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A **bunch** of my old college friends **came into town** for a few days and we went out last night **bar hopping** until **closing time**. We started around 9 p.m. and **were on** our third bar when we **closed it down**. Some of us were **starving** and the rest of us were **peckish** so we decided to get a late- night **snack**. We didn't want **fast food** so we decided to try to find a 24-hour **diner**.

We **passed on** a **chain restaurant** and went instead to a **dive** near downtown. The six of us went in and we sat at the **counter**. Since the place was **dead**, we **had it to ourselves**. One of my friends, Paul, got pretty **rowdy** and the waitress had to tell him to **chill out**. He was pretty **hammered** so we had to **keep an eye on** him. He was a **lightweight** and didn't usually drink much, but he was **bumped out** about a fight he had had with his girlfriend and decided to get **smashed**. I felt sorry for the guy, especially since I knew that he would have a terrible **hangover** in the morning. I tried to get him to drink some coffee, but he just wanted to stay **buzzed**.

After we left the diner, I dropped everybody off at Paul's, since I was the **designated driver**. They were all **crashing** at his place. I made my way home and fell into bed. It was good to see my old friends. But I'm definitely getting too old **to party** like we did in college. As the old saying goes: **The mind is willing, but the body is weak**.