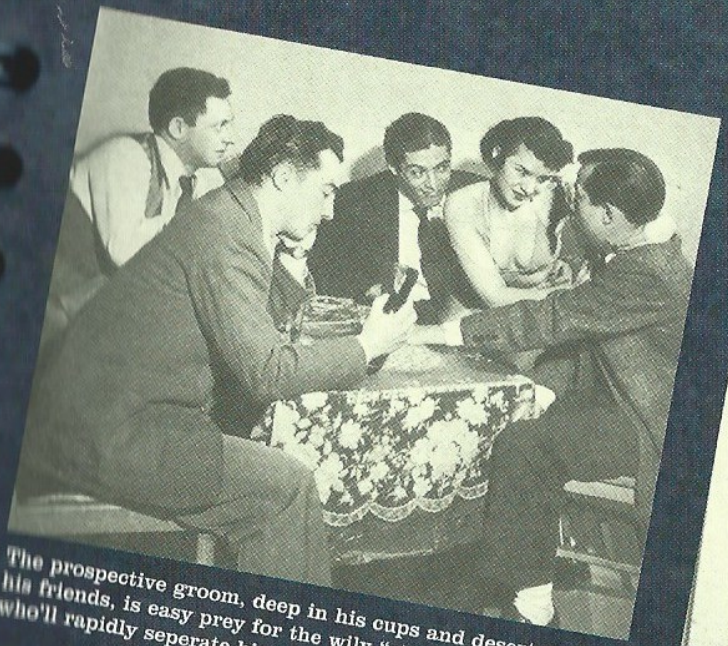




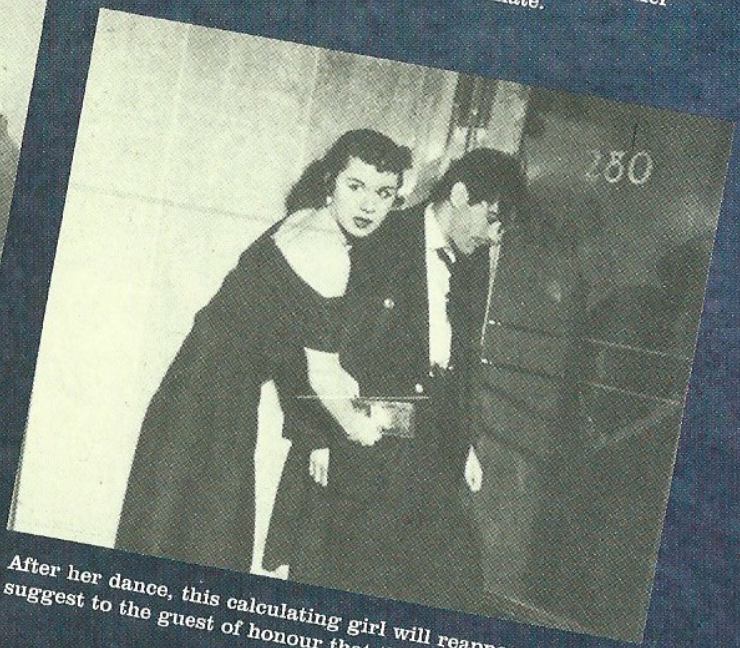
An unprincipled performer will not hesitate to socialise with the boys. She will even top all their stories.



A strictly "stag" entertainer relies on the skimpiness of her costume and a plentitude of suggestive material. Her rendition is designed to be very intimate.



The prospective groom, deep in his cups and deserted by his friends, is easy prey for the wily "stag" party girl, who'll rapidly seperate him from his roll.



After her dance, this calculating girl will reappear and suggest to the guest of honour that the evening is young.

HENRY'S ADVICE COLUMN

Dear Henry

Got a bachelor party problem? Let our resident marriage expert, Henry VIII, soothe your stag night ills.

Viva Las Vegas

Dear Henry

I was in Vegas with a load of mates for my stag. We'd done the strippers, played the casinos and drunk our way round all the bars. I wasn't getting married for another week, so was okay with this. But, on the last night my mates slipped me a Mickey, stripped my room of my clothes and possessions and buggered off, leaving me with nothing. I had to borrow clothes from lost property, phone home for a money transfer and have never felt so alone in my life. The thing is, I feel totally let down by my mates and don't know if I can forgive them. What should I do?

Henry says

Are you joking? Your friends obviously had your best interests at heart and gave you a stag night worth remembering: booze, gambling, naked ladies – topped off with an embarrassing predicament from which to extract yourself. All the elements were there. These people should be thanked, not chastised. Pull yourself together, man.

Bother-in-law

Dear Henry

The night before my wedding, my brother and his mates gave me an impromptu stag night, even thoug I'd had one the week before. Stupidly, I went along with it and got very drunk indeed. We were in a club and my brother had chatted up some girls. As I was out-of-bounds groom, of course some of the girls we flirting with me. I was trying to fend off one particul woman when I was floored by a killer punch. My fiancée's brother had seen us and suspected the wor Of course, he told his sister and now she's not talkin to me. My brother thinks this is hilarious. I've got a black eye and the wedding is in jeopardy.

Henry says

Two stag nights eh? A fine performance there, that man. Obviously, with a wedding, nerves are running high. Get your brother to explain the situation and, if your fiancée still doesn't understand, there's always the axe. I find it knocks most wedding dilemmas firmly on the head, so to speak.

Fight club

Dear Henry

We went to a strip bar for my stag do. The lads were throwing their money around and I got my own private lap dance. One of the boys got a bit tanked up and out of hand. He started groping some of the girls. When they backed off, he started calling them whores. The bouncers steamed in, beat us up and threw us out for causing trouble. My brother and I took more than our fair share of punches. To cap it all, this idiot threw up all over my suit halfway through his apology.

Henry says

I'm sorry. I don't understand your dilemma. Much ale was quaffed, wenches were on hand for your delight and entertainment and a riotous bout of fisticuffs ensued. Sounds like the perfect recipe for a spot-on bachelor party. Stop whining, man!

Final destination

Dear Henry

We were in Ireland for my stag and had an excellent craic, with plenty of Guinness and a bevy of lovely ladies for company. We had one final night out, drinking in the hotel bar until dawn. Everyone was ready for checking out except my best man, Peter. We eventually went up to his room to find him face down on the bed, naked and lying in his own vomit. He didn't look too healthy and we couldn't wake him, so we rushed him to hospital. We thought he was dead, but the doctor said he was very lucky. He'd passed out but, somehow left enough space where his mouth was resting, to let air in. He got the shock of his life though, and his wife went ballistic. Now, she doesn't want him to be best man.

Henry says

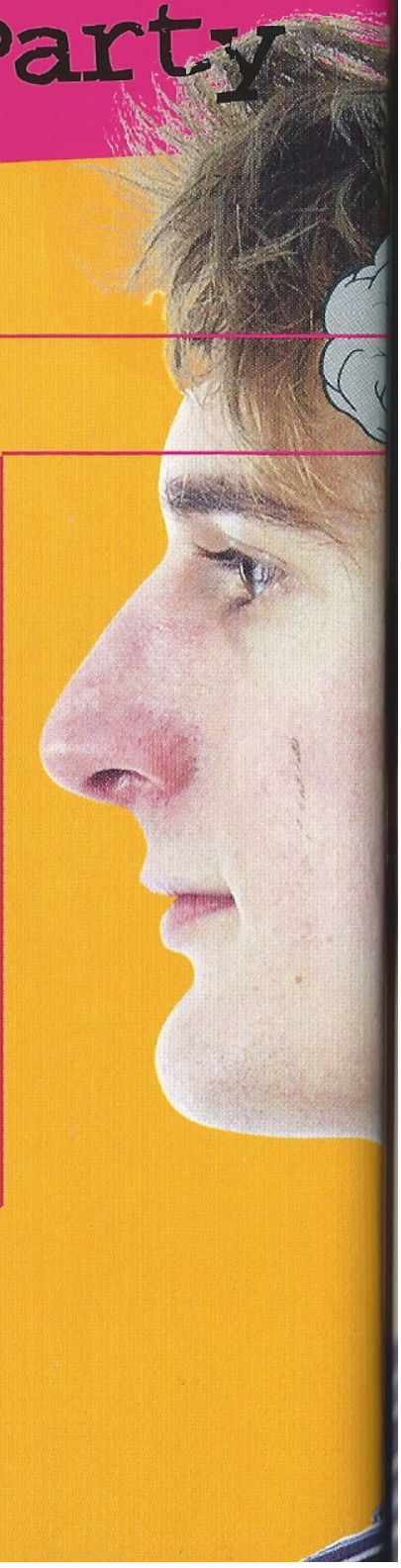
Obviously this is a delicate situation, it's not often you end up with a near-fatality on your stag night. Although the best man's wife has every right to be distressed, you've known him longer than she has and your wedding has nothing to do with her. Tell your mate to get over it, sort his priorities out and do his duty. Sadly, it's a case of you or her.



2 Planning Your Party

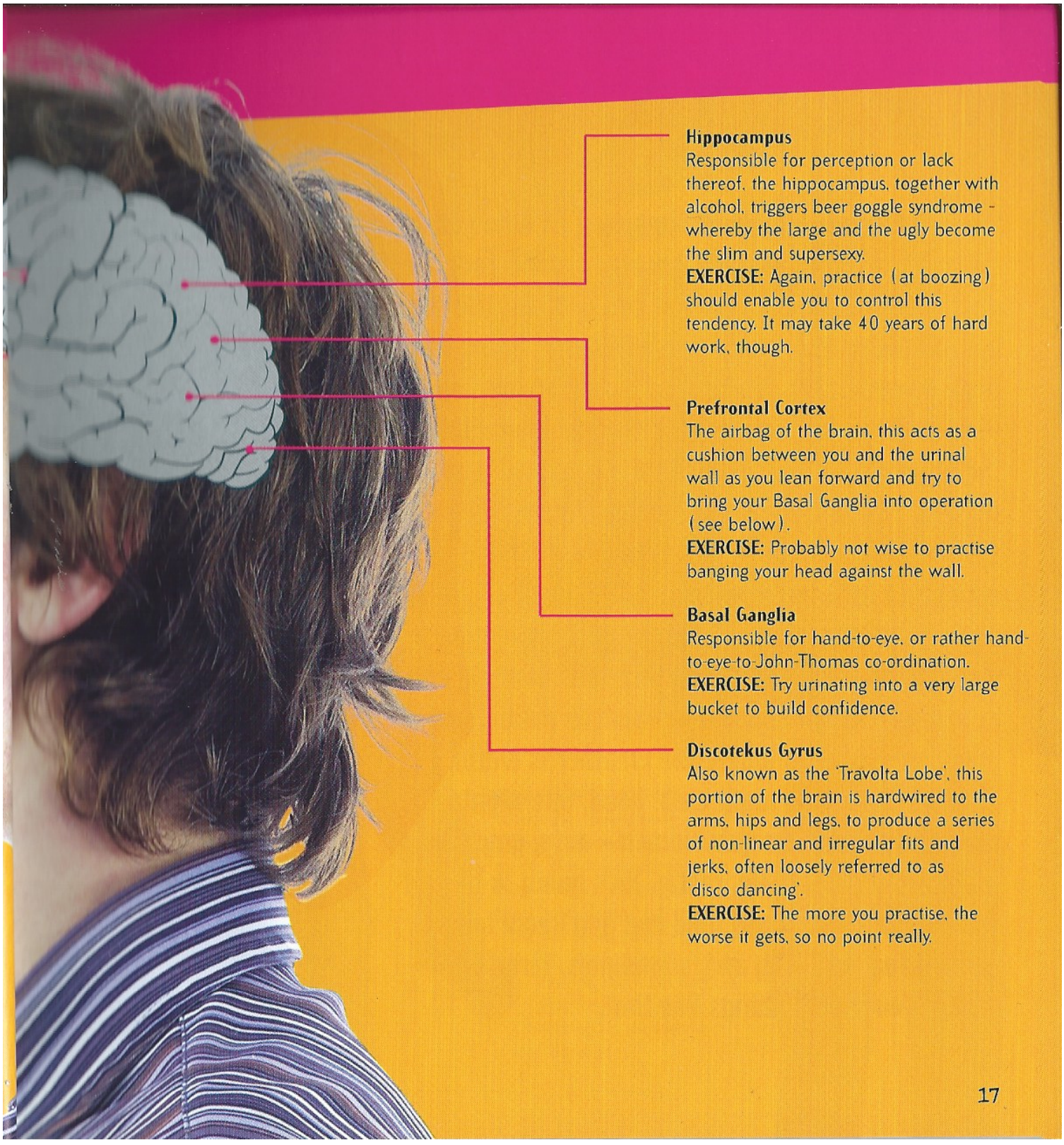
PREPARING YOUR BRAIN

Your mind and body normally work in direct co-ordination, like a well-oiled machine. Different parts of both are called into play to perform a variety of functions. While a large proportion of your brain will be completely redundant for the best part of your stag evening, several basic, or 'core' functions will be called into play, often after years of neglect, and forced into cooperation with your body. Study the illustration and get your brain into practice.



Neanderthal Cortex
A very primal region of the brain that was used often before the advent of language, it helps indicate need or desire by helping the body to point and grunt. The Neanderthal Cortex usually kicks in around pint number five.
EXERCISE: Go out boozing as often as possible before your stag, to hone those grunting and pointing skills.

Pinky Winky
A small but vital ganglion that controls the small finger or 'pinky', causing it to stick out at right angles to any held wine or champagne glass – providing a counterbalance when the glass is raised in toast.
EXERCISE: Don't bother. If you're going to drink wine all night, you'll be able to do this without any practice anyway.



Hippocampus
Responsible for perception or lack thereof, the hippocampus, together with alcohol, triggers beer goggle syndrome - whereby the large and the ugly become the slim and supersexy.
EXERCISE: Again, practice (at boozing) should enable you to control this tendency. It may take 40 years of hard work, though.

Prefrontal Cortex
The airbag of the brain, this acts as a cushion between you and the urinal wall as you lean forward and try to bring your Basal Ganglia into operation (see below).
EXERCISE: Probably not wise to practise banging your head against the wall.

Basal Ganglia
Responsible for hand-to-eye, or rather hand-to-eye-to-John-Thomas co-ordination.
EXERCISE: Try urinating into a very large bucket to build confidence.

Discotekus Gyrus
Also known as the 'Travolta Lobe', this portion of the brain is hardwired to the arms, hips and legs, to produce a series of non-linear and irregular fits and jerks, often loosely referred to as 'disco dancing'.
EXERCISE: The more you practise, the worse it gets, so no point really.

Where To Go?

Where you go is almost as important as who you are with. It's great to have your mates around you, but if you've got your mates around you in a bar, the same bar, all night long, chances are this isn't going to be a night to remember. Make it an inventive pub crawl – via bus stops, train stations, historical monuments, or the plain old "every boozer I've ever drunk in since I was 12". Europe is a cheap and easily reached destination for those of you with a taste for adventure (arseholed in Amsterdam anyone?), while package deals to sunny Spain can help you make a weekend of things. And let's face it, if you're going to be stripped naked and left to vomit in public, you might as well do it where the weather is warm. Finally, there's the night club. Loud, late nights, cheap booze and cheaper women – only, guys: don't let the stag cop off. No, really. He's going to be married for a very long time and you know how women can hold silly and, sometimes, terminal grudges over little things like that.

The Foreign Trip



The foreign trip
Ah yes. Sun, sand, sangria and plenty of sex. If not for the groom, then at least for his mates. There are foam parties to let rip at, beaches to puke on, women to pull, tans to work on and interesting diseases to catch. There are holiday companies ready to help you do this.



The pub/club
There's the pub. And another pub. And another. Then there's the club. Or two, maybe even three because, let's face it, you're going to be ejected from at least one of them. Somewhere along the line a stripper will be involved. If your mates love you, she'll be a corker; if they don't. . . oooh, nasty!

The activity weekend
Car racing, tank driving, para gliding, mountain biking and more. Why not celebrate your impending marriage with a brush with death? It'll make the big day more easy to manage. Only, don't arrange this too close to the main event, as you don't want to be hobbling up the aisle in a cast. Do you?

Can You Hack It?

So, you've decided on your destination. Now you need to decide how riotous your party is going to be. Of course, the sort of person you are and the kind of mates you have will dictate the nature of your stag night. Are you a quiet and refined, certain-sort-of-establishment gentleman, a relaxed and affable few-beers-down-the-local type of bloke, or a hell-for-leather, mad-for-it geezer whose antics knows no bounds? Answer the questionnaire to find out...



1: What sort of alcohol do you favour?

A: A fine Chablis or Sancerre will do nicely, thank you.
B: A few pints of lager are enough for me, mate.
C: Anything, everything - in fact, anything and everything mixed together. Mad for it. Wey-hay!

2: Do you know when to stop drinking?

A: Absolutely. I shall only be imbibing the odd one or two glasses, just enough to tickle the palate. I don't want anything to interfere with the happiest day of my life, after all.
B: A few bevvies with me mates, maybe a ruby and a club - with a few more beers in both. I can handle my drink but, if I end up being carried home, it won't be the first time.
C: What? You serious? Don't know when to stop, me. Chuck it down my neck, go on an all-day bender, chuck it all up when it gets too much and start all over again.

3: How many people will be attending your bachelor party?

A: Just Mama and Papa, my fiancée's immediate family, a few very close associates and my butler, Jeeves. Weddings are a bond between families, after all.
B: Yeah mate, the more the merrier, got me best mates, the Red Lion crew, the guys from work are coming along - about a dozen or so. We're gonna have a right laugh!
C: There's going to be loads of us, this is going to be the biggest party of my life and I'm gonna give everyone the best time they've ever had, money no object! Rock on!

4: You know the party's over when...

A: The proprietor discreetly presents the bill.
B: You've pissed yourself and are taken home in a shopping trolley, wearing a traffic cone.
C: You wake up in a police cell. In Cairo. Naked.

Mostly As
What a refined and dignified chap you are. Wherefore art thou reading this book? No drunken shenanigans or lewd party tricks await you. Are you celebrating your impending marriage or bemoaning it?
VERDICT: Extremely dull.

Mostly Bs
You like your beer, you like your bars and you like your mates - that's you well and truly sorted, then. Plenty of lager will flow merrily throughout your stag night. Silly hats, pub crawls, pranks and the obligatory stripper will definitely be on the agenda.
VERDICT: Perfect.

Mostly Cs
Oh dear God! You are definitely a party animal. In fact, you'll have a T-shirt that says so. Your booze-fuelled stag binge will be a bender of mammoth proportions. Ridiculous headgear, strange inflatable animals and/or body parts will feature heavily. You'll laugh, you'll hurl, and your fiancée will cry in the morning when she's forced to bail you out of trouble. Or gaol.
VERDICT: A nightmare.

What To Wear?

Having assessed what type of bachelor party best suits you, it's time to sort out the appropriate garb, gear or clobber. But be warned: you may be expecting one kind of event, while your mates, on the other hand, could be planning something entirely different and a helluva lot more extreme/depraved/perverted. (Remember, a pair of incontinence pants will always come in handy!)



The DJ or tuxedo

If you are planning a more sophisticated affair, then the tuxedo is totally de rigueur. We can't all be blessed with James Bond's good looks, however, and therein lies the DJ conundrum. By wearing one, you are either going to look like 007, a night club bouncer or a complete tosser.



Loud and lairy
Comedy pantaloons, large fluffy jester hats, inflatable sheep, fake genitalia, mirrored shades, whistles, and spinning bow ties: no item is too gaudy, bizarre or crap for you. As the groom, you have no desire to be upstaged and, dressed like this, no one would dare. Nobody could.



To be avoided
Pink shirt/yellow tie combos, comedy breasts, hats that hold lager cans, sandals, Wellingtons, togas and nudity.



Come as you are
If casual is the order of the day (semi-smart shoes, fresh pair of slacks and an untucked Gingham shirt), you're pretty much guaranteed access to any bar or club. A loud patterned shirt, however, would get you noticed that bit more and, as an added benefit, can hide the lager stains.