Hangover from hell

New year's day and my mouth's claggy as. Remember the toilet in Trainspotting? I lie, eyelids clenched; daren't move a muscle. What went down last night? I can't see through brain fog.

An extremely hurty head.

I blink twice. Even with the curtains clenched tight, there's too much light. My eyes work too well and there's still my mouth. Glued shut and despite every effort to conjure saliva, bonded so tight nothing flushes.

What the flying fish went down last night?

I roll, find the cool fresh spot in the bed. I feel for my girlfriends hand, but it's missing in action. No cuddle and no debrief of last night's manoeuvres. Rolling over has made things worse. An abrupt pain sears down my right side, I crowbar my eyelids apart to find black and blue welts, from hip to shoulder.

The fog parts and for a second, images gush and then retreat into the floundering synaptic filaments of my memory. I wobble onto solid ground. The pub. Round followed round; a spontaneous celebration that gate-crashed auld lang syne. Surfboards of Jägermeister's – knocked back in one foul swoop.

Tony and Tania got engaged.

We went back to their flat. The whole gang. All us teachers from Saint Benedicts Catholic School, Sister Janice in her wheelchair included.

Clips, snippets and vague assumptions judder my recollection-pipes as I try to bleed the airlock. A spangly diamond and biscuity champagne. Sister Janice in charge. For those not in the loop, Sister Janice is our head of religious education. She's the most wonderful person and beyond doubt had more than a hand in matchmaking the happy couple.

Hang on. We carried her up to Tony and Tania's third floor flat; a rollercoaster that she loved, but no bruises gained here.

Champagne quaffed, Christmas tequila was liberated from under the tree. Then came the degenerative party-games, with a new one on me; List It! Discover the depth of your knowledge; inventories against the clock.

First one to me. 'Get-set, go. Name ten body-parts.' Everyone else burbled the Countdown countdown.

Head, shoulders, knees and toes flew, 'no, no, no'.

'Referee!'

'Be more creative!'

‘Creative?’

‘More rude.’ Sister Janice sniggered.

‘Boobs.’ ‘Yes.’

‘Penis.’ ‘Yes.’

That earnt me a dig to the ribs, as did vagina, arse and the mis-heard deep-throat. All met with a rain of blows from beyond-giggly Sister Janice. She admonished, chastised. ‘You are a very, very, naughty boy.’ God, she had strong wheelchair arms.

The dam burst. The penny dropped. OMG, the bruises! Beaten up by The Penguin. (She loved Blues Brothers.) Memories flooded home. What a way to see out the old year; celebrate the engagement.

The smell of coffee and bacon frying perked my hurtyness, yet still no saliva. Would hair of the dog help? Right back on it? Not a school night so why the heck not?

I struggle to heave myself out of bed. Dry January already cast aside, my new New Years resolution? Avoid drunken penguins at all cost.