

# DIXIE Caviar

(Warning: must be over 21 and under 30 to read this post!) So a parent has relinquished control of the family lake house (Lord help them) to you and your college buddies for Labor Day weekend. Now what? Here's a sample itinerary to help get the party started. Feel free to print and check off items as necessary. Let the games begin!

*Friday 9 AM* - Preparations need to be made. Liquor store. check. Grocery store. check. Gas station. check. Do you have the following: chips, salsa, chips, salsa. Oh wait, did I mention chips and salsa? Nah, I'm just kidding. Make sure somebody brings hamburger meat and buns, too.

*Friday 3 PM* - Head to Chimney Rock in the family pontoon. Grab a diaper and hit the water. No, not that kind of diaper, silly; one made out of a life jacket. Click [here](#) for an example. Now have someone throw you a beer, preferably Budlight in a can but a Miller will do. Don't worry, it'll float if you can't catch.

*Friday 5 PM* - All that bobbing has probably made you hungry. Head back to dry land, but try to stay between the buoys and watch out for the ducks. If you see a group of guys huddling around a Weber, that's a good sign. Where there's smoke, there's fire. Err, I mean burgers. Don't forget to admire how cute the boys all look with their tongs and pokers. What can I say, I love a man who can grill (Hi Walter!).

*Friday 7 PM* - Get ready for some real fun. Pour a little Jack into that Coke and announce a game of charades. It's a no fail way to have a good time. A little background music doesn't hurt either (RIP Michael Jackson).

*Friday 10 PM* - If the PG activities aren't cutting it (or your friends are too cool for board games), then give 'em a little David Byrne to really get the party started. You'll thank me later. Just don't turn into a psycho killer and burn down the house. Hee hee.

*Friday Midnight* - Whoops! Don't fall down. Maybe you should find a couch to lay your head. Or better yet, a lounge chair, or perhaps a float. Just don't wind up in the bathtub like last year. Not cool.

*Saturday 12 PM* - Uh oh. You don't look too good. Need a hangover cure? Perhaps a little sweet tea (not the Firefly kind, you lush) and a Bojangles chicken biscuit to soothe your aching head. Works for me.

*Saturday 12:01 PM* - Look, it's 12:01! Feel free to pour yourself a bloody.

*Saturday 3 PM* - Repeat.

Okay, okay. This exact experience may or may not have happened to me once or twice (I'll never tell). That's why it's called *The ghost of Labor Days' past*. Get it?

But just so you know, I've calmed down a bit since freshman/sophomore/ junior year. Now my idea of a good Labor Day is a beach cruise on Penny J. Shuttlesworth (the most beautiful bike in all the land) and couch time with Walt and Goose. Wild, I know.

And hey, along with this new found maturity is better grub. No chips and salsa here! Just some slow-roasted barbecue ribs, homemade potato salad, and [baked beans](#) to die for. Who knew growing up would taste this good?