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I HOPE  
THEY SERVE BEER  
IN HELL



TUCKER MAX

"Highly entertaining and thoroughly reprehensible." —*The New York Times*

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**TUCKER MAX**



CITADEL PRESS  
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CITADEL PRESS BOOKS are published by

Kensington Publishing Corp.  
850 Third Avenue  
New York, NY 10022

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First printing: January 2006

10 9 8 7 6

Printed in the United States of America

Library of Congress Control Number: 2005934008

ISBN 0-8065-2728-5

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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**The Bunny**-For whatever issues we've had, and there have been many, no one has been more solidly in my corner. Not my parents, not my friends, not even my dogs. She is a very special person. [BTW, she is an excellent writer in her own right and I suggest you check out her site: [thebunnyblog.com](http://thebunnyblog.com). But finish my book first.]

**PWJ**-I am a proud and complex man, and as a result I have to face most of my problems alone. But sometimes even I need someone to go to, and PWJ was there to help pull me out of the two lowest points of my life. Friends like this are beyond rare; they are priceless in the truest sense of the word.

**Nils Parker** (aka Drunkasaurusrex)-I would call him the Robin to my Batman, but that underestimates the importance that his contributions make. Robin is replaceable; Nils might not be.

**Donika Miller**-It's hard to describe why Donika has been so important to my development as a writer. She is someone who really gets it, but isn't seduced by my bullshit. She sees through the crap to the real issues, she isolates the problems I don't see, she does more than just add value-her critiques turn good writing into great writing.

My law school friends get a separate mention, not only because they've had to put up with more shit from me than almost anyone, but because more than half these stories wouldn't exist without them playing the foils: PWJ (he gets two mentions), SlingBlade, Hate, Credit, JoJo, GoldenBoy, El Bingeroso, JonBenet, and Carolyn (my first year roommate). In a very real way, these guys helped mold the person I am today.

Those who have always been there to help whenever I asked, who've saved my ass in several situations, and who otherwise have contributed something tangible to this book: Luke Heidelberger (without whom my site probably wouldn't work at all), Max Wong (my mentor in the entertainment business; plus she gives great critique), D-Rock (who has gotten me out of lots of fights and always calls my shit out when I need it), The Cousin (the JV me), Dickless Vonboffinsheep Bedwetter, the Turd (always willing to give me a vacation spot), Junior, Skippon, Sharts, Ford, Zach Albarron (the craziest guy I know), Laura, Christine (whose commentary was golden) and all my other 'real life' friends.

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I have to thank my agent and my editor. My agent Byrd Leavell has not only believed in me from day one, he has fought for me where almost no one else would. I am probably too fucked up to ever get married or even have another serious long term relationship with a woman, but I can't imagine dumping Byrd. As for my editor, Jeremie Ruby-Strauss: I'll get all the press and the credit, whatever there is, for this book, but he deserves some of it. He not only got my vision for this book, but actually fought all the bullshit bureaucratic battles to maintain that vision. Without these two guys, I would still be just an Internet writer.

To anyone I've forgotten who should have been in here: I am a bad person and I'm sorry, but if you know me well enough to deserve to be in the acknowledgments, you already know that.

[I'm also going to throw in a thank you to the moderators on the Tucker Max Message Board. It's a weird place, but they do a great job making it fun (and making me enough money in the process so I could finish this book in peace without having to worry about paying bills): Joseph "JoeyHustle" Hansen, Jon Tando, Ben Hanson, Erin O'Leary, Jess Allen, Brian Stieglitz, Mike Gill, AncientMariner, Boozy, SoylentGreen, CJ\*, Dark Helmet, DietCokehead, Foxfyre, Wahoo, KimChi, madd scientist, Siappybird, SqueekyCleen, and WillyDuer.]



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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

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My real name is Tucker Max. Unless a full name is used, all other names are pseudonyms.

All the events depicted in the stories are completely true. Only certain dates, characteristics, and places are changed to protect me from criminal prosecution or civil liability.

I hope you enjoy reading this as much as I enjoyed living it.

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# THE FAMOUS SUSHI PANTS STORY

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**Occurred-July 2001**

**Written-July 2001**

I used to think that Red Bull was the most destructive invention of the past 50 years. I was wrong. Red Bull's title has been usurped by the portable alcohol breathalyzer. The same device that cops have been using for 10 years to conduct field sobriety tests is now available to the public. It is the size and shape of a small cell phone with a clear round tube sticking up from the top, almost like an antenna. One blows into the tube, and a few seconds later a Blood Alcohol Content (BAC) reading is given. Though not as accurate as a blood test, they are accurate to within .01, which is good enough for my purposes.

I was living in Boca Raton, Florida, when I bought one to take out with me on a Saturday night. This is the story:

9:00pm: Arrive at the restaurant. I am the first one of the group there, even though our reservations are for 9pm. The restaurant is crowded full of the abysmal type of people that infest South Florida. Already depressed, I order a vodka and club soda.

9:08: No one else has arrived. I order another vodka and club. I consider checking my BAC, but doubt that it would show anything thus far.

9:10: Two 30+ year-old Jewish women on my left keep eyeing me. Both have fake breasts. One has exceptionally large fake breasts. They are beckoning me from her shirt. She is not highly attractive. I begin drinking faster.

9:15: No one else has arrived. I order my third vodka and club. While I wait for it, I try out my portable breathalyzer. I blow a .02. This is the greatest invention ever made. I am giddy. I show the breathalyzer to the fake-breasted Jewish women next to me. We begin a conversation.

9:16: They both have thick Long Island accents. I summon the bartender over and change my order to a tall double vodka on the rocks, splash of club.

9:23: Four people at the bar have tried my breathalyzer, both of the fake-breasted women included. Everyone wants to know their BAC. I

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am the center of attention. I am happy.

9:25: The first member of my group arrives. I show him the breathalyzer. He is enthralled. He buys a round. The fake-breasted women loudly inform us they would like drinks. My friend buys them drinks. I order a double vodka on the rocks. No splash.

9:29: I blow again, a .04. I've been drinking for half an hour, and am on my fourth drink. My wheels of intellect begin grinding through the vodka haze that is already forming ... four drinks ... a .04 ... that must mean that each drink only adds .01 to my BAC. I begin to think that I can drink a lot. I tell one of the fake-breasted women that she is very interesting.

9:38: Six of the eight are here. Lie to the hostesses, and they seat our incomplete party. Everyone is talking about my breathalyzer. I am the focus of adulation. I forgive everyone for sucking so bad. I think this night may go OK after all.

9:40: I blow again, a .05. This confuses me. I haven't ordered another drink since I blew a .04. I have a vague memory from a long distant DAR.E. class about the rate of alcohol absorption being constant, regardless of speed of drinking. This memory quickly fades when two hot girls at the table next to me inquire about my portable breathalyzer.

9:42: Hot girl #2 is into me. She begins telling me a story about how she got pulled over once for DUI, and had to blow into something like this, and the cop let her off. She tells me that she always wanted to be a cop, but couldn't pass the entrance exam to the police academy, even though she took it twice. I tell her that she must be really smart. She stops paying attention to me. Hot girl #2 is apparently smart enough to detect thinly veiled sarcasm.

10:04: The novelty of the portable breathalyzer has passed. The table has moved on. I am no longer the center of attention. I am not happy with my table. If the spotlight is not shining directly on me, I feel small inside.

10:06: The people at my table begin talking about energy healing. Everyone is mesmerized by a girl who took a class in it. I tell them that energy healing is a worthless and solipsistic pseudo-science. They think energy healing is a real science because the instructor of the girl's class went to Harvard. One guy calls it a "legitimate, certifiable

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science," while making air quotes with his fingers. I tell them that they are all (while imitating his air quotes) "legitimate, certifiable idiots" because they believe in horse-shit like energy healing. Two girls call me close-minded. I tell them that they are so open-minded that their brains leaked out. They all glare at me with disapproval. I hate everyone at my table.

10:08: I have completely tuned out their inane conversation. I am slamming down straight vodka as fast as the low-rent wanna-be Ethan Hawke waiter can bring it. I blow every three minutes, watching my BAC slowly creep up.

10:10: .07

10:17: .08. I am no longer legally eligible to drive in the state of Florida. I announce this fact to no one in particular.

10:26: .09

10:27: I decide that I am going to see how drunk I can get and still be functional. I know that .35 BAC kills most people. I think that .20 is a good goal.

10:28: I get up, saying nothing to the seven sophists at my table, and go back to the bar. I don't leave money for my drinks.

10:29: The fake-breasted women are still at the bar. They want drinks. Upset that I'm only at .09 after a good hour and a half of aggressive drinking, I decide to do a round of shots. I let the women pick the shots, with the explicit instruction that it cannot be whiskey, cannot smell like whiskey, cannot even resemble whiskey (I once went to the ER drinking whiskey, but I don't tell them this).

10:30: The shots arrive. Tequila. Judging by the bill, very good tequila. It is smooth. We order another round.

11:14: I blow a .15. I have passed a milestone. Only .05 away from my goal. My pride swells. I show everyone my .15. The bar crowd is impressed. I am their idol. Someone buys me a shot.

11:28: I feel queasy. I realize that I didn't even stick around the table for dinner. Not wanting to either go back to my table or eat at the bar, I walk across the street to a sushi restaurant.

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11:29: There is a lingerie party at the sushi restaurant. Half of the people are in some form of pajamas or other bedtime clothing. Everyone here sucks as bad as the last place, except they are in their underwear.

11:30: I am confused. I only want sushi. I stand at the door, mesmerized by the shifting masses of near nakedness. A mildly attractive girl who apparently works at the restaurant wants me to put on lingerie. I tell her I don't have any. I just want some sushi. She says I should at least take off my pants. I ask her if this will get me sushi. She says it will. I take off my pants.

11:30: I pause while unzipping my pants, wondering what type of underwear, if any, I have on. I consider not taking my pants off. I realize that getting food quickly is more crucial than my dignity.

11:31: I take off my pants. I have on pink and white striped Gap boxers. They are too tight. I make sure my package is tucked in. People watch me do this.

11:32: I order sushi by pointing at the pictures and grunting.

11:33: I show a guy at the sushi bar my breathalyzer. He is impressed. He shows it to everyone. People begin congregating around me. I am a star again.

11:41: I blow a .17. I tell everyone my goal. Someone orders me a shot.

11:42: I do the shot. Something that has a familiar taste, makes me feel warm inside. I ask what it is. "Cognac and Alize." There is a God, and he hates me.

11:47: My sushi arrives. I slosh soy sauce over it and shovel it into my mouth as quickly as my hands will get it there.

11:49: My sushi is finished. No one is paying attention to my table manners, as everyone is crowded around the breathalyzer, waiting their turn to find out their BAC.

12:18: I blow a .20. I AM A GOD. The sushi bar erupts. Men are applauding me. Girls are pining for me. Everyone wants to talk to me. I forgive them their flaws, as they are all paying attention to me.

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12:31: My deity status is lost. Someone blows a .22. This is a challenge to my manhood. I order a depth charge with a Bacardi 151 shot. And a beer back. The crowd is in awe.

12:33: I finish the depth charge, and the beer. I talk shit to my challenger, "Who runs this bar now, BITCH??" The crowd erupts. Momentum has swung back in my direction. I am Maximus. I am winning the crowd. I will rule the sushi bar.

12:36: I take a better look at my challenger. He is a tall, broadshouldered, heavily muscular man. His natural facial expression is not one of happiness. He quietly watches me, then orders a shot, throws it back without noticeable effect, and smiles at me. I consider that talking shit to him was a bad idea. At this point I also realize that my stomach is very upset with me. I ignore it. I still have a public that needs to adore me.

12:54: I blow a .22. Only mild cheers this time. Everyone is waiting for the challenger to blow.

12:56: He blows a .24. He smiles condescendingly at me. I order two more shots.

12:59: I do the first shot. It doesn't go down well. I decide to take a short break from drinking. The crowd is not impressed.

1:10: Reality sets in. I am going to vomit. A LOT. I try to discreetly make it outside.

1:11: I knock a girl over as I sprint through the door.

1:11: I trip over a bush, stumble into it, and begin throwing up. Out of my mouth. And nose. It is not pleasant.

1:14: I can't figure out why my legs hurt so much. I look down at them in between heaves. I have no pants on. Thorns and branches are embedded in my shins.

1:18: The vomiting is over. I am now trying to stop the bleeding. A bright light hits my eyes. I am not happy. I tell the owner to "get that fucking light out of my face." The owner of the light identifies himself as an officer of the law. I apologize to the officer, and ask him what the problem is. A long pause ensues. The light is still in my eyes. "Son,

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where are your pants?" Remembering past encounters with the law, and realizing there is no one around to bail me out of the county lockup, I summon every bit of adrenaline in my body to sober myself up. I apologize again, and explain to the officer that my pants are in the restaurant that is less than 50 feet away, and that I came outside to share my sushi with the bush. He doesn't laugh. Another long pause.

"You're not driving tonight are you?", "Oh, NO, NO, NO ... no sir, I don't even have a valid driver's license."

1:20: He tells me to go back inside, put on my pants, and call a cab.

1:21: I go back into the sushi restaurant. A few people stare at me in a peculiar manner. I look down, and then tuck my partially exposed sack back into my boxers. I don't know what to do about my bleeding legs. I look around for my pants.

1:24: I can't find my pants. My breathalyzer is in clear sight. I blow. A .23. Someone informs me that my challenger just blew a .26. They add that he hasn't thrown up yet. I tell them to "kiss my fucking ass." My last clear memory.

8:15am: I wake up. I don't know where I am. It is very hot. I am sweating horribly. It smells like rotting flesh.

8:16: I am in my car. With the windows up. The sun is beating down directly on me. It is at least 125 degrees in my car. I open the door and try to get out, but instead I fall onto the pavement. The scabs that cover my legs tear and reopen as I move. My penis falls out of my pink Gap boxers and lands, along with the rest of me, in a dirty puddle on the asphalt.

8: 19: The fetid standing water finally jars me into full consciousness. I can't find my pants. Or cell phone. Or wallet. But I do have my breathalyzer. I blow. A .09. I am still not eligible to drive in the state of Florida.

8:22: I drive home anyway. Let me be clear about this night: it was in my top 5 drunkest nights ever. I was completely shit-housed. I threw up multiple times, some of them through my nose. JESUS CHRIST, I WOKE UP blowing a .09. That's fucking ridiculous. That device is awful. It is the devil dressed in a transistor. My advice to you: avoid it at all costs.

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# THE NIGHT WE ALMOST DIED

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**Occurred-April 1999**

**Written-July 2001**

There are fun nights, there are crazy nights, and then there are those nights that make men legends.

It was a Saturday night in law school. Me and about 4 friends (Hate, GoldenBoy, Brownhole, and Credit) had collected at El Bingeroso's apartment. El Bingeroso had a college fraternity brother in town, Thomas, and wanted to show him a good time. We got there at around 7pm, and immediately began cooking large quantities of meat and drinking lots of alcohol.

El Bingeroso, who lived with his fiancée, was excited about seeing his college friend and began attacking the Natural Light. His fiancée, Kristy, knowing El Bingeroso's proclivity towards unruly drunken behavior, caught me in a corner and made me promise to stay sober so I could drive. Owing her a favor, I agreed. Though pissed at the time, it became the best decision I have ever made in my life.

All the meat and liquor in the apartment consumed, we headed out. It was decided that we needed to try a new bar. Someone mentioned that a place called "Shooters II" had a mechanical bull. This was an easy call.

By the time we arrived, El Bingeroso and Thomas were so drunk they were singing Johnny Cash songs and kicking cars in the parking lot. The rest of the party was not doing much better. Hate, normally an edgy person anyway, was so drunk he was eyeing Stop signs suspiciously.

Having wrestled with Jim Beam for the past two hours and lost, he was ready for a fight. Brownhole and GoldenBoy were already staggering. I mentally prepare for the worst.

We paid \$2 to get the obligatory bracelets. The girl behind the counter was dressed in a tight red Lycra cowgirl outfit, replete with white lace and frills. Her boots were black and white snake skin. But it was the white leopard print ten-gallon hat really brought the outfit together. The bar was decorated in classic neo-Western Roadhouse: longhorns,



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oil cans, and saddles decorate the walls. I half expected Patrick Swayze to be smacking around unruly townies. I was so busy looking at the redneck paraphernalia, I failed to notice it before I heard Hate gasp, "No way! This is awesome!"

In the center of the bar was something I had never seen before in my life: Live professional wrestling.

Let's be clear about this: there was a ring, a full wrestling ring set up in the middle of the bar, and there were people, ostensibly professionals, in the ring, wrestling each other. I must have stood there for a good three minutes, trying to let my brain catch up with my eyes.

A real life ring, right in the middle of the bar. Two sweaty, out of shape wrestlers grappling, and a white banner behind the ring, proclaiming for all to see, "THIS IS THE SOUTHERN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION." Hate is the first into action. Being an ex-high-school wrestler, completely shit-housed, and constantly filled with rage, he immediately pushed his way through the layers of crowd to arrive ringside, and began yelling curses at the wrestlers.

"THESE FUCKING CLOWNS ARE AWFUL! MY GRANDMOTHER COULD WRESTLE BETTER THAN THIS! YOU'RE LUCKY I'M NOT IN THERE, YOU COCK-SUCKING PUSSIES!! LET ME WRESTLE, I'LL KICK THEIR FUCKING ASSES!!"

This continued for a good five minutes. All of us were mesmerized, drunkenly fixated on this surreal comedy playing out before our eyes. To Hate's credit, the guys in the ring were not in good shape. If by "not in good shape," I mean "fat and disgusting."

A mere one beer later, Hate made his move. He stepped over the ropes that separated the crowd from the ring, and began banging on the canvas, yelling at the wrestlers. A bouncer told him to stop. Hate takes this as a cue to get into the ring, and beer firmly in hand, tried to climb into the ring. Two bouncers pulled him out of the ring before he could climb all the way in. We collected Hate from the bouncers, promised that he will behave, and gave him another beer. Hate continued repeating "My grandmother could kick their asses, this is a complete joke," over and over to himself.

Then I noticed how much we stood out. We were dressed in the standard grad-school uniform; khaki's and button down's. No one around

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us shared our fashion sense. They were dressed in "redneck casual;" dirty blue jeans and assorted trailer-park shirts (e.g. WWF shirts with logos like, "Come Smell What the Rock is Cooking"). The better dressed had on cowboy hats, cowboy boots, flannel shirts and clean blue jeans. Having grown up in Kentucky, I knew that these sorts of people generally don't take kindly to those they perceive as rich and snobbish, especially when they've been drinking. I filed that thought under "obvious foreshadowing."

By this time, Hate had separated from us and found his way into a discussion with a group of younger red necks about the relative merits of the North versus the South. Hate is from Pennsylvania. They did not share his views. He claimed that he could whip any wrestler in the bar that night. Two of the rednecks, one very fat, claimed to be cousins of one of the wrestlers, the one called "Motorbike Mike," or some such bullshit. Hate questioned the sexuality of their cousin. A girl in the group claimed to be the girlfriend of "Motorbike Mike." Hate questioned her taste in men, her moral turpitude, and her intelligence. The fat one, the alleged cousin of Motorbike Mike, who was apparently also somehow a relative of the girl, took exception to this. He was about 6'1", making him a good 8 inches taller than Hate. He had thick glasses, so horribly smudged I wanted to rip them off his face and clean them on my shirt (remember, I'm sober). His white tank-top shirt had grease and ketchup stains on it, partially covering the "George Strait" concert logo.

The redneck desperately needed a course in logic. He was losing an argument to someone so drunk he tried to climb into a wrestling ring: Hate "The south is full of inbreds and red necks. How are you related to both of them?"

The redneck tries to explain. I'm not able to follow. Hate ignores him.

Hate "None of this changes the fact that they're dating, and they're related. That is incest. You are southern in-bred trash."

Redneck "Yeah, well the north is just a bunch of rich bitches."

Hate "Possibly, but that doesn't change the fact that you have not responded to me. You are obviously an idiot also."

Redneck "Wa, well ... You ain't worth a shit, and neither is the north."

Hate "That's a great comeback. You're making my point for me, moron."

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Redneck "Bitch, I'll fight'cha ass. Well see who's better then, ya rich bitch."

A few more minutes of this, and the wrestling round mercifully ended, creating a short break in the action. I pulled Hate away from this stimulating conversation, and we joined everyone else at the bar. Hate ordered shots for the group.

After a post-shot round of beers, the mechanical bull started up. Hate not only signed himself up, but continuously yelled across the bar at the fat redneck with the smudged glasses until he came over and signed up also. El Bingeroso slammed a ten dollar bill on the bar, and called the redneck out.

El Bing "Hey FATASS, ten bucks says my friend rides longer than you." Redneck "Screw you, northern bitch. I'll fucking outride your mom." El Bing "What? My mother's not here, idiot. You just have to outride him," pointing at Hate.

The redneck walked off without answering. After a few girls rode the bull, the redneck got on and was thrown after about 4 seconds. A poor showing. We mock him mercilessly. He flips us off. We cheer loudly. Hate rode for the full 8 seconds, an eventful 8 seconds at that. The first four or so he was doing fine, until the bull reared back, and flung him forward. Hate, had he been like the redneck, would have flown off into the cushions. But Hate is sort of like a British pit-bull: once his jaws are locked, nothing short of death can get him to release. As a result, his entire body landed on his crotch, which hit his hand, which he had tied to the saddle horn. You could almost see him turn green as his entire body weight crushed his testicles against his wrist. To his credit, he stayed on for the full 8 seconds.

Hate, along with El Bingeroso and Thomas who have joined in the North vs. South discussion, begin taunting the fat redneck. Hate "Hey, Jethro, how'd I stay on longer than you? Your fat ass alone should have kept you on for more than 4 seconds."

Thomas "Can anyone from the South do anything right?"

El Bing "Maybe if you weren't fucking your cousin, you'd be able to hold on tighter."

Hate "I thought the North wasn't worth a shit? I've never even seen a

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mechanical bull before tonight, and I outrode your sorry ass."

The redneck flips us off again, yells a stream of non-sequiturs that he presumably intended as disparaging remarks, and storms off with his friends. This enrages Hate,

Hate "HE OWES YOU TEN DOLLARS!!"

El Bingeroso and I convince Hate that it's OK, in this case, a moral victory is sufficient.

The mechanical bull interlude over, wrestling began again. Everything stayed calm for a while. The two wrestlers were incredibly fat, but they were using props (trash cans and such) and fake blood, so it was entertaining.

I went to the bathroom and when I get back Hate had disappeared again. I found him up against the ring, trying to grab one of the wrestlers by the ankle. I run over to the ring, where the bouncers had pulled him off the ring, and were trying to calm him down. He did not respond to them agreeably.

At this point, dealing with Hate was like taking a leashed pit bull to the Westminster Dog Show. I assist the bouncers on moving Hate away from the ring, and he and I end up in the area where the fat redneck and his entourage are. By this time, Motorbike Mike has come down to hang out with his myriad cousins and girlfriend. Hate, seeing the fat redneck, demands El Bingeroso's ten dollars. Motorbike Mike and I try to break them up, when Hate realizes who he is, yells at him, "YOU FUCK YOUR COUSIN! YOU INBRED BITCH, GIVE ME MY TEN DOLLARS. I'LL KICK BOTH YOUR SOUTHERN WHITE TRASH ASSES."

And then hell starts breaking loose.

The bouncers lose their patience with Hate, and three of them, plus Motorbike Mike, picked him up and literally threw him out the back door. It was a scene straight out of "Roadhouse." I go to find everyone else, still at the bar, to tell them that Hate has been thrown out. El Bingeroso and Thomas are drunk, hanging all over each other, telling college stories to each other that both were there for. Brownhole is talking to the only female bartender with a full set of teeth, and GoldenBoy is cheering the wrestlers, urging them to spill more fake

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blood.

When El Bingeroso gets drunk, violence tends to follow. Provoked by the knowledge of Hate's ejection from the bar, El Bingeroso begins smashing ashtrays and flinging them off the bar. This upsets the bar manager, who pulls me aside.

Manager "Son, I think it's time you and your friends left."

Tucker "Yes sir, I agree wholeheartedly. Let me just get them together, and we'll promptly leave."

I huddle everyone together, and explain the situation. We are getting kicked out. As I herd them toward the door, Hate walks up.

Hate "Hey guys."

Tucker "What are you doing here? You just got kicked out."

Hate "It'll take more than that to keep me out of here. I paid my two dollars, I've got a bracelet, and I'm getting my goddamn money's worth."

Fine, I tell him we've been kicked out anyway, it's time to leave. I get everyone moving towards the door. El Bingeroso is one of the first outside, and as he waits for the rest of the group, he sees a truck parked right next to the door. He rears back and kicks the front grill of the truck. Twice. I am still trying to round everyone up, when a large redneck comes out the front door, and walks up to El Bingeroso.

Redneck "Hay boy ... hay, did-jew juss kick dat truck?"

El Bingeroso is unsure how to answer. The redneck is large and El Bingeroso knows he's guilty of the offense charged, but doesn't seem to want to admit this to the redneck. So he just glares at him.

Redneck "I asked you a question, boy, did you kick that truck?"

El Bingeroso " Who the fuck are you?"

That was apparently the magic phrase, because the redneck immediately open fist slapped El Bingeroso right in the face. Thomas, who was standing there watching, throws his beer bottle on the ground,

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takes a little crow hop, and swings at the redneck. His aim is not good, and the fight degrades into a poorly choreographed dance, where El Bingeroso, Thomas and the large redneck are each swinging at each other and alternately moving away so as to not be struck by any counter punches.

Before I can even intervene (I was a good ten yards away as the first punch was thrown), ten more red necks pour out the door. Brownhole and I successfully pull El Bingeroso and Thomas away from the increasingly large group of rednecks, and manage to settle things down for a second.

Tucker "OK, we are leaving. Sorry about any problems, but we're going."

The group of now twenty to thirty red necks crowded around the door are staring and yelling at Brownhole, Credit, GoldenBoy and I as we try to pull Thomas and El Bingeroso away from the door.

A few seconds later Hate pushed his way through the crowd of rednecks, emerging on the other side just as one of the rednecks yelled something derogatory at El Bingeroso. Hate, being both loyal and drunk, immediately tackled this redneck, pinning him up against the very truck that El Bingeroso was kicking three minutes prior.

The events of the next minute are somewhat unclear, but I do remember these images:

- Hate with his head buried in someone's stomach, wailing at his ribs, as other red necks descended upon him.
  - GoldenBoy and a redneck trying desperately to strangle the life out of each other.
  - El Bingeroso and Thomas, back to back, swinging at anything that came close.
  - Credit standing in the street debating.
  - Me and Brownhole trying to pull Hate off of his redneck punching bag.
- Then, the defining words of the night rang from out of Brownhole's mouth: "DUDE, HE'S GOT A FUCKING GUN! GUN! GUN! GUN! A FUCKING GUN!"

The word "gun" can do strange things to a fight. In this case, it ended it immediately. At those few words, El Bingeroso and Thomas were immediately out in the street with Credit, and GoldenBoy and Hate

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began retreating, hesitantly, with me and Brownhole, into the street. Brownhole and I succeed in pulling everyone down the street, towards the first safe place we can find, a bar called the Oak Room. We walk up a flight of stairs, and there are 3 girls standing at the top of the landing. Hate is the first one to make it to them.

Girl "Hey guys, welcome to the Pi Phi Fall Philanthropy Event. It's two dollars to get in. Which fraternity are you guys from?"

Hate "Two dollars? I just paid two dollars and got into a fight, what the hell is this? Tucker? Take care of this, I'm not paying shit. Where's the damn beer?"

He pushes his way past the girls towards the bar area.

Girl "Hey! You can't do that! It's two dollars to get in. Um, excuse me!"

I really don't need this right now. I try to walk past the Pi Phi police, but she grabs me, "Excuse me, you have to pay two dollars, and two more for your rude friend."

That was my limit.

Tucker "What are you, fucking kidding me? Do you even work here?"

Girl "Uh, no. But it's a sorority philanthropy event; it's for charity."

Tucker "If you don't work here, then get the fuck out of my way. I'll drink to charity."

Brownhole ends up paying for the group to get in, and throws in an extra twenty to make the girls feel better. He'll do a thing to get girls to like him. We all get a beer, myself included. El Bingeroso buys the round, and then huddles everyone together. His speech is not entirely lucid.

El Bing "Alright guys, seriously ... guns. OK? We cannot go anywhere without each other. We could die. For real. From the guns. We cannot leave this bar, except as a group. We have to stay together. We could get shot. Understood? Everyone together."

We agree. At the time, the group, mired in a fog of drunkenness, misses the irony of this statement. I smirk and head to the bathroom.

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Alone. On my way back, I smile at a beautiful girl, and she gives me a cute little acknowledgment smile back. I wrote the book on pickup lines, so I head over to her and drop one of my favorite: "Did you invite all these people? I thought it was just going to be the two of us?"

She laughed, and I spent the next twenty minutes staring into her deep green eyes, pretending I was interested in the stupid things she was saying. A beautiful house, it's a shame no one was home. Eventually remembering my shepherding duties, I looked around the bar to make sure everyone was OK. Much to my dismay, NONE OF MY FRIENDS WERE THERE.

I sprint off from the girl, she still in mid-sentence, and find Brownhole standing near the door, talking to the girl who wanted us to pay to get in. Tucker "Dude, where is everyone?"

Brownhole "Oh, the red necks came up and got them, but I think it's best for us to stay up here." Tucker "WHAT!!! ARE YOU A FUCKING RETARD!! WE'RE THE ONLY SOBER ONES HERE!!!"

I fly down the stairs, and stumble out to what can only be described as something straight out of a bad '90s remake of West Side Story. On the near side of the courtyard are my friends, El Bingeroso, Thomas, GoldenBoy, Hate and Credit, standing up on benches, pointing, gesticulating and yelling, in a fashion similar to agitated African savanna baboons.

On the far side of the courtyard are about twenty rednecks, engaged in the same type of ritual male-dominance displays. In between this are 5 large bouncers, trying to maintain calm and keep the warring factions apart. Hate chooses this point to try and charge across the courtyard towards the rednecks. Thankfully for him, one of the bouncers intercepts him and places him in a headlock. Hate does not like this at all, and begins swinging at the bouncer's ribs. Presumably, he would have swung at his face, but Hate is 5'6", and the bouncer's face was about a foot above Hate's reach. I help the bouncer move Hate back over to our side and out of the demilitarized zone in the middle of the courtyard.

The bouncer takes this as a sign that I'm the sober one in the group, and says something to me I heard many times in my law school career: Bouncer "You need to take your friends and get out of here." Tucker" Look man, our cars are out in that parking lot. You are going to



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