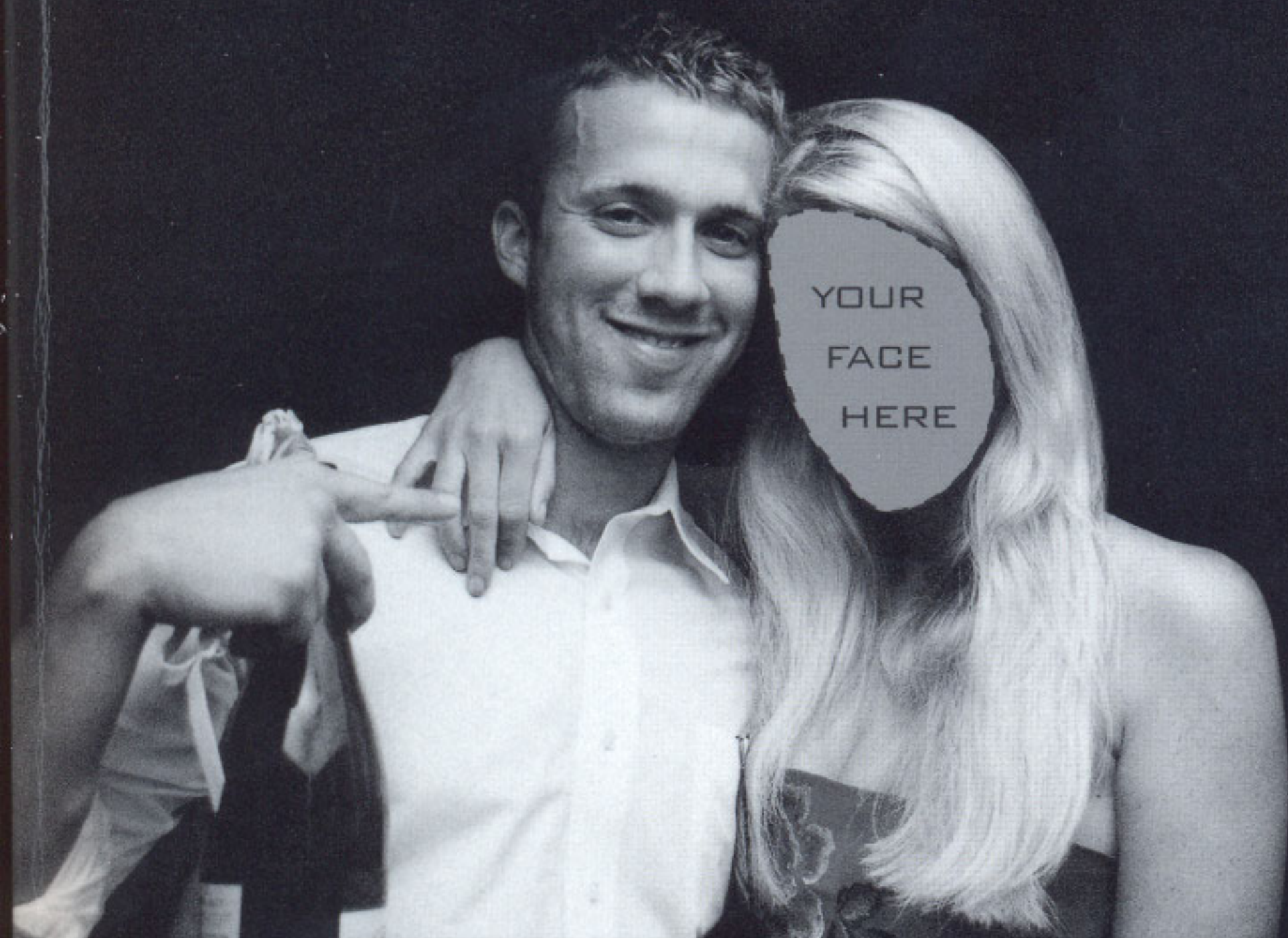


THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

I HOPE
THEY SERVE BEER
IN HELL
BONUS STORIES



TUCKER MAX

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

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THE TUCKER MAX BOOK TOUR RUNNING UPDATE, PART 1

Starting on February 1st of 2006, I went on a book tour to promote my first book, "I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell." It was a 23 stop, 32 day book tour across the east, southeast, and midwest. This was the schedule:

Wed, Feb 1st: Philadelphia (Penn)
Thu, Feb 2nd: Richmond (Downtown)
Fri, Feb 3rd: Durham/Chapel Hill (Southpoint Mall)
Sat, Feb 4th: Athens (UGA)
Sun, Feb 5th: Atlanta (GT)
Mon, Feb 6th: Gainesville (UF)
Tues, Feb 7th: Tallahassee (FSU)
Wed, Feb 8th: OFF
Thu, Feb 9th: Charlottesville (UVA)
Fri, Feb 10th: College Park (Maryland)
Sat, Feb 11th: Annapolis (Navy)
Sun, Feb 12th: Washington DC (GW)
Mon, Feb 13th: OFF
Tues, Feb 14th: OFF
Wed, Feb 15th: OFF
Thu, Feb 16th: Albany, NY (SUNY Albany)
Fri, Feb 17th: OFF
Sat, Feb 18th: Boston (BU)
Sun, Feb 19th: OFF
Mon, Feb 20th: OFF
Tues, Feb 21st: Pittsburgh, PA (Pitt)
Wed, Feb 22nd: Ann Arbor (Michigan)
Thu, Feb 23rd: East Lansing (MSU)
Fri, Feb 24th: Chicago (Downtown and the UC)
Sat, Feb 25th: Madison (Wisconsin)
Sun, Feb 26th: OFF
Mon, Feb 27th: OFF
Tues, Feb 28th: Champaign (Illinois)
Wed, Mar 1st: Bloomington (Indiana)
Thu, Mar 2nd: West Lafayette (Purdue)
Fri, Mar 3rd: Columbus (Ohio State)
Sat, Mar 4th: Athens, OH (Ohio U)
Sun, Mar 5th: Back to NYC

The tour nearly broke me, both emotionally and physically. This is the compilation of entries and pictures from the tour. Each stop has its own entry where I catalog the number of books sold and signed, the number of alcoholic drinks consumed and the number of girls I had sex with. Just like all my stories, these stories are real and verifiable. Only the names are changed.

As you read these entries, remember that they are written the day after the event occurred, and the "EDIT" sections are added later as I think of things or people email me stuff. I have kept this story in its original format so as to preserve the feeling of contemporaneous chaos that the tour was like.

ORIGINAL INTRO TO THE BOOK TOUR UPDATE PAGE

I have Verizon WWAN Broadband on my Thinkpad so I should have internet access pretty much the whole time, and I intend to keep a running update of the book tour as it proceeds. I will track everything from the number of books sold to the number of beers I drink. As far as I know, this is the first book tour of its kind (ie, organized by the author and his fans, with most of the books sold by the author and very few signings at actual bookstores), so I want to record as much as possible.

I am also going to try to take a rough estimate of the toll this tour takes on my body, by comparing my current weight and physical shape to what I am like at the end of the tour [starting numbers are at the bottom]. I am guessing that I'll be physically and mentally wasted by the time this is over.

Starting the tour (2/1):

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 189.6

push-ups in two minutes: 72

sit-ups in two minutes: 66

Wed, Feb 1st: Philly

of books sold: 77

of books signed: 101

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 20+

of pictures taken with fans: 45+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: Howard and all the brothers of SAM, you guys were awesome to me, and did a great job fending off the haters. Seriously, thank you guys, and I owe you one, feel free to call in a favor anytime. Thanks to Amy, Cathi, Anna...and that sleepy girl who left early whose name I can't remember. If you can't get a great story out of all the material I gave you, give up at life. And to Jessica, for relaxing and getting into rhythm. I told you that if you just listened to me, it would be good. And of course, I have to thank LarryGunz and the South Philly Italian crew for coming out, you guys are awesome, even though I don't understand 30% of what you say. And beyond that, thanks to everyone who came out to get a book and to meet me, you people were awesome, it was genuinely cool to meet all of you. Well, most of you.

Highlights of the stop:

Where to start?

-Supposedly, there were supposed to be "protesters" at the signing. The administration was so worried about this that they sent cops there. No bullshit. I was seriously excited about this; I've never had anyone protest me before, at least publicly. Of course they didn't show. Fucking cowards.

-I don't even know how to begin to explain this hilarity, and being that it is 3am and I am drunk as I write this I doubt I will do it justice: About 30 minutes into the signing, four women (two ancient and two my age, one of them hot) came into the frat house. OK, whatever, I figured someone's mom wanted to meet me, no big deal. But they just sat on the couches and talked to some of the brothers for quite awhile. Then I thought that maybe they were reporters or something. Nope.

I later came to find out that they were the people in charge of student life or whatever, and they came to bitch at the SAM brothers for hosting me. I did not really hear the conversation, I was busy talking to my fans and signing books, but apparently they thought that I was not an appropriate person to have on campus. I can only tell you their arguments second-hand, because they never deigned to say one word to my face, which is usually the way these people operate. Seriously, they sat there, not even ten feet away from me, talking about me but never to me. You have to love that; these women think that they are so sophisticated, yet they aren't confident or courageous enough to speak their words to the person they are talking about when he is in front of them, they have to go through a proxy. No wonder they work in academia.

Anyway, they were mad because they thought I was a misogynist. They said that I was disrespectful to women and encouraged rape (seriously--this is what I was told they said). This is funny, because at least 40% of the people who came to the signing were women. And they refused to acknowledge this, even as the line in front of their eyes was half girls. You have to love someone who thinks they know what is better for you than you do. Ladies of Penn, you can feel safe because some old crow is speaking for you and deciding what you should and should not read, regardless of what you actually want and despite the fact that a lot of you came out to meet me...hmmm. But what do I know, I'm only a success at life. How can I compare to someone who spends their day scheduling student government meetings and raising awareness about sweatshops?

-I dropped one of the funniest lines of the week at the bar. This one girl was a DEAD RINGER for the Oopma Loompas from the old Gene Wilder Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, so at one point I leaned into this one girl and said, "Seriously, if I fell into the chocolate river, do you think she'd help me out, or just let me go up the drain?" It took her a second, but she damn near spit beer out of her nose she was laughing so hard.

-At the signing, these four high school girls came out to meet me. It was kinda spooky, because they did NOT look like high school girls at all. One girl seriously had me sign her early dismissal slip...yes, it did kinda make me feel dirty. They told me they were coming to the bar later that night. I prayed that they wouldn't--not because they weren't hot, but because even I have a line, and that was going to test it. Thankfully for me, they didn't show...well, they didn't get in the bar. This is the real email I just got from one of the girls. I swear on my life it is real, printed here verbatim, spelling errors intact:

"TMax- We hate you, this seriously might be the end of our relationship. I think i'm going to have to break things off....

But on a seriuous note, this is a death threat. If you had any idea what we went through to see you tonight, you would promptly arrive at Susans house (Susan is the hot redhead who was waiting for me for an hour at your booksigning today. In case you didn't remember, you signed her chest) and makeout with both of us.

9:00- Susan arrives at my house to pick me up. I commend her on her demonstration of responsibility seeing as she has never been on time for anything in her life, AND has directions to BLARNEYS SOUTH (Note the name, it will be important later).

9:02- After deciding we really did want to spend our Wednesday night stalking Tucker Max, we depart from my house.

9:15- We arrive at, BLARNEYS SOUTH, parking like 15 blocks away assuming that parking will be impossible seeing as TMax is "in the house."

9:27- Still Walking.....observing the myriad of open parking spaces. Susan now feels like a douchebag(this feeling will increase as the night proceeds)

9:32- Arrive at Blarneys South. Decide to sit and get some drinks before TMax arrives. Promptly notice the LACK of people in the bar, but decide this is probably just 'cause Tucker is an asshole and has no friends. Yay, we are your only fans, we will get some tonight.

9:45- Order mozzarella sticks, a vodka and coke, and amaretto sour. Delicious combination. Nothing like cheesy fried grease and hard alcohol.

10:15- Begin to get anxious as we are still the only people under the age of 45 in the bar, minus the really hot Swedish bartender. Contemplate staying for the hot Swede.

10:16- Quickly dismiss this notion, Tucker Max awaits.

10:25- Quickly realize what fucking morons we are, ask Bartender if there happens to be another Blarneys in the city.

10:30- Bartender finally recovers from laughing fits....we leave.

10:45-Finally make it back to Susan's car.

11:00- Go on search for Blarneys STONE which we've been told is "somewhere else"

11:07- Roll down windows for shady black taxi driver, and ask where Blarneys stone is....he grins and winks...we immediately regret this decision.

11:09-Arrive at Penns campus, seeing as that makes the most sense to us at this point.

11:11-Ask more silly civilians where the hell this bar is. Get a response of..."between 24th and 57th somewhere on Chestnut or Walnut" Realize Philadelphians really are as stupid as you claim.

11:13- After following the advice of another retarded bystander drive towards Sansom and 40th.

11:17- Decide Sansom and 40th is a figment of stupid peoples imaginations. It's not there....it's just not.

11:19- Ask another person.

11:20- And Another..

11:22- And another...

11:24- Begin to doubt that this bar really exists. Oh Tucker, where are you? All we want is to make out with Tucker Max, it's really all we want.

11:30- Finally arrive at this "so called Bar." Apparently 40th and Sansom is real. Once again, we are assholes.

11:32- Go to Bar, I whip out the ol' passport to validate my age. Yes, my passport, I'm a pimp. You got nothing on me Tmax.

11:32:30- Bouncer asks to see Susan's ID

11:33- Never having had a problem in the past, Susan calmly takes out her ID. Perhaps this is not a real ID, but hey, inconsequential.

11:34- Bouncer asks to see another form of ID, which Susan does not have, because apparently her name is not Melissa Jo Massey, and even if it was, Melissa's license seems to have expired 2 years ago. Tali considers murdering Susan. Bouncer denies access to bar. Bouncer leaves.

11:36- Susan and Tali loiter outside of Bar, trying to find a way in. Usually this works, however, tonight is an exception.

11:37- We stop old man, ask him to help out. We tell him we're 18 and 23, that susan just hasn't gotten a valid license because she (we contemplate saying she has a chauffeur but realize that would piss people off) now lives in the city and doesn't need a license. Made sense at the time, A for effort.

11:38- Susan pinky swears she will make out with bouncer if he lets us in. Tali is ashamed, but also offers sexual favors in exchange for entrance. We decide never to speak of this again. All for you Tucker Max, all for you.

11:40- Bouncer returns stating that we are not allowed in citing that we already blatantly admitted to the old man that one of us was only 18. (Side note- we assumed you only had to be 18 to get in, but 21 to drink. Apparently, not the case. One must realize though, that the bouncer is probably retarded, because he didn't get that I was 18 the first time when he looked at my passport with my BIRTHDATE. But he was annoying enough to actually check the expiration dates on Susans ID. Bravo bouncer, Bravo. You my friend, are a complete tool, who has not yet mastered basic mathematics.)

11:43- Not so happy bouncer tells us to evacuate the premises, we are no longer welcome, I don't think we ever were though. "Ladies, you HAVE to leave, right now." Apparently Bouncer is just playing hard to get. We realize that we are once again assholes, and it would be best to leave.

We drove home, and made it to the suburbs of Philadelphia which normally takes about 20 minutes in 4. We timed it. We were that pissed off. It is now 1:08, we have to get up in approximately 5 hours to go to school. I still have not done my homework, and have not made out with Tucker Max, my life is sadly incomplete. We have nothing else to say. Farewell Tucker Max, you have once again eluded us. Tucker Max is beautiful and fleeting, like...something thats beautiful and fleeting, maybe lightning. It's been a long day.....goodnight.

Kill Yourself
Tali & Susan"

-One last thing: I think I was kinda set up tonight:

One of the first girls to come into the signing was this really cute girl with amazingly huge tits who gave me "fuck me" eyes that could have been on the cover of a porn DVD. I flirted with her for a minute, asked her if she was coming to the afterparty, and then moved on to the next person. But as the signing progressed, at least eight dudes asked me if I was going to fuck her. One guy offered to pay me to do it. There was even a girl in on this; she went so far as to cock-block another girl I was talking to so I would fuck Jessica. I eventually stopped fighting it and went home with Jessica. I was suspicious though; I checked the closets and every

hiding place I could, looking for a camera or something, but found nothing. I don't know; I mean, the sex was good, but anti-climatic. I expected 40 people to run in the room snapping pics or something. If a sex tape of me furiously humping a short, big-titted blond girl from UPenn surfaces, don't say I didn't warn you.

-And with that, I am done with Philly. I had a great time, I will definitely be back soon, and again, thanks to everyone who came out to meet me.

EDIT#1: This is hilarious: At UPenn there is now a Facebook group called "Tucker did more than sign books." It was set up by the girls on Jessica's floor literally as we were in her dorm room fucking. The "sexiled" roommate, the girls next door listening, and even the girl I accidentally ran into in the bathroom naked when I was trying to take a post-coital piss are all in the group. They even took a picture of my signature from when I had to sign into the dorm. I can't make this up--go search the UPenn Facebook groups, it's up there.

EDIT#2: This is a pretty good article written about my visit to Penn. The girls I hung out with that I thanked above are the ones who wrote it (but they made a mistake--I did not woo Jessica, she came out to fuck me. I don't hit on 18 year old freshman, I will only hook up with them if they initiate contact. Even I have my limits).

[Word on the street: Tucker Comes to Penn and Hilarity Ensues](#)

What Tucker Max Taught us about life

By cathi burns and amy starosta

February 9, 2006

At the staggeringly old age of 30, Tucker Max is a wise man with lessons to share aplenty. He's instructed us in many of them through his entertaining writing, from the foul dangers of butt sex to the fun to be had with a half-time competition at a hockey game. Tucker recounts these and other stories of unparalleled absurdity in his latest New York Times Best-Selling book, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*. Anyone can learn from his hilarious missteps by picking up the book or checking out his horrifyingly funny website (www.tuckermx.com), but we had the privilege of experiencing Tucker firsthand when we spent the evening with him last Wednesday.

Over dinner, Tucker was friendly and a great conversationalist whose intelligence was obvious, but it was just a typical interview until he deflected a question by putting us on the phone with his mother (who maintains that she "did not raise him to be this way"). Once the

drinks were flowing, Tucker began to expose a more contemplative side. He cited Aristotle's Apology, claiming he didn't really know anything until he realized that he didn't know anything. Of course, now that he knows he doesn't know anything, Tucker is the self-proclaimed epitome of wisdom. He relayed a good amount of this hard-earned insight to us throughout our conversation. "Everyone has a destiny," he asserted. "Some people grab the reins and do it." As for his own destiny, Tucker realizes that he has not made things easy for himself. "I threw myself in the deep end... the way I acted," he said. "I had to learn how to sink or swim fast... There were times I didn't think I would make it -- professionally or as a human." But obviously Tucker has persevered, and he claims, "I always knew I wanted to be an empire builder." Dinner with The Man left us reassessing some profound questions, but once we headed to the bar, we met Tucker Max the Legend.

At the Blarney after-party, Tucker was everything you would expect from a man who built his fame on "disregarding social norms"; he exposed girls' breasts in pictures, bought drinks and shots for large groups of people and flirted shamelessly with just about every female within arm's reach. And while it became obvious early on that neither of us would be making a night of it with Mr. Max, that didn't prevent him from hanging out/liquoring us up. What a decent guy. Throughout the night, Tucker was followed by a harem of adoring college chicks, but more interestingly, his 30-something South Philly friends. Usually short 30-year-old men in bars are creepy, but these guys were only there to hang out and have a good time. We even got an invite to South Philly to hang out with Larry, who owns a gun shop and a bar: winning combo. At the bar, we didn't contemplate questions about the meaning of life or destiny, but rather "how do you like your pussy?" which was found emblazoned on a t-shirt. Tucker's response: "Easy." While Tucker didn't live up to his reputation as an asshole, he did display his charms as he wooed a freshman and made a quick departure to the Quad.

Wednesday was a night of firsts: our first time hanging out with a cult celebrity, Cathi's first time taking her laptop to a bar, Amy's first Jager bomb (which quickly turned into her second and third) and Tucker's first time driving an RV sober. But if The Legend is good for some cheap thrills and low-brow humor, Tucker Max the Man might actually be as wise as he claims, and we've never had as much fun being edified as we did with him.

Thu, Feb 2nd: Richmond

of books sold: 25

of books signed: 35

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 20+

of pictures taken with fans: 20+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: To JR and his buddy for helping set us up, and to the bookstore for hosting us.

Highlights of the stop: One of the main aspects of this book tour is that it is a learning experience for me, so I can better plan/organize future tours. I've already figured out that I should have done at least 15 things differently; I should have done Atlanta on Monday instead of Super Bowl Sunday, I should have started planning this thing at least two months in advance instead of only one, etc, etc. Richmond taught me another important lesson: Instead of having signings at geographically central locations, I need to have them in a location that is the most convenient to my fans, and at a time that makes sense for them. The bookstore I had the signing in was very central for the city of Richmond, but kinda far from the University of Richmond, where most of my fans here are. And the signing was at 3, right in the middle of classes. As a result, I would estimate that several dozen kids who wanted to show didn't make it, at least judging by the email I got and the number of people who showed up at the after party asking for books. Oh well, lesson learned.

In more entertaining news, I no longer have to stress about keeping the RV nice. In the course of three hours I ended my fanciful ideas of returning it intact and getting back my \$300 deposit. While driving down Main Street in Richmond, I was so concerned about not side-swiping cars that the RV was a tad into the on-coming traffic lane. This isn't an issue with normal cars...but it is with buses. You may think you have been shocked in your life, but until an oncoming Richmond Municipal bus clips a side-view mirror on your RV and explodes glass through the open window, covering your face and body and getting into your mouth, you haven't seen anything. I don't know how a piece didn't get lodged in my jugular. Tucker Luck strikes again.

I probably could have replaced the glass at any Pep Boys and still been OK with my deposit. But two hours later, as I was pulling the RV out of a lot I didn't really account for the effect that no drivers side mirror would have on my navigational skills...and proceeded to scrape the side of the RV up against a telephone poll. Not major damage, but still enough that

the neurotic guy who works at the RV place is going to freak. Thank god for "walk away" insurance.

EDIT#1: I forgot to mention this: PWJ was supposed to come to the signing but he couldn't make it. Why? He had to be rushed to the ER like two hours beforehand because HE HAD AN OBSTRUCTED COLON! It's not as funny as it sounds though. He has Crohn's Disease and sometimes has issues with getting his shit out. Anyway, PWJ, Hate and SlingBlade are all going to be in Durham. Good times are ahead.

EDIT#2: I forgot to mention this also: I got pulled over by a cop yesterday on the way to Richmond. It was a total profile stop--some white college-looking kid driving an RV poorly? Yeah, I wonder if he has drugs. I knew what he was doing so I was totally cool with the cop, explained I was on a book tour, open a few cases of books and showed him one. He read the back and started cracking up laughing:

Cop "You went to Duke? This is pretty funny. Alright man, have fun, just be safe. You've never driven one of these things before have you?"
Tucker "No sir. Well...not while sober."

EDIT#3: I have to mention this too: At the signing this one Asian kid came in and was unbelievably excited to meet me. This is basically the whole conversation:

Asian [to me] "I am meeting god."

Tucker "Not really dude. Relax, I am cool and all, but I'm not a deity."

Asian "No dude, you are my hero...you, you're...you just amazing. I'd do anything for you. I'll slap a bitch. I'll fucking cut her tits off! I'll stab her!"

Tucker [kinda stunned] "Hey man--relax. Do not cut the tits off of anyone, there are no women that need to be stabbed. Calm down."

EDIT#4: I just got an email from the Asian dudes friend, and he sent me the IM conversation they had after the signing. This is it:

asian friend (5:10:22 PM) : tucker max

asian friend (5:10:25 PM): i met him

me (5:10:28 PM) : hahah badass

asian friend (5:10:30 PM): i shook his hand

asian friend (5:10:35 PM): i talked to him

me (5:10:40 PM): what was the smalltalk

asian friend (5:10:45 PM): it was strange

me (5:10:47 PM): haha

me (5:10:52 PM): i bet it would be

asian friend (5:11:02 PM): i couldn't even comprehend meeting this man
me (5:11:09 PM): yeah, celebrity status
asian friend (5:11:17 PM): i said some ridiculous things
me (5:11:21 PM): haha
asian friend (5:11:38 PM): i am embarrassed that i could not give my idol
a proper conversation
me (5:11:42 PM): what'd you say
asian friend (5:11:50 PM): something about killing people for him
me (5:11:58 PM): hahah, did you pregame for it?
asian friend (5:12:02 PM): and ripping the tits off of some bitches
asian friend (5:12:03 PM): no
asian friend (5:12:09 PM): and i regret not doing so

Fri, Feb 3rd: Durham/Chapel Hill

of books sold: 142

of books signed: 165

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 15+

of pictures taken with fans: 50+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: Thanks to Debbie and the Barnes and Noble people for setting up the signing, everything went really smooth.

Highlights of the stop: The signing went really well. I signed 165 books and a ton of people came out. The best part was that for the first time, SlingBlade and Hate got to meet my fans. I made them and PWJ sit next to me and sign books. SB wrote things like "Fuck Tucker," "I think you're different," "This book is plagerized lies," "Tucker masturbates to Sesame Street," and my favorite, "Tucker thinks you're fat, but I think you're a special unique flower." Hate also signed books, but he was more to the point with things like "You are wasting your youth on a false idol," "Why did you buy this crap?", "I weep for the world" and my favorite, "The only person dumber than you is the guy who bought two books."

Then we went to the bar. I was a little excited to go out, I have many fond memories of Chapel Hill and the ladies of UNC. Sadly, I was not really able to re-live them. I instead discovered a new talent that I did not know I have: I am a cock magnet. No, seriously, I spent three years going out in Chapel Hill and never once saw a bar on Franklin so packed with guys as East End last night. I know that most of my fans are male (though the signings are like 30-40% female) and that's cool, but last night was out of control. I literally could not walk through the bar without a group of dudes wanting to talk to me and do shots and get pictures.

In a desperate attempt to shift the blame for this, I asked the manager if it was normally like that, "No man. I've never seen it like this. You can really draw the fellas." Absolutely no bullshit, I don't think that I had more than two uninterrupted minutes of talking to a girl before some new set of guys would come up and want to tell me I was their hero or that I inspired them or ask me to do shots with them or whatever. I am more than happy to talk to my fans, but it quickly got annoying. The thing is, most of the guys were very cool about it and not annoying per se, it was just that the line never ended. I understand now why real celebrities are so into VIP sections; you can't even function in a normal bar if you have a lot of fans there. It's unreal.

Of course, this was incredibly hilarious to my friends. SlingBlade, Hate, PWJ and Doug (from The Midland Story in IHTSBIH) all made it to the signing, and just whooped it up at my misery. My new cock-magnet talent has an added benefit for my friends; they were having no problem meeting girls, because all the males were talking to me. You want proof? SlingBlade talked to a girl! By himself! He's all growed up! But sadly, this story does not have a happy ending. When I got back to the RV this morning, there he was, curled up into a little ball of hangover pain, mumbling about whores misleading him.

Tucker "Dude, what happened? You had that one in the bag. And she was hot."

SB "I don't know. Hate and PWJ left to get a hotel room and she promised to take care of me, but when we were getting ready to leave she started in with the 'I won't have sex with you,' and 'We can't go back to my place, my roommates are home,' and then 'I won't get a hotel room with you, that is classless.' What the fuck do you want to do, hold hands in the alley? Whatever, she's a whore."

Tucker "She had nice tits. Did you at least get to play with them?"

SB "Yes, I kept slapping them over the course of the evening, to remind myself of why I was talking to her."

The night had another big highlight: A girl dumped beer on my head. This girl was a fat, sloppy mess, her hair looked like she had done it with her knees, and she had one of those voices that can pierce eardrums. She came up to me and immediately belts out "I AM THE FEMALE YOU!" This is never a good indication of things to come. My response, "I would be a much hotter woman." I turned around and more dudes came up to talk to me, so I ignored her.

Sadly, she was not put off so easily. Nope, she accosted me at least three more times, telling me all about how funny and drunk and witty she

was. This was fun for approximately zero seconds. This girl was the very definition of annoying; picture Courtney Love hopped up on bathtub meth and dressed like a dirty bag of awful. Three fucking times I told her to go away, and each time I walked to a different part of the bar, and every time she would find me and start bothering me again. Finally, I'd had enough:

"LISTEN: I AM NOT GOING TO FUCK YOU. YOU ARE FAT AND ANNOYING AND DISGUSTING, AND I'D RATHER FUCK THAT DUDE WITH THE BEARD THAN YOU. GO AWAY."

As you might imagine, this little call out did not go over well. If by "not well" I mean "she lost her mind." Normally I know what a huge tactical error it is to enrage a woman who is so obviously insane, but I was past the point of caring...and that was when she threw her beer on me. But the beer was basically empty, so only a little splashed on me. I laughed at her, "Seriously, can you do anything right? Go find a homeless guy to stalk, maybe he'll be more your speed."

She stormed off, and I thought that was the end of it. I was wrong. She went to the bar, bought a full beer, and without even taking a sip of it, came back and threw it on me. At that point, I had to laugh, "Baby, I can wash beer out of my clothes, but the scar on your soul will never heal." Then she slapped me. Whatever, she's never recovering from last night. Maybe next time she'll take the first FOUR hints and leave me alone.

This is getting ridiculous. It is 8am on Day Four as I write this, and I am already physically and socially wasted. This tour is taking years off my life. I don't know how I am going to make it to the end of this thing. I cannot keep pouring alcohol down my throat for days on end, getting no sleep, throwing my penis into wet holes and talking to hundreds of people a day and expect it to finish well. PWJ took one look at me and said, "You look like Morgan Spurlock at the end of Super Size Me." I guess that's part of the fun...for everyone but me.

EDIT#1: I just got this email and it made me think of something:

"I was one of the hordes of guys at East End that came out to see you last night, and I got to talk to you right before the girl dumped beer on you the first time. Your description of her is accurate: the bitch looked like she had enough food stored in her cheeks to last her the rest of the winter. I'm not so sure it was the "fat and annoying" comment that pushed her over the line. I think it was when you put your arm around her and politely asked her to walk out of the bar and introduce herself to the

front end of a car on Franklin St. I don't think she appreciated me referring to her as "your problem bitch" either, because I got to share in a little bit of the first beer she threw at you. It caught you in the shoulder, but it caught me in the eyes, since I'm about 3/4ths of a foot shorter than you are. I'm only glad I got away from you before the crazy bitch reloaded.

In any event, it was cool getting the chance to meet you last night. If you were annoyed by the hordes of guys that kept coming up to you all night, you didn't show it at all. Good luck with the rest of the tour."

I just want to emphasize this: I don't want to make it seem like I am bitching about my fans. 99% of the people who have come out to meet are cool people and don't sweat me at all. It's just that I am not used to this constant crush of humanity; it is a bit over-whelming at first.

EDIT#2: This is a piece that appeared in the [Raleigh News & Observer](#):

"He's just a dude, hanging out in a crowded college bar filled with them, when the two young women approach. One whispers into his ear.

He doesn't whisper back. Instead, he twists around and points to a reporter. "Tell him what you just told me," he says.

She asks why. He says because I told you to.

So she says this: I'm a sorority pledge and I've been issued a challenge to make out with him.

The dude offers his cheek, the pledge gives him a kiss and her girlfriend snaps a picture.

Tucker Max, drunken story collector, didn't get this far without learning to work his image.

He may have graduated from Duke University Law School, but Max makes his living writing stories like "This'll Just Hurt a Little," and "She Won't Take No For an Answer," winning crazed fans along the way. He gets drunk and says mean things to people, gets drunk and fights hockey mascots and gets drunk and has anonymous sex. Then he writes it down.

College kids worship him, reverently invoking him as an adjective: "I'm going to get Tucker Max drunk tonight." His latest story collection, "I

"Hope They Serve Beer in Hell," appeared on the New York Times best-seller list for paperback nonfiction. It's not the kind of stuff that Oprah picks for her book club, but with a boost from the Internet, Max has carved out his own piece of fame.

His present status, he says, is like living in a "weird netherworld between being a nobody and an actual celebrity."

Max's writing career began when he posted an online dating application for potential female suitors. It got him some attention, and then he started posting stories. He says each one is true -- only some names and a few details have been changed to keep him out of trouble with the authorities. His buddies get pseudonyms.

That online project grew into a couple of self-published books and then "Beer in Hell," his first for a big-time publisher. He's on the road this month promoting it. Some signings are at frat houses. He stopped last Friday at Barnes & Noble at the Streets at Southpoint in Durham.

He dismisses readings as "old school." So he just signs books -- sometimes it's "I'm awesome. T. Max" -- and poses for pictures with his fans, some of whom are crazier than others. In Richmond, Va., a young man referred to Max as "God" and said he would mutilate and kill a woman for him.

Afterward, Max heads straight to a local bar to drink and hook up with girls.

"I totally fell assbackwards into this thing," says Max, who is 30. He's only taking advantage of the opportunity.

Right now it's what he does for a living: his Web site, www.tuckermx.com, is filled with ads that boast "Kegerators 4 sale" and "Rate my nude photo."

He says it brings in \$10,000 a month.

There are plenty who hate his shtick. A reader once wrote to him: "Because of you, I don't believe in God anymore. No just God would allow someone like you to exist."

We know this because he included it as a blurb on the back of "Beer in Hell."

"I actually like having critics," he says. "No one hates on the anonymous and unimportant."

He revels in the fact that many of his stories portray him in a bad light. He shares things that many men would forever hide -- like the fact that he may have had sex with a post-operative transsexual -- but it's that honesty, he believes, that has won him so many fans.

"I pretty much don't have any secrets," he says. "It makes life much easier to live."

Dad is OK with his career path, says Max, who grew up in Kentucky and lives in New York City. Mom is another story.

"My mom doesn't get it, dude. She just cries and asks why I can't be a nicer person."

It's in the attitude

They started lining up inside the bookstore an hour or so before he was to begin signing.

Nearly everyone is 18 to 22, and probably 60 percent or more are men, even though most of those at the front of the line are women.

Some came from Charlotte. His looks have something to do with the attraction.

"He's not 'Oh my God, he's so hot!' but he's not ugly either. He's more on the attractive side," says Brittany Davis, 20, who traveled from Greensboro.

It's not just the looks, the women in line agree, but it's his attitude: Max's confidence is a turn-on.

He shows up exactly on time, and soon a pattern begins: Max, wearing a gray T-shirt, jeans and a two-day beard, signs quickly and poses politely for pictures. When an attractive female fan steps up, Max puts his arm around her waist and says in a low voice, "You comin' out tonight?"

Each one smiles.

They all know that he's headed to the East End Martini Bar in Chapel Hill after the signing. He posted it on his Web site.

He can be obnoxious. Girls in a group approach, and one hands him a cell phone. She asks him to speak with her friend in Spain.

"Seriously," Max says. "You need to come back to America. Spain sucks." And then he clicks the phone shut.

One woman arrives with her boyfriend. She passed him a note along with her book: "Tucker - Love to meet you. Jenny," and includes her phone number. Max reciprocates by writing his cell number in her book.

Friends from the stories are joining him at some of the signings. Buddies PWJ, SlingBlade and Hate sign books in Durham, and fans are happy to meet them, too. PWJ, a lawyer in Virginia, smiles after his first-ever autograph. "It's not even my real name."

A group of five women approaches the author. They've come all the way from Virginia Tech University to meet the infamous Tucker Max. They all want pictures. He poses for some.

"Come to the bar. You can get all the pictures you want," he says, before turning to one of them: "But I want you to take your shirt off."

After 90 minutes, when everyone has gone through the line, Max has signed more than 165 books.

Max and his disciples

It's early when they arrive, so Max and his entourage sip beers in relative peace. But as the crowd grows, so does the group of male admirers.

They want pictures. They want to shake his hand. It seems that everywhere he goes, a half-circle of college-age men is following him, waiting to see what he might do next.

Max figures his work appeals to college guys for a simple reason: They haven't quite lived enough years to tally up the experiences that he has.

Only one gives him any attitude. "Are you him?" asks Dave Cowan, 22, as he approaches Max near the bar. "What, are you like 35 now?"

Things are tense for a moment. Cowan presses him about hanging around college students. "Dude! You're sweating a dude right now," says Max, obviously irritated.

After a minute or two, things calm down and Cowan heads to the bar for a refill. "Why should we be impressed? He's a 30-year-old who hits on 20-year-olds."

All the other guys have comments more like this one:

"He's my hero," says Alan Bevier, 23, who was drinking nearby with friends. "He's a professional partyer."

The female admirers are lining up, too. He poses for pictures and makes sure to chat with the prettiest ones. But he doesn't seem to be making a connection with anyone in particular. He might get in touch with Jenny.

"At the end of the night, if I have no better options, I'll call her."

One of those options approached him several times, and in each instance he blew her off. By the fourth time, he tells her, in essence, that he would only sleep with her if she lost 40 pounds and got rid of the rat's-nest hair.

She tosses her drink on his chest.

Max excuses himself and cleans up best he can with paper towels. Then he pulls out the scrap of paper Jenny passed to him in the bookstore and gives her a call.

"Come save me," he says. "I'm surrounded by dudes."

He hangs up and says that she'll be here in 20 minutes.

But it doesn't happen.

It's more like 25 minutes before she arrives.

Thin and pretty and probably in her early 20s, Jenny, whose last name isn't on the paper, arrives with a couple of friends. A round of drinks is produced. A few minutes later, she leans over and asks if he wants to leave.

He turns to a reporter to make sure he's catching it all. Then Max -- still wet from the spurned girl's drink -- accompanies Jenny and her friends out the door, across Franklin Street and toward his next story."

Sat, Feb 4th: Athens, GA
of books sold: 32
of books signed: 63
of alcoholic drinks consumed: 20+
of pictures taken with fans: 25+
of girls I hooked up with: 2 (together)
Thanks: To myself, for being stupid.

Highlights of the stop: I don't think I could be more upset with myself right now. By all accounts, Athens should have been one of the best stops on the tour because I have a ton of fans here, but I fucked up the planning and consequently shit the bed. Great job Tucker.

But one good thing did come out of this logistical fuck-up: I had a sexual first. At this point in my life, I have done so many things that it's hard for me to find something new, but last night I did. These two girls, "Rachel" and "Siena" came back to the RV with me. They both wanted to fuck, but weren't into doing anything lesbian, so the standard positions were out. OK, whatever, one can watch while I fuck the other one, no big deal, I do that all the time. Then I had a brilliant idea. Right before I had sex with Rachel I turned to Siena:

Tucker "Eat out my ass as I fuck her."
Siena "Uh...OK."

Talk about making the night. I don't know why I haven't done this before. I mean, I like sex and I like having girls toss my salad, but I had never really thought to combine them. I don't know why; lack of vision on my part, I guess.

Siena did a great job too; I have seen people try this in porn and it never seems to go well for them. The girl usually has too hard of a time keeping her mouth on the guys ass as it moves back and forth, but Siena got it done. I guess UGA college girls who are actually into sex are more motivated than your typical Valley Girl whore who only does porn for meth money. It was quite the intense orgasm; Rachel can attest to that, I blew a HUGE load on her face. I highly recommend it.

EDIT#1: Rachel just told me that I was not the first "celebrity" she's had sex with. Who did I follow? Jordan Knight. Excuse me while I go set myself on fire.

EDIT#2: OK, this just went from disgusting to vomitous. Rachel met Jordan because he sung at some sorority formal of hers, and he "chose her." Those were her exact words. But she did not actually fuck Jordan. When they were hooking up, he flipped her over and tried to have anal sex with her. She wasn't into this, and he didn't want to have vaginal sex, so he started pouting, and she just gave him head and that was it. The next day she found out that he had given his number to at least two GUYS at the formal.

And here I was thinking that Joey was the gay one.

EDIT#3: I CANNOT BELIEVE I FORGOT TO WRITE ABOUT THIS. At one point there was a paraplegic in a wheelchair AND a double amputee at my signing. Sadly, the amputee was a guy, and a disgusting homeless guy at that, but man was he entertaining. One arm was just gone at the shoulder with nothing there to replace it, while the other was amputated at the elbow and he had a old school metal hook prosthetic. A recap of the coversation:

Tucker "How do you wipe?"

Amputee "Lotsa toilet paper. I wrap it around lots and just move it around. I gots to be careful not to hook myself though."

Tucker "What about jacking off? How do you do that?"

Amputee "Lotsa wet dreams. And den I gets hookers sometimes."

And he drew this picture with his mouth, it was unreal. Sadly, none of us bought it.



EDIT #4: SPECIAL GUEST UPDATE: SLINGBLADE'S TRIP HOME

As you know if you have read the other updates, SlingBlade was at the Durham and Athens signings. He just wrote us this email about the drive back to Washington DC from Athens, GA. I don't know if I have ever

laughed as hard as I just did reading it [note: Hate is a huge Pittsburgh fan]:

From: SlingBlade

To: Tucker, Hate, PWJ, GoldenBoy, Jojo, Credit, El Bingeroso

Date: Feb 6, 2006

Subject: SuperBowl XL and Tucker's book signing

Hate, I think next time the referees should just come out in Steelers jerseys, to at least not insult us with the pretense that they are somehow neutral. I was less offended by the officiating in Wrestlemania XII when Rowdy Roddy Piper hit the Ultimate Warrior with a baseball bat while the referee pretended to be telling the British Bulldogs to stay off the apron.

Also I really have no idea whatsoever how I survived that drive home from

Georgia. I woke up hypothermic and still drunk in a frat house at 5:30 a.m.

and decided that would be a good time to hit the road. At this point, of the last 72 hours of my life, I had been asleep for about 3 of them. At no pint during those three hours did I remotely approach anything resembling a

REM cycle. So they pretty much don't count as sleep. I had also drank enough alcohol to kill a rhinoceros, had eaten one Chik-Fil-A value meal and

a pita, and had taken in 1/2 liter of water while urinating out about 15 metric tons of water as my body attempted to dilute the poison I had forced into it.

6:00 a.m. - I hit the highway and decide I should put the cruise at the speed limit. My right eye will not stop burning. It takes every ounce of willpower I have to keep my eyes open. I might possibly have made a mistake. A strange buzzing noise has been annoying me for the last half hour. I wonder if it is real or imagined.

6:15 a.m. - I notice that the seatbelt light is on. I couple that with the buzzing and come to the conclusion that I am not wearing my seatbelt. I put it on and the buzzing stops. Satisfied with this epiphany of causal reasoning that took 45 minutes to occur, I up the cruise control to 5 mph over the speed limit.

6:20 a.m. - The rumble strips save my life for what I can only assume will be the first of many times.

6:45 a.m. - I realize I have been staring into space for the last twenty minutes muttering "Paul Wall, got a mouf like a crystal ball."

7:15 a.m. - I look up and realize that I have somehow exited the highway. This was not my intention. I am going 70 mph and am about 20 feet from an intersection and a stop sign. Luckily, there is no traffic and I have had tactical driving training. With the aid of that training, the median, ten yards of gravel and an open field I manage to stop my vehicle. I quickly get back on the road when I realize that the adrenaline will probably keep me awake for at least 45 minutes.

7:30 a.m. - I contemplate getting a hotel and sleeping. Then I remember that if I have the rental car back to DC by 3 o'clock I will save twenty two dollars and thirty four cents. I note to myself that I would stand on my dick for eight hours for twenty two dollars and thirty four cents should the opportunity ever present itself. I up the cruise control to 75 mph.

8:15 a.m. - The adrenaline wears off. I stop and purchase three mountain dew code reds and chug them. Since I never drink caffeine I figure this will help

8:30 a.m. - The light refracting on my windshield creates a vision of the Virgin Mary of Guadalupe. It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

9:00 a.m. - My body dumps all three mountain dewes directly into my bladder at once. My left kidney explodes and my bladder attempts to annex the space my prostate is currently occupying by forcing it out of my body out through my rectum. I have found a new personal definition for the word pain. I stop to urinate for what feels like forty five minutes. My bladder had been so expanded that it has lost all elasticity and can no longer evacuate itself near the end. I stand there while a steady minute stream of urine dribbles from my penis for five minutes. I then realize there is a 24 hour porn store truck stop at this exit. I go in. The owner look up, does a double take and says "Damn boy" while he shakes his head. Apparently I look a mess. I check this in the mirror. Picture an extra from Schindler's List

with conjunctivitis. Keep in mind that it is an epidemiological fact that truck stops are pretty much the nexus point of every country-wide communicable disease outbreak in the history of the United States. This guy services TRUCK STOP PROSTITUTES and yet finds me pathetic. I find this funny and start giggling. I can't stop giggling and decide I should leave the store.

9:25 a.m. - I sneeze and my left Eustachian tube blows out. For the next twenty minutes I feel like I am leaning to me left. I absently tap my left pupil with my finger to make the itching stop. I wonder if the things they used to keep that guy's eyes open in "A Clockwork Orange" are a) commercially available and b) sold at gas stations.

10:00 a.m. - I realize that the caffeine is actually working. I call Tucker to tell him that I hate him and that he will, in all likelihood, be the death of me. He laughs at me. My back has begun to hurt. I keep awake by reminiscing about things I wrote in people's books at the signings. My favorites include "Tucker in no way, shape or form knows how to please a woman, call me instead (after Tucker had left his phone number in a book)" "Your hero here Tucker, whimpers in his sleep. Think about that." "Your vagina is the only thing that ever made you special." and "Tucker couldn't find your clitoris with a map, two hands, and an industrial strength spotlight."

10:30 a.m. - I wonder if masturbating will help keep me awake. I pull out my penis and find it unresponsive. I stretch it out and flick it with my middle finger, angered by its betrayal. No effect. I visualize all my normal go-toes - Jessica Alba, that freaky girl I hooked up with last year, a midget juggling on a tricycle. Nothing. The good news is I no longer fear death.

11:00 a.m. - I stop for Chik-Fil-A. I forget to take off the pickles. Pickles usually make me violently ill but I cannot taste them. I wonder if sleep deprivation has given me super-powers. I slap myself as hard as I can in the face to test this theory. It is, in fact, quite painful. I do not have super-powers. At this point I have the cognitive abilities of a six year old, am functionally illiterate and am quite possibly a danger to myself and others on the road. Undaunted, I press on.

11:15 a.m. - I realize my penis is still hanging out of my pants. I wonder why no one at Chik-Fil-A pointed this out to me and hope they don't have security cameras.

12:00 - I reach Durham. I have driven from Durham to DC a hundred times and could probably drive it in my sleep. I decide to test this theory.

12:00 and two seconds - The rumble strips save me again. Apparently I have to stay awake for the next three and a half hours.

12:20 p.m. - My face starts to tingle. I realize this is a symptom of muscular sclerosis and make a mental note to check the website I used last year to convince myself I had a brain tumor for additional symptoms I can manifest. I hear voices and wonder what talk radio station I'm listening to. The radio is not on. The concrete pylons on the underpasses have begun smart-eyeing me. I briefly consider driving the car into them to teach them a little respect.

1:10 p.m. - I reach the body of water and bridge signaling the Virginia border. I contemplate driving the car into Lake Gaston to celebrate.

1:20 p.m. - I consider asking PWJ if I can crash at his place when I reach Richmond. I decide I'm too close to DC to pack it in. I increase the cruise control to 80 mph.

2:00 p.m. - I realize I might survive this. I begin laughing and screaming "I'M GOING TO MAKE IT!!" I hold down my horn until it goes out. I start fantasizing about what I will do with my twenty two dollars and thirty four cents.

2:20 p.m. - I hit DC traffic. I start to cry. I am an emotional and physical wreck. My body has begun portholing in a desperate attempt to save itself by shutting down non-essential systems. I have run out of ATP and my muscles no longer function. I lose peripheral vision. My body realizes my left leg isn't needed to brake or accelerate and it goes numb below the knee.

2:45 p.m. - I consider continuing on to NY just to see if I can make it. The lone functional neuron in my prefrontal cortex fires and I decide not to do this. Apparently this neuron was busy when I decided it would be a good idea to go on a weekend bender with Tucker.

2:50 pm. - I exit the highway and begin driving in what I can only describe as a haphazard fashion in an attempt to make it to the car rental check-in area. I almost cause five accidents. I have never seen so many angry people honking in my life. I have never laughed harder.

3:02 p.m.- I check in. This is the worst moment of my life. I am too tired to argue for my twenty two dollars and thirty four cents. The attendant smells my car and begins dry-heaving. If my nostrils are to be trusted I smell like I have spent the day rubbing curry on my body, sweating pure alcohol and defecating on myself. I give him the thumbs up and move on.

3:18 p.m.- I get on the Metro at National Airport. And promise myself I won't fall asleep. I just need to make it to Rosslyn.

3:40 pm. - I am woken up in Largo Town Center at the metro termination point by a conductor who forces me off the train. I have never been more confused in my entire life. I have no idea who I am or where I am. My stomach is filled with butterflies and I start arguing out loud with the train about who I am. I stumble around the station for twenty solid minutes before my brain kick starts itself. I get on a train the other way and find someone who promises to wake me up.

4:05 p.m. - I am woken up, quite rudely, in Rosslyn. Were I not borderline retarded with fatigue, the guy shaking me awake would have gotten a reflex punch right in his throat and then had his knee shattered. All I can muster is a half-hearted wave of my arm that he takes as a thank you. He says "no problem." I say "go to Hell."

4:12 pm. - I make it to my apartment and slip into a coma.

7:15 a.m. (next day) - I wake up on my couch in the fetal position. It appears I have been sucking my thumb and crying in my sleep.

THE TUCKER MAX BOOK TOUR RUNNING UPDATE, PART 2

Sun, Feb 5th: Atlanta, GA

of books sold: 35 (aprox, we lost the paper with the count on it)

of books signed: 50 (same)

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 20+

of pictures taken with fans: 20+

of girls I hooked up with: 2 (apart)

Thanks: To the Atlanta Old White rugby club for throwing a great party and for being cool guys to hang out with, and to Fado's, I had a great time.

Highlights of the stop: This stop was fucking nuts. First off, I cancelled the early signing b/c it would have been a huge pain for me to get to it. Just like Athens, I fucked up the planning for this stop badly. [It's funny, when it's done right, I get a big crowd, when it's done wrong, I only get the hardcore 50 or so to come out.]

I got to the afterparty spot, Fado's, at around 5pm. The rugby guys were already there with a keg tapped and ready to go. Right afterwards, people started showing up for me. One of the first was this one cute girl who bitched at me for cancelling my first Atlanta signing and how she had to drive like 2 hours back to Tennessee or somewhere. So I wrote in her book, "If you had stayed I would have fucked you." She read it and got this look on her face that I only describe as excited shock,

Girl "Are you serious? I so wanted to fuck you."

Tucker "Absolutely. If you want, we can go right out to the RV now. It's outside."

Girl "Let's go."

We fucked and almost as soon as she had her clothes she got on the phone:

Girl "Would you do me a favor? Would you say hi to my ex-boyfriend? He is obsessed with you, and when he finds out that we fucked he'll flip out."

Tucker "What did he do to get this?"

Girl "He cheated on me. WITH A FAT GIRL!"

The phone went to voicemail and she told him she had just had sex with me, and I confirmed it. So if you are the guy who got the voicemail

yesterday, it is true. I fucked your ex. And she was pretty good in bed too.

The rest of the party was actually kinda fun. The place wasn't packed at all, and almost all the dudes who were there were rugby players. I don't know what it is about rugby players; it seems like every one that I meet is at least an OK guy, if not cool. Maybe its the drinking culture that surrounds rugby, maybe because the sport is so tough it gets a self-selecting type of guy into it, but as a rule, rugby players are always fun and the Atlanta Old White were no exception. If you ever get the chance to hang out with them, I highly recommend it. But you had better be prepared to drink. Those motherfuckers must have forced like four Irish Car Bombs into my face, not to mention the 15+ beers we drank.

And holy christ, this one guy SweetTits, told me what have to be some of the funniest fucking stories I've ever heard. If this guy could write he could easily match some of my best stories. For instance, he told me about one story where he was fucking a girl so hard in the ass he hit her vegus nerve(?) and made her go into a seizure. Or another one where he fucked this girl on the rag and there was blood everywhere and the neighbor called the cops because the girl was a screamer, and the cops got there after the girl went home and held him on suspicion of murder until they could get ahold of the girl and see that she wasn't dead. I can't do the stories proper justice; if he ever writes them up I will post them or something. Fucking hilarious.

EDIT#1: OK, I had to cut this update short because I was sick as I was writing it, but there is a lot more to write. Let's see:

-When I first got to the signing, there was a hot blond girl there with HUGE tits, some of the largest ones I've ever seen on a normal sized girl. She had that sort of 'I am hot and know it' vibe going on, so I just signed her book and ignored her. The best way to deal with those girls is to take away what they feed on most: attention. So I just talked to other girls and ignored her. Of course, this fired her up, so she kept coming over to talk to me. And everytime, she made a point to tell me that she wasn't going to hook-up with me. Everytime she would tell me she wasn't going to fuck me, I would tell her that was fine because I didn't really want to hook-up with her anyway or some variation thereof, and then go talk to someone else. Which leads to the second best way to deal with them: set yourself up as unattainable.

If you've ever dealt with women, you know what is coming next: By about 10pm, she was telling me to fuck her. She even went over to her

roommate, who she had told to not let me take her home, to tell her that she was leaving with me. We get back to the RV and this girl starts acting weird. Doesn't want to kiss, then does. Doesn't want me to touch her breasts, then does. Doesn't want to fuck, then does. Over and over and over this girl keeps playing cat and mouse with me. I quickly get tired of it. I have been drinking and traveling and drinking more; I probably could have finessed it and played this girls game, but honestly, I just didn't care anymore and wanted to get some sleep. So I lay it out for her:

Tucker "Look, you have three options: 1. Have sex with me, then go to sleep, 2. Leave, or 3. Decide not to fuck, which is totally fine, let's just go to sleep. I'll even cuddle with you, I don't care, I just NEED SLEEP."

Girl "I'm done. I'm leaving."

Tucker "OK, bye."

I turn over and go to sleep. Predictably, this freaks her out and she keeps annoying me until I agree to kiss her again. Which I do, and then she pulls back. Rinse and repeat one more time, and I am done with this shit:

Tucker "I told you: Fuck, Leave or Sleep. Those are your options. I am not going to tell you again. I need sleep, I can't play this game all night."

Girl [Blah, blah, blah, crazy talk, weird advancing and backpedaling, more crazy talk, etc, etc]

Tucker "OK, get out. Seriously, I need to sleep and you are obviously too coked out to do anything except act like a lunatic."

She didn't believe I was throwing her out until I opened the door and threw her jacket out. This flustered her so much she left without purse, which I didn't even notice until later.

I called another girl and decided to take the RV over to her place and fuck her. As I was driving down the street, I saw the guy who is coming with me on the trip, KungFu Mike, standing on the side of the road next to this hideous fat girl. I rolled the window down and screamed at him, "Mike, run! Get in hurry, you can beat her here!" He took off running and hopped into the RV without me having to even stop it.

EDIT#2: The girl who I fucked to make her ex jealous read this update and called her, telling her that he loved the fat girl and was going to prove it by proposing to her. Wow. That's not an arms race I would want to get into.

Mon, Feb 6th: Gainesville, FL

of books sold: 84

of books signed: 131

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 10+

of pictures taken with fans: 45+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: To everyone who works at Gator City, you guys could not have been more helpful, and of course to Leah and Ryan for everything, this signing would not have gone nearly as well without you two, I loved the painted wall. And to everyone who put up fliers, thanks again.

Highlights of the stop: I wish all the stops were like this one. It was so smooth and uneventful; no serious crazies, no weird shit, no abusive drinking, we just chilled at a bar, drank beer, signed books and talked with fans. Being a UK fan, it is part of my breeding to hate UF people, but damn, yesterday was so enjoyable I can't help but praise them. I really do wish all the signings went like that one.

EDIT#1: I forgot about this: One guy came in and told me that he loved my stories, but he had one that could top them. He showed me his phone, and it had a picture of a fat girl giving a guy a blowjob. His explanation, "I paid a 300 pound retarded woman \$50 to suck my friends dick in the alley."

Maybe not all UF people are OK.

EDIT#2: Many people don't realize it, but North Florida has some of the most racist people you will ever meet. This one girl was sitting next to me talking about how she'd never hook up with a black guy, tossing around N-bombs all over the place. When she went to the bathroom, I took her cell phone and text-messaged her Dad, "Daddy, I am pregnant...by a black guy...or guys."

EDIT#3: This is a piece [written by a reporter who hung out at the signing the whole time:](#)

"Tucker Max is exhausted.

The Internet cult phenomenon swung through Gainesville Monday afternoon for a book signing at Gator City as part of a tour to promote his book entitled "I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell."

The book is a collection of some of his raunchiest stories of drinking and sexual encounters, and a big part of what seems to make Max so famous is his careless treatment of his health and his body. His stories involve drinking to excess while recounting some of his sexual encounters with very, very graphic descriptions.

"Even though a lot of people do what I do, I'm the only one who writes about it," Max said.

Wearing khaki shorts, a plain white Hanes T-shirt and sneakers (along with a day or two's worth of stubble), Max could have passed for any other bar patron relaxing after a long day if not for the line of fans waiting near his table to buy books and get signatures starting at 5 p.m.

Here is a sample conversation between Max and a fan:

Tucker Max: "What's your name?"

Tucker Max Fan: "Sable."

Tucker Max: "Sable, is that your stripper name?"

(He signed her book but asked a minute later, a bit more seriously, "So, was your mom a dancer or something?")

He sat at a table with his friend Mike (or "Kung Fu Mike," as he prefers to be called), who is traveling with him, as well as University of Florida students Leah Bryan and Ryan Renuart, who helped advertise the signing in Gainesville and painted the 34th Street Wall announcing his arrival.

While the line ebbed and flowed throughout the night, the enthusiasm of his fans never seemed to waiver. People seemed thrilled to meet the author, whose book has appeared on the New York Times Bestseller List.

Max is famous because of the stories he posts on his Web site, an ever-expanding collection of alcohol and arrogance, conquests and very few consequences. And that's just the way his fans like it.

"I wanted to see if the Tucker Max in person is anything like the Tucker Max on the computer," said Jariel Bortnick, 22, a first-year law student at UF. "His personality seemed what I expected, but physically he's no different than the average guy."

Max began the book signing at 5 p.m. While signing 131 books and selling more than 80 of them, he was deluged with requests for vulgar

inscriptions, pictures, and for him to chime in on fans' phone calls to fellow fans. Within minutes, he had his first request to take a shot with an admirer (followed quickly by a request to down a Jagerbomb).

"I might just do that, then throw up everywhere," Max said, chuckling. "At a book signing."

Monday represented the sixth stop in as many days for the tour, which moves through the east coast and part of the Midwest. Six days of signing, partying and driving an RV (with a rotating collection of friends) to the next stop can take their toll, even on someone who made their name as a partier.

"This is day six, and I've pretty much been wasted the entire time," Max said, who sipped beer steadily throughout the signing -- a nice perk of having a signing in a bar, as opposed to a bookstore.

Max rose to prominence after launching his Web site, www.TuckerMax.com, on Sept. 9, 2002. What initially started as a bet between Tucker and a friend during his second year of law school at Duke University spawned "The Tucker Max Date Application Page," a Web site which is exactly what it sounds like (a chance for women to apply for a date with him), before Max launched the current site in 2002.

The site became a collection of his raunchy stories and tales of drinking, debauchery and generally tasteless stuff so it was, of course, a huge hit. It gets thousands of hits a day and propelled Max to the "cult" fame he currently enjoys.

"The Web site didn't make me; Tucker Max made the Web site," said Max, who attended the University of Chicago before attending Duke on a scholarship. "I was getting girls before the site."

Max seems to have a decent-sized female audience, which may be surprising considering his stories. But it looked as though the women who come to see him were willing to cut him some slack.

One fan brought a pocket-sized breath alcohol tester to show Max, since he showcased in one of his stories. He showed another Max fan, Amy, how to use it.

Guy: "You have to blow slow and steady."

Tucker: "I feel like no one has to tell you how to blow."

Instead of, say, punching him or pouring beer on his head (as has already happened to him at one stop on his tour), Amy just laughed. This is what his fans seem to expect and want.

Max doesn't come across as the brash and tasteless man he writes about; he seems much more calm and sociable. He's perfectly affable and friendly to people, asking his fans about their backgrounds and lives.

His Gainesville stop seemed particularly calm, as Max later noted on his Web site (where he keeps a tally of the important numbers from the trip, including sales, alcoholic drinks consumed and "girls hooked up with"). It was just a relaxing night of drinking beer and hanging out with fans.

Max continued to enjoy his low-key night at the bar before heading to Tallahassee Tuesday morning. He has no misconceptions about his current level of fame - despite parading himself as the picture of arrogance, he notes that he's "not even famous - I'm cult famous" and that "if Eminem were here, you couldn't even move." But he won't deny he does enjoy his fame.

"It totally alters the way you look at reality," said Max. "It becomes almost like a drug - you feed off of it in some way. There's no question, you've gotta want this to do this."

While he had no problem getting girls before the site made him famous, it is different to have girls throw themselves at him the way they do now, he said.

"My life got weird so long ago, I forgot what normal is like," Max said.

By 7 p.m., the slated end of his appearance, the crowd had dwindled. Remaining fans hung out at the table and nearby, enjoying some drinks and chatting. A woman named Jen sat down at Max's table, asking how drunk he'd have to be to hook up with her.

Basically, it was nothing like an average book signing.

Kung Fu Mike put it appropriately. "This is the Mötley Crüe tour of the literary world."

Tues, Feb 7th: Tallahassee, FL

of books sold: 74

of books signed: 95

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 15+

of pictures taken with fans: 35+

of girls I hooked up with: 0

Thanks: To the FSU bookstore for setting things up for me, and to Erin and Lindsey for giving us a place to crash and shower and BIG thanks to Erin for doing my laundry. God bless you woman.

Highlights of the stop: I am going to drop numerous different rants in this update, and none of them are funny, so if you are looking for something hilarious skip past this.

I am getting so fucking tired of this. Before I start bitching, let me say this: 99% of the people who have come out to see me have been great. Totally normal, very cool, they just want to shake my hand or get a picture or talk for a second or whatever, and I do my best to accomodate all the normal people who approach me. Those people are the reason why I am doing this, and seriously, thanks to all of you for the support, it has meant a lot.

It's the other 1% that really make this annoying. These are the guys (or sometimes girls, but mostly guys) who demand to buy me shots, or just stand around me staring, or pester me all night long with questions like "Are you Tucker Max Drunk yet?"

I am about as small time as someone can be and still be considered a celeb, but after this trip, I can't imagine what a real celebrity's life must be like. No wonder people like Brad Pitt, George Clooney, etc are so hyper about security and privacy. These fucking weirdos are unbelievably persistant and think they have some claim to you just because they know who you are, and they will not leave you alone. It's unreal.

Take last night for instance. Almost everyone who came out to meet me was totally fine; they said hi, got their picture or whatever, and then left me alone, which is the whole point of these things. Not the DudeInTheYellowHat. This motherfucker showed up to AJ's before I did, and pestered me for at least the entire time I was there, and I am pretty sure he was annoying me in my dreams as I slept. It got so bad that other fans and people at other tables, who had no idea who I was, thought that he was some stalker and were telling him to leave. This guy was a complete disaster in every way; he bought at least five rounds of shots for my table after I had asked him to stop, he was sloppy and

slurring his words, he was annoying everyone; he was That Guy, except that normally That Guy doesn't have a man crush on another guy.

Until you see this, it is almost unbelievable. What guy sweats another guy to the point where it becomes uncomfortable? Why do guys do this? If I am some guys hero, that's cool, I have heroes also, but if I saw my hero in a bar I would not annoy him to the point where he would have to get up and move to get away from me.

Whatever, writing about this is pointless. The normal people already know not to act like this, and the fucked up people are going to act like this no matter what I write. I just had to vent for a second, because this behavior just does not register to me. I don't understand it at all.

Since I am ranting, I want to address another email I got:

"I made my girlfriend stuff your book into her bag, and out we went. Once we where inside AJs I spotted you in the back corner of the bar. I was unsure if it was you, and my drunk girlfriend (who enjoyed your book) immediately approached you to have it signed.

Upon approaching you, apparently you immediately began boasting about your number of sexual partners, then propositioned her for sex. She just asked for a signature, so you told her to retrieve a sharpie so you could sign her breast. She mentioned something about having a boyfriend, so you asked if it was an open relationship. She said it was not, so you told her to get lost.

Nothing that you said to her upset me at the time. I am just pissed off that I did not get my book signed. After all, I used my Barnes and Noble gift card from two Christmas's ago on it."

That was not me. I would never in a million fucking years act like that. If someone who was cool enough to buy my book approaches me to get it signed, I am always going to sign it, and I will at least attempt to be civil to them. Yeah, I may hit on the girl also, but I will ALWAYS sign the book, no matter what.

I may be a huge fucking asshole, but generally speaking it is only to people who deserve it; a random fan approaching me in a normal way does not fall under that heading. Seriously, ask anyone who has been to any of these signings; I have been nothing but cool to my fans, because I honestly do appreciate their support. It means a lot to me that people like my stuff and read it, and I want to show that appreciation by being cool to

the people who approach me (until they start acting like the DudeInTheYellowHat, of course).

Another way this tour is frustrating me: Every stop I see clearer and clearer the planning mistakes I made, and it drives me nuts. For all intents and purposes, this tour is a huge success, but I am such a perfectionist I hate it when things that could go great only go good. Take this email for example:

"Tucker,

My name is [redacted] and I work in PR at [a major publishing house that turned my book down]. I am emailing you to give you some words of encouragement (as much as your ego may not need them).

I don't know if you realize what you are doing, but I wanted to let you know how astounding it is. For an author to organize and administer his own book tour with only help from his fans is unheard of, and to then pull it off is nothing short of amazing. I have seen little to no media coverage of you or your tour (aside from pieces in college papers), and still you are drawing crowds that our "big" authors would be ecstatic to draw at well-publicized events.

Even though I work as a faithful cog in this awful machine that is publishing, please keep doing what you are doing. As much as you like to talk about yourself, I don't think even you know the impact you are having, and will continue to have (if you could hear the conversations around the water cooler about you...but I digress, your self-esteem does not need inflation, and even the bad things people say would make you smile). If you manage to pull off the grand plans you sometimes talk about on the message board--and after seeing you run this book tour and turn it into a success I am inclined to think you might just have what it takes--you will make publishing, and possibly the entertainment field as a whole, a much better place for authors.

I am rooting for you,

[name redacted]

(If you reprint this email, please do NOT publish my email address or my name, as you and your book are "persona non-grata" with many of my co-workers and especially my bosses, for obvious reasons.)"

The funny thing is, I don't see it the way she sees it. I mean, yes, the book tour is going fairly well, but for the most part I only see all the mistakes and missed opportunities. Every single stop should have drawn at least a 50% larger crowd than it did, some should have drawn a 200% larger crowd, and pretty much the only person I can blame is myself. I could write for three pages about all the mistakes I made on this thing. It drives me nuts.

One last thing, and then I promise I'll get off my soap box: I know I have to talk about this or I am going to get a ton of email about it, but last night I put up my first zero of the tour: No girls hooked up with. It's not because I didn't have opportunity, but honestly, I just needed a full nights sleep, by myself and without anything or anyone else around. It was fucking blissful. I feel rested and rejuvenated and ready to go. Three days ago I was ready to die, now I feel almost normal. A day off today, then Charlottesville tomorrow.

Thursday, Feb 9th: Charlottesville, VA

of books sold: 104

of books signed: 136

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 25+

of pictures taken with fans: 50+

of girls I hooked up with: 3

Thanks: I want to thank Danny and the rest of the Phi Kappa Psi brothers, you guys did a great job, and I honestly appreciate everything you guys did, the signing went great.

Highlights of the stop: Oh boy, where to start with this one? I think we will begin with the The Day The RV Fought Back.

As we were driving to Charlottesville--huge gashes down the side of the RV, the drivers side mirror smashed, random pieces of the RV broken and skidding around the inside, Mike and I laughing about how we had completely destroyed this thing in less than a week--the RV decided that it had had enough. Mike was behind the wheel, I was making an attempt to get some sleep, and Paul Wall was on the stereo regaling us with tales about the precious stones and rare metals in his dental accesstories, when all of the sudden:

Mike "Dude...something is wrong."

I didn't notice it at first, but we were speeding up. Quickly...and Mike's feet were both firmly planted on the floor.

Mike "What is going on!"

Tucker "HOLY SHIT! THE RV IS FIGHTING BACK!"

Mike freaked out and slammed on the breaks. The RV slowed down, but when he took his foot off the accelerator, the RV started speeding back up.

Mike "WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE!!"

Tucker "TURN IT OFF! HIT THE BRAKES!! AAAHHHHHHH!"

You think the week plus of no sleep was affecting us?

It turns out that the cruise control had shorted out and stuck. Once we turned the RV off and back on, it was fine. Why had the cruise shorted out? Because we left the windows open one day and it rained all over the inside. We eventually make it safely to Charlottesville, despite the RV of Death doing its best to kill us.

If you have read the book then you know I have a special relationship with UVA; I wrote a story called "The Foxfield Story" about a weekend there, I've had three cousins and numerous friends go to school there and I got in for undergrad and grad school and almost went there both times. Everytime I go back to Charlottesville I get mad at myself for not going there; something with the vibe of that school just seems to fit with my personality.

This trip was no different. The brothers of Phi Psi did an amazing job getting shit set up; we roll the RV up and find a huge banner out front of the house with the words "Tucker Max Book Signing Today" printed on it. There are fliers all over the house, they have a table set up on a pedestal, and behind it have a huge cooler filled with ice and beer. I use the word "beer" loosely; in point of fact, it is Beast Ice. If I had gone to a fun undergrad I would wistfully remember years of drinking this when I was too poor to afford anything else, but I don't. Not because I couldn't afford beer, but because no one drinks much at the U of C.

Anyway, I did the signing at UVA from 2pm-7pm, and started drinking at about 1:57pm. This signing may have been my favorite; it was like a party. They had music on, people were playing beer pong and pool, and everyone was having a pretty good time. The people who came by for books were for the most part really cool too. One girl baked me cookies, which were awesome. One girl made me this Raph Wiggum "I Choo-Choo Choose You" card that was hilarious, and another girl gave me a quick massage because she said I looked tired (I looked more like death

than tired, she was being nice). No wonder people love southern girls. They know how to treat you right.

For me, there was one major highlight of the signing: These two obviously young kids came in, very shy and hesitant and flanked by an older woman. I wasn't really paying much attention until I looked up at the kids and saw that they are obviously teenagers, so I looked at the woman with them...it was their mom. And she was HOT.

Tucker "How old are you two?"

Kid1 "14."

Kid2 "16."

Tucker "Are you their mom?"

MILF "Yeah."

Tucker "And you brought them here? Have you read my book?"

MILF "Oh yeah, I have seen the site too. I love it."

Tucker "You are the coolest mom ever. I am smitten. You want a beer?"

MILF "I'd love one."

I signed their books and we talked for awhile, but I had to move to the people behind them b/c at this point there was a line. The mom and the kids stuck around for awhile talking to some of the brothers, and like five minutes I waved the mom back over:

Tucker "Are you married?"

MILF [shows me her huge rock] "Of course."

Tucker "Is your husband going to read the inscription on your book?"

MILF "No."

I took her book from her and wrote this:

"PS: I really want to fuck you. Hard. 323-***-****"

Sadly, she never called. Oh well, HotMom, you have my number, you know how to reach me. NYC is only a short plane ride away.

The signing went great and we wrapped it up right at 7. At this point there were two girls hanging out who had expressed interest in fucking me. One was kinda plump but had big tits, and another was decent looking with no tits. I started to debate in my mind which one I would fuck, then I realized, "Why not both?"

I go with the plump girl first, she looked like she'd be better in bed. I kinda snag her and tell her to follow me out to the RV. The frat is full of

people at this point, and I am like 20 beers in the bag, so I think I am being really slick and subtle. We go out to the RV and fuck and I was right; she was good in bed.

I casually walk back into the frat...Danny and like 10 people are standing there staring at me, laughing. One of the girls says,

Girl "So on your number scale, was she a 1 or a 2?"

Everyone busts out laughing.

Tucker "She had big tits!"

Danny "So that was her redeeming feature?"

More laughter all around.

Tucker "FUCK ALL OF YOU, I'M A CELEBRITY!"

I have to admit, it was pretty funny. I thought I was being so slick, and they totally, undeniably busted me. Phi Psi 1, Tucker 0. Well played, fellas.

Fool me once, shame on you, fool me twice, shame on me. I did not make the same mistake with the second girl. I had her go out and wait in the RV for me and then I went out there like ten minutes later, pretending that I was on the phone, and fucked her. I'm not sure why I went to these lengths with this girl, she was much better looking than the first. I guess it was that I was drunk and I hate losing, so I had to prove I could ninja fuck and get it past some drunk 21 year olds. Mission accomplished.

After that we went to the place called Orbit. It was fine at first, but quickly turned into a fucking zoo. It's not that it was overcrowded, even though it was packed; the level of attention in that place was oppressive. I know that part of my experience is colored by drunk exaggeration, but in my mind every single person in that place was sweating me. It was so fucking annoying; as cool as the signing and the frat had been, this place sucked that much. It was the unholy triumverate of annoying attention:

-A few guys hanging around like groupies ("You are my god man, I just love you! Let's do shots and get Tucker Max Drunk! Then I can cut you up and eat you and I'll be as cool as you are!"),

-A few guys trying to flex on me ("Why are all these people here for you? Who do you think you are? I mean, I know who you are, but I am only here by coincidence, I didn't come out to meet you or anything, nope, not at all."),

-And a few girls trying to give me attitude ("I don't care if you're Tucker Max, I am not going to fuck you...and I felt the need to tell you this, even

though you have never once initiated any contact with me...uhh, I'm just idly curious...where is your RV?")

I'd had enough of this shit. I love going out and drinking and meeting fans and whatnot, but this was just too much. I was tired and worn and just wanted to sleep in a nice warm bed. I was looking for a way to get out of there when my savior made her appearance; the fat girl who baked me cookies for the signing came in. I immediately grab her,

Tucker "Do you have a bed? Of your own, like in an apartment and not a dorm?"

CookieGirl "Yeah, of course. I baked you brownies too!"

It took a lot of self-discipline, but I resisted making a "maybe fat girls shouldn't do so much baking" joke. Besides, this girl was really nice, and I usually only mock annoying fat girls.

Tucker "You want to get out of here? This place is driving me nuts."

CookieGirl "Yeah, I'd love to!"

She and I and her roommate and Mike headed out. I think it was only midnight, but I didn't care, I just wanted to get out of that crush of humanity and get some real sleep in a real bed. I only had to fuck a fat girl to do it...there are almost too many jokes to make here.

EDIT#1: I just want to note that the CookieGirl was actually really a nice girl. I almost feel bad calling her fat, but she is, so what I am supposed to call her? Healthy? That would be like if someone described my personality as "gregarious" instead of "asshole."

EDIT #2: I had a great nights sleep, but Mike did not. [His story is hilarious](#). Reprinted here:

"I am going to preface this blog entry by saying this; I am a happy drunk. When I go out drinking, 199 out of 200 times I am a giggly, joke-cracking burlap sack full o' sunshine. Really. What happened to me late night after the Charlottesville book signing was truly an anomaly that can only be understood when you examine all of the factors involved, which when combined brought out my savagely bitter drunken alter ego...Bjorn the Village Killer.

Tucker and I got the book signing started around 2:00 p.m. at the Phi Kappa Psi house on the UVA campus. They did a great fucking job setting everything up for us; they had a big ass banner out of spray paint and what looked like some pledge's bed sheets that said "Tucker Max Book Signing Today" and had it hanging up for all to see, a covered table

set up on a platform and what looked like a 100 gallon Tupperware container filled with ice and Milwaukee's Beast Ice sitting directly behind us. It was glorious.

3:00 p.m. Tucker and I started cracking beers and pounding them with reckless abandon. After both of us had tossed three empties into the trash can, he turned to me with a look on his face that could only be described as a cross between fear and curiosity and said, "Mike, we are going to get extremely shitfaced here. Nothing good can come from this." After having spent a little under two weeks on the death march/book signing tour I completely understood how he felt.

3:01 p.m. I cracked another beer. I ain't never scurred.

4:00 p.m. I had abandoned my job as the JewFace Killah (working the cashbox) to play Beirut with the brothers. Tucker started having a hard time choosing between yelling at me to get back to the signing table and flirting with groupies. After three merciless beatings and me strutting around talking shit like Neon Deon Sanders, I returned to my station and helped take money for books only to find that giving people correct change while buzzed was quickly becoming a challenge. Doing two things at once is hard. I have a newfound respect for Bodie Miller now.

5:00 p.m. Tucker fucked his first chick of the night. I am left to sit by the cash box and entertain the sea of people in front of me who were all asking me "why Tucker was fucking the fat Asian looking midget" in the RV. I told them that he needs a girl with some meat on her bones to keep tension on the belt around his neck while he jerks off. All of the guys laugh. The girls just kind of looked on with wide eyes their jaws dropped, hoping and praying that I was kidding. Awesome.

5:19 p.m. At this point I was chain smoking while double fisting Milwaukee's Beast Ice and some kind of energy drink. Tucker strolls back in and everybody laughs at him for deep-dicking the oompa loompa. His response; "DID YOU SEE THE CARD SHE GAVE ME? THE 'I CHOO-CHOO-CHOOSE YOU' CARD?! I HAD TO FUCK HER!!" The laughter increased. Tucker was so drunk and exhausted that he could only shake his head and stare at the floor as he walked back to the book signing table.

7:00 p.m. Tucker and I looked at each other and decided that we were far too drunk to continue selling and signing books. This is where I did the bulk of my drinking, trying to suck down the last remaining Beast Lights before we were forced to drink Beast Ice for the rest of the night.

7:20 p.m. I was sitting at the book signing table chatting it up with some chicks when out of nowhere, someone grabbed the sunglasses off of my head and tossed them on the floor in front of me.

~Bjorn the Village Killer starts warming up with jumping jacks~

I stopped everything I was doing, balled up one of my fists and started turning around slowly. Tucker was standing directly behind me with his hands up laughing at me; "Dude, it's me. Relax!" I laughed at how short my temper had become after 10 days of driving, drinking and fucking without any real sleep. I finished the last Beast Light and began rummaging through the cooler for another beer.

8:00 p.m. A girl came up to me and told me that she didn't understand how Tucker was fucking all sorts of chicks on the tour and that they should be fucking me because I'm "hotter and nicer" than he is. I told her that I agreed, and that we should hook it up later on that night. She concurred. Her even more attractive friend also began saying the same thing and the possibility of a threesome reared its filthy little head.

8:30 p.m. Me, the two chicks and Tucker all walked down to this awesome fucking deli in town to eat some food before we became too drunk to shovel food into our gullets. As we were eating, the two chicks reiterated what they told me back at the frat house in front of Tucker. "There you go, Mike. You know what you're doing tonight!" Yeah, I thought I did until Tucker made one of them cry and run out of the deli, forcing the other one to follow her out the door to console her.

~Bjorn the Village Killer begins aerobic stretching~

9:00 p.m. We get back to the frat house to round up the troops and have a few more beers before we headed to the after party at a place called Orbit. The two chicks that stormed out of the deli made it back and were hanging out by the doorway, refusing to set foot in the main room where everyone was. I walked over to them and one of them was bawling.

Girl 1: "I'm sorry I'm crying. I'm so sorry, you must hate me."

Me: "Don't be sorry, why the fuck are you crying, Tucker wasn't even being mean to you, it was your friend he was yelling at."

Girl 1: "I know, I know...I don't get it, why is he such an ASSHOLE?!"

Me: "Let me get you a beer."

I put all of five minutes patting her on the head and telling her that it was ok before she snapped out of it. I put my jacket back on and was about to bring her out to the RV when her friend came and dragged her out the door, never to be seen again.

~Bjorn the Village Killer is now jogging in place and checking his pulse~

10:00 p.m. We arrived at Orbit. It was ok for about 5 minutes before the fans strolled in and began choking the life force out of Tucker and myself with offers from dudes to get "Tucker Max Drunk" and the occasional jealous, pussy starved guy trying to muscle up and talk shit. It was unbelievably oppressive.

It was around this time when this very cute chick in a green shirt and HUGE boobs began chatting me up, buying me beers and telling me that she wanted me to stay at her place. I thought to myself, "Finally, I have somewhere to put this hard on of mine and fall asleep on a real bed instead of waking up alone in Anne Frank's attic with scoliosis." We moved to one of the couches and began to make out and unabashedly grope each other in front of people. After a few minutes, I got up to take a piss. I came back to find - HAPPY SURPRISE - GirlInGreenShirt passed out on the couch, completely shitfaced.

~Bjorn the Village Killer begins to sharpen his war axe on the skulls of the innocent~

Seeing as that I like the nickname KungFu Mike more than Shifty McRapist, I left her to keep my jacket warm with her drunken corpse and went to find Tucker, who was so freaked out by the situation inside the bar that he grabbed the first female fan he could find so we could escape to the confines of her apartment, which happened to be a couple of blocks away.

11:00 p.m. Tucker grabs one of the chicks and drags her into her bedroom. The other girl, a very cute Asian girl, looks at me and says, "You know I have a boyfriend, right?"

~Bjorn the Village Killer is now ritualistically bathing in the blood of sacrificed children and singing songs about days of raping and pillaging past.

11:10 p.m. VeryCuteAsian drives me to the RV. When we arrive, she asks me if she can get a tour of the inside. Once again, I have managed to take lemons and make lemonade. We got inside and it was

FREEZING in there. The temperature in Charlottesville couldn't have been above 35 degrees that night, and for some reason it felt even colder inside the RV, perhaps it was baby Jesus slipping ice cubes down the back of my soul's t-shirt either way it was God damn cold. I was about to turn the ignition so we could heat up the place to a suitable fuck-making temperature when it hit me Tucker had the keys to the RV. I called his phone no answer. VeryCuteAsian decided to take off, leaving me alone in the cold, dark innards of the recreational vehicle to stew in my own vehemence.

~Bjorn the Village Killer dons his horned helmet and assumes the three point stance~

11:30 p.m. There I was; 10 days into the book signing tour, exhausted to the point of sensory loss, pummel-fuck drunk, sporting a semi from three potential hook up situations that went to hell and frozen solid with no place to sleep and no feasible way to correct the situation. My emotional meltdown was inevitable; the only question was when and where it was going to come to a head.

12:00 p.m. I bolted out of the RV and hiked the 6 blocks over to a bar called Jabberwocky where she was drinking with friends. I got to the door and the bouncer wouldn't let me in due to the fact that the shit hole flop house was packed to capacity. I told him that I was meeting a friend in there and he fucking slammed the door in my face like I was some kind of leper looking for a bathroom to wash my sores in. I called the chick up and told her what happened. Her response? "Oh, that sucks. Too bad."
Click

Ladies and gentleman, Bjorn the Village Killer has entered stage left.

With my nostrils flares and my fists balled up I started the journey to the RV, staring at the ground in an attempt to keep myself from engaging in conversation that would ultimately lead to me sitting in a cell minus my belt and shoelaces. I didn't make it 50 feet before my shoulder clipped a mailbox. I started kicking the shit out of it and screaming obscenities. When I was done, some guy actually started talking to me.

Random guy: "Hey man, are you ok?"

Me (long pause) "WRONG QUESTION!!!"

As I trekked back to my frozen sleeping chamber I walked by a handful of other people. They said nothing to me, but they were in my way and in my mind that meant that they would feel Bjorn's cold, northern fury.

"WHY ARE YOU WALKING SO CLOSE TO ME?! ARE WE FUCKING DATING?! AM I TAKING YOU TO THE FUCKING PROOOOMMMMMMM?!"

"GRAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRGHHHH" (Kicking newspaper machine)

"WALK FUCKING FASTER. IF I WANTED TO SEE A JIMMY FUND PARADE I'D GO TO YOUR FAMILY FUCKING REUNION!!!AARRGHHHH!!!!"

"WHOOOOOOOOORE!!! YOU ARE A FUCKING SHIT-CUNT WHOOOOOOOOOREEEE!!! FUUUUUUUUUUCKING FUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!"

(To a happy couple strolling down the street) "GET OUT OF MY FUCKING WAY YOU UGLY FUCKING WHORE. I DON'T KNOW HOW YOUR BOYFRIEND GETS HARD LOOKING AT YOUR SCREW MUG, YOU FUCKING CLOWN-FACED FUCK HOLE!!!."

12:30 p.m. Somehow, I made it back to the RV without being shot. After a few rounds of screaming to myself and pounding the tabletop with my frozen hands, I called Bunny in the hopes that she would talk me off of the ledge. She was phenomenal, as usual. I swear, she should get a job as a hostage negotiator or something.

As I was calming down, I got a beep on the other line from the chick that hung up on me. She had left the bar, and wanted me to meet up with her at her friend's place and let me sleep at her house afterwards. At that point I didn't care about my pride anymore; that awful girl had just hung up on me and Bjorn would normally punish such insolence with cruel wordsbut she had a soft bed in a room with heat. I folded and walked over to her place another 7 blocks away.

1:30 p.m. I finally made it to her friend's place, physically and emotionally drained, with snots frozen to the sides of my face. I walked inside and I instantly recognized a few people from the book signing earlier that day, one of them being this really cute chick that Tucker offered a free book to if she did 20 push-ups (she only ended up doing 17.5, but we gave her a discount for effort). I would have totally put my remaining strength into

hooking up with her but I was a battle weary man and I didn't need to gamble away my only sure shot at a place to crash.

2:30 a.m. I turned to the girl that I was staying with and asked her when she planned on going home so I could sleep. "In a few minutes, don't worry" she told me.

5:00 a.m. We finally walk back to her house (which ended up being directly NEXTDOOR mind you, I could have fucking walked over and slept instead of entertaining people with tales from the road and doing stupid Tucker Max Q & A for a room full of people smoking out of a hookah and drinking Miller Light for 2.5 hours), took our clothes off and got in to bed. I didn't even expect to hook up at that point, but as soon as the lights went out we were fooling around.

5:30 a.m. Right as we were about to fuck, she turned to me and says, "You know, I think I should just go to bed."

~Bjorn the Village Killer has put on his superman pajamas and is fast asleep, sucking his thumb and dreaming about future village torching~

Without saying a word, I turned away from her and closed my eyes, completely incapable of any kind of rebuttal, civil or otherwise.

7:00 a.m. I woke up to the sound of my cell phone going off. It was Tucker, and he wanted to start driving right away. I hopped out of bed, tossed my clothes on and bolted out of the front door, my only fuel at that moment being my manic desire to get the fuck out of Charlottesville as soon as physically possible.

KUNGFU MIKE POST-SCRIPT - Tucker just forwarded this email to me:

'Tucker,

Hey man I'm in Phi Psi at UVA. I was just wondering if Kungfu Mike had written his account of his late night c-ville antics. When I was talking to him he was pretty drunk and I have a friend that said he saw someone roaming the streets late-night with a red jacket yelling at people.

Glad you had a good time here. You should consider coming back for Foxfields again.

-Ben'''

EDIT#3: Just got this email from Danny at Phi Psi. He fills in some gaps that I had forgotten/missed:

"Hey man,

I just read your recap of the UVA signing. I'm glad you had a good time, but thought I'd add a little to the story from my perspective if you want to include this as well.

I don't know if you remember this but at one point at Orbit a a short, stubby blond with what you described to her as "gargantuan tits" came up to you and me and the three of us talked for a few minutes. Things quickly turned ugly when she refused to buy the two of us shots. Being you, you said something horrible to her and she then went into a tirade about not fucking you because you were some "D-list celebrity."

Well, I just thought you'd like to know that she showed up at the house a little after closing time looking for you. She was stumbling around the halls saying shit like "I don't just fuck anyone, but I'm gonna fuck Tucker." What a hypocritical whore. We kicked her out after a few minutes of that shit.

The twelve hour binge caught up with me after that and I passed out only to wake up a few hours later to engage in a violent puking session. You are probably thinking who the fuck cares dude. But the fact of the matter is that I have been drinking since I was 15 and I can count on my hands the number of times I have puked. Consider your work here at UVA complete.

I also have no idea how the fuck you managed to get out of here so early the next morning. I got up around 9:00 feeling like you had accidentally hit me with your RV and I noticed you guys were already gone. I imagine you had to feel pretty much the same. I almost called you just to make sure your RV wasn't a flaming wreck on the side of the highway. Seriously, from what I understand you can't even drive that thing sober and you had to still be tanked when you guys took off.

And one more thing; the heffer that we called you out on. I don't know if you forgot about this or not, but that's the same girl that wrote you that Choo-choo card and that was another of the redeeming features you cited in raising her from a 1-star to a 2-star. I guess we were all

just unaware that the criteria for upping a girl's status went beyond the physical to corny forms of humor. Whatever.

That's all I got. I had a blast. Feel free to come party with us anytime and good luck with the rest of the tour."

Friday, Feb 10th: College Park, MD

of books sold: 93

of books signed: 112

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 12+

of pictures taken with fans: 35+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: To the Maryland Book Exchange and to Jeff for setting everything up.

Highlights of the stop: This might turn out to be my favorite update to write. Let's see: The signing went smoothly. My favorite part was this one girl who, over the course of two hours, came by three times. The last time she started giggling and handed me a note, then ran off. It said:

"This is the third time I have been by to see you. Maybe we should 'get together' later. ***-***-****, [name]"

I would have called her, but I lost the note. Oh well, sorry babe, I totally would've fucked you, next time just be a little more forward. There is no reason to be shy with me; we could have gone right out to the RV.

After the signing we drove from College Park to Rosslyn, where SlingBlade lives, to shower and what not. I was supposed to go to an after party at Cornerstone in College Park from 7-9, but as soon as I sat on SlingBlades couch, ten days of excessive drinking and lack of sleep caught up and I passed out. Besides, after the debacles of the past few days, I was none too eager to be surrounded by socially awkward dudes who just want to "hang out and talk."

Me, SlingBlade and KungFu Mike finally roll into the bar around 9:30, and take some bar stools at the end of the bar. It takes about 15 minutes before the first people find us, but thankfully they are girls, so it was fine...or so I thought.

This girl who looked no older than 16 comes up to me and says,

Girl "Are you Tucker Max?"

I see her braces and start to feel dirty. I can't even make a joke at this point.

Tucker "Uh, yeah."

Awkward silence ensues. No question this girl is in high school.

Girl "So...where are you from?"

SlingBlade gives me a look that can be described as "these are your fans, you disgusting pedophile."

Tucker "Kentucky."

Girl "Like the Derby?"

SlingBlade "We've got a winner here. This one still hasn't even learned how to have an adult conversation. Maybe you should ask her who her favorite Laguna Beach character is, that's more her speed."

She ran off after that, thank god. A few more girls came up, most of them just saying 'hi' and then leaving, until these two who were at the signing stopped by, "Elise," who has been emailing me for the past month asking if we can hook up, and her friend. This is the first email she sent me:

"I found your website through a friend and began reading late last night. Once I started I couldn't stop, and I read on for 2 hours before my eyes couldn't take staring at my computer screen any longer. As soon as I woke up this morning I picked up where I left off, and I have been reading all day. In short, you are a skeezy asshole with whom no self respecting woman would ever associate, but for some reason I am so very attracted to you. If you decide to come to College Park, I'm down for meeting up. If you decide you don't want to fuck me, there are 15,000 other girls to choose from!"

[In her defense, this is a fairly standard email for girls her age to send me. Before you dog her, you should think back to what a worthless fuck bag you were at 19. I know I was a big one.]

Anyway, Elise has a great body and is a nice girl, but...how do I say this, she was very...pliable, I guess is the right word. Perhaps "eager to please" is better. Of course, after that email I don't know what else I should expect. Maybe some self-respect, but if she had that, she wouldn't be throwing herself at me in the first place.

Once I established the ground rules with Elise--that we were going to fuck and that I was going to spend the night in her warm, comfortable bed--I got bored with her and talked to other people. But SlingBlade had some fun messing with her.

SlingBlade "Call one of your whore friends and bring her out. I would like something soft and warm for my penis, please."

Elise "Why don't you just tell girls you are SlingBlade, they will want to fuck you then."

SlingBlade "What are you talking about? Is this your perception of reality, that I am famous enough that all these girls know who I am?"

Elise "Yeah, sure, I guess."

SlingBlade "You're an idiot."

Elise "Well just go up and dance with a girl and then she'll sleep with you."

SlingBlade "What? What are you describing, your average night?"

Elise "Yeah, pretty much."

SlingBlade "And here I was, wondering what Tucker saw in you."

Elise went to do something, so SlingBlade engaged Elise's friend.

SlingBlade "Does she hook up a lot?"

Friend "Yes, she fucked 17 guys last semester. I know all of them, I've talked to them, they all say she's awful in bed. Apparently she just lays there like a corpse."

SlingBlade "How many did you sleep with last semester?"

Friend "Three...BUT I WAS DATING THEM!"

Elise and I eventually leave together and go back to her place. If by "place," I mean "dorm room." Yes, I know how fucking sad that is.

Normally I would have taken her back to my luxurious RV for sex, but after ten days on the road I am desperate for a soft, warm bed and some sense of normalcy. Why I think I can find this by fucking 19 year old state school cum dumpsters in their college dorm rooms, I don't know. Alcohol has destroyed my reasoning abilities.

We get back to her dorm (I didn't have to sign into this one, thank god) and then to her room and start fucking. I finish quickly; I just want to go to sleep at this point, which I do right after I come.

I am not sure what time it is when she wakes me up, but its not the morning so I am pissed. She turns the light on, start moving around, and weeks of frustration with this tour come out on her. I just let loose with a string of profanities and obscenities, telling her to turn off the light and shut the fuck up so I can sleep. Then she starts crying.

Great. I've had enough of this. Of these stupid girls who keep coming out to fuck me, of not sleeping in a bed, of this tour, of everything. I just put

on my clothes and leave; as I go out the door she screams, still in tears, "I had a great time!"

I go to the elevator and press the button. Down the hall there are several people playing grab-ass or something, I wasn't really paying attention, when all of the sudden someone yells, "Is that Tucker Max?"

I have never been happier to see an elevator door open. I don't even know how I found my way home; I got on some bus and then the Metro and between bouts of passing out and asking people for help, I somehow got to the right place.

Seriously, is this really my life? You couldn't write fiction like this, no one would believe it. Sadly, this is not the end. I present to you, the email aftermath:

1. From Elise, the next day:

"First off, i am still pretty drunk, so im sorry if i am incoherent at any point in this email.

i just wanted to apologize for tonight, i know under any circumstance the excuse "i was really drunk" is not appropriate, but tonight i was REALLY drunk, and i definately said some things that i shouldnt have. other than that, i really dont remember much of the ngiht, but im curious to see your account on your website (and as i already see, you are pretty angry with me). sooooo, again, sorry, and peace out."

2. From some random dude who heard about the story before I posted it:

"My friends and I are eagerly waiting around, refreshing your book tour page for the update in College Park. I had the opportunity to fuck [Elise], and can describe it as nothing more than one of the worst lays I've ever had. We are cracking up about this as we speak and look forward to what is bound to be one the most hilarious updates I've read on your book tour."

3. From a random girl who did the same:

"Hey Tucker! Im a huge fan and was visiting the University of Maryland last night. I was unable to make it to the signing or the party, and was extremely pissed off bc i didnt get to see you. ARound 2 or 3 am.. (not

sure exactly when, the hours are sort of a blur to me now) I am walking in a hall of the freshman dorms and am suprised to see the message board of a girls dorm.. "Im fucking Tucker Max". First of all, i started flipping out because i figured you might still be in there and i wanted to join in haha. so i start banging on this girls door and finally this three year old looking pale skinny girl comes to the door and is like who are you. I basically tell her that im in love with you and ask her if you had been there. She proceeds to tell me that you had just been there and left, but that you probably hate her. I ask her to tell me the story and am quite amused at what she has to say. She tells me that sure enough, you had been fucking her, and that it was all good for awhile. Then she tells me that she started crying because you puller her hair too hard. I tried to stifle my laughter, and felt sorry for the girl for a second, as she looked on the verge of tears again. I ask her if she knows where you have gone, and she dropped SlingBlades name but obviously i had no idea where the hell his place was. Basically, i thought this was really funny bc i read your update on how you are never fucking a college freshman again and i cracked up thinking about how she kicked you out for "pulling her hair to hard" haha cant wait for a further update.. just thought you might wanna hear her side of the story haha.. I really want to come to a signing , but there are no more around here as i live in the Baltimore area. I see that you might go to UDel, but not until fall and i dont wanna wait that long haha. What are your summer plans.. will you be doing any touring then?? Wrtie back if you get time, if not, keep degrading womean and being the biggest fucking pimp around, you're my hero. haha <3 always"

4. And then there is this one. This is quite possibly my favorite of the bunch. Read it first:

"Hey Tucker,

This is the little blonde freshman's roommate. We just wanted to make sure, for our safety and yours, that you will keep in mind the fact that you came into my room also last night. Please remember to be mindful in what you say about the 'items' in the room last night; or information of physical abuse could emerge. haha all in playfulness. keep it dl and keep fucking ass"

The "items" this dumbass is referring to are the fucking POUND of marijuana and three foot water bong on the table when I walked in the room. I wasn't going to say anything at first, but since this idiot decided to threaten me, the gloves are off.

I don't care if you are playing, you don't ever, ever threaten me. The "abuse" this idiot is talking about are the consensual bite marks I left on Elise, and I think maybe I pulled her hair during sex. Considering that she liked it then, I am not worried about "abuse" allegations, but you might want to find new place to store your pot, or you may find out what the penalties for "possession with intent to distribute" are.

EDIT#1: I forgot about this; some college website was having a promotion at Cornerstone that night, and the guys who run it recognized me and came over to talk. They were cool guys, and were giving me the standard "I love your stuff, I'm a huge fan" bit, and they asked me,

Guys "Why are you College Park?"
Tucker "I had a book signing today."
Guys "You have a new book out?"

I didn't show it, but this enraged me. I wasn't mad at those guys at all, they didn't do anything wrong, but when the average person--who is already a fan, and recognizes you in a bar--doesn't even know that you have a new book out (forget the book tour), then something is wrong with your book's PR. Yet I STILL made the NY Times Best Seller List.

ANOTHER SPECIAL SLINGBLADE UPDATE:

We are staying at SlingBlade's place in DC and I left my computer out last night...big mistake. These are the three emails he sent that I have found so far:

-To a girl who was asking about the location of one of my signings:
"You better show up to my signing or I will kill your whole family. I'm serious. I killed 12 people last year alone. I'm going to ejaculate on your corpse. Even bums won't fuck you when I'm done with you. Smooches."

-To a girl who sent me a Hook-Up Application and wrote it in teenager internet-ese:
"hey gurl. i'm glad u hollad at me. LOL. me gonna spew ejaculate all over dat ass baby. me can't wait yoyoyoyoyoyo. LMAO, ROTFLMAO, u is sooooooooooooooooooooo pretty. pretty gurl. pretty gurl makes me wanna go boom-boom. me go boom-boom wit u :-)."

-To someone who tried to call me out about something stupid:
"When I see you in hell you will pay dearly for your insolence. In the

meantime, don't fuck up my shit with that delicate flower you call your fat friend. Also do you have any other fat friends (male or female) and/or are you fat?"

Saturday, Feb 11th: Annapolis, MD

of books sold: 86

of books signed: 98

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 8

of pictures taken with fans: 50+ (so far)

of girls I hooked up with: 0

Thanks: To Hard Bean in Annapolis and everyone who came out.

Highlights of the stop: Alright, the actual Annapolis signing itself went great. A ton of Midshipmen came out, which was pretty much the whole reason I went there. Over the years I have had a lot of support from Navy and Naval Academy guys, so I wanted to stop there to show my appreciation. Well, everything went fine except for two things:

1. This dude asked me if he could free-style rap for me. You read that right: Free-style rap. And he was whiter than Christmas. Seriously. My Awkward Meter went off the scale, so I refused at first. He kept insisting, so I did this:

Tucker "Here is a coffee cup. Go stand outside and freestyle rap to passers-by. If you can collect two dollars in quarters, I'll let you rap to me."

An hour later the dude comes in with 8 fucking quarters in his cup...so I let him rap. To call it a Sesame Street rhyme would be a compliment. I think one of his friends recorded it, and I hope for his sake no one ever sees it. I have never been more embarrassed for another person in my life.

2. This one cute girl with big tits wanted to hook up with me. No problem, I had an RV there, but she looked a bit young, so as per my standard procedure I asked to see an ID.

Girl "Uhhh...I left it in the car."

Tucker "Go out and get it. I'm patient."

Girl "Uhh...maybe I left it at home."

Tucker "Of course you did. Go away."

Another girl told me she was 18, and I called her out about it, so she brought me an ID...that said she was 22. The girl was actually 16.

Why do underage girls do this? They have to know that I am going to ask for ID and they have to know I am not going to fuck them unless they are clearly above age. Is it fun to try and put me in a position where I can go to jail? Seriously, this is not funny or cute, stop it. I am not into underage girls, teenagers do not turn me on, and I don't like being propositioned by little girls (even if they look 22). I will fuck you when you are 18, BUT NOT BEFORE, so STOP ASKING.

Sunday, Feb 12th: Washington, DC

of books sold: 71

of books signed: 102

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 0 (thank god)

of pictures taken with fans: 20+

of girls I hooked up with: 0

Thanks: To Ken and the brothers of Lambda Chi, you guys were awesome and stepped up great, I appreciate it and I owe you one.

Highlights of the stop: This was a great signing, I wish I could have spent more time there, the people who showed seemed pretty cool and whatnot, I was just totally drained and needed to get home and get some rest.

I do have to mention this: My favorite part of this signing was the girl who showed up with brand new fake breasts, and asked me to examine them and give my opinion, and I did so obligingly. Nothing on earth would make happier than to become the defacto expert on fake tits.

ANOTHER SLINGBLADE UPDATE:

I just got this email from him. I'll give you one guess who's shampoo that he is referring to:

"Either you or your nancy-fag boyfriend KungFu Mike left your high-falutin shampoo in my apartment. I usually use Suave, which, as far as I can tell, is the cheapest shampoo you can buy without driving into Mexico. So I tried your apricot scented repleshing 3 in 1 homoerotic cleanser and I've never had a better hair day. I feel glorious. I just began lisping and feel the sudden urge to dance to techno. I also realized that my pants aren't nearly tight enough."

Monday, Feb 13th-15th: NYC

I am back home for three days rest. It is true; sleep loss really is cumulative. I think I slept 16 hours yesterday, and I am still drained.

Overall, the first part of the tour was both a success and a disappointment; with virtually no press I am drawing big crowds, but I would have drawn bigger crowds had I organized the tour better (and of course if I had gotten the press I should have). Of course, I've never put a book tour together, so I guess it's alright. Most of the mistakes I made on the first leg should be rectified on the second leg; the signings are generally later in the day and in more central locations, and there is more lead time for papers and magazines to do stories.

Furthermore, I am done with that fucking RV. Never again. For the second leg we are renting an SUV and just staying in hotel rooms. Driving that thing is fucking insane, I'm never doing it again. I must have done several hundred dollars worth of damage to that thing; I'm not actually sure, I didn't stick around to hear about the total damages, I just dropped it off and then cancelled the credit card I paid with, so they couldn't tack more shit on. When I peeled out of the lot, they were still trying to count up the damage.

THE TUCKER MAX BOOK TOUR RUNNING UPDATE, PART 3

Thursday, Feb 16th: Albany, NY

of books sold: 27

of books signed: 72

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 10+

of pictures taken with fans: 25+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: A huge thank you goes out to Matt and everyone else at Mad River, they could not have been more accomodating and cool to me. It seems like no matter what city you are in, the people who work at Mad River are awesome. And of course I have to thank Damien, he did a great job getting everything set up.

Highlights of the stop: This was one of the stranger stops I've had. Not in a bad way at all, things were just...different. For instance, this is the first stop where almost all the books I signed were for people who brought their copy with them. Twice as many people brought their copy with them instead of buying it from me. That's perfectly fine, it's just never been like that before.

Beyond that, at this stop it was mostly girls sweating me instead of guys, which was a nice switch. I ended up going home with this girl who had some of the largest real tits I have ever dealt with (and no assholes, she was not fat, in fact she was skinny and pretty hot. After the UVA signing though, I guess that this is a legit question). And beyond her, there were several other very good options there last night. Albany as a city is a fucking shit hole, but the girls I met were for the most part good looking, had nice big tits and wanted to fuck. Can't argue with that.

EDIT#1: I forgot about this at first, but I want to address it:

Last night these three girls from Skidmore came out to the signing. They were 18 year old freshman, nice girls, and they had one main question for me. I'm paraphrasing:

"How is it you can get away with having so much sex and just doing what you want? I want to fuck a lot too, but I don't know, I just can't seem to do it, my friends all tell me that its wrong and that I'd be a slut, plus there is such a double standard about it. If you do it, you're a hero, if I do it, I'm a whore. It's not fair."

I want to talk about this, because I think that people sometimes misunderstand my position on the issue. This is basically what I told her:

Whether you are a man or a woman, there is nothing at all wrong with wanting to have a lot of sex. I want to especially emphasize this: If you are a woman, having a lot of sex does NOT automatically make you a whore. As long as you are honest with the other person about what you want, you are safe (this means condoms for guys) and responsible (and birth control for girls), and you do it for the right reasons, sex is a very good thing and you should not be ashamed of it at all.

The only way you will be truly happy is to figure out what your desires are, and then act on them in a safe, responsible manner. If you want to have sex, then go out and have sex. If you don't, that's OK too, both positions are right in their own way. The last thing I am advocating is a specific course of action; what I am saying is that you need to figure out what is right for you, and do that. It is your life, not anyone else's, who the fuck are they to tell you what you should and should not do? As a general rule, if you enjoy something and it's not hurting anyone else, then you have every right to keep doing it, and fuck anyone who disagrees.

Now, if you are female and take a liberated approach to sex, there is no question that some of your friends will not like it and they will castigate you for it. FUCK'EM. Get new friends. No real friend would ever get down on you for doing something that makes you happy. Chances are, if you are having a lot of sex (and are being responsible about it) and they have an issue with it, it's not you they are criticizing, it is themselves, they are just taking it out on you.

As you get older you'll see this more and more: whenever you pursue your dreams and goals, even something small like personal pleasure, some people will shit on you for it. 95% of the time, this will be because they are jealous that they aren't doing it themselves. Watching you be happy doing what pleases you only makes them realize that they aren't doing the same thing, but instead of turning that anger inwards and changing what sucks about their life, they will turn it outwards and react against you. People like that suck, cut them out of your life. You should always strive to surround yourself with people who root for you, not against you, people who enhance your life and who bring something to the table, not people who take from it (and of course, you should strive to be one of those people also).

Granted, if you are young you are going to think something is good for you when it probably isn't, and as a result you are going to make

mistakes. That's OK, that is part of the nature of youth. Sometimes the only way to find the right path is to walk down the wrong one for awhile. Shit, the only reason I do anything right this point in my life is because I probably was doing it wrong, realized I was fucking up, and fixed it. The only way you can ever really understand who you are as a person and what it is that really makes you happy is by trying lots of different things and seeing where you fall. Life is not about doing what everyone else does; it's about finding out who you are and being that person.

I also want to point one thing out: I said in the first paragraph that you should make sure you are doing things for the right reasons. As an 18 year old girl or a 40 year old man or anything in between, if you feel like you want to have lots of sex with lots of partners, then be safe and responsible and honest, and try it out. Maybe it works, maybe not, but you can't know until you try.

BUT, you should ask yourself, "Why am I fucking all these people?" If it's because you just really enjoy experiencing other people and you like the act of sex and aren't ready for a committed relationship, then those are the right reasons and you shouldn't regret what you are doing. But if you are fucking people to cover up some emotional scar, or if you are doing it for validation or for similar wrong reasons, then it's not going to work and it's not a good thing. I keep telling you to be honest with other people, and that is important, but more important is to be honest with yourself. Many people use sex and drugs and alcohol as proxies to cover pain; that doesn't work. Facing that pain is the only way to actually deal with it. Covering it won't make it go away; like my buddy SlingBlade says, "FELLATIO WON'T FILL THE HOLE IN YOUR SOUL!"

And on that note, I am going out to get drunk and have sex with a random girl...fuck you, I can be a (semi-)contradiction if I want to be. The only way you can break the rules is if you know them first.

EDIT#2: This is a pretty good article about my time in Albany written by a local reporter:

[The rake's progress: Seductive mix of booze, women, writing draws fans to Tucker Max](#)

By KRISTI L. GUSTAFSON, Staff writer
First published: Saturday, February 25, 2006

More denim-miniskirt girls and pimple-faced dudes flit by than you'd see at a Fall Out Boy concert, and I've heard a certain slang term for the female genitalia so often I'm starting to think this is a cat show.

But, no, it's a book signing.

The fact that it's being held at Albany's Mad River Bar and Grill isn't the only thing that separates it from the average literary evening. The guest of honor is Tucker Max, a 30-year-old Duke Law School grad who has made a career out of what used to unironically be called debauchery -- namely, lots of sex and lots and lots of alcohol.

Such as a double shot of Jaegermeister brought over to Max by a friend. "It's like 5:30, man," the author says in a tone of mild protest. Then he takes it down in a single gulp.

With his dirty blond hair, baggy jeans and bloodshot eyes -- due to a contact lens problem, he says, not last night's Jaegermeister -- Max blends in like the average aging prepster. He drives a Chevy Malibu and likes hamburgers. He hero-worshipped the stars of "The Dukes of Hazzard" when he was a kid.

Max became a little less of an average fella four years ago, when he launched a blog that has grown into one of the most viewed sites on the Internet; Max's site, <http://www.tuckermx.com>, claims more than 25 million unique hits and 200 million page views to date. He's currently keeping a city-by-city book tour diary.

Max's resume now includes the collection "I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell," in which he proudly presents himself as the sort of nookie-hound that any sane parent would warn their daughters to avoid like chlamydia. Over the course of 277 pages, he chronicles in graphic detail the sort of sexual misadventures -- occasionally gymnastic, frequently just nasty -- that men usually talk about only among their own gender.

Indeed, Max's whole book reads like the print equivalent of an X-rated reality show in which the boring bits have been edited out, leaving only the juicy parts. (The week before his Albany visit, it was No. 26 on the New York Times paperback nonfiction list, but has subsequently fallen off.)

At Mad River, he talks like a confident celebrity who's polished his best lines. One frequent question: Should readers take his stories as journalistic truth or bedroom folklore? "It's my recollection of the night," he says. "It's not like I'm writing the Warren Commission Report."

I was a little apprehensive about going to Max's event last week: I had already had an unpleasant encounter with him -- and no, not that kind of encounter. Last October, I interviewed him over the phone for a column on pickup lines, but didn't end up using any of his quotes. Miffed at this absence, Max sent me a particularly nasty e-mail saying that my story was lacking -- I've deleted it, but I believe the word "sucked" was used.

I doubted I'd be able to spend 10 minutes with Max, much less an hour with him and his fans. But sitting not two feet away from him, I find myself laughing. Laughing at the men who come to share tall tales set in strip clubs or at bachelor parties. Laughing at the women who nearly spill from their shirts as they tell Max he's cuter in person than on the book cover, that they like his shirt, that girls at one local college (I won't get specific, and please don't call) are indeed as slutty as he's heard.

Like many celebrities, Max has created a character that's a cartoonish version of himself -- and he didn't even have to change his name to do it. Max flirts right back with his female fans, calling them "sweetie" or "honey" and delivering one-liners as fast as he tosses back shots of Red Bull and vodka. He admits to unnecessarily blowing up at reporters in the past, mainly when they start asking the same tired questions. (Such as: How long can you keep this up? "As long as it keeps making me money.")

Then again, he can get equally annoyed when the questions are unexpected, such as my query as to whether or not, in all his drunken encounters, he's ever had a homosexual experience. The short answer is no; the long answer can't be printed in a family paper but boils down to Max's contention that he gets blind drunk, but not that blind drunk.

Things like this make Max's mother cry, he says. She also "asks me why I'm not a good person."

Mom confirms this. Between signing books, Max dials her number on his cell and hands it to me. "He wasn't raised to be totally narcissistic like this," says Lanny Evans from her home in Winchester, Ky. Both of Max's parents have been married several times, a topic that comes up in the book.

But narcissism has been good to Max, winning him the sort of fans who freak out when they meet him. One young woman at Mad River gets so nervous at the sight of Max she can barely speak. "I'm a very high-strung person," she says, then runs off with her signed copy of "Beer in Hell."

Other fans are friendlier. Guys shake his hand like they're meeting LeBron James. They give him tips on Albany nightspots, or ask how they can become a great writer, too.

Most fans walk away from the signing table slightly puffed up, as if their momentary connection to the writer has given them a little of his swagger. Max makes them feel that way.

Max has a salesman's sense of how to work a room, and a surefire way to plant himself into a circle of friends: He always asks the guys to talk about the person he's signing for. "Describe Jake," says Max to a local college student's friends as Jake himself stands by waiting.

"He's Jewish," one buddy says. Everybody laughs -- Jake included. It's one of the best answers Max hears all night, he says later.

As the men walk away, they crowd around reading Max's words (trust me, you don't want to know). They say "So cool" and grin.

But it's not all flirting females and man-crush guys. One fan, 21-year-old Leigh Bellouny of Albany, tells Max his writing "helped me learn how to laugh again" after he lost an uncle on 9/11 and a close friend in a car accident.

Whoa -- a redeeming quality, perhaps?

Max surprises me again when I tell him there's another author, Albany's own Sid Stein, on the other side of town signing his own book, "A Little on the Side," which teaches men how to cheat on their wives and get away with it. Max makes a that's-screwed-up face, and I wonder if it's a flash of morality or concern that his event has competition.

"Beer in Hell" contains plenty of stories about Max hooking up with married women. It's also full of stories about serial vomiting and clumsy sexual experimentation, many of which I was almost ashamed to find myself laughing at. Laughing, I should add, almost hard enough to make me fall off the elliptical machine at the gym.

I wanted to be appalled. I wanted to be offended, to believe I'm above the humor of someone like Max. Instead, I'm entertained.

As the signing winds down, I think I'm starting to understand Max's appeal. Although I don't find him appealing.

Max doesn't need another fan of that sort -- based on the scene at Mad River, he's got a surplus. These are sound-minded women (well, most of them are drunk, but so's he) who are very clear about wanting to have sex with him. They bring him cookies, slip him a phone number, even offer up their friends for combinations.

As Max puts it in his book: "(I) just find the slutty girls and let them do what comes naturally."

According to Max's report on his Albany visit posted on his site, the author didn't spend the night alone.

Friday, Feb 17th: OFF

Saturday, Feb 18th: Boston, MA

of books sold: 127

of books signed: 191

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 12+

of pictures taken with fans: 50+

of girls I hooked up with: 0 (no, seriously, I thought it was impossible to leave Boston without at LEAST fucking once, but I was wrong. Sort of.)

Thanks: Every stop makes it clearer and clearer that the difference between a good signing and a great signing is planning. This was a great stop because I had a great group of guys helping me out at BU. I want to especially thank Colin and Lex, who did an amazing job getting everything set up at the student center, and Elliott, Matt and Carl who helped out also. And of course I want to thank everyone who came out, the Q&A and signing were one of the best so far.

Highlights of the stop:

Coming...

Sunday, Feb 19th: OFF

Monday, Feb 20th: Special Pittsburgh Update: The signing isn't until tomorrow, but Mike and I got to Pittsburgh a day early and something happened that I have to write about.

There is a girl who lives in Pittsburgh [note: NOT the Tattoo Girl, a different one] that I have been emailing off and on for about two months. She is really pretty, very sweet, and well...she is into some peculiar things. One thing in particular, something that I have tried to avoid, but tonight I decided to go ahead and do it.

Some backstory: When she first told me about her fetish, I was reading her email in my living room, sitting next to my buddy Credit. It went like this:

Tucker "Dude, you aren't going to believe what this girl wants me to do to her."

Credit "Pick her up at her middle school so she doesn't have to ride the train here?"

Tucker "Fuck you, this girl is 23."

Credit "I don't know Max. That's a little old for you. Did you ask her if she has a younger sister."

Tucker "You're starting piss me off. Seriously though, after we fuck, she wants me to piss on her. Like, all over her."

Credit [short pause] "What if you don't have to go?"

Of course I laughed, but it planted the seed in my mind. I don't really have any sexual performance issues, but what if I have urinary performance issues? I've never taken a post-coital piss on a girl before, who knows if I can do it on command. I know sometimes I have issues pissing in a public bathroom if there are lots of people around...this is like that, except way worse.

[One more side note: PissGirl and I were supposed to fuck over a month ago, but she could never make it to NYC because she isn't allowed to drive. Why not? Oh, did I mention that she also has a rare form of leukemia? Because of the high risk of internal hemorrhage, she isn't

allowed to drive a car. Or fly in a plane. And yes, she is currently undergoing chemo, but it's non-aggressive chemo, so she isn't losing her hair or anything, and we can still fuck without freaking me out. So to summarize, when I pulled into town tonight, at the bar there were two girls waiting for me: One with my name tattooed on her pussy, and a cancer victim who wanted me to piss on her. Sounds like a Pittsburgh party to me! Let's get one for the thumb!]

PissGirl and I get to the hotel and I make her pay. She may have cancer, but it's benign and daddy is still richer than I am. Besides, if he loves his little girl enough to give her a purse full of cash, who am I to not help her put it to good use? And let me tell you, there is very little that is funnier than the look on the clerks face when you pay for a \$160 Wyndham Suite with sweaty, crumpled bills at 2am. High comedy.

We fuck, it was fine, and she goes into the bathroom to pee. I start to panic a little, because I don't have to go. At all. I get up and slam three big glasses of water, and when she comes out of the bathroom I pull her into bed before she can ask me to piss on her. I need some time for the water to get through me.

We fuck again, and to be honest, the second time was pretty fucking amazing. I started slow because I needed to pull a Napoleon and trade space for time to get the water through my kidneys. But for whatever reason it kinda turned into really passionate and hot sex and, well, I don't want to call it meaningful because I barely know this girl, but it was one of the closest things I've had to emotionally touching sex since I was dating Bunny.

If you know anything about sex you know that while physical chemistry is important to sex, what really makes good sex great is an emotional connection. I can't explain what happened or why, and I am not going to spend another second thinking about it. I really do not want to consider what the implications are of me forming a quick and premature emotional attachment to a girl who wants me to piss on her. I have a feeling that following this line of thought to its logical conclusion will result in me pouring Drano down my throat.

PissGirl "Ummm...was that hot for you too?"

Tucker "Yeah, no question. That was almost like Dating Sex."

PissGirl "God, it was amazing."

Tucker "You ready to get pissed on?"

PissGirl "I don't know if I want you do piss on me anymore"

Tucker "What?"

PissGirl "Well, we just had such passionate sex, I don't want to ruin the moment..."

Had she said this to me after the first time, I wouldn't have cared, but now it was 45 minutes later and my maneuver had worked. Those three glasses of water I slammed were through me...

Tucker "Look, I have to piss, and it is going on you. Get out of bed and on your knees. Now."

PissGirl "It's so hot when you tell me what to do."

I take her into the bathroom, she gets on her knees, and I straddle her, pointing my cock pointed right at her tits. It takes me a second to coax the urine out, but finally the first dribble leaks out.

PissGirl "Ohhh...it's so warm..."

I guess that was the magic phrase, because the flood gates opened, literally. Were she to have jumped in the Monongahela River she couldn't have gotten more drenched. But after like 30 seconds of a constant and uninterrupted stream of hot piss, it kinda got awkward.

PissGirl "Oh my god!!! Are you ever going to stop!!! Were is all this coming from?!?!?"

Tucker "I can't stop, it'll burn. Just ride it out, it can't go on forever, I'm not R.Kelly."

She should be out tomorrow night after the signing. If you come to Boomerangs, you can get a treat; the Tattoo Girl and the PissGirl, in one place. Oh yeah...PissGirl thinks that Tattoo Girl is hot, and wants to have a threesome with her and I...at this point, I've run out of jokes.

EDIT#1: You know, now that I think about it, it might be funny to date a girl who likes to be pissed on, even if everyone knew. Think about the humor:

-You could come up with all sorts of fun nicknames for her. Mike called her the "Toilet brick with feet," or "Princess PeePee," or "Urinal Cake'ems."

-Everytime you go to the bathroom, you can make jokes about, "It's just not the same without my girl there." Or when you are at a public urinal, you can say things like this to strangers, "My girlfriend likes it when I do this on her."

- You have a new excuse to watch the Chapelle Show, season 1.
- Anytime she gets mad, there is all sorts of humor to be had with her being "pissed."
- You could hang up Andres Serrano's "Piss Christ" in your house, and instead of being offensive, it would be erotic.
- You can drive much further on road trips without having to stop at bathrooms.

EDIT#2: She just called me:

PissGirl "Tucker I just read the story! I don't want to be known as PissGirl!"

Tucker "Well, you should have thought of that before you asked me to micturate all over you."

PissGirl "No, but Tucker I want to run for public office one day, this will ruin it."

Tucker "Well, your real name isn't anywhere in the story. The only way people will know it's you is if you tell them."

PissGirl "Oh, OK...can we fuck again, that was so hot last night."

EDIT#3: I just got this email, and I want to respond to it, because it raises a good point.

"I just wanted to weigh in for all the college guys who give you shit for hanging around college girls; it's not a matter of not liking you or thinking you're uncool, it's that you are a 30 year old hitting on and hooking up with 20 year olds, and that is like us as 20 year olds hooking up with 15 year olds. Good for you, except we go to jail for the same kind of behavior. And no one wants to go to jail or have sex with 15 year old girls. So do us a favor and stick to the 25+ year olds and give us a chance."

In a way, I relate to this guys pain. I can remember being 20 and seeing girls my age dating older guys and getting pissed about it. It sucks being that age because the girls date up, but except for a few very lucky or talented guys, no 20 year old is fucking 27 year old women. And like he says, you can't date down because of age restrictions, so you have a very limited pool of girls to choose from. Dude, I get how much that sucks.

But I want to make one thing clear: I DO NOT hit on college girls. I cannot remember the last time I went up to a 18-22 year old girl and initiated a conversation with the intent of hooking up with her. In both my real life and on this book tour, all the girls that age that I fuck come to me. They read the site and the book and they make a conscious, informed decision to initiate contact with the intent of fucking me.

Look man, I know it must drive you nuts that I don't even have time for all this pussy, all the while you have to work your ass off for any at all. I honestly relate, I was in the same basic boat at your age. When I was 20 I never understood why girls my age tended to date older guys, but now I do. You know why girls your age come to me instead of you? It's because most all college guys suck (definitely including me when I was your age. I sucked a metric ton of bull ass back then; I think back to what I was like, and almost can't believe that I got laid at all). I cannot tell you how many 18-22 year old girls over the past three years have come to me because they are so tired of the idiot guys their age and wanted someone who acted like a man and knew what he was doing. Most of the time, it's not even that I'm that great, it's simply that I suck a lot less than guys your age.

You may not understand what I am saying, but think about it like this: You ever go back to your high school? What do you think of the guys there right now? You probably look at them and say to yourself, "These guys suck. I hope I wasn't like them at their age."

Do I have to draw you a map from there?

EDIT#4: This is an email I just got from PissGirl, three days later:

"Tucker,

I cant believe im saying this, but im really happy that you didnt have piss anxiety and that you pissed over a gallon of urine all over my body.

Today I was at my office and some guys asked me if I read the story about the girl you had pissed on. Im pretty sure that I immediatly got red and gave them a deer in the headlights look while thinking omg do they know that Pissgirl is me? But after talking to them about it i have decided that theres nothing weird or wrong about my fetish. Although i will never tell them that I am Pissgirl because i do not want to be considered human urinal for the rest of my life to every guy i sleep with. Honestly, they thought it was amazing that a girl let you piss all over her, and better yet they said that every guy wants to do this and how much of a turn on it would be to actually get the chance. After hearing this i was relieved... and even though u degraded me by pissed on me, its not like

it changed the sex. I mean you pissed on me, then we still had passionate sex that was amazing. So i hope to get the oppertunity to have sex with you again because it was amazing and i hope aftwards you piss all over me...."

Tuesday, Feb 21st: Pittsburgh, PA

of books sold: 66

of books signed: 96

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 15+

of pictures taken with fans: 25+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: To The Tattoo Girl and to everyone at Boomerangs.

Highlights of the stop: I will always have something of a soft spot in my heart for this fucking hell hole of a city, mainly because the first girl to ever get my name tattooed on her and the first girl I ever pissed on are from here, but goddamn if last night wasn't a fucking shit show. Let's see:

-At the signing, a girl had me sign a maxi-pad for her to use as a bookmark.

-At the after party, a girl tried, with complete and utter sincerity, to get me to set up a Man Date between SlingBlade and her friend. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. She went on and on about how similar they are and how they would get along so well...this bitch was so out of her fucking gourd she had me doubting my own sanity for a second.

-The meathead gorilla who looked like the son of WWF legend Dusty Rhodes, who would not stop pestering me about taking shots with him. The bartenders finally threw him out of the bar because he was annoying everyone.

-The two 18 year old kids who decided that they were going to hang out with me all night, and think they should contribute to a conversation about sex, when clearly neither had ever had his pecker touched without first producing a valid credit card. At least they eventually shut up.

-The two guys who invited me to some disgusting whore filled orgy at some podunk ranch in the middle of bumfuck Pennsylvania. Seriously, they wanted me to come back to Pittsburgh and go to an orgy with them. I am at a loss for words as to why someone would invite me to this.

-Six guys chanting my name as I walked into Boomerangs. Possibly the most awkward moment of my life.

But all of these people combined don't even show up on the radar of annoyance when compared to a person who will forever be known as "TheDouche." I thought that no one would be able to top the DudeInTheYellowHat from FSU in terms of being annoying and bothersome, but TheDouche has proven me wrong.

I debated whether I would call him out by name and decided against it for two reasons. 1. He runs a website that focuses on Pitts campus that gets very little traffic and I don't want to give him any more, and 2. I don't want to give him the satisfaction of being called out by name. I reserve that honor for people who not only deserve it, but who wouldn't want it to happen, and TheDouche would probably take some weird pleasure in having his name on my site--even in a negative light--so he doesn't get it.

It all started two nights ago when he called me for an interview for his site. The interview went fine, whatever, but something about the guy wasn't right; he seemed like one of those guys who tries too hard to be cool. Whatever, it was just a phone conversation, I didn't think anymore about it. He showed up at the signing, and as soon as he walked in the TattooGirl--who goes to Pitt just like TheDouche--goes "Oh no, not him." I was signing some books and failed to pick up on this cue quickly enough.

TheDouche "Hey Tucker, I'm TheDouche, the guy who interviewed you for my miniscule website that I won't shut the fuck up about. Let me tell you about how important I am."

Alright, those were not even close to his exact words, but that is pretty much what happened over the 45 minutes; this dude would not stop talking about himself and how much he meant to Pitt and its student body and how much he had helped promote me and blah, blah, blah. Whatever, I am kinda used to this so I just ignored him.

Right before he was about to leave, I decided to give him a book, as a thank you for helping out, even though the only thing I had seen him do was be annoying, but whatever, maybe all he wants is a free book. If it'll shut him up and make him go away, then fine, it's worth the \$5. I started to ask him his name (because I had forgotten it), so I could sign it:

Tucker "Hey man, what is your-" and he cut me off. The motherfucker had his phone in his hand and was about to dial someone, and literally held his finger up to me in a "wait a second" gesture.

By no means am I insinuating that I am such a star that I take priority over everything; it was more the way he did it, as if to say "I'm so important, you have to wait for me." It was a display of assclownery the likes of which I have never seen before. Mike looked at me in stunned disbelief and said, "What the fuck is going on?" I should have known what was coming next, but not even I could predict what a tool he really was.

After the signing, TattooGirl, KungFu Mike and I went to the bar and started drinking. Not 20 minutes after we got there, TheDouche showed up. I hadn't really paid attention to what he was wearing until he showed up at the bar. He was a caricature of a stereotype; gelled and meticulously tussled hair giving the "I just got out of bed...and spent an hour on my hair" look favored by metrosexuals the world over, carefully trimmed five o'clock shadow, new corduroy jacket with just the right amount of pre-packed "wear" to it, Hush Puppies, and of course, the hallmark of the hipster: The military surplus shoulder bag for his books, complete with slightly frayed straps and hastily sown on unit patches. If I wanted to go to Halloween as a Collegiate Hipster Doofus, I would just wear his exact outfit.

Tucker "Oh look, Professor Douche is here. Good thing he brought his book bag with him to the bar. Maybe he can get some reading done."

TattooGirl "Please make him leave."

KungFu Mike "I can't handle this dude. If he tries to talk to me I'm going to smash this pint glass on the bar and take my own life with the shards."

As bad as he was at the signing, TheDouche was 10x worse at the bar. TheDouche is the type of guy that no matter what you are talking about, he has a story about it. If you are talking about safari's, he's taken down all sorts of big game. If you are talking about Salvador Dali, he is an expert on surrealist painting. If you are talking about the alcohol content of beer, he knows the precise percentages of every beer on the market. He is a classic one-upper.

And he has to insinuate himself into every conversation. Mike asks me what stop we are going to tomorrow? TheDouche yells the answer.

TattooGirl asks Mike what he thinks about Slipknot? TheDouche's opinion cannot be contained. I ask the bartender what alcohols go in a

Surfer On Acid? TheDouche comes to the rescue (even though he was wrong).

He kept talking about how popular the site was that he runs. When he logged onto it in front of us at the signing, there were 14 people online. He told me a story about how the most they'd ever had at once was 150, and the server crashed...even though his site is hosted by GoDaddy. OK buddy. He kept telling anyone who would listen about how important he was, but he didn't have one friend at the bar, and no girl with him. After spending an hour on the phone, he did bring one girl out, but she was a lesbian and came out to meet TattooGirl. There was an undergrad girl hanging out with us, "Marsha," and she filled me in on the dude,

"I can't stand him. No one on campus can. He thinks he is so cool, but pretty much everyone hates him. He advertises parties on his site, and they pack with dorks and then the cops come and break them up."

But it gets even better. You know that guy, the one who continually makes stupid jokes and doesn't pick up on the fact that no one thinks he's funny? Welcome to TheDouche. He kept calling TattooGirl all these non-sensical nicknames like "Blowjobs" or "SweatFace." These aren't little inside jokes that he was making; she only knows him by reputation and first met her last night, he is just a fucking tool who isn't funny. But the kicker for was this quote by him,

"So Tucker, when are you going to do something crazy? I want to see a Tucker Max moment, so I can write about it. My readers want to know."

He wasn't being funny or ironic, he was being serious. My response might have been the closest I've ever come to giving someone an authentic Michael Corleone stare.

OK fine, some people suck, he must have picked up on the fact that we couldn't stand him and left, right? I mean, who is so stupid that they spend all night with people who ignore them, roll their eyes at everything they say, openly mock them to their face, and call them an idiot in front of other people? You have to realize that it's time to find another place to hang out, right? No, that would require a modicum of social skills to do that. THREE FUCKING TIMES when he went to the bathroom or walked outside to take a call, we moved to a different part of the bar and each time he came back, the same stupid look on his face, sidling up to our conversation. One time, we were sitting at a bar table and some people were standing around because there weren't enough stools. When he got up to go to the bathroom, he pointed to the stool and said "holdsies."

I swear to Christ, you can ask anyone who was there. Of course someone took his seat, and when he got back he acted all offended.

TheDouche "Dude, I called holdsies."

Tucker "What are you, fucking 12? Holdsies? Is this a fucking field trip? Are we in a middle school lunch room? Shut the fuck up, you fucking tool and go get another stool. Better yet, sit somewhere else."

Mike and I both kept saying shit like this to him, but he never got it. The only reason I didn't fully call him out hours beforehand was because TattooGirl was all about the lesbian girl he brought out. I didn't want to cock-block her, so I just told him to shut up a few times and ignored him the rest of the time. It worked ok, until the end of the night, when we were ready to leave. There were five of us leaving together; Marsha and I were going to fuck, TattooGirl and TheLesbian were going to fuck, and Mike, who wasn't going to fuck because he thought the girl who kept hitting on him was too fat.

I explicitly told TheDouche that he was not invited back to TattooGirl's place. His eyes were on mine when I said this, but with that stupid look on his face, I wasn't sure if he understood the meaning of the words or not. The five of us left the place, and started walking when I casually looked behind us...and there was TheDouche, not even 20 feet behind us.

Tucker "What the fuck are you doing?"

TheDouche "I live on [some street name]. It's two streets over. I'm not following you."

Tucker "Whatever."

TheDouche "I'm not following you guys."

Two blocks later, we pass the street he said he lived on, and lo and behold, he doesn't turn down that street. There he is, now 10 feet behind us.

Tucker "What are you doing, you just passed your street, you dipshit."

TheDouche. "I am just walking. I can walk anywhere I want."

I lost it. Mike and I turned to face him and Marsha stood behind me, and the other two girls kept going forward, wanting to get away from the inevitable disaster.

Tucker "Why are you following us you fucking dork? You're worse than herpes. Get the fuck out of here. Now."

TheDouche "Whatever, two of those three girls are my friends, I can go with them."

Tucker "They are? OK, Marsha, is he your friend?"

Marsha "Uhh...I met him at a party once."

Tucker "Is he your friend?"

Marsha "Uhh....he is an acquaintance, I guess."

Tucker "You fucking loser, this girl won't even claim you as a friend. Go away you fucking leech, before I end you."

TheDouche "Whatever, they are my friends, I can stay if I want."

Tucker "Are you a fucking fag? Do you want to watch me fuck these girls, you fucking fag? Better yet, do you want to fuck me? What the fuck do you want?"

Marsha ran off to the other girls, and TheDouche just kinda stood there, looking like the idiot that he is.

Tucker "They are your friends? You run this campus? You want a Tucker story? OK, I want you to try and stop me from fucking. Go run up there and tell them anything you want, and try to stop me. You want your story you fag, there it is. You can't do it, I am calling you out."

He turned and ran up to them. I literally had to hold Mike back from chasing him down and donkey punching the dude into oblivion.

Tucker "Mike, let him hang himself. It'll be funnier this way, I promise."

Mike is seething as we walk behind the three girls and TheDouche, who is running around them and gesticulating wildly. We catch up to them at TattooGirls's place. TheDouche is still talking some sort of dork nonsense, and the girls are kinda looking at him with contempt that was palpable to everyone but Captain Socially Oblivious.

Tucker "Did it work? They convinced not to fuck me?"

TheDouche "Yeah, that's fine, just fuck them Tucker."

Tucker "Do you realize what a fucking tool you are? Do you not know that EVERYONE in the bar was mocking you the whole fucking time you were there?"

TheDouche "Whatever."

Tucker "You don't believe me? TattooGirl, who was everyone in the bar making fun of?"

TattooGirl "Him."

Tucker "Marsha, who is the biggest tool at Pitt?"

Marsha "Him."

Tucker "You are a fucking loser. Go away."

We start walking into TattooGirl's place, when TheDouche starts wailing, "WHATEVER, JUST GO FUCK ALL OF THEM. GO FUCK TUCKER MAX."

Is this guy serious? I stormed over and got right in his face, "Turn around right now and leave before I hit you in the fucking mouth. NOW."

Without saying a word, utter defeat in his eyes, TheDouche turned and walked away. I won't even make a joke like "He went home and kicked his dog," because he's too much of a pussy to even do that.

I keep trying to tell you people: The essence of coolness is simply being comfortable with who you are, whatever that is. TheDouche is the perfect example of someone who is the opposite of what I preach. He is a born and bred toolbag who has tried to socially engineer his way to coolness. He wears the clothes he "thinks" he's supposed to wear and acts the way he thinks "cool" people act instead of just being his natural self, and because of this everything he does comes off as forced, awkward and annoying. Cool is not a look or a style of dress or even a way of acting, it is a state of mind. Anyone who is comfortable with themselves can be cool, it almost doesn't matter what you are like...as long as you aren't like TheDouche.

EDIT#1: The response I have received to the above post has been overwhelming. At least two dozen emails, every single one thanking me for calling TheDouche out. When Marsha told me that "everyone" on campus hated him, I thought that she was being a typical 19 year old and just meant "her and her friends," but apparently she wasn't exaggerating. Here are a few of the emails I've gotten about this:

"Tucker, when I heard that you were coming to Pitt I nearly pissed my pants. Now you can imagine the disgust I felt when I saw the biggest tool on campus sitting two seats to your left. I thought that there could be no way in hell that Tucker-fucking-Max would even be in the same vicinity as TheDouche. However, I nearly wept with joy when I read your 100% accurate description of that fuck nut. I'm embarrassed that he even told you about [his site] (the shittiest site EVER) and on behalf of the decent people at Pitt, I'd like to offer my sincerest apologies."

"ok can i please just tell you how much that little article made my day!?! that is everything i wish i could say to the motherfucker and i am so glad someone so far over his head was the one to do it. you have no idea how many people fucking love you for what you did... mainly me. and for that i would bang you in a heart beat!! not to mention if you happen to

make another appearance at pitt any time in the fall definately give me a heads up so you can come and drink with all the pitt students who DONT support TheDouche..."

"Hey i'm a pitt student and I read your write-up for here. TheDouche um lemme guess.....[name redacted]. The kid is a stone cold boner. Finally someone put that fruitcake in his place. Nice work."

"First off, thank you for making Pittsburgh a stop on your book signing trip. Thanks for the signed book and the couple for my buddies in law school.

Above all, thank you for calling out [name redacted]. I could not stop laughing at your post. The kid thinks that he is a god on this campus and pisses a lot of people off. I'm in a fraternity here at Pitt and we usually will post parties on his site just because it's an easy way to advertise for a party. Apparently because we post on this site he feels that he is able to walk into our parties and claim them as his own. On countless occasions I've personally had issues with him. Your post could not have described this kid any better."

"sorry to bother you but TheDouche is the biggest tool on Pitt's campus and most if not all know it....THANK YOU for tearing him apart as you did. hopefully it will shut him and his gay ass website that no one uses up."

"SHIT TUCKER! You hit the nail right on the head with your blog on "TheDouche". He tried to defend himself on his site (which I must admit, I do go on, but only for more material to make fun of him with), saying you were going to exaggerate what happened and make things up. But anyone that has ever even met him knows that what you said is true...

Yes, he thinks he owns the city, this campus, and every living thing here. He is on the biggest imaginary power trip ever. He got in a fight with a friend of mine, put her- this tiny little 5 foot nothing girl- in a head lock and told her that her "social life at Pitt is over, [she is] socially fucked- Blacklisted, and [would] never go to another party at Pitt". All because she told his ex-girlfriend that her "expensive" final fantasy Halloween costume looked like toilet paper.

How many times has he gotten her (or anyone else) kicked out of a party: 0.

How many times has he tried and gotten "no dude this isn't your party fuck off" in reply: more times than I can count.

Yet every time he fails to get her kicked out, he claims that he decided to "let her stay at the party." His ignorance to the fact that everyone hates him and is annoyed by his presence baffles me. I could go on, but I won't. I hate the mother fucker, but I so enjoy making fun off him."

"I just wanted to thank you tremendously for calling out TheDouche. I seriously can't even tell you how much pleasure i got from reading your post. EVERY fucking person on campus hates this fag. He thinks he runs parties, everyone likes him, and he can get any girl he wants. Basically, no one has had the balls to call him out and let him know how much of a fucking cunt he really is. No one likes or uses his website or if they do it's usually so they can laugh at how pathetic this faggot is. So thank you 1,000 times."

I could post a few dozen more like this, but I am going to stop now, I think you get the point.

Wednesday, Feb 22nd: Ann Arbor, MI

of books sold: 67

of books signed: 109

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 15+

of pictures taken with fans: 30+

of girls I hooked up with: 2

Thanks: To everyone at Scorekeepers for setting everything tuup, you guys were great.

Highlights of the stop: This was one of my favorite stops; it was very relaxed and chill, most of the people who came out were cool and everything just went really smoothly. The highlight was probably the two girls who brought me a gift basket that included a vibrating cock-ring, a breast lollipop and some edible oils. I wanted to try the cock ring out on the blonde girl, but we didn't end up getting together last night. You know who you are sweetie, email me if you ever want to use it with me and we'll figure something out.

EDIT#1: Before the signing I hooked up with a virgin. She drove in from somewhere in Michigan because she wanted to lose her virginity to me. Sounds fucked up right? Believe it or not, this happens a lot. About 7-8 times over the last few years. All teh girls say the same thing, and it makes sense when they explain it; generally speaking, they want to lose their virginity to someone who knows what he is doing, who won't fall in love with them and who she wouldn't fall in love with, and they want to do it in a controlled situation under her terms, and not in a random or hap-

hazard way. All but one of these encounters have gone surprisingly well. Who would have thought?

Before we had sex, Virgin, Mike and I had lunch at some restaurant. I was talking to her about sex, trying to calm her nerves and explaining to her what she should expect. When the issue of bleeding came up, she offered up quite the shock.

Virgin "Oh, I don't think I'll bleed that much, I've already popped my cherry."

Tucker "Ummm...do you know how this virginity thing works?"

Virgin "Yes, duh, but I am a virgin."

Tucker "OK, how?"

Virgin "I've never had a penis in me, but a few months ago I was hooking up with this guy, and well...he was violently finger-banging me and when he stopped, there was blood everywhere."

Mike and I both fell out of the booth laughing. I haven't laughed that hard for months.

[For those who care: The sex went fine, she didn't bleed at all and was quite happy with the experience.]

EDIT#2: The girl I hooked with after the signing was a cool girl and we had a great time together, but she kinda depressed me a little. I met her at the signing and flirted with her and after she made it clear she wanted to fuck, she sat down next to me and we were talking about various things.

Tucker "So I'm curious, why is it you want to fuck me?"

Girl "Well, I've only ever had sex with two guys, and both cases I was in love and was in a committed relationship. I want to have meaningless, emotionally vacant sex, to see what it's like."

All I could do was laugh. Fellas, be careful what you wish for, you just might get it.

THE TUCKER MAX BOOK TOUR RUNNING UPDATE, PART 4

Thursday, Feb 23rd: East Lansing, MI

of books sold: 98

of books signed: 114

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 15+

of pictures taken with fans: 40+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: I want to send out a big thank you to everyone at the East Lansing Barnes & Noble, especially Cindy and Mike, you guys were awesome. For the most part over the last few months I have found that people who work at bookstores are pompous fucktards, but everyone I met at the East Lansing B&N was really nice and really helpful. I may have been the reason the people came out, but Cindy and Mike, et al are the ones who made it a great signing.

Highlights of the stop: I have a few things to go over in this write-up, but I want to address one issue quickly: Lying about the book tour numbers.

Apparently, the crowds I am drawing are bigger than some people want to believe. I've gotten a few emails from nay-sayers claiming that a friend of a friend was at some signing and says that I didn't have the crowd I claim or I'll get an email from some "published writer" [who always submits anonymously] claiming that my numbers have to be inflated because in his infinite wisdom, he "knows" I couldn't draw the crowds I am claiming. I hate to quote a Nelly song, but if you want to call me out, "let's bring it to the light":

I have done two signings at Barnes and Nobles, one in Durham and one in East Lansing. I claim 165 books signed at the Durham signing and 114 at the East Lansing signing [note: I signed 104 at the bookstore itself, then 3 as I was heading out the door, then 7 more at the afterparty]. Don't believe me? CALL THE FUCKING STORES AND ASK THEM. Barnes and Noble isn't going to lie for me. Ask for the Community Relations Manager, that is the person who sets up the signing and deals with the authors. At both places they were very nice women and do a great job, I am sure they will be willing to verify my numbers:

Barnes & Noble
333 East Grand River Avenue
East Lansing, MI
517-324-3926
Community Relations Manager: Cindy

Barnes & Noble
The Streets at Southpoint
Durham, NC
919-806-1930
Community Relations Manager: Debbie

That is the best part about being honest; it's almost impossible to be called out, because by it's nature, honesty anticipates and preempts the attacks of your enemies. You can't call me out for lying, I tell the truth (and whenever possible, show you how to verify my claims). You can't call me out for being an asshole, I already admit it. You can't call me out for who I am or what I do, I put everything on the table for the world to see, good and bad. Most attacks focus on the hypocrisy or lies of the opponent; by just being honest you eliminate all those avenues of approach, and force your enemy to focus on your actual actions. This gives you the ultimate advantage; if they want to fight, they have to do it on your terms, and if you can't hold your own turf against an anticipated attack, you don't deserve to win.

Now, as to the signing itself. Overall, it went great, but there is one thing I want to mention:

There is some dude out there named John who is kinda dating a girl named Samantha. She had me sign her book thusly:

"John,
You should lock up Samantha before she starts sleeping with guys like me.
TMax
PS--Too late"

I signed it like this only after she said that we would hook-up after the signing, but she didn't come to the afterparty. I don't really care all that much, but John, don't let her make you jealous with that book, I never fucked her.

The afterparty was a fucking SHIT SHOW. I picked Harper's instead of Rick's because I am getting really tired of being in packed bars,

surrounded by teenage girls pretending to be 21 and douchebag guys who won't leave me alone. The lesson I learned in East Lansing: It doesn't matter where I go, those two groups of people are going to follow me there, and if it isn't crowded then it is even harder to get away from them.

The night started with a guy who, though nowhere near as bad as TheDouche from Pittsburgh, was comparable to the DudeInTheYellowHat from FSU. This guy, TheDudeInTheGreenHat (he actually did wear a green MSU hat, no shit. Backwards, no less) would not stop talking to me. He must have come up and pressed his sweaty hand in mine about 30 times to tell me that he thought I was really funny. But I almost have to take some responsibility for this; he offered to buy me a drink pretty early in the night and I made a huge tactical error, and let him do it.

How is it a tactical error letting someone else buy you alcohol? Well, when you do that, you give that person implicit permission to hang out with you, and especially when that person doesn't understand something basic, like boundaries and limits, then you are stuck with them until you get fed up and call them out.

But even though he was incredibly annoying all night, I will give the DudeInTheGreenHat credit; he told me one of the funniest stories I have ever heard. It started off like any other story, with boring details and a meandering storyline, but then out of nowhere came this gem:

"So there we were fucking on her bed, and I was drunk and so was she, so she stopped me for a second and puked off the edge of the bunk. I looked over the bunk and saw the vomit, and started throwing up too. We finished and got back to fucking, this time in the ass. She hadn't wiped I guess, so she got shit all over my cock. Whatever, I was fucking her so hard I blew out her o-ring, but I didn't know until we got to the hospital,"

It was this point I started laughing hysterically,

"No wait, it gets better. When I blew it out, she shit on me. I got kinda pissed, so I flipped her over and fucked her with her shit on my dick. Well, it was slippery and she was sliding around, and I kept hitting it hard and trying to knock the bottom out of her and she fell off the bunk and broke her arm. That's why we went to the hospital. That's how they found out about her blown out o-ring too, when she was complaining about anal pain."

These are my fans.

He wasn't the only annoying one. There was this Indian dude who just would not leave me alone. Every ten minutes he would come up and ask me something, either for advice or if I wanted a drink or whatever, and then decided, without telling me or me asking him, that he was going to be my Pussy Secretary at the event. This entailed him going up to every girl there, asking if she was here to see me, and then telling her that they had to "schedule" a time with him first.

Ladies who went to Harper's: Even though I did not authorize his actions and nearly punched him in the mouth when I found out what he was doing, I still apologize for his behavior. I assure you that even though I am an asshole, I am not a sketchy douchebag, and would never do something like that. If anyone at a bar ever tells you that they represent me in any manner--especially if they are a sweaty, dorky Indian guy who tells you that you have to schedule a meeting with me through him--they are lying. I can handle my women myself, thank you very much.

I did meet some ok people at the afterparty. My favorites were these two girls who came out all dressed up. Both had really nice tits and liked showing them to Mike and I, and damn if they couldn't drink. They were the ones who finally chased off the DudeInTheGreenHat and his henchman by challenging them to a chugging contest, and absolutely destroying them. The girl with the bigger tits finished her pint before the other dude was even half way done. Very impressive...until an hour later when she puked in the bathroom and had to take a cab home.

By the end of the night the Douche Quotient was too high for me to take, and I grabbed this one blonde girl who had been hanging out on the fringes and took her home with me. Mike was already back in the hotel room with another girl when I got there. BlondeGirl and I started fucking on the other bed with her on top, but she was all self-conscious about doing this only 5 feet from Mike and his girl (even though they'd pulled the covers up to not watch). She is the type that won't shut up when she is nervous, and started having a conversation through the covers with Mike's girl. This annoyed me to no end.

Tucker "Are you fucking me or her?"
BlondeGirl [sarcastically] "Her."

I have lost a lot of muscle by not working out on this trip, but I can still bench more than this girl weighs. I put my hands under her butt and shot putted her off me. She hit the floor with a thud so audible Mike looked up.

Mike "Are you OK?"

BlondeGirl "Yeah...I'm just going to stay down here for awhile."

She eventually got back on the bed and I finished, this time with some authority. This time she didn't talk to anyone but the pillow.

After we were done I went to piss. I didn't hear this, Mike told me the next day:

Mike "You missed it man, she told us that you were better in bed than her boyfriend...who apparently is black and plays for MSU. She just up and offered this info. You have all the luck with women."

EDIT#1: I forgot to mention this, but I promised I would. One of the assistant managers at Barnes and Noble, Mike Blake (he asked me to use his real name), came out with us to Harper's. He was a really nice guy, but kinda nerdy too. I had told him that the only way I was going to let him hang out with me was if he earned it, and to do this I said he had to be entertaining. Well, the dude looks like Napoleon Dynamite without a fro, so to entertain he decided to dance like him. I have to give the guy credit, he totally pulled it off. Motherfucker ripped the dance floor up. Now, if he could only parlay that skill into talking to some girls, he might get something out of it, but I guess one baby step is better than no steps at all. Keep it up Mike, you'll get there one day. Maybe.

EDIT#2: This is an email I just got from a girl who was at the bar:

"Thank you so much for calling that Indian douche bag out on your site. I hope he feels like shit about himself when he reads that. Here is what I wrote in my own little "blog" about my experience:

"...Later in the night, Keri got up to go to the bathroom so I was alone at a table, distanced from Tucker Max and a small crew of fans and douche bag guys. A guy came up to me and asked why I was sitting so far from Tucker Max and inquired about my desire to fuck Tucker Max and blablabla he was REALLY annoying and wouldn't go away. I wondered whether Tucker knew him (he has a friend on the tour with him) or if he was just some tool trying to get drunk girls to hook up with an author who writes about getting drunk and fucking. I asked Tucker - he didn't know the douche.

Keri came back from the bathroom and the guy was still standing there talking to us, but he was so wasted that he kept leaning on our table and moving it a little - how annoying. We were kind of making fun of him

subtly and he asked if we wanted him to leave, and so he eventually left. He actually left the bar, but then he came back and left a few more times. He. Was. Awful. At. Life. He kept harrassing me and asked why I didn't want to fuck Tucker Max, so I explained that while I enjoy Tucker's stories, I don't want to BE one of Tucker's stories, and odds have it that he's got an STD and blablabla. The douche then asked me who I would rather fuck: "Tucker Max or me?" Taking absolutely no time to think about it, I told him that I'd rather fuck Tucker. Like, duh, what the fuck kind of choice is that...Pretty cool dude with lots of talent vs. Some useless social tool? Anyway, the kid didn't like my answer..."

Thanks again, and I'm sorry that you felt the need to apologize for him."

EDIT#3: Another email I got:

"Hey Tucker,

I just read your story about visiting MSU and going to Harper's and I'm so happy you called out that ass with the backwards MSU hat. He was so fucking annoying. Before my friend and I even sat down at the bar and got our first drinks he and his friends were bothering us, asking us if we wanted to fuck you and how we could only get to you through him. I was like chill out I don't even have my first drink and I'm assuming you are not a friend of Tucker. But he insisted he was and also claimed that you stole 3 of HIS stories from him. I did not believe him and it became obvious as the night went on he was lying but his "stolen stories" grew from 3 to 4 to 5. Eww and his other friend was this short nasty thing who would not leave my friend alone, and he could not catch the hint from me. I pushed him away from her, brought up her fabulous boyfriend, and even told him to get the fuck away from us because his nasty face was grossing me out and ruining my night. He finally left.

I just want to say thank god that annoying ass was wrong in saying you two were friends, because that would have been such a shame for Tucker Max to have such a fucking loser for a friend. It was great talking with you at the signing and at the bar, I had a great time. Good luck with the rest of your tour!"

EDIT#4: An email from the DudeInTheGreenHat:

"hey

this is the dudeinthegreenhat first thanx for posting the story but don't include me in Shrek's drinking contest with that bitch that he lost to, i wasn't in the contest, if i was i would have finnished b/f that soro-whore."

SPECIAL EDIT: Protest me bitch!

My next stop is the University of Chicago, and I have some pretty reliable sources telling me that some students groups are planning to protest my speech at the U of C. I knew I could rely on my alma mater to finally get me some real controversy.

But remember: I am Tucker Max, I'm not about to just take this. There is nothing more fun than fucking with indignant bed-wetting protestors, and to do this I am going to steal a play from the Planned Parenthood playbook (and not ironically, I got the idea from Steven Leavitt, a U of C professor):

I hereby publicly announce that for every protestor who shows up and actively protests against me at the University of Chicago, I am going to donate \$3 a piece to each of the three charities listed below (for a total of \$9 per protestor):

Boobs for Bunny: Bunny is my ex-girlfriend, and has her own excellent site. She has wanted fake tits for a long time, and I figured this was as good a time as any to help her get them.

[The Fallen Patriot Fund:](#) This is a charity set up by Mark Cuban that donates money to the families of US military personnel who were injured or killed during Operation Iraqi Freedom.

[The Pat Tillman Foundation:](#) If you don't know who Pat Tillman is or why I would respect him and what he stands for, then go read up. I get emails from kids all the time saying that they want to be like me; well, I want to be like Pat Tillman.

This is going to be awesome. This means that every protestor that shows up will do so knowing that they are doing four things for sure:

1. Getting me more attention and press
2. Helping to get fake breasts for Bunny
3. Helping the men and women who, unlike them, bravely sacrifice serve our nation
4. Helping contribute to the legacy of a truly great American

Sounds like a plan to me.

Friday, Feb 24th: Chicago, IL

of books sold: [we didn't keep two counts on this stop, just the # signed]

of books signed: 116 (total between the two signings)

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 20+

of pictures taken with fans: 40+

of girls I hooked up with: 0

of protestors: 10 (sort of--explained below)

Thanks: To Zach and everyone else at The Shady Dealer, you guys did an amazing job setting everything up, and I am appreciative.

Highlights of the stop: This was possibly the most tiring day of the tour so far. I finally fell asleep at 4am in East Lansing, and when the alarm went off at 7am, I nearly threw my phone up against the wall and quit the tour. We had to get up at 7am to leave East Lansing in time to get to the 11am-1pm signing in downtown Chicago, and of course I had to drive the whole 3.5 hours because Mike was "tired [grumble] [grumble], I need to sleep [grumble] [grumble]." Yeah, thanks asshole, I don't any sleep at all, apparently I am immune from normal bodily requirements.

The day signing was dragging along slowly until Jojo showed up and damn near killed us all; he is black, but the motherfucker showed up in white face with a blonde wig and started yelling "TUCKER MAX! DO SOMETHING FUNNY!" I about pissed myself laughing.



Then it got really weird. First this 19 year old girl showed up with her father, nearly hyper-ventilating as she walked in. She handed Mike a piece of paper that had three pictures on it from his MySpace account with the words "KUNGFU MIKE!!" print above them. I laughed almost as hard as I did when Jojo came in the store. She was a really nice girl though, so I won't make fun of her...well, beyond simply describing what she did.

But the real piece de resistance of the day signing was the older man who came in. He told me that he knew my mom and that they worked together as Pan Am flight attendants in the 70's and 80's. OK, fine with me, but as if I needed proof, he presented these letters from passengers where they mentioned him and my mom as being nice or something...what the fuck? Like I need proof he knows my mom? What am I, The Smoking Gun? It's OK dude, I believe you.

But he wasn't done freaking me out:

OldGuy "Yeah, I knew your mom back when, she was a wild woman back then when we worked for PanAm."

Tucker "Great to know my mom was a slut. Thanks."

OldGuy "You don't remember me at all? I used to drive you to kindergarten when you lived in Alexandria."

Tucker "Dude...I was like 4. I don't really remember much then."

OldGuy "I remember your mom used to have to get live-in nannies when she would go on long trips, you had a Korean one named Yu An, and a Vietnamese one. I think one from England named Rachel."

Tucker "OK."

OldGuy "You used to have terrible nightmares when you were that age, and scream in your sleep. Do you remember that?"

Tucker [really starting to freak me out] "Uh...no."

I don't know if he meant to or not, but this dude spooked me. As far as I know I have never been a victim of any sort of sexual abuse (except for the sort I impose on myself), but if repressed memories of that sort ever come out, I'm coming for you OldMan.

The night event was at the University of Chicago. I did a Q&A and then signed books afterwards. The Q&A did pretty well; I think it drew about 200 people or so, but to be honest I didn't do a great job. At Cornell and Boston I was fresh and ready to go, but at Chicago I was physically and mentally exhausted. Whereas I snapped off great one-liners and comebacks at the other Q&A's, at this one I was average at best, which

kinda sucks, I wanted to be at the top of my game for my alma mater, but whatever, I am not real happy with my school right now.

Now I understand why they never get young alumni to fucking donate and that they can't change their nerd image in the public mind: Here I am, easily the most famous alumni under 40 and a hero to throngs of the types of kids they want to recruit from high school, and what does the school do for an alumni with a NY Times Best Seller that draws hundreds of students to virtually unpublicized events? Nothing. Not a fucking thing. A student group had to set the event up for me, I had to pay for the room, and they wouldn't even give me the good speech room. It's going to be funny when I get really big and they come to me asking for money or press or whatever. They are going to learn an expensive lesson in loyalty.

After dinner (at Carson's for ribs, the best in the midwest), we went to my favorite bar on earth, and arguably the best dive bar on earth: Carol's on Clark. I used to never talk about this place because I was afraid the hipster doofuses would discover it and ruin it, but its too late, they found it about two years ago. It's still awesome though, Jimmy and Patty are still there and a bunch of my real life friends came out. It was cool to not have to be "Tucker Max" for a night, and just hang with friends.

The funniest thing was that I was in a town where I have at least 10 solid booty calls, and I didn't call any of them, I just went home and went to sleep. I never thought it was possible to be tired of pussy.

EDIT#1: Holy shit I totally forgot: There were 10 protestors, but not really. The student group that organized the event, a humor magazine called The Shady Dealer, were the only protestors, and they did it as a joke, so there were no actual protestors. The signs they made were fucking hilarious though, things like:

"Tucker Max should be more polite"

"Douchebags are people too!"

"I don't want my child growing up in a world with Tucker Max."

But in honor of their efforts, I will donate \$100 a piece to the three charities I listed, Boobs for Bunny, The Fallen Patriot Fund, and The Pat Tillman Foundation.

Saturday, Feb 25th: Madison, WI

of books sold: 64

of books signed: 103

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 6+

of pictures taken with fans: 30+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: To Damon and everyone else who helped set up the signing, thanks a lot, I appreciate it.

Highlights of the stop: This place we had this signing was kinda weird; it was in an somewhat obscure room in the back of the student center. I don't know if that affected the turnout, but it still went fairly well. The people that came out were cool, everything was chill and even though I was still tired from the day before, I enjoyed myself.

The afterparty was at State Street Brats. Everything was going fine, and no one was bothering me at all, until Mike and Sharts came over to me laughing their asses off. Apparently, Landon from The Real World was there, and they had been fucking with him.

Tucker "Who? Landon? Who is that?"

Dave "He was in The Real World. You don't watch that show do you?"

Tucker "What do you think?"

Dave "It was fucking hilarious dude; he walks in the bar and goes 'Shots for all the women!' and makes the circle motion over his head with his hand."

Mike "Then I went up and grabbed his arm, [and in Mike's intentionally retarded voice] 'Yeah Landon let's do shots, thats a great idea!'. You should have seen the look on his face. What a choad that kid is."

Dave and Mike begged me to fuck with him, or at least get a picture with him, but I didn't. I honestly don't know who the motherfucker is, I can't effectively fuck with a "celebrity" that I have never heard of.

I checked out early from the bar and took home this really cute girl with huge tits (who, incidentally, I fucked three days straight, because I stayed here on my break). She woke me up at like 5am, because Sharts laying on the floor making this horrible dying cat noise:

HugeTits "I think something is wrong with your friend."

On the bathroom mirror, he'd written this in sprawling, drunken English with a Sharpie:



"You have no idea the process
Fucking cunt
asswhore mouth
right here 414 653 ****
Kaitlin is a fucking cunt
Die cunt and
I hate them all
lying whores
CUNT"

Tucker "No, that's pretty typical when he gets drunk."

Sunday Feb 26th -- Monday Feb 27th: OFF DAYS

Tuesday, Feb 28th: Champaign, IL

of books sold: 68

of books signed: 117

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 20+

of pictures taken with fans: 30+

of girls I hooked up with: 0

Thanks: To Tom who from this point forward will forever be known as TheLittlestRanger, and to everyone at The Booze News who helped me set this up and promote it, I appreciate it. And of course, thanks to Kams, I've honestly never had bottle service at a dive bar before. That was awesome.

Highlights of the stop: Overall, this stop went pretty smoothly. A nice turnout, the people were for the most part cool, and the bar staff was great.

The fun actually started after the signing was finished. This one girl came up and brought me a package, covered in SpiderMan stickers, with the name "SlingBlade" written on it. Mike and I damn near choked. I told the girl I won't open it, and that I'll deliver it to him, so that's what I'll do. I cannot wait to see what's in there.

Then these two Asian girls introduced themselves. They had me sign all sorts of stupid trinkets of theirs, bracelets and assorted other useless crap. I got tired of that quick, and so I signed the last few with things like "Whore." For some reason, this freaked her out, and she started blabbering on and on. I couldn't stop laughing at her, she reminded me of the villains in every kung-fu movie.

Tucker "I will defeat your WorthlessWhore style with my BeerBottle kung-fu!"

She didn't get it. Thankfully, the guys at the table behind us, who referred to themselves as the "Second Place Table" occupied them.

The night was one of those where the drunk sneaks up on you. I started around 5 just drinking cheap beer, but around 9pm the owner of the bar brought out a bottle of Grey Goose, five cans of Red Bull, a carafe of cranberry juice, and a pitcher of ice. Bottle service? At a dive bar? Yep. I decided to drink a little too much of the vodka and got a bit drunk...and I'll let TheLittlestRanger tell the story (note: He was an actual Army Ranger, but is out now and going to UI). From an email he sent me this morning:

"Tucker,
Good morning sweetheart. While I'm sure you have something of a memory about last night here's how the sober one saw it:

12:07: [This is the only hard time I have (I checked my watch as we were leaving) the rest are me guessing] You've decided that you want to leave. On the way out the door I ask you and Mike if either of you is ok to drive, Mike says no.

12:09: I take the keys from you. You are not happy about this fact and announce it by pissing all over the drivers side door of your SUV, including the side mirror that you then hit with your hand. I'm already in

the car and get a chuckle out of it. Mike is laughing his drunken ass off in the back.

12:10: You finally climb in and I put it in reverse only to have to stop because of the police car that just made a turn and is right behind me. It now seems like a good idea that I made you give me the keys.

12:11: I realize you left the brights on right as I turn in behind the cop. I don't know if you would have noticed but I know cops hate SUV brights at midnight on Fat Tuesday, it appears me driving is a good idea again.

12:16: Mike tires to get Laura and the rest of the Booze News girls to meet us at your hotel room, it doesn't work.

12:18: We arrive at the Hotel. Apparently I didn't park the SUV right. According to you it must hit the curb with authority, "That's how a man parks." You get in the truck and make the on the spot correction.

12:20: KungFu Mike decides that he has not practiced his kick forms in a while and starts kicking the side of the SUV to dent it, he does not succeed. You call him weak and start to kick it yourself, you do not succeed either. Not to be out done by KungFu Mike you jump on the hood and roof of the SUV in hopes you'll dent the SUV. Nothing. KungFu Mike tells you to get down and instead you jump on the roof, prompting him to say for the third time that night "28 Days man, I've had to put up with this shit for 28 days!"

12:25: I turn my back to you and start BSing with KungFu Mike and all of a sudden I hear screeching tires and turn to see the SUV curb hop the first curb cross the street and then other curb, spin around and pull into another parking space. Apparently you didn't like my choice of parking space and elected to chose a new one. Mike shakes his head as you get out of the SUV arms raised in triumph.

12:27: The rent a cops saw you and they are not happy and start yelling at you. I grab the keys out of your hands and go over to talk to them. At first I thought it was a guy but it turned out to be the nastiest butch bull dyke I've ever seen.

"IS THIS YOUR TRUCK!?!?!?" The Dyke asks "I'm gonna call the cops, what the fuck where you thinking, you broke..." I tune her out as it flashes into my head to choke her out. I decide against this, she has a radio and she knows what the truck looks like, how many SUV's with NY plates are there. Fortunatly I'm sober and I wasn't driving.

Ranger: "Ma'am (oh so far you are in when you are calling a bull dyke ma'am) I'm sorry I don't know what happen. I didn't know he had the keys, I turned and all of a sudden the truck's moving."

BD: "Is he on drugs, is he drunk!?" Her anger is not subsiding and I'm starting to get annoyed with you for making have to put up with this shit.

Ranger: (taking a page out of your Duke defense lawyer theory told to me earlier last night)- "Ma'am I don't know. I was talking to a friend I turned around and it just happened. I'll move the truck, we don't want any trouble and I'll make sure he stays in the Hotel for the rest of the night..."

BD: "You goddamn better! I should have your ass right now. Fucking pulling that sort of shit..."

Ranger: "Ma'am YOUR TRUCK!" I cut her off because the BD had gotten out of her truck so fast she didn't put it all the way into park but put it in neutral and her rent a cop vehicle was starting to roll away. She quickly runs as fast as her fat dyky legs will carry her (about two miles an hour) and puts the truck in park. I try not out right laugh as all of this happens and some how succeed.

BD: "You see how mad I am." Like I really give a shit, this comment is not helping me not laugh at her "You better move this goddamn truck or I'm gonna..."

Ranger: "I'll move it right now." I cut her off as I get in the truck, hoping you didn't piss on the door handle as I do it. The BD is muttering something under her breath the whole time.

I get the truck back to it's original parking spot. I first check for you in the restaurant right by the hotel and then see you walking back towards the truck. I give you the short sketch of what happens, this would now be the third time I saved your ass that night.

I get you back up to your room and give Mike the keys "Don't give these to him until tomorrow moring." I get a North and South from Mike. He's on the phone and I ask him if it's the calming goddess Bunny. He says no but this prompts you to ask if I'd like to speak to her and then call Bunny. She sounds dead to the world."

EDIT#1: I forgot to mention this: About halfway through the signing, something didn't seem right. At my signings it is usually about 30-40% female, but this one was way less, like 20% at most, maybe less. Then Atish told me what was up: Since the signing was in a bar, they could only let in people 19 and over.

Yes, I started laughing too.

EDIT#2: SlingBlade got the package, and told me what was in it. Apparently, it was a bottle of Axe Body Wash, and this note:

"Hey,

I'm honestly not sure if using this will make you more or less inclined to dress in tight pants. On one hand, you'll have giurls crawling all over you (at least according to the commercials). On the other hand...you'll be using Axe showergel.

I think you should try it (all in the name of science, of course) and if anyone mocks you, it's probably because they're jealous of your "stimulating guarana."

-[signed]"

Wednesday, March 1st: Bloomington, IN

of books sold: 26

of books signed: 47

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 25+

of pictures taken with fans: 10+

of girls I hooked up with: 0

Thanks: No one. Fuck everyone in Bloomington.

Highlights of the stop: This stop was a clusterfuck from start to finish.

First off, we had to re-schedule the location at the last minute because Sigma Chi's national or whatever told them, the day of the signing, that they couldn't have it at the house. Great. Then we moved it to a bar...that wouldn't let underage people in to get books. Super. Then we found out, at the end of the night, that the pledges who stayed at Sigma Chi to tell people the new location, told people the wrong place. Fucking sweet.

At this point, I can only laugh. I can't help but be reminded of that really offensive Bobby Knight quote, the one where he says something like if you can't avoid being raped, you might as well sit back and try to enjoy it. That was me at IU. KungFu Mike did a recap of the funny parts of the night. Here it is:

"Motherfucking Bloomington, Indiana. I really don't think I'll ever be able to think about that city without putting a "motherfucking" in front of it after this book signing tour stop gone wrong. But there are two incidents that are worthy of extended mention:

One of the Sigma Chi boys that came with us to the bar, Jacob "ShirtFag" Phillips, decided that he was going to wear the gayest shirt he could possibly find; a vertically striped button up dress shirt - with a floral print covering the entire thing. This thing was a gay designers abortion. Tucker, Soylent and I could not help but dog this motherfucker about it for hours.

Tucker: "Seriously, do you realize that you look like a faggot? Actually, that's not true, gay guys are great dressers. You look like a retarded faggot."

KungFu Mike: "I didn't realize that the Christopher Lowell estate sale was held in Bloomington. Did you get any other nice things?"

Soylent: "Hey, Brokeback Mountain...I JUST CAAAAN'T QUIT YOUUUU!!!"

As we ripped on him, Tucker came up with a brilliant idea to make the shirt acceptable:

Tucker: "Dude, cut the sleeves off and you will look like the fucking MAN. No bullshit; you'll go from a poorly styled metrosexual to the guy cool enough to cut his shirt up at the bar. YOU'LL BE A STAR!"

ShirtFag: "No man. I like this shirt, I think it looks OK."

Tucker: "YOU ARE WEARING A STRIPEY SHIRT WITH A FLORAL PRINT! YOU LOOK LIKE A FUCKING IDIOT! I CANNOT EMPHASIZE THIS FACT ENOUGH!"

KungFu Mike: "Hey, Clay Aiken called...he wants his stage wardrobe back."

Soylent: "You've got a pretty mouth."

Tucker: "I'm going to get a pair of scissors right now. You are either going to cut your fucking sleeves off or you are not sitting at our table. You're going to at least PRETEND to be a man."

This went on for hours. We even went as far as to order him a blowjob shot with a cosmopolitan back. When they were placed in front of him, he got all huffy-puffy and told us that there was no way he was going to drink that "foo-foo shit"...but we dooged him until he picked up the blowjob shot and began to take it down in an aggressively homo-erotic fashion; he inserted the glass halfway into his mouth, effectively smearing whipped cream all over his lips and chin, held the other half of the shotglass by making a ring with his thumb and forefinger and proceeded to lovingly fellate it, moaning like he was being paid per money shot. He even pushed his tongue on to the back of his teeth to make the gurgling and sucking sounds. This wasn't amateur hour, folks; this was the work of a seasoned veteran of the cock sucking community.

After he finished his shot and began to sip his cosmo, the berating continued.

Tucker: "So would you say that you're more of a Carrie or a Samantha? I think I'm a Charlotte."

KungFu Mike: "You ever just stay home, slap in a Spartacus DVD, and drizzle baby oil on your chest as you finger fuck yourself to sleep? I miss those days..."

Soylent: "I've fucked teenage girls more masculine than you."

By this point, not only were ShirtFag's frat brothers shitting all over him, but random strangers that were listening from adjacent tables were chiming in with gay jokes. Even our waitress was fucking with him; it was marvelous. He just sat there, clutched the scissors in his hand, stared into his fancy pink drink and took it, refusing to cut his shirt. It got so bad that ShirtFag actually ran out of the bar without saying goodbye. The dude just bolted.

Jacob "ShirtFag" Phillips left an event that his own fraternity set up to save what is quite possibly the gayest shirt ever fabricated. Everyone who knows him: keep ripping on that kid. NEVER LET HIM FORGET. I want the words "ShirtFag" printed on his tombstone.

After that was over, I figured Tucker would just grumble about being too old for this and go to sleep, but he wasn't finished yet. Tucker, Soylent, two of the waitresses and myself were hanging out at our table, steadily drinking. There were a few people standing around the table looking on, one of them being a brunette living the unfortunate combination of having both a great rack and a face that looked like she fell out of the ugly tree and hit every branch on the way down. Tucker caught a glimpse of the sea hag that lay before us.

Tucker: "Why is God so cruel?"

Waitress: "What do you mean?"

Tucker: "(Pointing at SeaHag) Why would He make a girl with such great tits on top of an ugly face like that?! It's just not right. Oh well, at least she's fat."

Little did Tucker know, Sea Hags actually possess a very keen sense of hearing.

SeaHag: "...Oh. My. God. Who said that?"

KungFu Mike: (Getting up to go to the bathroom) "That's the guy right there. His name is Tucker Max. There was no mistake made, he said

that on purpose. He hates you, you should kick his ass. Seriously, he's a bad man."

SeaHag: "Are you talking about me?! What did you say?!?"

Tucker: "You heard me, bitch. Your stomach isn't hanging over your ears like it is your belt."

SeaHag: "You are a fucking asshole. I can't fucking believe you said that."

When I returned from peeing, our table consisted of only Tucker and Soylent (and a few frat boy hangers on). As it turned out, the waitresses that we were drinking with thought that Tucker was so awful that they got up and moved to another part of the bar. I was disappointed because I was having a blast groping the tits of our brunette waitress and other than those two, there was no other noteworthy chick in that entire place. Once again, Tucker had taken my chance to spray demon seed all over a well tanned bosom and defecated all over it. Thanks asshole.

As we sat at the table and drank, SeaHag was storming all over the bar, going up to every guy she could find and trying to convince them to beat Tucker up. Every guy she went up to either just shook their heads "no" or began laughing in her face. It was glorious. Eventually, she sauntered back to our table for the final battle.

SeaHag: "You got a fucking problem or what?!"

Tucker: "You're the one that keeps coming back here, not the other way around."

SeaHag: "You got a problem, motherfucker?!"

Tucker: "Uhhh...do you have a hearing problem or are you just stupid?"

The SeaHag, exasperated and battle weary, spit right at Tucker, but missed his face entirely, instead hitting his left shoulder. She waddled off, steaming still coming from her ears, the table erupting in laughter.

Tucker: "The sad part, I really didn't mean for her to hear what I said, but if she wants to give me attitude, fuck her. Oh well...there's another girl who will never recover from an ill-fated attempt to cross me."

Thursday, March 2nd: West Lafayette, IN

of books sold: 61

of books signed: 90

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 10+

of pictures taken with fans: 25+

of girls I hooked up with: 1

Thanks: To everyone at Phi Psi, you guys did great.

Highlights of the stop: I don't really have much to write on this one. The signing went smoothly, pretty much everyone I met was normal, and I was in bed asleep by 11pm because I am so exhausted. Overall, my impression of Purdue is fairly positive, even though I was basically dead to the world yesterday. Seriously, if you meet a person who met me at Purdue and they say something like, "He just kinda sat there in a stupor and then left early," they weren't lying, that was me. Forget not having my A game, at this point, I am just trying to make it through alive.

The one thing I did notice about Purdue kids is that they have a serious inferiority complex about IU. At least half of them asked me about how I liked Purdue as compared to IU, and how the turnout was here in comparison to there or things like that...I had some point to make here, but I can't remember what it is. My brain has stopped functioning normally, thank god the end of this tour is within sight.

EDIT#1: I just got this email and I actually want to address it:

"I have been a fan for a long time. I have written anonymously before as I learned about you from the NYT when you had your first amendment issues w/ Miss Vermont.

Your homophobic name calling, while I understand to be completely in jest, has become more consistent in your writing (especially during your tour and the IU visit). You seem to have made such an effort to be fan friendly, yet you continue to ostracize a segment of the male market. I realize that you may not view this as a target market, but I don't anticipate this will help your chances with the mainstream media. Your whoreishness has more in common with the "fags" you disparage than you might like to admit."

I totally get his point, and I want to clear something up:

Just as the word "queer" was once considered derogatory, but was co-opted by the homosexual community and became a word with positive connotations, I think that "fag" when used as an insult no longer necessarily derives it's negative implication from implied homosexuality, but rather from a more general notion of suckiness. I know that when I use the word "fag," that is how I use it; as a generally disparaging term, meaning something akin to "someone that sucks at life," and not as a term that is intended to disparage homosexuals as a group.

It should go without saying that I am not homophobic, I hope that no one thinks that about me, and if you do, then you have mistaken my

message. I have no problem at all being offensive, but I don't want to offend by accident, only on purpose. If I had some issue with gay men, I would come out and say it straight up, I wouldn't use the back door [this tour has fried my brain to the point where that's the best gay joke I can come up with right now. I know...I'm a fag].

Friday, March 3rd: Columbus, OH

of books sold: 41

of books signed: 76

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 0

of pictures taken with fans: 20+

of girls I hooked up with: 0

Thanks: To Eric and his buddies for setting everything up.

Highlights of the stop: One more day left. That is basically the only way I made through the signing today. I puked up my teriyaki chicken lunch a half hour before the signing, and then trudged through, drinking water and pretending that I was asleep.

Everyone who showed was really cool, there were no problems in that regard, I am just sick. Seriously physically ill. I am writing this from my hotel room, curled up in blankets, drinking water to get the vomit taste out of my mouth, my lymph nodes swollen to the size of baseballs, coughing like a TB victim.

I am going to show up tomorrow in Athens, sign books from 3pm-5pm, and then go find a nice place to die.

EDIT#1: Just got this email. I think it sums up my current physical condition fairly well:

"Hope you're feeling better Tucker, you looked like you were going to die at the OSU signing. Anyway, you signed my book and all that stuff, which, I will say, was cool of you considering how you were feeling. I wouldn't have blamed you for canceling.

One thing though, you signed my book by the wrong name. After asking my name and then asking it again to make sure it was right. I'm not angry at all. Actually I think it is kind of funny, but just thought you might want to know.

You signed a book for my friend correctly though, which he is very happy to be getting.

Enjoy your vacation.

-David, or as you like to call me "Dan""

Saturday, March 4th: Athens, OH

of books sold: 85

of books signed: 85

of alcoholic drinks consumed: 0

of pictures taken with fans: 25+

of girls I hooked up with: 0

Thanks: To Chris and everyone at Follett's, you guys were fucking awesome, and had a great set up. I really appreciated everything, especially the food spread, even if I was too sick to eat anything.

Highlights of the stop: DONE!

I am so happy right now. I will write more later, but I do want to say this first: As soon as the signing was over, Mike and I drove to Pittsburgh, where I'm spending the night, but please don't take this a reflection on Athens. I really wanted to stay and drink, it seems like a really fun town and the people were super nice, I was just too sick. I promise I'll be back at some point and I'll make up for my early departure.

EDIT #1: Mike is making me post this pic. Yes, those are 8 year olds at my book signing. Anything else you want to read about this incredibly uncomfortable incident, he's going to have to post himself.



POST TRIP RE-CAP:

Total # of books sold: ~1600

Total # of books signed: ~2220

Total # of alcoholic drinks consumed: ~300+

Total # of pictures taken with fans: ~500+

Total # of girls I hooked up with: 19 counted (31 total--in the daily totals I didn't count girls that I hooked up on days off or girls unrelated to a signing)

At the end of the tour (3/6):

Height: 6'0"

Weight: 198.2

push-ups in two minutes: [an embarassingly low number]

sit-ups in two minutes: [see above]

Look at those numbers and compare them to the ones at the start. It's unreal. I gained ten pounds of fat--more actually if you count the muscle I lost from not working out--I hooked up with nearly a girl a day, and averaged basically 10 drinks a day for a month. That is fucking insane. Most people think that three or four day benders are legendary, some of the real champs go on week long benders--I did it for a month. And the hardest part was not even the drinking. Just like that kid Danny said at UVa--EVERY morning I had to get up early and drive at least 3 hours to the next stop, some times even longer. Here, look at a pictoral history.

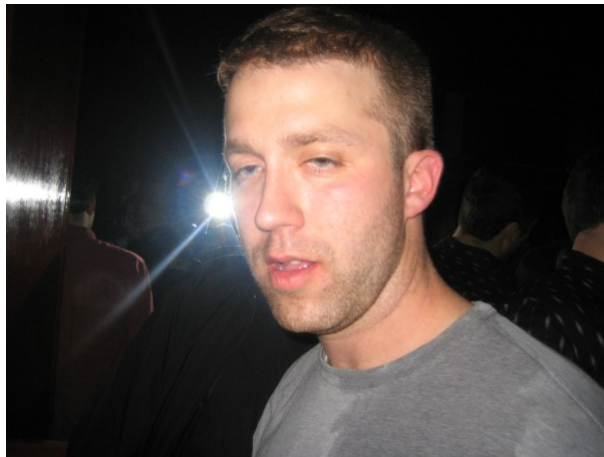
Me out drinking with friends, about a month or so before starting the tour. See how happy I am?



Me at the very first stop in Philly. I still look like a normal person.



Me three days into the tour. I look like Morgan Spurlock at the end of "SuperSize Me"



Trapped by fat girls. I can't remember where this is.



At the end. You can just look at my body and my face and see the toll.



I am pretty sure this tour took years off my life. As of this writing I am now back to my normal weight of 190, I am in good shape again and no longer look like a cancer victim. A few more notes about the tour:

-I know I kinda bitched a lot during my write-ups, but I don't want that to give the impression that I didn't like doing this. 99% of the people I met were really cool and I was pleased to meet them. No question that some of my fans were complete retards, but I already knew that. What this tour showed me that I didn't know was how diverse and normal the majority of my fanbase is. Every age from 14-60 come out to meet me, about 30% of my fans were female, and almost everyone was a pleasure to talk to. I genuinely appreciated the support from everyone who came out, thank you.

-One thing I want to note: I did my legitimate best to give each person something to take home besides a signed book. I personalized each signature, posed for every pic that was requested, and if time allowed I usually tried to engage people in some sort of brief conversation. I did this because I wanted to treat my fans the way that I would want someone I respected to treat me: Like a person, and not just another customer.

But what you have to understand is that there is only one of me, and there were literally thousands of people who came out to meet me, so at least a few people are going to go home disappointed. I'm not talking about the fucking random toolbags; I'm talking about the normal people. This is an example of someone who didn't get what they wanted:

<http://drunklaw.blogspot.com/2006/02/never-meet-your-heroes.html>

[reprinted below]:

"I met Tucker Max this weekend, and I have to admit, I was kind of dissapointed. When I first found out he was going to be doing a book signing in Madison, I was fucking ecstatic. In all seriousness, I was looking forward to seeing him in person just as much as I was Scalia - I mean, if there was a Drinking Hall of Fame, he'd be the first one inducted. And unlike Scalia's opinion in Crawford v. Washington, I still laugh out loud at repeated readings of The Absinthe Donuts Story or Tucker Tries Buttsex.

Thing is, he just seemed tired and hungover. And, while I can sympathize, having been in that position a few times myself, I had expected someone larger than life. I expected belligerent drunkenness and general obnoxiousness. Instead, there was just this guy sitting there, looking like he was bored out of his mind.

Of course, you can't fault the guy for not living up to my inflated expectations - after all, he's the biggest proponent of the "this above all: to thine own self be true /tho' thine own self be an alcoholic a-raging" philosophy. And you can't force the kind of things he has in his stories: getting drunk and doing stupid things have to happen of its own accord. If he was just "performing" to portray the "Tucker Max image" for his adoring fans, he would have been as much of a poser as the douches he mocks.

Even so, I still wish I could've seen the man at his A-game."

I don't remember this dude at all, and I'm not sure what he wanted me to do at 5pm in the afternoon in the University of Wisconsin Student Center. Some of you people need to remember: I am a writer, not a performance artist. Yes, my stories are true, but no, I am not drunk 24/7, and no, I am not "on" all the time, especially when dozens of people are standing around me waiting for me to do something. No one is.

Look, I am smart and I am a great drinker and I very good with women, but people--at the end of the day, I am still just a normal dude. That really is the one of the main things you should take from my stories: You can do what I do. Not necessarily my specific actions, but my take on life. If I can live my life the way I want to and get everything out of it that I want, why can't you? I may have done a lot, but I am not that different from most of you, and I started at the same place you did.

-One of the weirder things about the tour was that it was my first real experience with celebrity, and it freaked me out at first. I make jokes all the time about being famous, but they are just that: jokes. I don't really

consider myself a star in the real sense of the word, but at these signings lots of the people who posed for pictures with me would put their hands on my back, and I could feel their hand shaking. Or even weirder, the person taking the picture would have the camera shaking. People, please listen to me: NO ONE ON EARTH is so cool that you should shake when you meet them. Look, I have my heroes too and there are plenty of people I respect that I would love to get pictures with, but at the end of the day, we're all humans and was all sit down to shit. Relax, it's not a big deal.

-The other weird part was the change it caused in me. I was in that frame of mind where people are excited to meet me for an entire month, and then I come back home to the real world and subconsciously, I expect everyone to act that way. I can totally understand why most celebs turn into self-absorbed fuckheads.

-I think I'll end with this email I got from PissGirl a few days after the end of the tour:

From: PissGirl
To: Tucker Max
Date: Mar 9, 2006 6:25 PM
Subject: Congrats

Tucker,
I hope your having a wonderful vacation and I just wanted to tell you some good news. I had to get tested for std's this week and im clean, which means your clean. i dont know how u did it. You actually managed to do a book tour and hook up with a lot of girls and come back clean. Your pretty much amazing...

THE MIDGET STORY

We all have dreams. Martin Luther King dreamt of racial harmony. Larry Hagman dreamt of Jeannie. For over a decade, I dreamt of fucking a midget. One weekend in July of 2006, I finally achieved my dream. It went down like this:

I was at the gym when I got this text message from my buddy [DrunkasaurusRex](#). He likes to play with my emotions, so I never take his text messages seriously:

5:51pm DrunkRex: There is a midget convention at the hilton in milwaukee here with my girlfriend and [soylentgreen] is here too.

5:52pm Tucker: Fuck you

5:53pm Drunkrex: Im dead serious

5:54pm Tucker: I hate you

5:56pm Drunkrex: Soylent has a free roundtrip ticket

6:00pm Tucker: STOP TEASING

He called me a few minutes later, when I was at home, wiping off the sweat and about to cook dinner.

DrunkRex "Did you get my message? I am in Milwaukee with my girlfriend...and there is a midget convention in town this weekend."

Tucker "I got your fucking message. Come on man, stop playing."

DrunkRex "Tucker, I am DEAD serious. They are everywhere. It's like the circus and The Wizard of Oz are in town at the same time. I swear on my life there are hundreds of midgets here."

[10 second pause]

Tucker "I am on the next flight."

It took me about 40 seconds to throw clothes into a duffle bag. Another 20 seconds to sprint out the door and onto Park Avenue. I was in a cab to La Guardia within two minutes of getting the call. The TV and lights were still on in my apartment, I'd left the steak I was going to eat for dinner thawing in the sink, and I was still covered in gym sweat. None of that mattered; I was finally going to fuck a midget.

In the cab, I was so excited I could barely breathe. I called all my best friends, screaming incoherent babbles about sex with little people. The

call to Junior (from "The Vegas Story," which is only published in *I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell*) was the best:

Junior "What is wrong with you? Why not just get a midget hooker and be done with it?"

Tucker "FUCK THAT. Just because you buy Dwight Gooden's World Series ring off Ebay doesn't mean that you were on the '86 Mets. Some things you can only claim if you have earned them. MIDGET PUSSY, HERE I COME!!"

I was more excited about this than I was when my book hit the *New York Times* best seller list. I felt like a six year old on the night before Christmas.

At the airport and in line for my ticket, I am forced to fly Midwest Airlines because they are the only airline that cares enough about Milwaukee to fly there. A very nice, very Midwestern couple is in front of me. The man's shirt has a picture of cheese on it.

Tucker "You guys going to Milwaukee?"

Guy "Yes sir, heading home after a vacation."

Tucker "Did you know there are midgets in Milwaukee?"

The man and his wife are silent and confused.

Tucker "HUNDREDS OF THEM!"

They turn around and mumble something about crazy New Yorkers.

Whatever, they've never fucked a midget, they don't matter.

The flight was nearly intolerable; my mind was spinning with questions. How do you pick up a midget? Are you allowed to physically pick them up? What is the etiquette for dealing with a midget? When you hug them, can you hold them tight like a teddy bear, and promise to pet them and love them? Do they get pissed if you set your drink on top of their head? No one really talks about this.

What about their day to day lives? How do they get luggage in the overhead bin when they fly? Do they get to live in those cool apartments with the really low door handles and counters? What if a midget punches me in the nuts? Since their arms are too short to reach their crotches, how do they wipe? Or masturbate? Even more to the point, what do their pussies feel like? Are they normal sized? Can they give me head without kneeling? When she's riding me, can I spin her like a top?

I was in Milwaukee by 10pm. My buddy SoylentGreen picked me up, and we were at the Hilton hotel bar by 11pm. I almost hyperventilated upon seeing my first gaggle of midgets. There were six of them, sitting at a table drinking just like normal people, their tiny little legs barely hanging over the seats, tiny little feet dangling like a toddler's. Their Miller Lite bottles looked massive as they gripped them with both of their tiny little hands. Their humongous foreheads and brow ridges were raised in excitement as they laughed at a tiny little joke.

Tucker "You know CPR right? I think my heart might explode."
Soylent "You are so fucking weird."

Then I saw her: My MidgetPrincess. Her blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes made me think of Gwyneth Paltrow. Her missing neck and bowlegs gave me an idea what Gwyneth would look like if placed in a vise and squished to one-quarter size. As her pigeon-toed feet carried her past my table, I slid down in my chair, hoping to catch her eye. She looked at me and smiled, her mashed-up teeth sparkling in the oily light of the popcorn machine. I gave her an unmistakable "I want to fuck you" look, she shot me back a quick "My spine hurts" face, and I was smitten. I start planning out how I am going to hit on her, but much to my dismay I find myself feeling something I haven't felt in years: Nervousness. What the fuck? I literally can't even remember the last time I was nervous around a girl. Is this what it's like to be a normal guy? This sucks. Every time I tried to talk to one of the midgets I would start giggling and sweating; it was fucking ridiculous and comical at the same time. I felt like a middle schooler who'd snuck into his sister's college party. Eventually, SoylentGreen--who thinks he's better than me because he isn't obsessed with fucking a midget--had to take over.

I think the midgets took a liking to Soylent because he is barely taller than they are and he looks exactly like Gimli the Dwarf from the *Lord of the Rings* movies. Within minutes we were sitting with the little people. My MidgetPrincess was at the table, and even though I'd only had like five beers, the room was spinning around her. I would talk, but I couldn't hear the words coming out of my mouth. She would answer back, and it sounded like a chorus of tiny little angels. Is this what love is like? If so, I might have to try it. Then it happened:

Soylent "So, what's up tonight at the chocolate factory? Any cool parties?"

MaleMidget "Oh dude, you should come with us upstairs. It's the last night of the LP [Little Person] convention, there is a big dance on the 5th

floor."

Tucker "Don't play with my emotions. If you are lying about this, I don't think I could handle it."

MaleMidget [looking at me like I am some sort of weirdo] "No dude. It should be fun. Everyone is up there."

Do you know what it takes to make me speechless? For fucks sake, I had a girl tattoo "I Fucked Tucker Max" over her pussy. You could say that my sense of "Wow" is a bit numb. Knowing that, I ask you to put yourself in this situation and see what your reaction would be:

Go to a hotel. Hit the button for the elevator. Take note of the step stool below the button panel, with the note above it, "Please do not remove stool." Ride the elevator up to the fifth floor. Walk out into the hallway, and do a double take at the FLEET of Rascal scooters in the ballroom lobby (Rascals are [those red motorized scooters](#) that you always see old people on in the grocery store). You might first think you stumbled into a geriatric convention, but you study the people on the Rascals, and realize something: None of their feet are touching the base. They are all midgets! MIDGETS ON RASCALS!!!

Reeling from this discovery, you head into the ballroom and see approximately FOUR HUNDRED MIDGETS!!! ALL OF THEM ARE DANCING TO BABY HUEY!!! AND THEY ARE POPPING AND LOCKING!

I REPEAT: HUNDREDS OF MIDGETS ARE [POPPING](#) AND [LOCKING!!!](#)

What would you do? WHAT WOULD YOU DO???

I know what I did.

I got a massive erection.

As much as I would love to tell you a really cool story about how I spent the next hour hitting on all the hot midgets, dancing with them, doing tiny little body shots off tiny little bodies, and tossing midgets all around the hotel, I can't...because nothing like that happened. Basically, I just sat there, vacant as a lobotomy patient, staring at the midgets, in utter disbelief at the scene unfolding before me--it was complete Midget Overload. Six midgets at a table had me nearly catatonic, you can only imagine what 400 midgets popping and locking did. And when I saw the two midgets slow dancing, but the midget guy was so short that the midget girl had to kneel to dance with him...I was done.

I am honestly not sure how the next part unfolded, but I do know for damn sure I had nothing to do with it. One moment I was sitting at a table in the ballroom, staring in utter disbelief at the midget dance party in front of me, the next moment, I was part of a group walking toward the elevator. That group was me, DrunkRex, SoylentGreen, our female friend Jessie...and three midgets, one female and two male.

Tucker [whispering] "Jessie, there are three midgets with us."

Jessie [normal voice] "I know, I invited them. I think the cute one will fuck you."

Tucker [still whispering] "I will name all my illegitimate children after you if she does."

The elevator ride was awesome:

Soylent [to one of the male midgets with us] "So, you like midget girls or normal girls?"

Midget "Fuck that midget shit, man. I want me a BIG girl! [pointing at Jess, who is half black, half Italian] Soylent, you think you could set me up with some black pussy?!"

Soylent "Fuck! Goddamn man, that is Afro-Italian pussy...what do you think, I'm running a midget convention whore house special? I'm not fucking her, you are welcome to knock yourself out trying fucker!"

Tucker "Hey man, can you talk to dolphins and pilot whales with that huge forehead of yours?"

DolphinMidget "Fuck you asshole! Did you come with Jessie, I'm gonna fuck her in front of you!!"

Tucker "EEK EEK EEK!! That's dolphin for 'I'm sorry.' But you already knew that."

DolphinMidget "Hey, you guys want to smoke some rock? I got a connection in Milwaukee, this taxi driver. I'm gonna call him in a minute."

At the hotel bar Jessie starts to go to work on my MidgetPrincess. Jessie is pimping me so hard, she's doing everything short of smacking me up for having short money. Being pimped by a girl to another girl is pretty much the optimal situation for a guy, so I did the best thing I could do: shut the fuck up, smile at the MidgetPrincess when she looked at me, buy everyone beer, and hope for the best. Guys, when you have a girl running game for you, the more you speak, the greater the chance you'll fuck it up. Be quiet and let the girl do the work. Women trust women, not men. The less you interfere, the less game you run, the better. Sounds counterintuitive, doesn't it? Welcome to women, enjoy your stay.

When I got beers for us all, I discovered something mildly amusing about Milwaukee. If you are ever there, order a Budweiser. Seriously, people FLIP OUT at you. I was confused at first, until it was explained to me: the city of Milwaukee is basically owned by Miller Brewing Company, and of course their big rival is Bud, presumably because they are located in St. Louis. Hey Milwaukeeans, I'm going to let you in on a little secret: Bud, MGD, Bud Light, Miller Lite--it's all shitty beer. No one cares except fat-assed cow-town hicks, i.e., all of you. Get over it and focus on something important, like not being such fat asses.

At one point, DolphinMidget accosts Jessie when she is in the women's bathroom.

DolphinMidget: "Hey, baby...wanna get down?"

Jessie: "Uhhh, no."

DolphinMidget: "IT'S 'CAUSE YOU HATE MIDGETS ISN'T IT?!"

Though she did not fuck him, Jessie found out the answer to a question we all had. She came back from the bathroom giggling:

"I just saw him pee! He pulled his junk out of his pants, and laid across the toilet sideways. It was awesome!!!"

At closing time, the whole crew--three midgets included--came back with us to Soylent's place to party. As we crossed the street, several cars zoomed past, so I reached down to hold the hand of my MidgetPrincess, you know--because I'm a gentleman and shit.

She reaches up to grab my hand, but hers is too small to grasp mine...so instead she wrapped her entire palm and Jimmy Dean sausage fingers around just my pinky.

I'm going to pause here so the visual of me crossing the street with a hot midget holding my pinky can sink in (and yes, as soon as she did this, the image of playing with a toddler came into my sick, sick mind).

In the elevator, MidgetPrincess grabbed my butt,

MidgetPrincess "Damn, you got a fine ass."

Tucker "I do pilates."

MidgetPrincess "Do you really? I bet you are good in bed."

There isn't a better opening than that. Did I come back with a smooth line? Did I woo and charm her, sealing the deal with a suave and debonair retort?

Tucker "I wanna make a mess in yer mouth."

That's what I said. Don't ask me why. I don't know. Thankfully, she thought it was funny, because if she had been offended and left, I am pretty sure I would have slit my wrists with the closest sharp edge I could find (and for the record, I have never done pilates, I don't know why I said that either).

We get into Soylent's apartment, she pulls me into his bedroom, and we start fucking. See, this is why you need good friends, in fact, this should be one of the measures of how good a friendship is: Will your buddy let you fuck a midget in his bed? If the answer is yes, then you know that dude is solid.

Clothes off, I slid right in. Her pussy was not that tight, in fact, it basically felt normal. First question answered.

One of my favorite positions is me on top with the girls legs over my shoulders. I like that position because it gives my dick a more direct line of entry and, if I position my hips right, I hit the girls g-spot in the process. For the most part, I am all about myself in bed, but if everyone can win, why not go with that? Plus, when her legs are over your shoulders, you control everything that is going on, and I am a big fan of dominance. After a few minutes of missionary, I move to throw her legs over my shoulders. Normally when I do this, the girl's knees are over my shoulders and her lower legs are either in the air or resting on my back, depending on how I hit it. It went different with my MidgetPrincess. I grab her legs, push them up on my shoulders, but instead of having her knees next to my ears...her feet were next to my cheeks...and a few of her toes went into my mouth...yes, her legs were completely straight.

This was a bit disturbing, to say the least. About ten seconds later, she made me stop because I was hurting her. Even though her pussy is a normal width, it is much shallower than the average pussy, and with her legs on my chest (and her toes in my mouth), my dick was smashing into her cervix. Second question answered.

Only one final question: I got on bottom and had her ride me. Despite my best drunken attempt, I was not able to spin her like a top on my penis. It might have worked if my dick was longer, but alas, I am an average white guy.

She passed out when we were done, and I joined the party that was still going. Flush with excitement and pride, I triumphantly threw my hand in the air and yelled across the apartment,

"RAISE YOUR FUCKING HAND IF YOU'VE EVER FUCKED A MIDGET, BITCHES!!"

The other two midgets raised their hands. Thanks assholes. We kept drinking and hanging out, and like an hour later DolphinMidget comes up to me and Soylent.

DolphinMidget "Hey man, can I borrow twenty bucks? That taxi driver I called is out front."

Is a crackhead midget hitting me up for a \$20? So he can smoke some rock?

DolphinMidget "I really need a hit, and I lost my wallet, man. Please." He is. He really is.

I truly live a blessed life.

POST SCRIPT #1: Why do I want to fuck a midget?

I should probably answer the question I have been getting more than any other since I posted this: "Why are you so obsessed with fucking a midget?" There are two reasons:

Reason 1: Novelty

At this point in my life, I have been with hundreds of girls. I was into triple digits before I put up my site four years ago (Sept 2002), and after four years at the peak of my game--with a dash of internet celebrity thrown in--I am past the point of even being able to round to the nearest hundred. Because of this, normal sex has lost its novelty, and become almost rote to me. Don't get me wrong, I really like women and I still really like having sex with them, but one of the main things I used to enjoy about hooking up was the challenge of the pursuit. That is pretty much gone for me now; I barely even remember the last time I had to go out in search of girls. I literally don't have enough dick for all the pussy that gets thrown at me just through my site. When you fuck that many girls, the excitement of random sex disappears. I have to find novelty in weird places, and one of those places, for me at least, is midgets.

[Yeah, I know what you are thinking: "What asshole bitches about having TOO MUCH PUSSY? FUCK YOU!" Gentlemen, welcome to the perverse and contradictory nature of fame. Someone very famous once told me, "Tucker, celebrity is like death. You can't understand it until you get here, and once you are here, you can't explain it to anyone who isn't." Be careful what you wish for, fellas.]

Reason 2: Conquest

The search for novelty by itself doesn't explain my pathological obsession with fucking a midget; it's more about the sport of it. Fucking a midget is such a big deal to me because it's basically my final sexual frontier. To understand this, you have to go back to when I was in college. One day while sitting around drunk, my friends and I started comparing sexual conquests. I thought I was pretty cool because I had hooked up with all the major races: white, black, Asian, Arabic, Indian (feather AND dot). But one of my friends trumped me. He had fucked a female Canadian bodybuilder (who could bench press more than he could). Wow. Not many people can say that. That's fucking cool. Intrigued with the notion that someone had done something cool that I hadn't, the next day, I started my Sexual To Do List. It was long and ambitious, but I had confidence in my ability to conquer it (the full story of the Sexual To Do List will be in my next book, [Assholes Finish First](#)). Before this story, I had checked off dozens of categories and have basically completed the bulk of the list....except one major category: "A hot female midget."

This four word sentence had been sitting on the top of my list for going on eight years now. As I checked more and more types of women off the list, that one remained, staring at me, always there, mocking my efforts and castigating my failures. It's the one arena I've always yearned to conquer and the one that has consistently eluded me. The last meaningful box to check off my list. It's become my white whale, and I have become Ahab in my pursuit.

You see, I have fucked an amputee and a set of twins. If you add in a midget, you are looking at a legendary trifecta. How many other people can say they have done that? Seriously, raise your hand if you even know someone who has done that. Yeah, some of you have fucked midgets. Some of you have fucked amputees. Some have even fucked a set of twins. But how many can honestly say you have done all three

categories? I'm not going to say that I'm the only guy on earth who has done this, but I would bet you could fit all of us into a Prius.

Understand, it's not about the midget. I don't have a midget fetish. Now that I have fucked one, I could care less about fucking another one. Some things in life you want to do just so that you can say you've done them. Now I can say that I have fucked a midget.

POST SCRIPT #2: The odds and ends

-I don't think I gave DolphinMidget any money when he hit me up for crack, but the next morning I was missing like \$60 from my wallet. I am not going to accuse him of theft, because my wallet never left my pants and I can't imagine midgets could be good pick-pockets, you know, with their stubby sausage fingers and all. But then again, you never know, maybe he used his massive forehead to magic the money out of my wallet and into his tiny little crack pipe. If they can't talk to marine life with it, that thing has to serve some purpose.

-When we were at the hotel bar after the dance, there was another hot midget in a backless red top. She was sitting by herself on a bar stool, and out of nowhere, fell off. That was funny, but not nearly as funny as what happened next: She decided to get back up on the stool by herself. She literally climbed up onto the stool, and looked EXACTLY like an orangutan. It was awesome.

-Random quote from the night:

Jessie "Some of these midget dudes are ripped!"

Tucker "No, you don't understand. They have regular sized muscles and tiny little arm bones, so they just look ripped."

-To all Little People that want to tell me how awful I am for writing this, I look forward to reading your tiny little emails, full of tiny little rage:

tuckermx@gmail.com

-I do have some pics of the midgets in question, but not many. There are two problems:

1. They are camera phone pics and they suck.
2. I never asked any of them if I could post the pictures, and without consent, that is not only illegal, but totally fucked up. I choose to live my life in a public manner and I can deal with the consequences, but I am not going to insert someone else into a public light without their consent (except for hypocrites who have already thrust themselves into the public light and huge douchebags who think they are already famous).

EDIT#1:

-My first hate mail:

"From: [redacted]"

To: tuckermx@gmail.com

Date: Aug 10, 2006 9:46 AM

Subject: The Midget Story

You said you looked forward to "tiny little emails, full of tiny little rage" telling you how awful you are for writing the "midget" story. Well, here's one:

I have never been one of your fans, nor will I ever be. I heard about your "midget" story through a so-called friend who thought your story was hilarious. Well, I read the whole thing. I read it in utter disgust. I honestly feel sorry for you and the brain you have been dealt in life. First of all, we "midgets" prefer to be called little people or dwarves. I equal the word "midget" to the word "nigger". It is offensive, and reminds us of days when we were considered beneath other human beings. Secondly, the ways in which you describe little people are truly revolting. How can you rip on entire group of people who can't help the way they are? I can't even begin to fathom your sick mind. Finally, I was there at the Little People Convention in Milwaukee, and I wish that I had seen you and known what you were doing. I guarantee that you would have been thrown out of the hotel.

Oh, by the way, in case you haven't noticed, which I would not be surprised, I am a little person. I graduated valedictorian in my high school class this year, and I am majoring in film at college. I look forward to showing you what a real little person can do in life, but I am sure that whatever I accomplish in life, I will become more successful than you in more ways than one.

Please write back. I would loooooove to hear what you have to say."

My response: "I would write you a response, but my computer won't let me type in a tiny little font."

EDIT#2: He responded with this: "Wow, is that the best you can do? I thought that would shut you up."

And I came back with this: "Midgets get angry over the littlest things. You should work on your short temper."

EDIT#3: Another great midget hate mail:

"Message from: dianes123@aol.com

Subject: Midgets

Hey asshole,

Did you even go to college? Let me guess some fucking cuny college right because you are too fucking stupid for any good college.

Guess what asshole, midgets are doctors, TV executives(btw - never want any gigs from CBS- you have just been banned), and lawyers (which I am sure you will come in contact with soon!). They have better jobs than you and obviously a better education.

You are an ignorant ass who should donate his time to the military. I heard Bush needs some good bullet shields in Iraq, your background matches the job.

TUCKER GOES TO FARM, HILARITY ENSUES: THE APRIL FOOLS STORY

First read the story, then the explanation

Spring break shortly after my 23rd birthday, my parents and grandparents decided to visit an ailing aunt several miles away. My grandmother owned a farm in Kentucky, and they left me in charge of it.

I was in law school at the time and did not want to be bothered with taking care of a fucking farm, but I was stuck with it, because my grandmother threatened to tell the police about the time I stabbed that hooker to death and left her body in the ravine at the farm. I decided to recruit a friend to come with me. Considering that this farm was in Kentucky, the only person who's life was sad enough to want to spend a week with me there was SlingBlade.

My job on the farm was to keep the animals fed, watered, milked, etc, but that sucked. Pretty much immediately, SlingBlade's ADD kicked in and he started fucking with the animals. He became obsessed with kicking chickens. He would run around like Ronaldo chasing a loose ball, his legs flailing akimbo, bird and feathers scattering willy-nilly. At first I got pissed, because you know--that's dinner--but watching him scream and curse was hilarious, and then when he would occasionally connect, oh man, it was a scene of wonderment. I eventually decided to join in.

But seriously, have you ever kicked a chicken? It's AWESOME! It's everything you would think it would be, and more. They squawk wildly, feathers fly everywhere, and everyone has a good laugh. The best part is that it's like Madden: You can compete with your friends, and it never gets old. Who can kick a chicken the furthest? Who can kick the most chickens in ten minutes? Can you actually kill a chicken with one kick? High comedy, I'm telling you.

After a few days of reigning various sorts of terror on the animals, SlingBlade and I decided that we should probably do some chores. We figured this out when the cows started bleeding from their udders. This is what happens when you don't milk them for several days. Oh well, they are just walking hamburger anyway, fuck'em.

But doing chores is much more fun when you're drunk, so SlingBlade and I pounded about 30 beers a piece and a gallon of Tucker Death Mix in probably like ten minutes.

SlingBlade "I'm drunker'n fire!"

Tucker "YEEEEEEEEEEEEEE-HAAAAAAAAAAAAAAW! WE DONE GOT TUCKER MAX DRUNK!!!!!! LOL!!!"

Milking the cows was a disaster. We pretty much gave up after one of the cows kicked SlingBlade. Still TUCKER MAX DRUNK we decided to feed the pigs. We entered the hog barn and found Sally, one of the sows, and Earl, our older boar, in the middle of their mating ritual. As Earl tried to mount Sally she would move away. Earl would then rub her ears, neck and side with his snout, grunting and snuffling all the while, until he would again try to mount.

SlingBlade "Even pigs are teases. Hey Earl, she probably already fucked the dog."

Sally eventually let him mount her, arching her back slightly downward and thrusting her hips upward to better receive the boars love muscle. I got in very close to better observe the mating and was able to see Earls' cock emerging from it's sheath. It was about two inches around with a corkscrew like tip. When it was finally hard it was about twenty inches long, and the boar cock missed Sally's very swollen pink pussy the first four hunches of Earls' hips but then found the correct alignment and started drilling deeper into her steamy sex tunnel.

SlingBlade "YEAH EARL!! FUCK HER LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE TOMORROW!!!"

Tucker Max "STICK IT IN HER HAM!!!"

Earl finally slid off of Sally and wandered out the door in search of his favorite mud hole. While I watched I remember reading in the Kinsey report I think about people in isolated rural areas having sex with various animals. Supposedly due to the lack of the opposite sex or availability of the same. I also seemed to recall a time when I entered an Uncle's barn and found an older cousin on a milk stool, with his pants down fucking the cow. Whether this was an actual event or just my imagination trying to justify what I was about to do I'm not sure.

Tucker "Dude, maybe its the fact that I'm TUCKER MAX DRUNK (LOL!!) but I am kinda horny. I think I want to fuck that slut whore pig."

SlingBlade "Well, she wouldn't be the fattest girl you've fucked. Not even the fattest one this month."

Tucker "COME OVER HERE BITCH, I'M GOING TO FUCK THE PORK OUT OF YOU!"

Sally stood for me while I rubbed her all over and seemed to push back on my hand when I rubbed the swollen lips of her cunt. I inserted a finger gently into her slit and she definately pushed back on it as I pushed it in. She also humped her hips when I rubbed her clit. I had to squat slightly to achieve the proper alignment. Bearing the weight of one hand on her hips I lined up my throbbing eight inches of man meat and pushed it into her hot, tight wet hog pussy. God it felt great in there, a lot better than all the fat, drunk whores I'd been doing lately. I lasted only a few strokes that time because the sensations of hot slippery pig cunt that pulsed and milked at my boner was more than I could take.

I stayed hard though and fucked until I was about to come a third time. Right as I reached climax I said, "Mmmmm...bacon."

SlingBlade "Well, I guess that gives new meaning to the term 'slam pig.'"

I thought about what I'd just done, while working, and felt a little guilty about screwing a pig but hey, if she can't take a joke, fuck her.

The April Fools Joke

On April 1st, I posted the above story. To the credit of my fans, 90% understood that this was an April Fools Joke, but the ones that didn't get it...WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?? Did you really think that I FUCKED A PIG??? Some emails:

"This is my response to the farm story. It is not a funny response. It is, actually, somewhat didactic.

I am not that put-off by your sexual perversions. I mean, I already knew that you were depraved, that is partly the reason that I read your site. I also read your site because I find that it is not only forthright, but intelligent. It is my opinion that your stories are successful because, despite your wanton debauchery, you seem to live by a code of honour. You

have personally defined this "code" and your own rules with indifference for the opinions of others, and it is for this reason that your readers respect (and even venerate) you.

Having said that, I think that, although, the Farm Story was starkly honest, it was neither funny, nor intelligent. It was shocking and base. Period.

I would even say that, for me, it felt slightly desperate. In short, I felt that the Farm Story was an insult to the intelligence of your readers. Sure, it will appeal to a certain faction of your public, but, I think that, for a man whose commodity is not not just shock, but also wit and respect, telling this story, purely for the smut factor, was a disappointment.

The only thing that could have saved your story is if SlingBlade would have signed up for round two and taken your pig-semen saturated penis into one of his gaping orifices. That would have been a story worth telling."

Or this one:

"What the Mother-fuck!!??

Ok Cuz, that is it. You need to get the fuck out and get some new material! The new story brings a whole new meaning to the term "Gone Hoggin'" Lucky for you that the story took place so long ago, as I woulda definitely had to drive up to NYC and fuck your shit up. Damn dude, ya dont have to share everything.

Oh well, I guess I've met a few rump-wranglers that have done worse, but not by much. The thing that is truly hilarious about the story is this:

The looks on the faces of all of the bitches that you have fucked, as they read that story. Half of them are probably horrified and the other half are relieved that THEY are not the biggest pig you ever banged."

Or one more:

"Dude please tell me your joking. You were my hero, but just like Barry Bonds you have let me down."

Seriously, I cannot get over that some of my fans don't put it past me to have sex with animals. Not only that I would fuck them, but that I would admit to it. This boggles my mind.

Beyond that, the story kinda sucked, and had random LOL's and Tucker Max Drunk references all over it. Come on people.

I wonder what would have happened if I'd made it more subtle. I cringe to imagine the scenario.

Actually, the absolute worst emails were the ones from people who told me that they didn't care if I fucked animals, they still respected me. WHAT THE FUCK!?! I don't have many rules I live by, but not respecting people who FUCK ANIMALS has to be at the top of the list.

EXTRA: TUCKER AND THE SOCIOPATHIC HOOKER GO TO COURT

A special addition to the book:

The last story in my book is a brand new one (that means it NOT on the website) called "The Worst Tucker Story Ever." It will shock and appall you like nothing I have ever written. Most of the people who read it have been unable to even give me comments, the story shook them so much.

The story has a very open ending, and since we had to kinda rush the book into print as the ending to the story was unfolding, I had to leave that part of the story out, but I am going to include it here. If you are reading this, it means you should have bought and finished my book *I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell*, which culminates in "The Worst Tucker Story Ever":

About three weeks after that story ends, I get this email from my friend Gigi, who knows Mimi and her husband, Ted. Before I show you the emails, some back story:

-The reason I can't stand Ted is because, like I said in the story, he kicked me out of a party at his place when I embarrassed him. I put whipped cream on his shoulder or something like that as a joke, and he flipped about it. Kinda weird, but that's the truth.

-After they got divorced, Mimi called the police on Ted and claimed the he tried to kill her, which is total and complete bullshit. I have several friends in common with Ted, and though he may suck in a lot of ways, he is not the type of person who would be violent against a woman.

Now the emails:

From: Gigi
To: Tucker Max
Date: May 13, 2005 1:13 PM
Subject: Mimi/Ted divorce

Ted is wondering if he could talk to you about anything Mimi said that might help him. She's trying to seriously screw him out of everything, had him arrested last week and is telling the police that he tried to kill her (obviously not true).

I told him I would help any way I could and that I thought you would be willing to at least relay to him your interactions with her in the last month or so. If you don't want to, I understand, but just think about it.

From: Tucker Max
To: Gigi
Date: May 13, 2005 1:47 PM
Subject: Mimi/Ted divorce

Why should I help him? If that prick wants to kick me out of his party, why should I do anything to help him? As far as I am concerned, he can reap the wheat he sows.

Forward him my email. Let him read it himself. If he's man he can ask me himself.

From: Ted
To: Tucker Max
Date: May 13, 2005 4:35 PM
Subject: Please help

Tucker: First, before I even begin, I owe you an apology. You and I didn't get off on the right foot and I apologize for that--I truly regret my actions.

Right now, I am going through a lot and understand you may be able to help me. I know, you are probably thinking, why should I help you--you're an ass. Please know, I don't claim to be a perfect person and I recognize my faults. However, I can only appeal to your sense of fairness.

I understand that Mimi told you about her plan to scheme me [i.e., that she got pregnant by someone else, planned to trick me into believing it was my child and wanted to see how much money she could get out of me---(which is quickly being depleting in attorney's fees).] Would you be willing to talk to me or my attorney about your conversation with Mimi? Right now I am facing criminal charges based on Mimi's allegations--which I assure you are not true. I have been victimized and need your help. Thanks for considering this request.

Sincerely, Ted

After this email exchange, I had a real decision to make. I am not a fan of this guy, and I think that when you marry a scheming whore you deserve what comes next, but at the same time, I honestly felt bad for this guy. He was getting blamed for something that he did not do.

But even beyond blatantly framing Ted, Mimi was one cold-hearted bitch. She got a restraining order against him and he wasn't allowed to go home, while the whole time she was still fucking guys in his condo. His neighbor told him that guys were going in and out of there while he was in Cook County Jail for the false charges she leveled against him. Can you imagine? Rage isn't a strong enough word to describe what my reaction would have been. I would have killed the bitch.

Bunny put it this way to me, "Tucker, I know you don't like him, but this isn't just about helping him in his divorce. If the situation was reversed and some whore was trying to frame you, wouldn't you want him to help you, especially if you were innocent?" As usual, Bunny's moral compass was pointing in the right direction. I had an obligation to help this dude, even though I couldn't stand him.

From: Tucker Max
To: Ted
Date: May 15, 2005 9:37 PM
Subject: Re: Please help

Let me be clear about this: I think you are a douche, and in some ways I think you deserve what you are getting. But I'm still going to help you.

The ONLY reason I am doing this is because I think that her trying to frame you for something criminal that you didn't do is the most morally repugnant shit I have ever heard, and it is just flat wrong. I HATE people who do that. You may suck, but at least you don't lie to hurt people, and that is what she is doing and it's wrong.

Unless there is a reason for you to talk to me, I'd rather not. Have your lawyer call me, I'll tell him everything, on the record: 773 ***

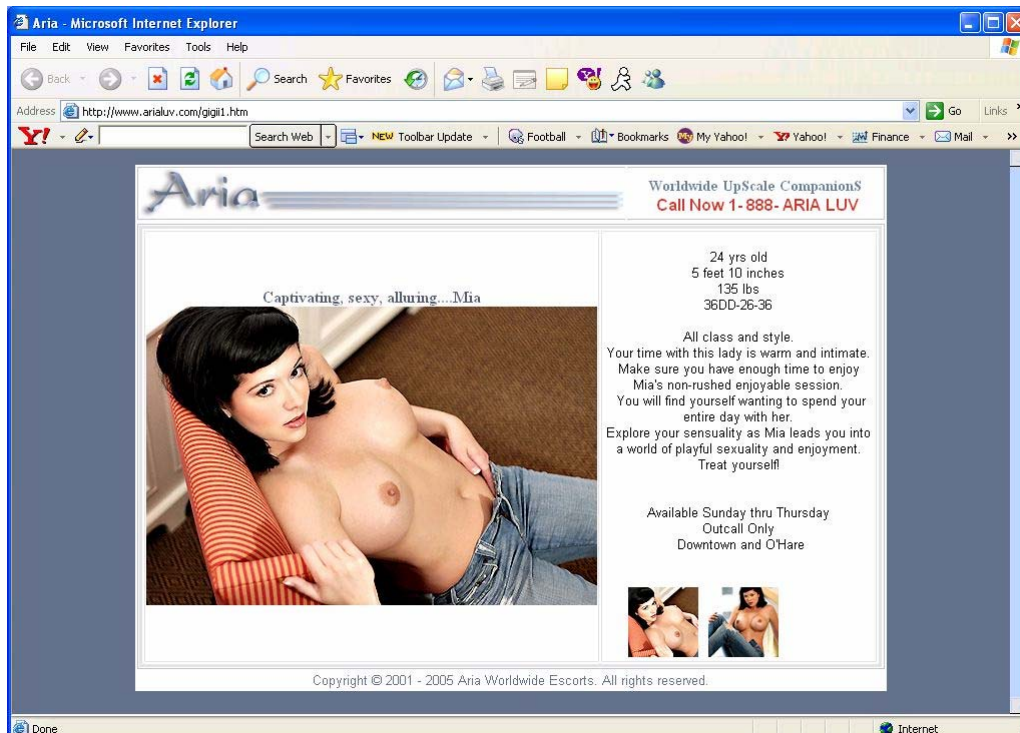
I talked to his lawyer, told the same basic story as I outlined in my book, and then ended up going to court to testify to this. I never actually testified though; Ted's lawyer told the prosecutor that I was there and what I was going to say, Mimi admitted that the whole thing was true, so the prosecutor stipulated to my testimony (in layman's terms that means that she agreed to admit the facts of my testimony into evidence without me actually taking the stand).

The best part of the trial--and there was an actual bench trial--were the things I learned about Mimi and the case. She admitted on the stand, in open court, that she didn't miscarry, but that she had an abortion...AT FIVE MONTHS PREGNANT, for no medical reason, simply because she didn't want the kid and basically had gotten pregnant to make Ted marry her. Holy shit. Whatever your stance is on abortion (personally, I am pro-choice), you have to recognize how fucking awful that is.

The best thing was when I got confirmation of my suspicion: Ted found out that Mimi not only used to work as an escort, she CURRENTLY works as an escort. THE BITCH IS A PROSTITUTE. Don't believe me? Here is the screen shot from her website profile:

[WARNING: PICS NSFW]





And she's not just a hooker, she's a very high priced hooker. Her minimum package is two grand for three hours. I had a \$2000-a-session prostitute coming over to my place to fuck me for free. Unbelievable.

I posted a short blurb about this event on my blog. Not the whole story, just a little quick hit talking about the basics of the case and how this is the second time one of my stories has become public record. A few days later I got this email:

From: Mimi [yes, that Mimi]
To: Tucker Max
Date: Jun 1, 2005 3:37 PM
Subject: Wow

I talked about you with my therapist today and he laughed so hard he cried. Also, thanks for the free advertising, I got over 100,000 hits on my site because of your link to my profile.

I hate to say it but you weren't very memorable, but then again I fuck for a living, so most aren't memorable. I can't wait to buy the book, I love the Satan reference about me.

I'm sorry if you are emotionally scarred because I didn't think much of our "relationship". When TheBunny told me you were in love with me

after our first tryst, I didn't take it seriously. Perhaps I would have been more gentle, but I had no idea you were so sensitive. I wish I hadn't been so drunk for the second and last experience with you because I didn't realize we had actually fucked until I woke up naked in your bed.

Really, I am very sorry if I hurt your feelings. You really can't expect much emotional attachment from a working girl. But I'm happy we used condoms because we both fuck quite a few people. I really am sorry about the court situation, I feel bad that none of it was admissable [sic] because it the story is funny.

Best,

"Mimi"

From: Tucker Max

To: Mimi

Date: Jun 2, 2005 10:37 AM

Subject: Wow

Honey, let's clear a few things up:

1. You are welcome for the free advertising, I knew that it would drive a lot of traffic to your site. But what confuses me is why, if you like the advertising, you would change the URL of your pictures (thus rendering the links I put up bad)? I mean, you left your profile up and I eventually changed my links to reflect that, so obviously you didn't quit. Either you like the traffic or you don't. Which is it?
2. As to the court situation: My testimony was actually admitted. The prosecutor stipulated to the relevent parts of my testimony, so it is actually on record, even if I never took the stand. You'll see; the whole transcript is public record and is thus going in my book I'll change everyone's name like I always do, don't worry. Though considering that you fuck for money and have a picture of yourself up on a publicly available website, I'm not sure what you would worry about.
3. The idea that I was ever in love with you is laughable. Bunny swears she never said that (but maybe she did, who knows, she talks crazy when she drinks tequila). Though I am going to believe her on this, as you once told Bunny that I called you every day,

which again is laughable. I think I have called you a total of three times since I've known you. For not being memorable, you sure do come to me a lot for late night booty calls.

4. The only emotional scarring I have came because I WAS fucking you. You'll understand when you read the story.

After I sent this email I actually went to the Verizon website and checked my online call records to see how many times we've called each other, to make sure I was right. A search showed I was a little off--I've actually called her five times in the year and half I've known her. The number of times she's called me in that same span? 36. Yeah, I'm obviously in love.

As of this writing, Mimi is still living in Chicago and still fucking for money. Ted won his case against her, thanks in large part to my testimony, and had all charges against him dismissed. Ted and Mimi are fully divorced, obviously, and you can fuck Mimi if you are willing to drop \$2000 to do so. Sarah (the girl with cancer from The Worst Tucker Story Ever) underwent cancer treatment and made a full recovery. I am happy to report that she is just as good in bed as she ever was.

TUCKER HELPS PEOPLE. NO, REALLY

To the uneducated and superficial mind, my site might come off as little more than prurient humor. Some of my critics call me "bathroom humor" or "frat-boy fare" or even "tasteless trash." That's fine with me, I have never felt the need to defend myself against them or argue this point. My huge fanbase, wide influence and book sales speak for themselves. In fact, I kinda like the haters; they prove how big I have become. After all, no one takes shots at the anonymous and unimportant.

But what these people fail to see is that, whether you like me or not, whether you agree with me or not, my site and my writing represent much more than prurient humor to many people. The stories exist on many levels to some people, and there is a deeper meaning beyond just witty comebacks and mocking posers. What else is there? Instead of me writing what would inevitably be a pompous and absurd sounding treatise on the deeper meaning behind these stories, I am going to let the people who I have affected do it for me.

Here is a snap shot of two days of emails in my life. These are real emails from real people, printed completely unadulterated:

#1:

From: [redacted]

To: tuckermx@gmail.com

Date: Jan 26, 2006 4:38 PM

Subject: Not that I want to continue the dick sucking but...

Your site hasn't saved my life in the literal sense but it has prevented me from becoming a person I would despise.

I was always your typical shy kid, always thoroughly thinking out the recourse of my actions. This stifled my abilities socially, in school, and many other facets of my life.

After discovering your site at around 20 my life completely changed. I decided I wanted to be Tucker Max. Your life seem to be idealic. I immediately began going out all the time, frequenting bars, clubs (I initially thought you liked clubs), no longer caring what people said or thought about me, etc. I began getting exceedingly drunk, making jokes, making fun of people - the whole nine yards. However, I still found I wasn't having much fun. My actions were too forced.

Because this wasn't me. The biggest lesson you (and your site) taught me was that I, nor anyone else, could be you. We could only be the best version of ourselves.

Thus I began focusing on myself, what I wanted, and what direction I wanted my life to go. I no longer took shit from people. In the past, when a girl didn't like me I immediately became consumed as to "what was wrong with me."

I began making changes to my personality so I could better fit an image that I really didn't want any part of. The most important thing your site gave me was evidence that only by being myself could I achieve what I wanted.

I know that from a young age we're always told to "be yourself" but what does that mean? Your site gave me a first hand account of what being yourself was all about. You are successful not because you try to mold yourself into what you think others might like but because you do things your way.

Now if a girl flakes on me or doesn't show interest I just say fuck it and move on.

In school, I was previously hesitant when called on. Hesitant might be an understatement (I took medication for anxiety). Now, I am no longer scared what others might think of my opinion.

I'm about to graduate from university and I was going to pursue an MA because that's what my parents wanted. However, at 22, I plan to pursue my dreams of being a writer. Although the job I'm about to take on is low paying, low appreciation for a small business I am at least happy knowing it is something I love doing.

Thank you for helping me turn my life around. You, moreso than any other person are responsible for this and for that I thank you. I now like the person and am and the individual I'm becoming.

I write you this email only because I don't want you to underestimate how much you and your site truly help people.

I am truly indebted."

#2:

From: Brad

To: tuckermx@gmail.com

Date: Jan 27, 2006 1:36 PM

Subject: Thanks to my mentor...please respond

Hello Tucker,

the name is Brad and I'm the author of the infamous break-up email you probably got forwarded to you about 2 months ago. In case it has slipped your memory here is Snopes open investigation into the email's origins...

<http://www.snopes.com/embarrass/email/breakup.asp>

Even though I know its been sent around the world and back and I now have fans in every corner of the earth for disgraing that little harlot, I'd like to formally give credit to you for being my inspiration. Before discovering Tuckermx.com I was sure that my viscious tongue and rapier wit were characteristics to be considered an opprobrium more than a beacon of pride.

Thanks to your blog, I now let the witticisms pour from my mouth like the stomach contents from a lactose-intolerant third grader's ass who just polished off his second super-sized Snickers McFlurry. Result? I get laid more, I have more friends, and my self-image has shot through the roof. After all, how could you not feel like king of the world knowing you have the ability to spread Bulemia to any woman who sports muffin top hips just by opening your mouth?

Anyways Tucker, I just wanted to thank the master.

regards, Brad"

#3:

From: [redacted]

To: tuckermx@gmail.com

Date: Jan 27, 2006 1:47 AM

Subject: You and your website probably saved my life

All of my life self-doubt has plagued me. When I was a kid it wasn't so bad. A lot of kids didn't like me, but a few did, and my mom showered me with so much attention that the kids who didn't like me didn't seem to

matter. By the time I was twelve I even had a group of friends who I really liked. That didn't have to end, but it did anyway.

In the biggest mistake of my life I decided to transfer to a new school. I don't remember saying this, but my mom has told me that the first thing I said to her after the first day of my new school was, "Those are the stupidest people I've ever met. All they talked about was cars and clothes."

Almost immediately I was ostracized. I had been spoiled my whole life up until then, and I did not have the skills to cope with these moronic shithheads. I was bullied mercilessly for two years, until I finally gave up and quit the school.

Being bullied may not seem like a big deal to you, but it was an inestimably big deal to me. I was a young boy with a weak sense of self, an unhealthy need for attention, poor social skills, and nagging self-doubt to begin with, and the nonstop harassment broke something inside of me. I honestly cannot put into words how lost, sad, and confused I was. I was able to function with varying degrees of success, but I was a shell of a person for about five years after that. In one way or another the pain from that experience has been with me to the present day. Only now, by writing about it, have I gained catharsis.

About a year ago I found your website. I thought you were incredibly cool, and so, in quite an unconscious decision on my part, I set out to study you. I wanted to find out what you had that I didn't, and I wanted to use that knowledge to change myself for the better. I lurked on your message board, poring over your advice guides and analyzing your stories and conversations. It has been a long road, but so far it has been worth it. You have given me my future profession (evolutionary biology), and tonight your messageboard has given me a staggering psychological breakthrough.

Tonight I read the Hawaii series in the Submitted Stories form. I AM the protagonist. The self-doubt, the emptiness, the detachment from reality, the intense social discomfort and alienation, the rampant deceit. All of these things describe me to a T. At times my inner monologue even sounds the same, with an eerily similar diction and tone.

Those stories should have depressed me, but in describing the protagonist's longing for a better life the author gave me the insights I needed to break out of my own mental prison. Before now I had only half-understood your advice, but now it all seems to make sense. I think I

really get it now. This is MY life. My life is composed of MY choices. I will NOT conform to a social role, and engage in all of the attendant deception and self-deception, just because it secures a comfortable and familiar predestined outcome. I will remain ever-present of the motivation behind my desires and behaviors. I will endlessly work on growing as a person until I am at last at the point where my understanding of myself and the world is complete.

I wanted to tell you all of this and I wanted to thank you. I believe that you are, hands down, the most intelligent, understanding, and decent human being I have ever heard of, and it is a privilege to have been given the opportunity to glimpse into your soul.

Dan

P.S. This is the first time I have told anyone about these things. For god's sake, until tonight, I didn't even have the courage to admit my past to MYSELF. I have poured my heart out to you, and I need an acknowledgement of some of some kind, no matter how big or small. I strongly believe that you would reply to this email if you saw it, so if you don't reply, I will always assume that you just didn't notice it among the other emails in your inbox."

#4:

From: [redacted]

To: tuckermx@gmail.com

Date: Jan 26, 2006 5:41 PM

Subject: How Tucker Max saved my family (Twice!!!)

I will make this short because I am sure you are very busy. This is a thank you e-mail because your website has literally saved my family two times.

My big Brother Tom (24) was your typical high school jock. He did ok in school but not great and had two years of junior college experience. He was doing just fine working at a good job, he was selling motor homes.

That was until he had a stroke. When he woke up in the hospital he could not speak, read, or walk, he had to re-learn all of these thing. Speaking and walking came easy for him, but when he tried to re-learn reading he got really bored with all the childrens books. It had been almost a year and he was still reading at a 1st grade level.

The place where he worked kept him on but because they needed someone who could read they demoted him, to washing the motor homes until he could read again. He made a lot less money and had to move back home. Then I showed him your site. Literally within three months of reading tuckermx stories he is as good at reading as he ever was. (Probably only 8th grade level, but who gives a fuck), he is taking on "I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell" right now. I'll have to get my own copy because it will still take him a couple months to finish it and I don't want to wait.

The second time Tucker Max saved my family was my little brother Spencer (16). He likes to go out and party a lot. He comes back really late at night or not at all. This is something my parents were not cool with because he is still in high school.

They fought so much that it was looking like my little brother was going to have to move out and live with friends. That was until I showed my parents your site. They loved it too and thought it was hilarious.

My little brother confronted them and was like, why are you so pissed off at me when that kind of stuff (Tucker Max Stuff) is what I am trying to go out and do. My parents though about it and said "Well we were worried about you doing bad stuff, like getting into gangs or stuff like that". When my brother explained that he just wanted to get drunk and try to get himself some sex, they were totally fine with that (kind of).

Now when my little brother comes home for dinner he tells our whole family what he did last night (In his best Tucker Max impersonation), and my parents love to hear about it...most of the time.

So thank you so much TUCKER MAX. You saved my family twice. Seriously Tucker, put your shit in a can and sell it on EBAY, I will be the guy who buys it."

ONE LAST NOTE: By doing this, I am NOT trying to create an ex-post justification of my work. I never wrote my pieces with any intention other than the most obvious ones: I wanted to write about my life. I never set out to affect anyone's life and I can only take credit for these things in an indirect way, but it is still there.

THE TATTOO STORY

I am moving to NYC in December, so I decided to spend early November in the area looking for an apartment. It is about a 13 hour drive from Chicago to NYC, and since there were some cute girls from Pittsburgh that had been emailing me, I decided to stop and hook up with a few of them.

There was one girl in particular that I wanted to hang out with, "Jess." She'd sent pretty good pics, wrote intelligent emails, made it very clear she wanted to fuck the shit out of me, and was a big drinker, but it was something else that really clinched it. A week or so earlier she posted this on my message board under a thread about road head:

"One of my very best friends, a guy I dated for about 4 hours in high school, found out his girlfriend was cheating on him, with a 17 year old baby daddy named Daeqwon. I cannot explain in writing how livid we both were to learn this. I also cannot explain in writing how vengeful and twisted he and I both are.

Instead of immediately dumping her and letting me tear her to pieces, he took her out on a huge date. Kind of like Tucker's buttsex story - he buttered this bitch up. Dropped \$250 on dinner and took her to the fucking ballet. All because he knew that a little romance and a little Dom would get her to open wide and give him a slobjob on the ride home. And slob she did - he later said it was some of the best head of his life.

His life; not hers.

Before their date (immediately before) I ran over to his apartment really quickly - and let him fuck me. In the butt. Seriously, we are strictly friends, totally platonic. He didn't come. Just a few in-and-outs to make sure his wang was nice and tasty. After he put it in my ass for a few minutes, he very carefully stuck his dick back in his boxers, saying he didn't want to let anything rub off.

Two hours later he let his raging whore of a (now ex-) girlfriend suck on his penis for about 20 minutes. He claims at one point, she almost stopped, because he was laughing so hard he swerved off the road.

See you in hell."

This is clearly a girl I needed to party with. Right before I get to Pittsburgh I call her to make a few things clear:

Tucker "I like to fuck before I go out drinking, so are you up for a quickie or two before we hit the bars?"

Jess "Yeah, of course, definitely."

Tucker "Excellent. And one more thing: Just because I fuck you before we go out does not necessarily mean that I will go home with you. I am not saying that I'll be going out with the intent of hitting on other girls, but I never know what is going to happen. If you are not cool with me fucking you early and then potentially going home with some other girl, let me know now. I don't want you to get pissed and stab me in my sleep."

Jess "Oh no, I know. I'll even help you pick them up, maybe we can have a threesome."

This girl is going to make a great wife someday.

I get to her place and she looks just like her pictures; cute face and a really good body capped off by something her pics did not really show: an amazing ass. To be honest I am more of a tit guy than an ass guy, but her's is a piece of art. But even better that she sent me honest pics. I have no idea why but some girls seem to think that when I meet them in person I won't notice that they put on 40 pounds since their last good picture.

We hang out for while, she seemed like a pretty cool girl, and we fuck. It was cute: She was kinda nervous at first, but eventually she relaxed and it was pretty good sex.

Afterwards, I notice a tattoo on her right hip. It is the initials "R.H." with this weird design in between them. Obviously, I assume the worst.

Tucker "Who is that? Ex-boyfriend?"

Jess "No, fiancé."

Tucker "He dumped you? Tattoo doesn't seem like such a good idea now, does it?"

Jess "No...he didn't dump me. He died. I got this after his death."

Tucker "He got that sick of your shit, huh? He couldn't just break up with you?"

She laughed at the joke, but I did legitimately feel bad. Well, not really, but a good person would have felt bad.

We go to a place called Fatheads for beer and wings. The bar is filled with what is apparently the official mascot of Pittsburgh: The loud, drunken blue collar idiot. These two older guys were sitting next to us in

their Greg Lloyd jerseys and Harley Davidson bandanas, screaming at the Penguins game on TV, when we sat down.

Yinzer "So, yinz two aren't gonna argue like that last couple are you? He spent two hours yelling at her 'cause she wouldn't fuck him, and she was pissed because he was never home."

Tucker "No, sex is not a problem in this relationship. In fact, right now she has a bunch of my cum in her. And even a little on her. You can probably smell it if you get close."

His eyes got all big and he leaned back and elbowed his buddy.

Yinzer "You hear this guy Dale? He's talkin'bout shooting cum at her!," turning to Jess, "You don't mind him talkin' like this?"

Tucker "She's lucky I'm even here."

Yinzer "DAMN!! I wish I had your balls!"

Tucker "I wish you had a breath mint, but I guess we don't always get what we wish for."

After that, they left us alone.

The place had like 40 beers on tap and another 40 bottles, most of which I had never heard of, but Jess confidently recommended a beer, Arrogant Bastard Ale. It was quite good. Not only is this girl bisexual, good in bed, a huge fan of mine and cool to hang out with, but she really knows her beer. At this point I was kinda excited; when you reach in the Ho Grab-Bag, you never know what is going to come out, but it looked like I had picked a winner. So of course, I did what only a fool would do: I looked the gift-horse in the mouth.

Tucker "I know you like girls; what about threesomes with guys? You ever do that?"

Jess "Oh yeah."

Tucker "You do know that girl, girl, guy = awesome, but guy, guy, girl = gay, gay, whore."

Jess "I know...but this was kinda different."

Tucker "How? You were in love with both and couldn't decide so you had a Fuck Off?"

Jess "No...this threesome was more about the guys."

Oh no.

Tucker "What?"

Jess "Well, my boyfriend and this other guy and I had a threesome, and they kinda focused on each other--"

Tucker "You fuck gay guys? Are you telling me I just fucked a fag hag?"

Jess "NO! It's not really like that, you see my boyfriend--"

Tucker "You do know that virtually all AIDS cases are transmitted by three things: IV drug use, sex with prostitutes, and SEX WITH GAY MEN! If you don't fuck those risk groups, you are probably going to be fine, yet here I am, fucking a girl who screws homosexuals. This is just fucking great. Where is the closest clinic?"

Jess "NO WAIT! It wasn't like that, listen. My last boyfriend is gay now, but the first time he ever hooked up with a guy was that threesome. And it wasn't really a threesome. We were drunk and high and this kid got blacked out drunk and passed out and my boyfriend sucked his dick."

Tucker "That was his first time fucking a guy? Yeah right, and you are the first girl I've ever fucked."

Jess "NO! IT WAS! I've known him since he was 6! He is gay now, but that was the first time he'd even done anything with a guy. He talked about it a lot before then, but that was the first."

Tucker "Did you fuck him once he started putting random dicks in his mouth?"

Jess "NO! That's pretty much the reason we broke up!"

Tucker "Pretty much! What are the other reasons? Murder? Rape?

Arson? You mean sucking off a guy who was passed out wasn't enough, there had to be other reasons?"

Jess "Did I mention that the blacked out guy was 17? And a virgin?"

Tucker "I am going to take a wild guess and say that this ex-boyfriend is the same guy who you let fuck you in the butt right before he had his cheating whore girlfriend go down on him?"

Jess "Uhhh...yeah..."

Tucker "This just keeps getting better. Please tell me that incident was before he started fucking dudes?"

Jess "YES of course!"

Tucker "That is the first good news I have heard since this conversation started."

Jess eventually calmed me down by plying me with beer and promises that she knew her ex very well and that even though he is a big gay slut now, that really was his first time. I don't believe her, and I am still getting tested, but I felt much better. Then she started talking about the shirts I sell and how she wishes I had one that says "I Fucked Tucker Max."

Tucker "Who would wear that?"

Jess "Are you kidding?!? I would wear that shirt with pride. The only problem is that lots of girls would buy it that haven't fucked you, so you'd have to have some that were only for girls you've actually fucked."

Tucker "Well, if you are really serious about wanting people to know you

fucked me, you should get a tattoo. Get 'I fucked Tucker Max' right above your pussy."

Jess "I would totally get that tattoo."

Tucker "Yeah, OK."

Jess "I am completely serious. I will get it right now."

Tucker "Get out of here, there is no way you'll get that tattoo."

Jess "Let me close our tab, I'll do it right now."

This isn't happening. This girl cannot be serious. She is just bullshitting me, trying to lie her way into my heart. I am totally going to call her on this...after she pays the tab, of course.

Tucker "Are you drunk?"

Jess "No, not at all. I've had like three beers. I am a fucking bartender, I drink more than this before I even go into work."

Tucker "Alright come on, stop fucking around, you and I both know you aren't going to do this, let's go to another bar."

Jess "I am totally serious. Come on."

We start walking towards the tattoo place. No way...she can't be for real.

Tucker "Are you serious about this?"

Jess "Absolutely."

Tucker "Why do you want to do this?"

Jess "For me, this is like...it's...this is like for a devout catholic if Jesus were to come down from heaven and say, 'I validate you.'"

Tucker "Awesome. I don't care what anyone else says, you aren't crazy, you are prescient and way ahead of your time. Good for you."

Jess "That, and tomorrow I am going to take a picture of this and send it to my dad and say 'Happy Fucking Birthday Dad.'"

Tucker "No you're not. Are you really going to show this to him?"

Jess "Oh yes, I am completely serious. Then I am going to show it to the whole family on Thanksgiving."

Tucker "Why do you hate your dad?"

Jess "He married my horrible bitch step-mom and basically left me on my own."

Tucker "So let's see...the two men you have loved the most--your fiance and your father--have left you?"

Jess "Well, yeah...I hadn't really thought of it like that."

Tucker "And your best male friend turned gay after dating you?"

Jess "Yeah..."

Tucker "I guess this tattoo is just the logical course of events. I may leave you, but it never will! Let's go!"

We get to the tattoo place. I have never actually been in a tattoo parlor before, at least not sober, and I cannot believe all the pictures everywhere. Every wall is covered with art; some of it really good, some of it bad. The Jesus with the lazy eye was my personal favorite. The girl working there is straight out of an anti-drug commercial about the horrors of crystal meth: Missing teeth, crazy eyes, twitching and spastic and dressed like circa-2000 Christina Aguilera.

Meth girl "What can I do for you?"

Jess "I want a tattoo. Just four words, right below the left hip bone."

Meth girl "OK, what do you want it to say?"

Jess "I fucked Tucker Max."

Meth girl [at least a 5 second pause] "Are you serious?"

Jess "Yeah."

Meth girl "OK. It'll be about 30 minutes until Jeff is done with the guy in front of you."

She walks off, and I kinda start to feel pangs of guilt. Can I really let her go through with this? This girl is totally fucked up, but she isn't a bad person at all. I actually kinda like her, at least as much as I can like someone I just met a few hours prior. But it is apparent that she is serious. I am torn: This is clearly one of the coolest things that I have seen in years, and letting her do this is going to increase my legend by quite a bit...but at the same time, this girl has major emotional issues and is making what anyone else on earth besides me would see as a major mistake. And beyond that, once she gets this thing, she and I will for better or worse be inextricably linked from this point forward. What would Tucker do?

I decide that I have to at least see if she is sure about her decision. I cannot make her do anything, but I can at least make sure she knows what she's getting into:

Tucker "You know this is permanent, right?"

Jess "Yeah, of course."

Tucker "You do realize that every dude you fuck from now on is going to see this, right?"

Jess "Yeah."

Tucker "Look Jess, I think you are making a great decision and this is clearly the coolest thing I have ever seen. But not many other people on earth would agree with me."

Jess "I know."

Tucker "Because of this tattoo, you are going to have problems with every guy you fuck from now on not named 'Tucker Max.' I love this

tattoo idea, but we aren't ever going to date or get married. That job is going to fall to someone else, and he is NOT going to like that tattoo. Do you understand that?"

Jess "Yes, of course."

Tucker "And you are still cool with it?"

Jess "Tucker, I idolize you. I mean, I relate to you, you are my fucking hero, and your writing is part of me; it is part of who I am and helps me define my existence. I want everyone to know this. I want my parents to know this, I want my kids to know this, and my future husband has to be OK with this."

At this point I paused and actually pictured that scenario: Her pulling down her pants to show her children this tattoo, and then trying to explain it to them in a way that would make sense to a child...then I had to push the thought out of my mind. Sometimes, the unresolved pain that surrounds me is too much to contemplate.

Tucker "Wow. OK, as long as you know. If I were anyone else on earth I would call you stupid, but personally, I think this is awesome."

At that point her phone rings. It is one of the bouncers she works with, who she tells me has a crush on her. I can only hear her side of the conversation, but the rest is easily figured out.

Jess "I am at a tattoo parlor...I'm getting a new tattoo...on my hip...'I fucked Tucker Max'...yes I am totally serious...oh Jesus...yes I am sure I want it...no I am not drunk...what?...did you just say that I am one of the greatest girls you've ever met?...make me fucking sick...whatever, unless you're drinking in the city with us, then I don't want to hear from you for the rest of the night....bye."

We pick out the correct font for my logo-type [Bank Gothic] and Jess goes with the tattoo artist to work on the outline. As I was in the front room waiting for them to call me back so I could watch this, there were like six teenage trailer park idiots also waiting for tattoos. These kids were straight out of the upper-deck at an Eminem concert; flat-brimmed NBA logo hats, cigarettes behind their ears, frail wispy mustaches, grimy fingernails and cheap, fake gold chains. They hadn't heard my conversation with Jess, but they heard what the tattoo was going to be. One of them says to me:

Ghetto bastard "She really gun get dat shit?"

Tucker "Looks like it."

Ghetto bastard "Hey dawg, yur name Tucker Max?"

Tucker "Yeah."

Ghetto bastard "Damn! Dat your girl? You datin'er?"

Tucker "No man."

Ghetto bastard "How long you known her?"

Tucker "I don't know...like three hours or so."

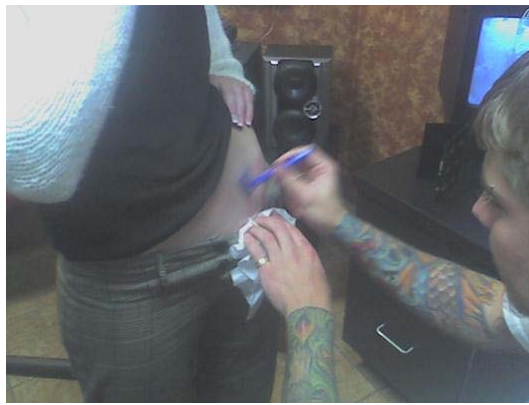
Ghetto bastard1* "DAMN!!!! AHAHHHAHAHAHA--YO DAWG, DIS GUY'S A PIMP YO!!!!!"

Ghetto bastard2* "HE MUST HAVE A HUGE DICK YO!! AHAHHHAHAHA!!!"

All these kids were cracking up laughing and in complete disbelief. I only have an average sized dick, but I didn't think I could explain to these kids why Jess was getting this tattoo. It did not appear that higher order thinking is something they excel at.

I would not have ever posted this story had I not gotten pics of not only the final tattoo, but of the whole process. I was there and I wouldn't even believe it without seeing the pictures. Here they are, in order:

Jess getting prepped



After the stencil was applied



Doing the actual tattoo



Still doing the tattoo



Right after he finished



A few minutes later (Yes, I realize how small my hands are. Fuck you.)



Me with the tattoo



As my editor Jeremie said, "Wow. That is some next level shit."

I promised Jess that I would publish her version of the events and any commentary she had directly below mine, so here it is, totally unabridged:

"Given the chance to refute a Tucker Max story, any friend of mine could tell you that I'd come in my pants. But, alas, here I am, my Holy Grail before me... and I can't get it up. I am rebuttal-y impotent.

Everything Tucker has said about that night is true.

In my head, I feel as though I was less of a verbal dick-sucker than he makes me out to be (although that Jesus quote is actually verbatim). I'm also sure, though, that in his head, I actually was that much of a verbal dick-sucker. It is Tucker, after all; don't we expect him to think that way? It's pretty irrelevant either way - whether I was or was not fellating his ego as much as reported - but I make issue of it for one major reason: to illustrate the fact that - while he is, and for a long time has been, my idol - I am not in love with Tucker Max.

Let me repeat that.

I am not in love with Tucker Max.

That's not what this tattoo is about. It is not an attempt to charm him, wow him, make him my husband, boyfriend or even friend (though at this point, the latter is more or less inevitable; as Max himself has said, for better or worse, we are now inextricably linked). It is not, and was not, an attempt at anything, except proving to Tucker that I am a no-bullshit sort of girl. If I say I'll do something, I'll do it, even if I only said it in passing. Go back and re-read Tucker's story. He called my bullshit. That is the only reason that I now have a badass little, black, Bank Gothic inked brand of "I Fucked Tucker Max" crowning the kitten (that, coupled with the fact that I did actually fuck him). In no way was this tattoo premeditated. It was an impulse purchase. Kind of like gum. And, while I may one day choke on my gum and damn myself for ever having bought it, at present I have no regrets.

No bullshit.

Tucker left Sunday morning, and having had my tattoo for a full 24 hours, I decide I have healed well enough. The first booty-call I get, I am all too eager to comply. It's time to take my new puppy out for her first walk around the block.

I head over to this guy's house. Not because I come when he calls, but because I want to maintain some semblance of class and don't want to make the poor bastard lay in Tucker's and my sex sheets. I walk into his place and we start fooling around, when I suddenly realize I have not properly prepared myself.

I have a brand-new tattoo an inch and a half away from my vag. Razors and fresh needle-punctures do not mix. I haven't shaved. Fuck.

Granted, this is not a major embarrassment (and at least my legs are smooth). Nonetheless, as we grope our way into his bedroom, I hit the light switch on my way in. Stubble is slightly less noticeable in the dark. So are tattoos.

Again, I have not properly prepared. The events of the entire past 24 hours run through my head and I start to think that I may actually be mildly retarded.

He reaches over to his nightstand to get a condom when I stop him. "Let's do this with the lights on," I say. I am shameless, as well as on a mission; he has to see this tattoo.

I guess guys get kind of excited over the idea of fucking with the lights on, because he literally bounded to the wall and flipped the switch again. He was Bambi-bounding back to bed when he skidded to a halt, cracking his shins on his own footboard.

"Wha... what... what the fu... who the fuck...?"

Mission accomplished.

I fake a confused look, when he turns around, sits down on the foot of his bed, and puts his head into his hands. At this point, I start to worry. I'm not afraid that this tattoo is going to cost me sex (and I plan to prove that in the coming months), but the prospect of having to deal with all of the guys' emotional issues upon revealing to them my little battle scar is more than I can handle. Just as Tucker said, I have serious emotional issues - mostly of the "attachment" sort. I'm not really interested in being attached to anyone at the moment, and as such have developed the lovely skill of being able to emotionally detach myself from sex. It's not love. It's fucking with a good friend, a drinking buddy, whatever. I like to tell myself that all of my fuck buddies feel the same way. But if this tattoo is going to shatter that illusion, if by turning on a light to show off my tattoo I have begun to drag their emotional issues out into the bright light as well - I have ruined my favorite pastime.

What have I done?

As I lay there sulking, the guy turns to me. Here we go.

"Who is Tucker Max?"

"This guy... he has a website."

Kid marches right over to his computer and Google's "Tucker Max," obviously pointing him in the direction of the site. At first I ask him what he's doing. He tells me to hush; he'll read some stuff and if he thinks "the guy is money, we can still fuck." He reads for awhile, ten or fifteen minutes, snickering occasionally. Then he stands up, gets a condom, turns the light back off, and pounces. Crisis averted. After we're done (we fucked, in case that needed to be spelled out), he speaks for the first time since surfing Tucker's site.

"That guy is fucking funny. I'll take his sloppy seconds. And if you still talk to him, you can go ahead and tell him I said that."

Then we had pizza and watched SportsCenter, and I went home.

To wash my sheets."

This will be an ongoing story. Jess has promised to keep me updated on how the tattoo affects her sex life and personal relationships, and not only how much sex it costs her but how much it gets her. And to make it easy, we will have counters for this:

Guys who have turned her down because of the tattoo: 0

Girls who have tried to fuck her because of the tattoo: 3

Guys who have tried to fuck her because of the tattoo: 25

(count updated 1/16/05)

NEW EDIT: Jess has decided to start a blog. Here it is:

<http://ifuckedtuckermx.com/>

Also, she told me to post her anonymous email address, so all you jackals can email her and ask to fuck instead of emailing me:

thetattoogirl@gmail.com

*--I would like to point something out. A few people--not many--have emailed me bitching about how I depicted the "black guys" in this story, and then accused me of being racist. I found this to be hilarious. I never once referenced the race of the "Ghetto Bastards," and in fact they were ALL WHITE (of the five, one may have been hispanic). If you automatically assume that because they are poor/ghetto that they are thus black, then it is you who are racist, not me.

BREAKING DOWN THE GAME

I get emails from guys all the time asking me how I get laid so much or how I get girls or questions like that. Aside from pointing to [the relevant advice threads](#), I always tell guys that its not about money or looks or even power--it's about how you carry yourself. I try to explain to them that even though I am pretty awesome, I don't do anything that they can't do. There is no fucking magic to this, it just takes the right attitude and a little practice. A perfect example of the verity of this statement happened to me today:

I went to Target to buy some clothes. No really, I went clothes shopping at Target. You see, I have this problem with girls. They come over, fuck me, and leave. That isn't the problem--the problem is that they ALWAYS seem to wear my clothes when they go, specifically my mesh basketball shorts and my white t-shirts [If you know me enough to hang out with me, you know that this is what I wear 90% of the time I am clothed].

This drives me nuts. Not only does it present logistical problems in finding clothes to wear, especially clean ones, but I happen to love my workout shorts. Many of them have (usually ridiculous) sentimental sports meaning to me and I don't want to lose them. I hide them, threaten the girls, try to undress them when they leave...it doesn't seem to matter. I constantly have to buy new shorts.

I used to buy nice East Bay lacrosse or Under Armour shorts, but realizing that I was throwing my money away, I stopped that long ago. Now I go to Target and get the \$10 Champion mesh shorts. They are almost as comfortable as the nice \$30 shorts, but when women steal them, it's not a big deal.

Today I did my monthly shorts run, picking up about six pair, in addition to ten plain white t-shirts. I picked not the shortest check out line, but the one with the hot Latina working it--there aren't enough attractive women in Chicago to pass up the chance to flirt with one.

Now follow along as I dissect a typical encounter. I know you can't see this on video, so I will go step by step through the conversation and try to explain everything.

Tucker "How are you doing?"

Girl "Good. You?"

Tucker "Pretty good."

My demeanor is calm and genuine, what some might call cool, but not what you would think of as stereotypically "cool." I don't act aloof or bored like a poser thinks a "cool" guy is supposed to act; instead I engage the girl in conversation and treat her like a normal person. I act as though I am comfortable with myself, because I am.

Furthermore, I give her a small smile to help get her over that 'stranger' vibe that all girls think at first about unknown guys. But I DO NOT take that "small smile" and make it into "weird stalker stare." There is a big difference between being nice and being overbearing and weird.

Girl "You play a lot of basketball?"

See? I engaged her first and opened the door for her to engage me back. Had I said nothing to her, she probably would not have taken the initiative to start a conversation with me. Most people will follow, but very few people will lead, even if they are interested.

Tucker "I used to yeah, but not so much anymore. All of these are because women always steal my clothes."

Girl "Steal your clothes?"

Tucker "Come on, you're a beautiful girl, you know what I'm talking about--you spend the night at a guys place and wear his clothes home in the morning."

In the first sentence I give her a leading but incomplete explanation to her question, which prompts her to ask me a follow-up question. I am setting her to chase, so instead of me pursuing her, she feels like she's coming after me. But more importantly, this allows me to explain why I have the shorts without having to give a cold explanation, which would sound like pompous bragging if I offered it without being prompted.

When she bites on my lead, I begin with a casual backhanded compliment, which lets her know I am into her without the awkwardness and perceived weakness of the upfront compliment. Had I just said, "You are beautiful" I would have been dead in the water. Only douche bags say that to women that they don't know and just met. I let her know I think she's hot without really saying it, which is the best way to do it with a girl you just met.

In my explanation as to why I have to buy so many shorts, I set myself up as an alpha male, one of the 10% of the guys who does 90% of the fucking. By telling her that I need to regularly buy new "take home" clothes for girls because so many women are into me, I am telling her

how much I fuck, without actually saying it. I am letting her know that I'm that guy, the one that gets lots of girls. That's the thing about women--they all want to fuck who the other girls want to fuck.

But notice that I do this without being cheesy. Think about it: She brought up the subject of my shorts, I only hinted at the actual reason even though it is obvious from what I said, and the way I said it, it couldn't have been staged. Besides, how many times has she seen a guy come in and not only have to buy shorts because he fucks so many girls--but casually admit to it?

Also, look at the way I phrase it: I'm again setting her up as the pursuer. At this point if she's into me, she can go further with her flirting, or if she's disgusted, the conversation ends. I am not pressuring her, I am letting her chase me, but I'm also letting her know I'm into her. Most girls don't like to be pursued too heavily at first; they like to play a coy game of advance and retreat, to test your game. By holding off your charge early, you can come hard late.

Girl "Is this all with the same girl?"

Tucker [sarcastically] "Huh...yeah."

Girl "Well can't you get your shorts back from these girls?"

Tucker "I wish. Come on; don't act like you don't have some boys shorts somewhere in your closet."

Look what she did: She doesn't flat out ask me if I have a girlfriend, she kinda backs into it. This implies that she is interested; women don't ask personal details about guys they don't care about.

Also, though she is into me, she is probing to see if I am full of shit--a true alpha male would never say something like, "ONE GIRL! I FUCK HUNDREDS!" It may be true, but girls don't want to hear it. They want you to be wanted by other women, but necessarily to be actually fucking all those women, or at the very least, not be the type of guy who brags about it.

Now guys, do you see how I respond? Up to this point I haven't been aggressive, instead I've let her initiate most of the flirting and set her up at the aggressor, but her reply changes that. When a woman asks you about your relationship status, she is into you and is telling you it's OK to flirt further.

My response is the first aggressive move I make--I dismiss the notion that I am in a committed relationship, I display my dominance with slight

teasing, and put the flirt ball back in her court by letting her know that I know she hooks up. This also places a subconscious thought in her head about hooking up. Now she's thinking about it.

Girl "Maybe...but it's been awhile for me...but yeah, I might have something somewhere."

By saying "it's been awhile for me" she is telling me to ask about her. Guys--if you know how to read the signs, women are very clear about what they want you to do. The problem is that most men have no idea how to read women, while women think they are being clear about it to men.

The second clause of her sentence is even more telling. I don't think this was an intentional sign; that was a subconscious admission that she is seriously considering fucking me. It lets me know that later on I should make an authoritative move.

Tucker "Been awhile? Why?"

Girl "Uh...longtime boyfriend."

Here is where most guys falter. A girl plays the boyfriend card and they fold up and go home. But why? Fuck that, go for it. Why not? She has already established that she is into me by repeatedly continuing to flirt when I gave her opportunities to bail. At this point, if I go forward, there are only two things that can happen:

1. She fucks me.
2. She rejects me.

What's the worst that can happen? She says no? And if she does--so what? We all get rejected at times, it's not a big deal. Babe Ruth struck out over 1300 times. But he stepped up to the plate and took his cuts...which is also why he hit 714 home runs.

If anything, her playing the boyfriend card should make me MORE aggressive. Fellas, let me explain something: If you know anything about women, you should know that one of the easiest types of women to sleep with is the one in an unhappy relationship.

I am Tucker Max, you better know what I did.

Tucker "I don't see why that has to stop you."

I say the sentence with a calm but authoritative manner; my delivery is pretty dead pan without being cheesy or backing into it. This lets her know I am serious, and I'll fuck her if she is into it.

This is a bold move, but in this case, it's the right call. At a bar I would have been more subtle, but in a check out line at Target I only have a few minutes, so I have to move quickly. She's already given me conscious and subconscious signals of attraction, this is the moment of truth, and I seize it.

The look on her face was money--a mix of surprise and arousal. She was definitely into it, but I don't think she'd made up her mind one way or the other. I had to act fast, mainly because there were people in line behind me. Besides, taking control of a situation is a great way to show how much of an alpha male you are.

Tucker "What's your name?"

Girl "Inez."

Tucker "Inez, my name is Tucker. What time do you get off?"

Inez "7pm."

Tucker [I grab a pen from a cup and tear off some paper from her register tape] "Here is my number. I live right around the corner. Call me when you get off."

Girl "Uh, well...ok..."

Tucker "I'll talk to you soon."

And I just walked out, giving her a little smile as I left. Notice how I did NOT say something cheesy like "maybe you can come over and take a pair of shorts home with you." Oh Christ--make me fucking gag.

I've done things like this hundreds of times in my life. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. I am good at doing this now, at age 29, because I've had tons of practice. When I was 19 I was fucking terrible, but with I've practiced a lot (and failed a lot). My current skill is a combination of experience, charm, and personality, but nothing I do is magical, and there is nothing I do in this area that any other relatively normal guy cannot do as well.

It's not looks, its not money, it's not power--it's about how you carry yourself. For fucks sake, this happened on a weekday at noon, I was unshaven, unshowered and dressed like a bum and she was working a register at Target. But none of that matters: It's about what kind of man you are.

As I write this, it is 10pm. She just left. Freshly fucked, but without any of my shorts.

Like I said: Sometimes you strike out, sometimes you hit a home run, but you'll never do anything unless you step up to the plate.

Now read the whole thing again, without my commentary:

Tucker "How are you doing?"

Girl "Good. You?"

Tucker "Pretty good."

Girl [checking out my shorts] "You play a lot of basketball?"

Tucker "I used to yeah, but not so much anymore. All of these are because women always steal my clothes."

Girl "Steal your clothes?"

Tucker "Come on, you're a beautiful girl, you know what I'm talking about--you spend the night at a guys place and wear his clothes home in the morning."

Girl "Is this all with the same girl?"

Tucker [sarcastically] "Huh...yeah."

Girl "Well can't you get your shorts back from these girls?"

Tucker "I wish. Come on; don't act like you don't have some boys shorts somewhere in your closet."

Girl "Maybe...but it's been awhile for me...but yeah, I might have something somewhere."

Tucker "Been awhile? Why?"

Girl "Longtime boyfriend."

Tucker "I don't see why that has to stop you."

[She gives me a look of shock and attraction]

Tucker "What's your name?"

Girl "Inez."

Tucker "Inez, my name is Tucker. What time do you get off?"

Inez "7pm."

Tucker [I grab a pen from a cup and tear off some paper from her register tape] "Here is my number. I live right around the corner. Call me when you get off."

Girl "Uh, ok..."

Tucker "I'll talk to you soon."

Maybe two minutes of conversation. Fellas--it really can be that simple.

EDIT: I am going to eventually have to expand this discussion, but it has spawned all sorts of emails from guys who are totally missing my point. Look, all I am saying by showing you this example is that it is easy to meet girls who want to fuck, and to fuck them, as long as you are confident with yourself and practice a little. I am not telling this story so you can go out and try to act like me, I am just trying to give an example of what is possible to all the guys who email me asking about game.

NANTUCKET SUCKS

For the people who know me only through my stories, I have a reputation as an insane, uncontrollable party-crazed animal. People think that I am constantly drunk as I carve a swath of destruction through my life, leaving nothing but empty vodka bottles, and funny walking whores in my wake.

Now, while it is true that I am like that sometimes, other times I am indistinguishable from any other regular guy. To those who don't know me, my life seems so dazzling because all they see are the few gems; I don't show them the tons of rock that had to be crushed to get those gems, because it isn't interesting. No one wants to read about that night I went out, had a few beers with my buddies and then went home.

With that in mind, I present this story. It is not a typical tale of my drunken debaucheries, in fact I am writing about this weekend precisely because, aside from one incident, it is a very average few days. This is the closest story I have that shows what I am like when I'm not "on," but is still worth telling:

My buddy Chevy had invited me to his house in Nantucket for the weekend. As I was in line at the airport to board the flight, I found myself behind an obnoxious slob. Watching him spill grease all over his shirt as he stuffed nasty Sbarros pizza in his face and yell at his dopey, ill-disciplined children, I decided that I was not going to sit in coach. I decided that I was better than him and deserved better accommodations.

Once I decided I was going to sit in first class, I ran into a series of problems:

1. I didn't have an upgrade voucher.
2. I didn't know anyone who works for this airline.
3. I am not a member of any sort of Elite Club Gold Ultra Miles Club.
4. I didn't have \$800 to pay for an upgrade (it was this expensive because I was flying from LA to Newark).

Still unsure what to do, I took my assigned seat in coach, next to a guy who looked like Bill Bixby but smelled more like The Incredible Vagrant. At this point most people would probably quit and just stay in coach. I was about to do this, then I remembered that I am not most people, I am Tucker Max. If there is a way, I can find it, I have to find it damn it, or I

am no better than the slob...then it hit me. The most obvious solution in the world, I cannot believe I've never thought of it before: Me.

I waited until most of the plane filled up, saw that there were three empty seats in first class, summoned the Tucker Max A-game charm, and approached a young female flight attendant in the back cabin:

Tucker "Hey, how are you?"

FA "Hi, good."

Tucker "I really hate to bother you about this, but can you possibly help me out?"

FA "Yeah, what can I do for you?"

Tucker "Well, when my people booked my flight, they made a mistake and put me in coach. I hate to make an issue about this, but is there any way you can put me in first class? Normally I would just live with it, but I've already had a few people pestering me for autographs and what not...and I just can't get anything done back here with everyone trying to get a piece of me. I'm sure you know how it is. I can't be the first famous person you've had this happen to."

FA "Oh my gosh, yeah, no problem. Hold on, let me just make sure we have room, I'll upgrade you right away. Stay right here."

Three minutes later I was in first class, throwing back free beer and putting complimentary slippers on my feet. No one "bothered" me the rest of the flight, and none of the flight attendants even asked who I "was."

I keep trying to tell you people: Take command of your destiny, and karma will conspire to help you along the way.

After a few beers, I notice the guy sitting next to me. He is a few years older than me, mid-thirties, clean cut, wearing normal clothes...and has a huge bulge on his hip. Well, he's not black so it can't be his dick--this motherfucker is packing a gun.

Tucker "I hope to god you are an Air Marshal, because if you aren't, [motioning to his piece] this is going to be quite a flight."

Guy "I'm not an Air Marshal."

Tucker [long pause] "Uhhhh..."

Guy [he kinda laughs at me] "Don't worry, I'm in the FBI. I'm off duty but we are required to carry our sidearm with us on planes whenever we fly."

He showed me his creds and lo and behold, he is indeed in the FBI. We get to talking and drinking [note: I drank, he didn't] and trading stories. I told him The Buttsex Story, which he thought was hilarious, so he tells me an FBI story in exchange:

"At the FBI Academy, there is this simulation thing where you shoot at a huge screen. They throw scenarios at you to teach you how to react to them. Kinda like a video game, but life size. You even get a pneumatic gun that feels just like a regular gun when you shoot it, with a recoil and everything, but it only shoots a laser obviously.

Well, in one of the scenarios you are in a hallway trying to clear a house and a 12 year-old kid comes around the corner with a gun at his side. He walks around in a daze, and you are supposed to react to what he does.

When I did the scenario, as soon as he came around the corner I told him to drop the gun, he didn't, so I started lighting him up. But strangely, he wouldn't go down. It was so frustrating; I knew I was hitting him, because the little red dots were hitting him center mass, but he wouldn't go down. I emptied the first clip, slapped another one, and kept firing.

It took me 19 rounds, but I finally dropped that damn kid. By the time he went down, I had advanced right up onto the screen, and was about to start pistol whipping the canvas. I couldn't figure out what was going on. He finally dropped on the 17th and 18th shots, but I added the 19th when he was down, just for good measure. I wasn't taking chances with the Bionic Twelve Year Old.

The lights come on and the instructor was in total shock,

'Do you know why you had to shoot 19 rounds? The simulation ISN'T EVEN SET UP TO REGISTER SHOTS THAT EARLY. I've NEVER seen anyone RELOAD in that scenario before!'

Apparently, since the weapon was only at his side and not raised, we were supposed to yell some jibberish about "this is the FBI," and something else along the lines of "put down the weapon," and then give him time to comply before we fired. I wasn't having it. You don't brandish a weapon at Agent [Jones] and live to tell about it.

Then I got into a 30 minute argument with the instructor about how to write it up cleanly. I won, and he passed me."

Tucker "You can't just plug kids like that. Dude, I went to law school and I know there is no way a cop could do that and get away with it."

Agent Jones "Oh no, of course not. Cops are different. They have very different force continuum rules than we do."

Tucker "Force continuum?"

Agent Jones "Basically, it means when you are allowed to initiate force on a criminal. Cops have a whole ordeal they have to go through, warning the criminal, giving him time to stop, etc. For the FBI, it's not like that. If there is an immediate threat, we don't have to say a thing, we can just shoot."

Tucker "So if we were in a bank and some guy came in with a gun and held up the teller, you could just walk up behind him and do a contact shot to the base of his skull, no warning? Just fucking smoke him?"

Agent Jones "Oh yeah. As long as we don't endanger the civilian, sure."

Tucker "Have you ever done this?"

Agent Jones "No, never shot anyone. I mostly do white collar stuff."

Tucker "Does this ever cross your mind, that at any moment someone could commit a violent crime in front of you, and you could kill them?"

Agent Jones "You think I don't wish for that every day?"

Yeah...this guy is fucking cool. THIS is the type of person that deserves to sit next to me. I decide to tell him Embassu Suites part of The Austin Road Trip Story, and he loves it. He comes back with this one about his exploits with the US Border Patrol:

Agent Jones "I thought I was bad ass until I hung out with those guys. They are unbelievable. One time I was out with them right at to the border. There is a big fence with concertina wire and what not all along this stretch, but the Coyotes had cut a hole in it--"

I interrupted him.

Tucker "What is a Coyote?"

Agent Jones "They are the guys who smuggle illegals back and forth over the border. Anyway, the Coyote was smuggling about a hundred Tonks through the hole, and--"

I interrupted him again.

Tucker "What is a Tonk?"

Agent Jones "Oh--that's what Border Patrol calls illegal immigrants who have made it into the US. They can't call them 'wetbacks' or 'spicks' because obviously those are racially charged names, and 'Mexican' isn't accurate since a lot of illegals are not from Mexico, so they say 'Tonk.'

They call them that because it's the sound made when you hit them on the head with a Mag-Lite."

Tucker "HOE-LEE-SHIT."

Agent Jones "I told you those guys were nuts. Anyway, so there we are, four trucks on this hill like 200 yards from the hole in the fence. We are totally blacked out, wearing night vision goggles and we can clearly see the Coyote hustling about a hundred Tonks through the fence. The Border Patrol guys wait until all of them are through the hole and about 50 yards into our side, when all four trucks simultaneously turn on all their spot lights and sirens. Of course, the illegals shit themselves and bust ass back to the border...and in the darkness, they all run right into the concertina wire. It was a fucking mess. Some of them did not make it."

Tucker "You have to be kidding me."

Agent Jones "Nope. You think our force continuum is loose? These guys shoot anything they want. You should see their situation reports for deaths. They'll take out guys with rifles at 100 yards and write in the report, 'Subject was threatening agent with a rock.' It's a joke."

I get off the plane and part ways with Agent Jones, who is officially in my Awesome Guy Hall of Fame. Riding a great buzz, basking in genius slick maneuver that got me into first class, and having just heard some hilarious stories, I head to the gate for my Newark to Nantucket connection in a great fucking mood.

Then karma decides that my day is going too well and kicks me in the nuts. My flight to Nantucket is cancelled, stranding me in the Newark airport for six hours. Karma decides to reroute me through Boston, where I have to catch a puddle jumper to Nantucket. This means that I started my day at 6am in LA and will get into Nantucket at like midnight instead of 7pm. The bars close on Nantucket at 1am. Fucking karma.

I finally get to Boston and go to the terminal to board the puddle jumper to Nantucket. They take us to board, but instead of going down a jetway onto a real plane, we take a flight of stairs down onto the tarmac. We are outside, on the fucking runway, with all these huge jets around us. But we aren't getting on those planes.

Sitting right there in front of me was the smallest joke of a plane I had ever seen. This is what it looks like.



Look at that fucking thing. LOOK AT IT. You can see the people all scrunched up in it. I've shit bigger than that. It's a fucking Geo Metro with wings, and I am about to spend 45 minutes in this, flying over water? Holy shit.

I take a deep breath and turn to the guy next to me, "This is a funny prank, but where is the real plane? This is some kid's model airplane or something."

He gives me a look of complete disdain and turns away. Obviously this guy doesn't realize that he's beneath me. I was about to enlighten him on this subject, when one of the ground crew guys comes up and looks at the five of us like we are cattle at auction. He kinda furrows his brow, like he's hard in thought about something. I look at the rest of the passengers, trying to figure out what the fuck he is looking at: It's all guys, and we are all pretty big, in fact, I am the smallest of the group and I'm 6 feet 185.

The ground crew guy says, "Alright, we have to assign seats to distribute passengers according to weight," then he points to me, "You are in the front."

I have to almost crawl to get through the tiny door into the plane; I felt like I was in the play area at Chuck E Cheese. I sit in the front seat and the pilot is literally right in front of me, and all the controls are right there. I momentarily consider that I could just reach up and choke the pilot to death. So much for cockpit security. The ground crew guy pops his head in,

Ground crew "No man, the very front. Next to the pilot."

Tucker "WHAT?"

Pilot "Yeah, its fine. Come on up."

Tucker "You can't be serious. You want me to co-pilot? A PLANE?"

Pilot "No. Just sit here. We need the smallest person in this seat."

It took me about ten minutes to calm down. Then, once I re-attached my sack and relaxed, I realized how fucking cool this was. I was sitting in the co-pilot seat. The fucking controls are right there in front of me; the throttle, the altimeter, the airspeed indicator, the suction gauge, the tachometer, everything. This is basically what was in front of me (but not exactly):

Even the goddamn co-pilot control wheel was right there in front of me. I could just grab the thing. In fact, that is exactly what I did.

Pilot "No no, you don't want to do that."

Tucker "I was just trying to help."

After awhile my fear was totally gone, and I was more curious than anything else. While we were still loading up and doing pre-flight, I start talking to the pilot. I have never flown a plane but I have played a lot of flight simulator games, so I actually had a good idea of what some of the controls in front us do. I asked him a few mildly advanced questions so he knew I wasn't a total assclown. Then I asked him:

Tucker "Can I fly the plane? You know, when we are up in the air? Like take the controls?"

Pilot "Sure. That's fine."

Tucker "And can I switch on the marker beacon when we get there? It's this button, I remember from Microsoft Flight Simulator. That's my favorite part, night carrier landings."

Pilot "Sure, OK."

Tucker "WOO-HOO! Alright, you be Maverick and I'll be Goose. It'll be great!"

Pilot "Uh...OK."

Tucker "Did you like that movie? You know being a pilot and all?"

Pilot "Yeah it was good."

Tucker "I think it had kinda gay undertones."

Pilot "Uh...OK."

Tucker "The Defense Department regrets to inform you that your sons are dead because they were stupid!"

He kinda gives me this look and puts his earphones on, which I guess was my cue to shut the fuck up. Once we are up in the air and cruising, he gives me the nod and I take the control wheel. It's loud as shit in there, but I can't help yelling out:

"I FEEL LIKE I CAN FLY!"

Of course, I kinda shake the controls accidentally, the plane wobbles slightly, and he immediately takes the controls back. My career as a pilot unceremoniously ends.

We come up on the island and it is covered with clouds; I can't see shit. All of the sudden a line of lights pops up, right down the middle of the runway, but I can barely see it through the clouds. He motions for me to put my finger on the marker beacon button, but tells me to wait for his signal. We go into the clouds and the whole fucking plane whites out. I can't see anything. We start bouncing around and shit, and even though we are in there for only like 5 seconds it seems like forever. As we start to come out the bottom, he motions for me to hit the beacon, and almost out of nowhere the entire fucking runway lights up. It was awesome. I can't contain myself:

"Maverick you have the ball!"

I don't think he can hear me over the din of the propeller engines, so I emphasize:

"TAKE ME TO BED OR LOSE ME FOREVER!!!"

Now I see why pilots are so arrogant. That is probably the closest I'll ever come to flying or to landing on an aircraft carrier, and it was fucking thrilling. I can only imagine what it's like flying a real jet fighter.

Chevy is there with his other buddies to pick me up. At Chevy's place his mom puts the four of us in the guest house behind the main house. This "guest" house is loaded with antiques and knick-nacks; it looks like a fucking Restoration Hardware or something. Chevy's mom is very nice

but is a total society woman, very much prim and proper. So of course, I can't help myself:

Tucker "You have a very nice guest house Mrs. Chevy."

Mrs. Chevy "Thank you Tucker."

Tucker "It must have taken you forever to steal all this stuff."

Minus mom, we go out drinking in Nantucket. Let me give you some advice: If you haven't ever been there, do not go. It fucking sucks. Wait, I am being hasty. There are some people who should go:

-If you are a wanna-be Kennedy with your perfectly windswept hair and Revo's you never take off because you spent the day clamming in the NorthFace vest you also never take off because you are just so fucking authentic New England, then you will love Nantucket.

-If you are pompous douche-bag who inherited his money from Mommy and Daddy, and have no personality and no motivation to actually do anything with your life except be a sheep in your pink polo shirts with popped collars, drink over-priced appletinis and hit on ugly girls because they are also sheep from rich families, then Nantucket is for you.

-Or if you are just old and rich and white and only want to be around other old rich white people, then it is heaven.

Here is a perfect example of what the island is like: Around 1:15am the first night (because the fucking bars close at 1am) we all head to some late night eatery. Chevy is a total prick, even worse than me, and mouths off to some typical Nantucket douche-bag. Nothing big, just stupid drunk talk that we ignore.

This one guy, PoppedCollar, decides that he is not going to let Chevy get away with talking shit to him. But instead of confronting Chevy himself, like a man would do if he had a problem, he went and got three of his friends, all bigger than him. These three friends go into the food place and start getting up in Chevy's face, but get this: PoppedCollar stands outside watching! What a pussy. These are the dudes that hang out in Nantucket.

I am also standing outside the food stand, next to one of Chevy's friend that I just met that weekend, Dallas. Dallas is from Mississippi, played football at an SEC school, and is a total Southern guy. He dips like he owns stock in Phillip Morris, drinks like grew up with Jim Beam, has great

game, and is the type of guy people enjoy being around. But beneath his nice exterior, you can tell he is not be toyed with. I grab him:

Tucker "Dallas, we need to go help Chevy."

He kinda looks at me, and then looks at PoppedCollar, "No, hold on." He walks over to PoppedCollar.

Dallas "Let me ask you a question. Those yur friends in there?"

PoppedCollar [acting like he is tough] "Yeah."

Dallas "Let me ask you another question: Do you know how to fight?"

The way Dallas said it, I was even intimidated. You ever met one of those guys who, in a totally calm and composed way, can scare the shit out of you? Dallas is like that. When he is serious, you can sense the violence behind his calm voice. PoppedCollar's tough guy image dropped immediately.

PoppedCollar "Uh...no, not really."

Dallas [totally playing up his southern accent] "Have you ever fawght someone from the south bafour?"

PoppedCollar "Uhhhh..."

Dallas "Well, I'm an amacheur boxer, and I train for UFC-style fightin', and if we fight, I can promise yew that one of us is goin' to the hospital. Considering our backgrawnds, and my steel-toed boots, I think yew and your buddies er'atta disadvantage. You sure you still wanna do this?"

PoppedCollar "Uhhhh, no, I guess not."

Dalls "Well then go tell your boys to back off, and we'll go our separate ways."

PoppedCollar "OK."

PoppedCollar walked right in there, pulled his boys away from Chevy and left.

Dallas [waves to them as they walk off] "Have a nice night, ya'll."

That day we went deep sea fishing off the island. It was awesome. I caught like 8 bluefish. Of course, the highlight of everyone else's day was another incident. I kept fucking up my casts, so the captain of the boat stood next to me to see what I was doing, and he said I didn't have my hands properly situated on the line. So he took my hand to reposition it, and then exclaims,

"Well damn there's the problem--Look at your tiny hands. You can't even reach the line properly. Here, use the light tackle pole, that's small enough for you."

Thanks asshole.

We went to dinner that night with Chevy's parents, and like everything on Nantucket it was pretty boring except towards the end, when Chevy's mom got drunk and we goaded her to tell us stories about Chevy.

Mrs. Chevy "Oh you boys don't even know what a handful Chevy is. He just sits around all day, scratching himself so much you'd think our house was overrun with crabs."

Chevy "MOM!"

Mrs. Chevy "I don't have many stories about things he's done that you guys don't know. Besides, he doesn't tell me the real bad things, I just pay the bail bondsman and don't ask questions."

Tucker "He has to have done something he hasn't told us about."

Mrs. Chevy "Well...OH! Did he ever tell you about the summer he spent in Maui tagging whales?"

The whole table lost it, mainly because she didn't get the joke--she was actually talking about him working with marine wildlife, not fucking fat girls.

All the guys kinda looked at me, expecting me to drop some hilariously subtle quip. If you are a football fan, you know how even though a great defensive back can catch anything not thrown to him, when the pass comes right at him he will freeze and drop it? Yep.

Tucker "Uhhh...CHEVY FUCKS FAT GIRLS!"

It was an awkward moment for all of us, especially his mother.

We went out drinking after dinner, without the parents obviously, and waded back into the sea of fucksticks that is the Nantucket social scene. I start talking to one girl, and somehow the discussion of penis size comes up.

Girl "It's ok, size doesn't matter."

Tucker "I hear that a lot, but its always in a consoling tone. I'm not buying it. But its alright, I've found a way to get around it."

Girl [kinda suspicious of what I'm going to say, but still interested] "Oh, what's that?"

Tucker "Well, I always slide a ball point pen in the girls pussy first, because the vagina will naturally constrict to fit the size of whatever is put in it. Then, when I put my dick in, it feels huge in comparison."

I thought that was hilarious, but she was offended. I talked to her and her friends for maybe another half hour. They sucked. Seriously, one of them looked like Snaggle Tooth from Star Wars, and the rest were rejects from the village of the damned. I go to the bar to get another drink, and finally, like 45 minutes later when the asshole bartender deigns to serve me, he informs me that they are out of vodka. OUT of vodka. What the fuck? Does these people not know how much better than them I am?

I'd had enough. I'd had enough of the dipshits, enough of the pompous idiots, enough of fighting off these tools to get in overcrowded places that sucked ass, I was just fed up. I walked out of the bar and into the street, and I started looking around for some other place that didn't suck.

Down the street I see a big crowd standing outside, so I start walking up there. As I get closer, the girls out front start to look a bit young, and then they start to look way too young, and then I am just weirded out, because they are clearly children hanging out with their parents at like 11:30 at night. What is going on?

Then I see a kid with a blue lightning bolt painted on his forehead, dressed in a cape and holding a broomstick...holy shit, it is Friday July 15th...this is a release party for the sixth Harry Potter book. This isn't a bar, it's a bookstore. There are like 100 kids of various ages and their parents hanging out here.

At this point, I had a decision to make. I can:

- A. Leave immediately and go find a bar in which to drink and fornicate,
- B. Hang out and mess with the Harry Potter fans, or
- C. Grab a wand and a cape and pretend that I am a wizard.

I stood and thought about it: What is going to maximize my utility tonight? There is only one more hour of drinking left because this island sucks. I am not very drunk and won't get to a good level in only an hour, so that is pretty much a sunk cost. There are not many girls on this island and the ones that are here suck, plus the chances of finding one I like that I can pick up, all in the span of just an hour are not great. And to be honest, I was going to buy a copy of the new Harry Potter book anyway...

Fuck it, Harry Potter it is.

I get in line and buy my ticket at like 11:40, and then go stand outside under this huge tent with everyone else to wait for the books to be passed out. As I look around, I see all kinds of people, not just little kids and parents. There are teenagers, young adults, old people, just about every demographic is represented here. I started to get worried. What if someone recognized me here. That would look great, Tucker Max at a midnight Harry Potter book party [it didn't even occur to me at the time that I would EVER write about this].

So I kinda stood off to the side with my face covered with my hand. I looked ridiculous, so of course this little kid came up to me. She was dressed like Hermione. She couldn't have been more than 8, but her parents weren't anywhere that I could see.

Kid "What are you doing?"

Tucker "Nothing. Where are your parents?"

Kid "Over there talking to the man dressed as Snape. Are you excited about the book?"

Tucker "Beyond ecstatic. I can barely keep myself contained."

Kid "I can't wait to find out what happens! They say someone dies, I wonder who it'll be."

Tucker "Didn't you hear? It's Ron that dies in this one."

She gets a look of complete horror on her face and her eyes start welling up with tears.

"NO NO NO--I'm just kidding. Totally kidding, please don't cry, Ron doesn't die, I'm just kidding," she stops her tears and her face goes back to normal, "It's actually Hermione that dies."

She turn and runs off. Oh well, she has to learn at some point that guys are assholes.

I immediately move my location, because I didn't want to deal with her parents, and as much as I like kids, I didn't want to talk to anymore unsupervised underage girls. Nothing good can come of that.

I get into line on the other side of the tent they have set up outside (there are that many people there). Its like three minutes until the release the book, and there is this nerd in front of me who is getting all kinds of giddy. He is probably 23 or so, and has the typical nerd huge backpack that has every single one of his possessions in it strapped to his back.

He is talking to the girl in front of him and keeps turning left and right, hitting me with his backpack, so I reach down (he is short) and grab it, and hold him still.

Nerd "HEY!! WHAT THE!!! HEY!!"

The dude is flailing around like a turtle on its back, trying to reach me but can't because his backpack is so huge and he is uncoordinated.

Tucker "Calm down. I'll let go when you stop hitting me with your backpack."

Nerd "HEY! GET OFF ME YOU SNOTTY-FACED HEAP OF PARROT DROPPINGS!"

I HATE dorks that quote Monty Python, so I decide to teach him a simple lesson: This was real life, not British comedy. I sweep his leg and he crashes to the ground. I kinda laugh at him, thinking that this will shut him up; I mean come on, this kid is like 150 pounds with less muscle than a chicken wing. But he struggles back to his feet and momentarily gets in my face, kinda bumping me. I instinctively grab his shirt:

Tucker "DO YOU ACTUALLY WANT TO FIGHT ME? ARE YOU FUCKING INSANE? I SHIT BIGGER THAN YOU!"

Two "adults" get in between us, and we both kinda looked at each other, realizing that like 100 people were staring at us...and that we were now those guys...who started a fight at a Harry Potter book party.

Oh man.

I got my book and slinked off. I am pretty sure even the little kids were making fun of me.

That was pretty much the entire weekend. Of course, even when I set out to not cause a scene, it seems like I do anyway. I guess maybe there is something to that image of me carving a swath of destruction.

THAT WAS ME

I attended the Cal/Stanford hockey game on November 19th and the Cal/Stanford football game on November 20th, 2004. If you were at either of those games, you might have seen me.

The Hockey game:

That guy who barged to the front of the 200+ person line to get in and walked through the gates without even a ticket, yelling something about having his own will call booth in the ladies room...that was me.

That guy who took nachos from the girls in front of him, telling them "You should feel honored that someone as important as me will even eat after you"...that was me.

That guy who goaded the three Asian girls behind him into a huge catfight by telling one that her engagement ring was clearly bigger than the others...that was me.

That guy who, when his friend said "Oh! Catfight!," responded with, "No dude, there aren't anymore cats; they just ate dinner"...that was me.

That guy who peed in an empty water bottle and, after using it to warm his hands, threw it on the ice...that was me.

The football game:

That guy tail-gating with people he didn't know and feeding beers to the ridiculous Cal bear mascot through a tube in his eye...that was me.

That guy who snuck a Camelbak full of vodka into the stadium by using a three-year old child to hide it...that was me.

That guy screaming at the top of his lungs, threatening to rape and dismember the families of the Stanford football players...that was both me and my buddy DrunkRex.

That guy being escorted out of his seat by four cops in the FIRST quarter...that was just me.

That guy arguing with those same campus cops, giving them a mini-lecture on the finer points of probable cause, defying them to try to

illegally search him and threatening a six-figure civil suit if they touched him...that was me.

That guy calling the Head of Campus Security "Lord of The Plastic Badge Boob Squad," and telling the other students at the security check point to not answer questions or produce ID because fake cops can't do anything to you except throw you out of the game if you don't cooperate...that was me.

That guy being immediately escorted out of the stadium after saying this...that was me.

That guy who was stumbling drunk taking pictures with random people who recognized him from a website right outside the stadium and in front of the cops who threw him out...that was me.

That guy who ended up watching the game from Cheapskate Hill (a huge mountain behind the stadium where you can get views of the game that are obstructed by trees), and stealing peoples beers because he already lost his wallet...that was me.

That guy who was yelling at the guy who was in AA and four months sober that "rehab was for pussy-ass quitters," and that "it's only alcoholism if you drink alone," and to "act like a fucking man and get off that pussy-ass wagon"...that was me.

That guy who ten minutes later was shot-gunning beers with the formerly four-month sober ex-member of AA, in front of his terrified sponsor...that was me.

That guy who convinced three Japanese girls he was a rich, single doctor with an Asian fetish so that they would give him their sandwich...that was me.

That guy who threw that same sandwich at a dog in front of those girls when he realised it was Tabouli...that was me.

That guy who ran out of beer, and in order to get more convinced two gay guys that was he a former Marine who left the service because he hated George Bush and didn't want to go to war...that was me.

That guy who, after drinking 4 of their beers, yelled at those same gay guys "I LIED YOU FUCKERS! WHEN I GET BACK TO IRAQ, I'M GOING TO KILL AN EXTRA BABY FOR EACH OF YOU!!"...that was me.

That guy who tried to go directly down Cheapskate Hill instead of walking the long way around, and ended up tumbling the last 50 feet down the hill like he was Cary Elwes in The Princess Bride...that was me.

That guy who was so dirty and filthy and disheveled and bleeding at the bottom that a random old lady in a wheelchair and her granddaughter who was pushing her stopped to help him clean off...that was me.

That guy who fell asleep in the vestibule in the Haas B-school waiting for his friends to come out of the game (who were busy storming the field after Cal won)...that was me.

That guy who looked so pathetic and dirty while sleeping in that vestibule that a homeless guy rooting through the trash for cans came over and TOLD HIM WHERE THE LOCAL SHELTER WAS AND GAVE HIM DIRECTIONS HOW TO GET THERE...that was me.

That guy who had to borrow a phone from a traffic cop, who was busy directing cars, to call DrunkRex because he lost his cell at some undetermined point during the day...that was me.

That guy standing on the corner of the stadium looking for his buddy DrunkRex, who had four guys walk up and say, "Tucker Max? Dude, what happened to you?"...that was me.

That guy who, while walking to meet his friends, took a beer from someone's cooler and had to run away when several people started screaming at him...that was me.

That guy at Raleigh's (a Berkeley bar) eating chicken nachos with his hands and caking his mouth in guacamole to the point where the bartender asked him to please wipe his face because other customers were getting sick...that was me.

That guy at Raleigh's kicking the port-a-potty out back and yelling at the girl inside to hurry up because "Bitch, there is a celebrity out here who needs to piss!"...that was me.

That guy who had to resort to peeing in the alley because the bitch in the port-a-potty decided she was going to stay in there all night because the "fake fucking celebrity" was rude...that was me.

That guy who almost got his ass beat by a crazy cracked out homeless person because he accidentally pissed on his "house"....that was me.

That guy who started the "Take off that red shirt" chant in the middle of the patio and forced some dude to take his red fleece off and stand there in 50 degree weather for an hour, even though he had nothing on underneath...that was actually my buddy DrunkRex. I could care less about the Stanford/Cal rivalry.

That guy who told DrunkRex about the hot Asian girl who came out to meet him, "Find out if she is fucking. If not, get her out of here. We can't be having this 'I just wanted to meet him' shit."...that was me.

That guy who tried to pick up a girl by walking up and saying, "I have never hit a woman in my life, mainly because I am afraid I would like it too much and not want to stop"...that was me.

That guy getting kicked out of the bar after that girl told a bouncer I threatened to hit her...that was me.

That guy at In-n-Out eating three double-doubles and spilling sauce all over his shirt while yelling that the place was a cult and that the employees could read his mind...that was me.

And finally, the asshole who ended up typing this out as he watched SportsCenter alone at 430am that night because he doesn't even have the patience to talk to a girl for more than 5 minutes...yeah, that IS me.

Welcome to another day in the life of Tucker Max.

GIRL ALMOST BEATS TUCKER AT HIS OWN GAME

You've probably already read The Miss Vermont Story, but believe it or not, Katy Johnson was not the craziest girl I met in Florida. She wasn't even in the top two. Number One is a girl named "Joanne" who I will write about in another story (once I emotionally recover from dating her), but this story is about Number Two, a girl named "Jill."

I met Jill at some ill-conceived fundraiser for multiple amputee infants with fluid in their brains and swollen spinal cords. It was thrown by the Junior League or some sort of similar organization dedicated to finding rich husbands for vacuous single women. She was one of the organizers, very good looking, and seemed normal, which is very significant in Florida. We talked about the wine, I pretended to listen to her, she loved that I came from a "prominent Florida family"--a quote that still sends me into fits of laughter--so we went on a date later that week.

I thought she was kinda bland and boring at the charity event, but I went on the date anyway because she was hot. On the first date she only reaffirmed my initial impression--she sucks. Not dumb, but not bright, not interesting, but not totally repellant; this girl was there, but that's about it. There seemed to be nothing compelling about her aside from her looks.

Despite that fact that she bored me, something about her kept me into the first date enough to go on a second--despite her refusal to hook up after Date One. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but there was something there that I wanted to see more of. Besides, I hadn't had sex in two weeks and she was my best option.

Date Two started out boring as well, until I figured out why I had a subconscious interest despite her inability to hold a conversation. I made a totally innocuous joke about having to pay more when you beat up Guatemalan hookers during sex, and the girl instantly went from polite-but-distant to clearly-into-me. The conversation turned to sex and it was like a switch was thrown. It was weird; everything about her lit up, she became totally engaged in the conversation and actually became slightly interesting. At one point she got a Cheshire cat grin on her face, her eyes narrowed and she coyly asked me,

Jill "Are you naughty, Tucker Max?" Tucker "Who are you talking to? You can't think up anything that I haven't done already. Twice."

I didn't know it then, but that exchange would soon have a place of honor in the Foot-In-Mouth Hall of Fame.

Remember when I said she seemed normal? Yeah...I was quickly dissuaded of that notion when we got back to my place and she took my hands, placed them around her neck and told me,

"I want you to strangle me as you fuck me. Not too hard, don't choke me, but make sure I can feel it."

It was a bit awkward at first. Not really strangling her; there are plenty of girls I've wanted to choke to death, but more coordinating the act itself. It's not easy to fuck with both your hands around a girl's neck, especially if you've never done it before. You're so used to using your hands for other things--balance, hair-pulling, using the remote--that it takes you awhile to get a rhythm going. But once I got acclimated, it was kinda fun.

The next morning, we moved on from my hands to my belt. Around her neck, pulling on it as I fucked her from behind. The best part was when she was putting the belt around her neck, and asked me,

"Do you have a t-shirt or washcloth I can use? I need to put something soft between the belt and my neck or it'll leave marks."

This girl was straight out of an HBO Real Sex episode (except not ugly). If it was sexual, she wanted it to include pain and humiliation. Over the next three weeks, we ran the entire gamut of sexual deviancy:

The first night was erotic asphyxiation.

The next night we added dominance role playing, name calling, and brutally violent ass sex.

The third night we acted out her mock rape fantasies.

Then it just avalanched from there...tossing my salad, comfy cuffs, kitchen utensils. Pain. Torture. Everything you can imagine and worse.

Hmmm...I wonder if she has issues with her childhood?

At first, I kinda liked it. I got to beat her up during sex, call her whatever names I wanted, pull her hair, throw her around, fuck any hole I wanted as hard as I wanted, and basically do anything I could think of to her whenever I felt like it; nothing was out of bounds. She was like my own personal sexual canvas to experiment on. Pain, torture and humiliation

do not turn me on sexually, but I had never really done any of this to this extreme before. The novelty of it all was exciting.

But every night some variation of this sentence would go through my head, "Am I really doing this to her? Did I just stick a carrot in her ass as I fucked her doggy-style? And she **LIKES** it?" After about three weeks of this, every time pushing it further and further, I was at the point where I was doing shit to this girl that could have literally gotten me thrown in jail. I was thinking about filming her consenting to this stuff, Tupac style, because when I dumped her I didn't want the blood on my spatula to be used as evidence against me in a domestic assault case.

The true irony was that it in a way, these sorts of things were almost more debasing to me than to her. I pride myself on being so outlandish and outrageous that normal people don't know how to deal with me--but this girl, without realizing what she was doing, was flipping it on me. She was beating me at my own game. No matter what I did, she wanted more. If I spanked her, she wanted to be spanked until her ass was raw. If I spanked her ass till my hand prints were plastered all over it, she wanted to me to spank her till she bled. If I called her a "bitch" during sex, she wanted to be called a "whore." If I called her a "whore," she wanted to be called a "filthy cunt whore." I'm literally a professional at humiliating and debasing people, but this girl was absorbing my entire repertoire and then coming back and asking for seconds.

She was like Tyler Durden in Fight Club, in the scene with he lets the mobster beat him up after catching them using his bar basement for weekly fights. Tyler just lets the guy beat his ass. The mobster hits him and hits him--dropping fist after fist right on his face--but Tyler gets up, covered in blood, and laughs at him. That is so fucking demoralizing. When someone takes your absolute best shots and, instead of retaliating, simply gets back up and asks for more--what the fuck do you do then? That **WAS** my best shot!

This girl's appetite for pain and degradation was outstripping my ability to hurt and humiliate her, but I refused to let her beat me. It wasn't even about the sex or the experimentation anymore (and it was never about the relationship, because aside from the freaky sex this girl was basically worthless). No, for me it was about seeing who's limits we could reach first. I **HAD** to get her to blink. Tyler Durden isn't having Fight Club in MY basement, goddamnit.

I started browsing S&M websites, emailing my friends asking for suggestions and even consulting dominatrixes for ideas. I was about to tap out, when one night it all came to a head.

Like every other time she came over, Jill showed up ready for abuse. I met her at the door, pulled her by the hair into my place (she loved that) and started forcing myself on her (another of her favorites; believe me, this is not my normal way of greeting people).

As I was ripping her blouse off, I realized I had to drop the kids off at the pool, so I was about to excuse myself to take a dump, and then it came to me--something that had to be too much for her.

I took her by the hand into my bathroom, dropped my pants, sat on the toilet, pointed to my dick and looked up at her: "Start sucking."

Now, this has GOT to be the limit. There is no way this girl is going to give me head while I drop a fucking deuce. No way. NO girl would do this. NO FUCKING WAY.

What did she do? Say no? Leave in disgust? Storm out of my apartment in a rage? Nein, fraulein.

Without a moments hesitation, she went right to work. Just when I thought I had won the race to the bottom with this girl, I was proven wrong. Again.

How absurd is my life? Picture yourself in this situation: Sitting on a toilet in a relatively small residential bathroom, pushing feces out of your ass, with a girl on her knees in front of you, still fresh from work in her nice business casual blouse and linen pantsuit, lips wrapped around your cock, working it like a runaway. What would you do? Is there some sort of etiquette for this?

I started pushing harder. I didn't care if I popped a blood vessel in my head and died on the toilet from an aneurysm like Elvis, I was determined to get her to quit. It was at this point I paused and thought to myself, "I bet this will be the only time in my life where I desperately wish for a disgusting flood of diarrhea."

The first turd (sadly, it was solid) plopped loudly into the toilet. No reaction. Nothing but continued enthusiasm for my cock.

The second turd...nothing. It was like she was just giving a normal blowjob. I kinda leaned back in the seat so the odor would have more room to waft up into her nostrils.

The third turd...she started to hit her stride, really working her hand on the shaft and slurping the head.

The fourth turd...aren't her knees at least hurting? This is a tile floor.

I pushed and pushed and pushed until I was on the brink of giving myself hemorrhoids when my colon finally just gave up, completely devoid anymore fecal matter...and Jill was still going strong. No matter how bad the smell got, nor how loud I grunted, nor how disgusting the noises my ass made were, she would not stop. Nose full of fart, mouth full of cock, she never even paused. I don't know how she kept breathing. I damn near choked from the smell and I was a full two feet further above the poop than she was.

As I sat there on the almost uncomfortably warm toilet seat, unwiped, smelling my own shit, my ass sweating and falling asleep at the same time--about to come because she was so good she could bring me to orgasm in a coma--I gave up.

Fuck it. If I can beat her, choke her, shove things into her ass and get incredible head on the toilet, and STILL not find her limits, then she wins. I can't go any further.

Many of you may be thinking, "Dude, there are tons of things you could have done worse than that. Why not a Cleveland Steamer?," etc, etc.

That is a legitimate question, but even I have my limits. I'm not Chuck Berry and I'm not crossing into the world of defecation for sexual gratification. I know it turns some people on to take a dump or piss on other people, but I'm sorry, that shit is just out of bounds for me...literally.

I mean, I was willing to race her to my bottom, but not the bottom. I was not willing to go beyond things that I was comfortable with. The fact that she EAGERLY sucked me off on a toilet seat as I took a dump really sent it home--this girl meant business. It almost makes my skin crawl thinking about what I would have had to do to hear a "No" out of her. Yeah, I could have brought a dog in and asked her to fellate it, but for fuck's sake--what if she said yes? Then what do I do? Watch her suck off a Dalmatian while I wait my turn? Hit it from behind as she slob on Fido's bone? Thank you, but no.

I honestly thought I was beat. I even got a little depressed, and started moping around south Florida, unsure what to do next. But in a stroke of amazing Tucker Luck, I broke her totally by accident, in a way I never would have imagined.

Three days later, she sat me down at dinner and said, in a very somber serious tone:

"Tucker, you need to get serious with me, or we can't keep seeing each other. It is humiliating to me that I am seeing a man that my friends know is also seeing other women."

I didn't even know what to say. I really didn't. I was totally stupefied by that sentence. Did this girl actually think I would seriously date her? Is this a joke? It may be a double standard and I may be an asshole, but how the fuck am I supposed to have any respect for a girl who would do the things she did? Especially with ME of all people?

At the time, I could only muster one response:

"HAHHAAHHHAAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA. Wait, wait...HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA."

She got pissed and stormed out of the restaurant.

I know I should have said something like, "You mean when I double-penetrated you with produce, that wasn't humiliating, but what your friends think about us is?," but I just couldn't. I may have got her to blink first, but it was a hollow victory.

I was like that Korean boxer who "beat" Roy Jones Jr. in the '88 Olympics. Yeah, I got the gold medal, but everyone in the world knows I didn't really win.

MY 21st BIRTHDAY

I generally do not celebrate my birthday. Normally, I love being the center of attention, but I've never liked being the center of attention without earning it; I want people focused on me because I command their attention, not out of some vaguely felt obligation to celebrate something I had nothing to do with.

My 21st was an exception. The 21st is an important birthday, being the passageway into legalized alcoholism, and my friends plotted to ignore my normal birthday misgivings and celebrate anyway. I was a senior in college at the time. My good friend Colin was tasked with organizing the event, and he had me and about 8 of my best friends start the night at a local bar called Jimmy's.

The night began innocuously enough. We got to Jimmy's Woodlawn Tap at about 7pm. The plan was for me to do my birthday shots at Jimmy's, and then head out afterwards. Colin bought 2 pitchers for the table, and a shot for me and him. Our birthday tradition, as is standard for many of my generation, is that everyone out with the birthday boy buys 2 shots, one for themselves and one for the birthday boy. This pattern continues until the birthday boy has done one shot for each year of his life. Normally, the 21 shots are spread out over the course of the night, beginning early and ending very late.

Not this time.

This time my friends decided that I was going to get shit-housed, fucked-in-half, retarded drunk, and I was going to do it as quickly as possible. So almost as soon as Colin and I finished our shot, Kurt had one waiting for me. Then Steve was right there with his, followed immediately by Jesse. I had not agreed to this plan, nor even been informed of it, so after the forth shot I slammed my beer chaser on the table and screamed,

"HEY GODDAMMIT! There will be a 5 minute wait between shots. And no more fucking tequila or vodka. Whiskey only."

Being such great friends, everyone respected my wishes. For about 5 minutes. Then the shots started coming quickly again. 3 minutes between shots. 2 minutes. 1 minute. Next thing I know, I have 10 shot glasses in front of me, and it is only about 8:15. I beg for a 20 minute break, and receive a table full of condescending smiles.

At this stage in my drinking career, I was not an experienced enough alcoholic to realize that the only way for me to salvage the night would be to run into the street and get hit by a car. I was doomed. At the very least I could have tried to force myself to vomit, ridding myself of the 15 ounces of hard liquor now metastasizing in my otherwise empty stomach. Not me. I remained in my chair and held up my part of the conversation by giving inebriated opinions in a far louder voice than was necessary.

About 10 minutes later, another shot is placed in front of me. Whiskey. I did it. Mister Stomach was not amused.

Five minutes later, another whiskey is set in front of me. I can no longer discern the faces of my friends without squinting and focusing. I blithely resist the shot, but the boom of castigation from the gets me to somehow get it down my throat.

Something about this shot sets off internal alarms. I start seeing yellow flashing lights. My throat tries desperately to reject it, but I keep my mouth shut and force it down. I try to get up to walk around, but my body does not respond. The environment around me has become nothing more than a vague, shifting mass of irregular shapes and amorphous forms, accentuated by voices I seem to recognize. My only thoughts involve hurting those around me, but I am too afraid to let go of the table to act on them. I hear someone say something about a shot. I begin begging,

"Guys, please, seriously, please, I am begging you with my life, please, please, no more alcohol."

Everyone has a good laugh at my expense, and another shot is placed in front of me.

"Guys I can't do this. Honestly, guys, my life is on the line here."

The shot is put up to my face. The whiskey smell is too much. I try to squirm away and end up falling out of my chair and onto the floor, the shot spilling onto my face and clothes.

The next thing I know my arm is around Kurt's shoulder, and he is dragging me to the bathroom. Jimmy's is a very old building and has only one bathroom. It is a room about four foot square, with one sink, one frosted glass window about six feet in height, a wall mounted soap

dispenser, a door that doesn't lock, and one toilet, the old kind that has the water tank in the rear. When we get there, he places me in front of the lone toilet.

Kurt "Alright, go ahead and vomit."

Tucker "Kurt...I haz ta pee-pee."

Kurt "OK, then go pee."

Tucker "Buu...bu I cant...I cant...can you undo my shurts fur me?"

Kurt "You can't be serious."

Tucker "Pleeze? I havta pee bad."

Kurt "Oh great Holy Jesus."

Kurt holds his torso and face as far away from my midsection as possible as he undoes my belt and unzips my shorts, which immediately fall to the ground.

Kurt "OH, MAN...you're not wearing any underwear!!"

Tucker "I dun like it...it makes me feel constrict-ted."

Kurt "Jee-sus."

He turns me to face the toilet. I just stand there.

Kurt "Are you going to pee?"

Tucker "Iz comin. Wait...yur makin' me nervous."

A few seconds later my urethra loosens and the flow begins. I am holding myself up by pushing both hands against the wall behind the toilet, and my penis is caught in the lower lip of my shirt. As a result, my urine is first collected in the lower half of my shirt, before overflowing onto the floor. I don't really notice. Kurt does.

Kurt "OH MAN, what are you doing? Oh Tucker..."

Tucker [I turn and smile at Kurt] "It feelz warm."

Kurt "OHHHH...I'm not picking your pants up."

I finish peeing, and as I lean down to pick up my pants, my feet slip, and I fall over, landing in the puddle of urine on the floor. Kurt continues groaning and helps me up. I manage to get my pants zipped up. My stomach is still upset with me.

Tucker "Kurt, I doan...I doan...feel good."

Kurt "OK...then throw up. The toilet is right there. Go ahead, get it out."

I start swaying. I can feel the vomit coming. Even though I know it's

coming, and it knows it's coming, it seems just hang there in my throat, teasing me, waiting, letting me contemplate just how stupid I really am, my body punishing me just that little bit extra.

Then, like being shot out of a cannon, it explodes from my mouth.

"BLAHHHH!! BLAAAAHHHHHHH!!!"

The force of the vomit propels my upper body away from the toilet, and I vomit in the sink.

"BLAAAAHHHHHH!!!"

The force of the second diaphragm contraction is so strong it pushes my body and head away from the sink towards the far wall. Lost in agony and bile, I stumble over to the toilet, catch myself on the tank in the rear, pull off the lid, drop it on the floor, and vomit in the tank behind the porcelain bowl.

Kurt "What, what,...what the HELL are you doing? Vomit in the bowl...IN THE BOWL!!!"

Kurt's imprecations cause me to turn my heads towards him in confusion. My innocent look of confusion quickly turns to one of wrenching pain, as the forth wave of vomit forces it's way up through my throat. I nearly manage to project this stream of vomit onto Kurt, missing him but hitting the door.

Kurt "JESUS CHRIST!!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!!"

Faint and staggered by such violent heaving, I stumble back over towards the sink, and grab the soap dispenser for stability. It is not designed to support such weight, and promptly rips off the wall, falling to the ground. I catch myself on the sink, and then vomit on the soap container, which is now sitting on the floor.

By the time I am completely finished, I heaved and convulsed so many times I've lost count. I manage to get vomit on the window, in the sink, on all four walls and the door, even in the tank behind the toilet, yet had somehow spared the actual toilet bowl. Every surface and container in the bathroom had vomit in or on it, except the inside of the toilet bowl. The toilet tank had vomit in it. The window, six feet high in the air, had vomit on it. Even the outside of the toilet bowl had vomit sloshed on it. To this day, I don't know how I did that. Kurt refuses to talk about the

incident.

Somehow tolerating both the urine and vomit my body was covered in, Kurt pulls me out of the bathroom, and manages to walk us to the table where everyone was sitting.

Kurt "Guys, weneedtoleave RIGHTNOW!"

Kurt's urgency was less a result of my condition as it was fear of the Jimmy's bartenders. Had they discovered my mess while we were still there, they would most likely just grab a couple of sawed-off baseball bats from behind the bar counter, make us clean up the mess, beat us savagely, take all the money in our wallets, and then throw us out into the street. These are old school Chicagoans--not the type of men that call the police.

Apparently, the urgency in Kurt's voice was enough, and before I really understood what was going on, we were all out in the street. It was 9:15, barely two hours into the night.

Kurt, Colin and Steve volunteered to take me back to my apartment. Everyone else headed off to the Psi U party. As we were walking, three girls came upon us. Their night was just beginning, and they were in good spirits. I, on the other hand, had my arms draped around the necks of my two friends, barely able to muster the strength to walk, my head hung in defeat, exhaustion and drunkenness.

Girl "Hey guys-what's wrong with him? Is he OK?" The middle girl seemed to be genuinely concerned about my welfare.

Colin "He's fine, he's just really drunk; it's his birthday."

Girls "Oh, hey--Happy Birthday!"

Tucker "FUCK YOU WHORES!!!"

Kurt and Colin quickly whisked me away from the poor traumatized girls and into my apartment. When we reached my apartment, the three of them deposited me into my bathtub and turned the water on to clean some of the vomit and urine off of me, and to buy some time to decide how to best arrange my room so that I could safely pass out.

I was very thirsty. Laying in the bathtub, looking up at the faucet, I thought of a great idea. So I turned the nozzle on full blast, and put my mouth up to it. It was like drinking from a firehose, but I was too drunk and dehydrated to notice that I was getting completely soaked, or that

water was shooting out of my nose. It was Colin who noticed these things and turned the nozzle off.

Colin "Dude, what are you doing. That's a good way to get brain damage."

Tucker "Whaaaaat?...could you get me sum food, peas. There brownies in da kitchen."

Colin walked off, and Kurt moved me over to my bed, and lay me on my stomach. I felt snot coming out of my nose.

Tucker "Kurt, will you please blow my nose."

Kurt "Oh Jesus."

Kurt went and got me a tissue, and held it up to my nose as I blew. I felt much better. Then Steve came in my room and placed the phone up to my ear.

Steve "Here Tucker, it's your mother. She wants to wish you a happy birthday."

Tucker "WHAT THE FUCK...FUCKIN FUCK MOTHER FUCK!"

Steve put the phone up to my ear, and there was noise coming from it. I grabbed the phone out of Steve's hand, and threw it across the room. The phone shattered against the far bedroom wall. Steve's hysterical laughter was my last clear memory.

The next morning I woke up so dehydrated I couldn't even blink my eyes. Kurt, Colin and Steve had placed me on my bed, with my head hanging over the side, a trash can below it. The side of my bed below my mouth was streaked with a black paste, apparently the brownie I ate and then threw up. The trash can was filled with a watery brown paste, about two inches deep, apparently the gallon or so of water I drank last night, mixed with what remained of the brownie.

I slept all day long, my only waking hours occupied with drinking water or listening the countless messages my mother let on my machine, wondering why I called her, cursed and then hung up.

TUCKER RUINS A WINE TASTING

I went to a wine tasting event last night. I hate those goddamn things; every wine tasting I've ever been to is filled with troughs of idiotic, pompous hard-ons. Wine tastings attract the worst kind of semi-intellectual, know-it-all; the person who knows nothing and thinks they know everything.

Somehow my fuck-face friends suckered me into going to this event. So what did I do? Shut up and deal with a few hours of discomfort in a mature, adult manner? Stand quietly by myself in the corner until it was all over? Have you read any of my other stories?

Once I got there, I quickly made myself persona non grata at said event. The people checking your tickets aren't going to give great responses when you ask "Exactly how much wine do we get here?" No one is amused when, after being told that you can drink as much as you like, you bellow, "SOUNDS LIKE A WAGER TO ME!" And the people you come to the event with don't get excited when you say things like, "Put the women and children to bed, I'm gettin' loaded!"

In addition, vintners aren't amused when you tell them you like both colors of wine, red and white. Nor when you tell them their wine reminds you of a nice Franzia [wine in a box] you once had. Furthermore, they don't smile when, after asking the price of their wine, you exclaim, "\$90 a bottle?? I pay \$6 a gallon for wine 'round the corner!" And the average sommelier is not amused when, after trying some of his wine, you comment, "What am I supposed to do with this stuff? Kill termites with it?." Furthermore, it is rare to find anyone who laughs when you ask them for directions to the Boon's Farm table.

Similarly, the women who attend these things don't like it when, after making small talk, you offer to get them a glass and ask "What flavor?" Nor do they find it amusing when you inform them that when out on date, you usually pick a wine by waiting for the girl to look away, closing your eyes, and pointing randomly to the wine list. And they don't even smile when asked if they are up for doing some "shots of that Pie Not Know Ear" (Pinot Noir).

For me the "wine tasting" event quickly became a "wine drinking" event. I staggered from booth to booth, greedily pouring anything I could grab down my throat. People were staring and whispering. Crowds would open wide swaths in my path wherever I walked. Judging by the general

reaction to me, one might have thought that the town drunk had found a way in, and no one had the heart to ask him to leave.

In that physical state (some would have referred to me as "drunk") the only person in the entire room who found me to be humorous was a stunning black woman named Stacy, who looked, to me at least, very similar to Vanessa Williams. Of course, I was blitzed, and had earlier mistaken a topiary for Calista Flockhardt, but the important thing to remember is at that moment in time, I thought she was gorgeous.

I met her when I ambled over to where she was standing, in front of a booth serving a white zinfandel, and wondered aloud if this wine wasn't supposed to be over in the "Assorted Hooch section" of the event. She giggled, and I asked her if she wanted a straw for her "fancy looking pink juice," further adding that the mark of a great wine is the degree of fruitiness in the nose. She thought I was hilarious. Who would've thought?

We started talking, and somehow the topic of my employment came up. I wouldn't tell her what I did (I didn't want to ruin the mood, which a truthful answer, "Not a fucking thing," would have done), and she offered to hire me as her "House Boy." I told her I would work pro bono for her, as long as I could watch her undress. She told me that she was a lesbian, and that her girlfriend would not approve.

Tucker "Well, Stacy, there's a quick way to catch my interest."

This made her laugh even more. I asked if her girlfriend was as attractive as her. Stacy told me she was the "femme" in the relationship, and that I wouldn't find her live-in girlfriend nearly as alluring. She even went so far as to say that her mate vaguely resembled Pete Rose. I asked if her girlfriend was a switch-hitter like Pete, and the conversation just went downhill from there (her girlfriend was not at this event, thankfully).

I had endless questions for her--I mean honestly, can you imagine this couple? Being a little tipsy herself, Stacy answered all of them, some with astonishing candidness:

Tucker "Why'd you go lesbian to begin with?"

Stacey "I don't know. It was kind of an accident/experiment at first, but then I realized I liked it."

Tucker "What's with the butch/femme thing?"

Stacey "Hot girls are too much maintenance, and butch girls are better in

bed."

Tucker "So that means you're high maintenance and you suck in bed?"

Stacey "Hehehehhehe. You are funny."

Tucker "You should see me naked."

Tucker "Who does the housework?"

Stacey "We allegedly split, but she does most of it. I work more than her."

Tucker "Could your girlfriend beat me up?"

Stacey "Maybe. She's built."

Tucker "Do you two ever watch porn to get in the mood? And if so, what kind?"

Stacey "No, we really don't watch much porn. Sometimes Red Shoe Diaries, but usually only if we're high."

Tucker "When you and your girlfriend hook-up, is it really like the lesbian hook-ups portrayed in most porn movies? I mean, if I want to get a mental picture of you and your girlfriend, could I use lesbian porn as a template?"

Stacey "Yeah, I guess. I haven't seen a lot of lesbian porn, but I can't imagine it's much different. Maybe different music. She likes the Indigo Girls a lot."

Tucker "Do you two use a dildo?"

Stacey "Of course. How else am I supposed to get dick?"

Tucker "Do you want me to hit that softball? Well, I guess your girlfriend is probably a better softball player than me."

Stacey "She did play in college."

Tucker "Of course she did. So what is the dildo situation, i.e., who is the fucker and who is the fuckee?"

Stacey "It all depends on our mood, but normally I'm the one getting fucked."

Tucker "Strap-on or hand-held?"

Stacey "Both."

Tucker "Different colors and types? Different sizes and textures?"

Stacey "Yeah, I have a lot. My favorite is the one made of Pyrex."

Tucker "Anal penetration?"

Stacey "Of course, but only with the smaller ones. And when I need to be drunk."

Tucker "Alright, but here is the big question, at least for me: Is your girlfriend with the dildo better than a guy with a penis?"

Stacey "Oh yes, definitely. Dildo's are the shit. The dildo lasts forever, does exactly what it's told, can change sizes, is disease free, won't get

me pregnant, and my girlfriend's only concern is making sure I come. Can you show me a penis that does all that?"
Tucker "I now have a new a goal in life."

Tucker "Do you and your girlfriend ever include guys?"
Stacey "No. She's not the 'include a guy' type."
Tucker "What type is she?"
Stacey "More of the 'shot and a beer after the game' type."
Tucker "So you're dating a guy without a penis?"
Stacey "Sometimes I feel that way."
Tucker "Do you date the "include a guy" type?"
Stacey "I have before."
Tucker "So, is this lesbian thing permanent, or are you just a lesbian tourist?"
Stacey "I don't know. Maybe. I just kind of go with what feels right."
Tucker "You want to hook up with me don't you?"
Stacey "You have to start at Cabana Boy, and work up from there."

Honestly, I don't think I've ever been more attracted to a woman than I was to Stacy at that point. I'm not exactly sure why. It might have been her rare synergistic combination of startling physical beauty and sagacious wit. Perhaps it was because she had just discussed anal sex and lesbian threesomes with me. Maybe it was the 3 gallons of wine I had in my system. Probably a strange combination of all of the above.

In one of the greatest coups of my life, Stacy gave me her number (her cell phone, not her home phone), and told me to call her, that she thought I was hilarious and would love to hang out with me.

And in perhaps one of the biggest disappointments of my life, at some point later that night, I lost Stacy's number.

I couldn't leave my apartment for like three days after I realized what I had done; I was that upset. Stacy, if you ever read this, or if any readers know a super hot black lesbian from Chicago named Stacey, please, PLEASE email me. I will do anything, "House Boy" duties included.

Anyway, the secondary highlight of the evening (other than one of the people we shared a ride with asking a cabbie "where we can find some big women, like 260 or so") came at the late night diner. I was drunk and decided to go back out to give this homeless guitar player a buck (don't ask me why; it was a moment of weakness). Apparently as I opened my wallet, my driver's license and a credit card fell out, and I didn't notice.

So I get back, and the two people I'm with [who had picked up my credit card and license, but didn't tell me] are like: "You know Tucker, there's a lot of pickpockets that are homeless, you should make sure you have your wallet." I checked and I did. "Well what about your credit cards?" I noticed I was missing the two cards.

I kicked my chair, shouted "I'm going to KILL that homeless motherfucker!" and stormed out the door.

They caught me and showed me my stuff approximately 3 seconds before I beat the living crap out of a helpless street musician.

Maybe it's time to cut back on the drinking.

HOMELESS PEOPLE ARE GOOD FOR SOMETHING

So today I am eating breakfast at Phillipe's, a famous spot in LA. I go to the bathroom to piss, and all the urinals are occupied so I have to use a stall. As I am pissing someone calls me and instead of just waiting till I was done like a normal person, I fumble with my cell...and drop my car keys right into the toilet bowl.

I stood there for a good ten seconds contemplating what the fuck I had done. Not only was my piss in the bowl, the water was yellow when I got there...and there were shit marks on the side of the bowl.

FUCK.

I momentarily contemplated just ditching it and buying a new car, but even though I am doing well financially, I'm not doing anywhere near that great. Well what the fuck do I do now? I am not putting my hand in there. Then it popped into my head:

I went a block away to where I had seen a bunch of homeless people hanging out (LA is crawling with disgusting vagrants) and walked up to a group of them:

Tucker "Any of you want to make ten dollars? All you have to do is get my keys out of the toilet at Phillip's."

They kinda stood there staring at me for a minute, then one of them agreed and followed me to the bathroom.

When he saw the toilet, he paused and said, "Do you have the money?" I produced the cash and without missing a beat he reached into the yellowish brown water like it was a mountain spring and grabbed them. He tried to hand them to me:

Tucker "What the fuck? Put them in the sink."

He placed them under the faucet, I gave him the money and he left. Then I let the water run over them for five minutes, got a cup of bleach from the busboy, and let them soak while I ate.

This was the only time in my life I have ever been happy that homeless people exist.

THE MARLEY STORIES

This is a collection of stories from when my roommate's brother and his wife left us their dog for a month while they went on vacation. His name is "Marley" and he is a 5 year-old Yellow Lab.

Marley is a gift from God

This dog is awesome. I'm not sure if there is a better way, save being famous, to pick up women. Marley is a cute and friendly dog, so every girl comes up and wants to pet him, and of course, he loves attention, so he's all licking faces, wagging his tail, and smelling crotches.

The very first day Marley shows up, I take him for a walk, and my roommate's brother hands me a plastic bag as I am walking out the door.

Tucker "What the fuck is this for?"

Jason "It's not all about picking up girls; you have to pick up other things when you have a dog."

WHAT! What the fuck is he talking about? I have to pick up the dog's shit? Are you kidding? This is not happening, and I inform him as much.

Jason "No, dude, you really have to do it. It's the law."

Fine. I take the bag, and tell Marley that if he ever shits when I am walking him, I'm going to make him eat it. He licks me in the face, with the same tongue that he uses to lick his crotch, and we head out.

Not even ten minutes into the walk, Marley and I run into two girls sitting outside a bar, who see Marley and start with the "Ahhh, look at the puppy." Like me, Marley is a big fan of attractive young ladies, so he runs up to them and starts licking one all over her face. I tell him

Tucker "Marley! Don't do that--you don't know where her face has been."

She was not as amused as I thought she should be.

Why responsibility can suck

I left my apartment at 6pm and went to an "All You Can Drink." Promotions such as these are a paradox to me. They are both "A Reason To Live," and "A Potential Way To Die." I remember very little about the night. One incident I do remember very well--when you introduce yourself to a girl and she responds with, "You don't remember me, do you?," your best bet is to just walk away. Nothing you can say will save the situation, even if you offer to hook up with her again to refresh your memory.

I stumbled back to my place around 3am, and was abruptly woken at 6am by a girl enthusiastically licking my face. What the fuck? What is wrong with her? I grabbed her head, and her furry, floppy ears added to my confusion, until my vodka addled brain realized that the girl in my bed was my dog, Marley. He was slobbering all over my face with the same tongue that he uses to lick other dogs asses and his own little doggy penis. Great. I push him off and pass back out.

Did you know that dogs need to use the bathroom at regular intervals, just like humans?

Yes, well, I had not really thought out the implications of making my dog hold it for 18 hours.

Namely, he can't. When I woke the next day at around 1pm, he had a nice surprise for me.

OK, that's fine, when you have to go, you have to go, right? But he took it a step farther. Not content with just relieving himself, Marley decided to make a statement, to let me know he was pissed. He urinated directly on my laundry pile, creating a nice big yellow stain all over my dirty clothes.

I was less than pleased.

Marley goes to the dog park, humps everything

There is a dog park called "Wiggly Field" about ten blocks from my house. There are always good looking girls there with their dogs, so of course, I eagerly take Marley. We show up the first time, I let him loose, and start a conversation with a nice looking woman. It was hardly five minutes before my world became surreal. Never, not in my most crack-addled stupor, not hopped up on prison-quality crystal meth, could I ever imagine myself having this conversation with another human being:

Tucker "Gosh, I'm really sorry that my dog keeps humping your dog."
Dog owner "Oh, it's OK. She's fixed."

Tucker "Yeah, so is he, but it doesn't seem to stop him, which really confuses me. I'm trying to figure out where he gets all this testosterone. Maybe at the 7-11 or something, I don't know."

Marley is hornier than R. Kelly in an elementary school. He'll hump any dog he can find, male or female, young or old, big or small. The first time I took him to the dog park, he must have thought it was a Roman bathhouse, because he just ran around mounting every dog that would stay still for 2 seconds. I'm trying to chat up a beautiful young lady, a task made difficult when you have to continually stop your dog from raping other dogs.

Yes, there is gorgeous symbolism in this, and yes, it is perfect poetic justice, blah, blah, blah, but all I want is to be able to talk to that cute girl with the collie, without Marley humping her dog like he's going to the electric chair tomorrow.

The worst part is, he humps indiscriminately. Male dog, female dog--he doesn't care. They're all pink on the inside to him. I have yet to really figure out the etiquette on this issue either. What am I supposed to do? Make sure he doesn't hump anything at all? Pull him off only once he achieves penetration? Ignore him and pretend he's not mine? After all, these are dogs we're talking about. They lick their own assholes and sniff other dogs shit. Does it really matter if they harmlessly hump each other at the dog park?

Marley goes to a bar, finally earns his keep

There is a bar right by our house that allows dogs. I don't know if you've ever taken a dog into a bar, but if you haven't, then put it at the top of your "To-Do" list. It might be one of the greatest ways I've ever seen to meet girls. Everybody wants to pet the doggie.

One girl in particular adored Marley. Wanted to do nothing but pet him. I'm guessing from her reaction, that the most action she'd gotten in awhile was from him licking her. She was virtually making out with him. This girl was possibly the most needy girl I've ever met in my life. Within the first five minutes of talking to her, I knew that she wanted a boyfriend, she can't meet guys, she has so much love to give, etc, etc. I quickly got

sick of her using me as a metaphysical brothel for her emotions, so I let fly, "If you lost some weight, I bet guys might talk to you." She wasn't fat at all, so I thought she'd get the joke. She didn't. Hey, if she can't take a joke, fuck her.

I eventually started talking to a very attractive girl. We were talking about Marley, and his defining characteristic come up quickly:

Tucker: "Yeah, he's a good dog. Except that he's profoundly homosexual. He exclusively humps male dogs."

Cute Girl: "What? No, he's not gay--it's a dominance thing."

Tucker: "It's not just a dominance thing. He does other homosexual stuff too. He gossips endlessly about other dogs, watches the Christopher Lowell show, constantly frets about being skinny enough, and licks his penis constantly. Now you tell me he's not gay."

She thought this was hilarious, and introduced me to all her friends. She and all her friends were very attractive, and very cool...and very much with their boyfriends, who were all sitting with them. Normally, this would anger me, but the boyfriends thought I was hilarious and kept buying me beers. One of the boyfriends bought a round of shots, and wanted a toast. I don't know why, maybe because I had the dog, maybe because I hadn't paid for shit and they expected something out of me, maybe because I had been entertaining them all night, everyone in this group turned to me to give the toast.

Guy #1 "Hey, Dog Boy, give us a toast!" This statement was met with cheers from the table.

Tucker "Uhhh...OK...umm...To Marley?"

Booing and hissing rose up through the dozen or so toast participants.

Tucker "I don't know, what kind of toast do you want."

Guy #2 "A toast. A real toast; something funny."

Guy #1 "Yeah, come on, Dog Boy! You can do it!"

I realize that the boyfriends were trying to make fun of me, setting me up for ridicule to make themselves look better in the eyes of their hot girlfriends. That's fine. I would have done the same thing. But they obviously did not know who they were dealing with.

I got up on a chair, and prepared to address the crowd.

Guy #1 "Everyone look, Dog Boy and his mutt are gonna give a toast!"

The room got quiet, I paused for dramatic effect, and gave the only funny toast I know:

"Here's to the women we've met, and to the women we've fucked,
And to those amongst us who've had no such luck.
Here's to beer in the glass, and vodka in the cup,
Here's to pokin' her in the ass, so she won't get knocked up.
Here's to all of you, and here's to me,
together as friends we'll always be,
but if we should ever disagree,
then FUCK ALL OF YOU, HERE'S TO ME!"

Not to sound arrogant, but the fucking place erupted. I was a hero.

I wish there was a happy ending to this story, but even after a performance like that, I still went home alone. Sometimes even MJ misses game-winning shots.

Dog people don't have a sense of humor

As you may know, our dog for a month, Marley, humps every dog that gets in his striking distance. At first this was embarrassing, but I've learned to live with it. Sometimes I can even have fun with it. For instance, instead of just profusely apologizing for Marley's humping, I've shifted the blame to others. Conversations now go like this:

"Gosh, I'm really sorry my dog keeps trying to hump your dog. He's normally never like this. Are you putting some kind of canine perfume on your dog?"

Or maybe like this:

"Maybe your dog is teasing mine. You ever think of that? Your dog does seem to be flaunting it's wares a little loosely. What does he expect, sashaying around the dog park like some sort of cheap doggy prostitute."

Some people laugh, others don't.

Tucker goes to open bar, throws up on Marley

I get a call from a friend telling me that Joe's, a huge sports bar, is having an open bar from 7-9 on Friday. All I have to do is just show up. Sounds like a great plan, right? Couldn't go wrong, could it? As my friend Corey likes to say, "If history has taught us anything, it's that Tucker can always make things worse."

Once I arrive, I realize that this event is indeed a real-life open bar. That makes me happy. Then I discover that the event is sponsored by some singles dating service. I decide that my friend is a jerk. After the third ugly girl in a row comes up and tries to talk to me, I am firmly cemented in my resolve to disembowel my friend and feed his entrails to stray cats.

This event was awful. It was the grease-trap of dating. Everyone that no one else wanted was at this place. You could almost feel the tense desperation in the crowd. It was depressing. Since I was there alone because I couldn't find anyone to go out with me and thus had no audience, I just found a spot at the back of the bar, gave the bartender 10 dollars, and told her to keep my well-vodka and club soda full. She does a very good job.

9pm comes, and I leave to meet my roommate at another bar, The Black Duck. By the time he arrives, I already have two drinks in my hands, and am babbling incoherently about some hat I am wearing that I apparently stole off a homeless person. We walk downstairs, and as is wont to happen with drunks, I fall down the stairs. My roommate turns around to see if I'm all right, and to his immense surprise, even though I fell all the way down a flight of stairs, I still have both drinks in my hands, with nothing spilled out of either of them. This might be a sign of alcoholism. Not the abusive drinking mind you--the fact that I can fall down stairs and not spill either of my drinks.

The night proceeds in rather standard Tucker form. We head to a friends apartment, where I manage to insult everyone. I wish I could recount my comments and quips to you, but I don't remember them; by that point my drunkenness had reached Dennis Hopper levels. I can't even understand anything I said into my voice recorder.

My roommate eventually escorts me home, and asks me repeatedly if I feel like I am going to throw up. I tell him I am fine, and fall into bed. Three minutes later, I vomit all over my bed...and the dog, Marley, who likes to sleep in my bed. Of course, the dog is not happy with this, so he

gets up, taking my vomit with him, and jumps on my roommate's bed. My roommate starts petting him, and much to his chagrin, he gets Tucker vomit all over his hands.

He was not happy. In fact, judging by the look on his face, I think he would have stabbed me with a paring knife if he thought he could have disposed of my body without getting caught. Really, he was that pissed.

I ended up throwing away my sheets, and turning the mattress over. You know you've had a rough night if you have to flip the mattress in the morning.

TUCKER GOES TO A MUSLIM WEDDING, DRINKS ANYWAY

One of my best friends from college, Sakina, got married this weekend. A fairly traditional Muslim wedding. Six hours, no alcohol, no single girls that will have sex with me, and nothing but Indian food. Oh happy joy!!

To make matters worse, the girl who I was supposed to bring as a date canceled on me 5 hours before the ceremony. Why? Let's just say there was an incident the night before and leave it at that. [And don't fucking email me asking what happened. I won't tell you. Truth is, I'm not even exactly sure what she was mad about, but I'm sure if I detailed the night, you'd be able to point to like 15 horrible things I did.]

I start to get ready at around 2pm for the 6pm start time. Not getting dressed mind you; I crack my first beer at 2pm. After all, those Coronas are not going to throw themselves up. I run through 8 of them by 4pm and start on Grey Goose and club soda. By 5:30, it's straight Goose and I'm straight blitzed.

But as is my style, I scrub up well. I wore a perfectly tailored black Armani suit with a white poly-rayon undershirt. For one of the few times in my life, I looked good.

Now, when she invited me to this wedding several months ago, we had this discussion:

Me "Is there going to be liquor?"

Sakina "No, silly! It's a Muslim wedding!"

Me "Well, is it BYOB?"

Sakina "NO! It's BYO-NOTHING!!"

Me "What? That's kooky talk. How am I supposed to go to a wedding without drinking?"

Sakina "You can't drink! My parents are devout Muslims."

Me "Yes, but your friends aren't. Especially Tucker."

I figured that settled the issue. Sakina has known me for 8 years; she knows what I am like. She knows I am unswerving in my alcoholic principles. As I depart, I put the flask of Popov vodka in one back pocket and flask of Montezuma tequila in the other. I travel in style.

I arrive at the reception hall, and I am literally one of about 14 white people. Everyone else, all 250+, are Indian. And these aren't Native

American Indian. That'd be great--then you'd know there would be liquor there. Native Americans take their fire water seriously.

I immediately go to the bar. It had a wide selection of water, juice and soda. I ask the girl for two glasses of ice, one with a little Sprite, the other with a little Coke. She eyes me suspiciously. Fuck her.

I carry my drinks to the bathroom, where I have to ask someone for assistance in opening the stall door, because you know, my hands are full. He eyes me suspiciously. Fuck him.

I down my first couple of makeshift high-balls, all the while being forced to consider that perhaps my life is in a shambles if I am sneaking liquor into a Muslim wedding and drinking it on a toilet seat. I drench this thought with vodka and drive on.

Wandering around trying to find someone to talk too, I realize that I know very few people at this wedding. All of the people I know are either relatives of Sakina, and thus hate me, or are from the University of Chicago, and thus hate me. So I find the people who either work with or went to college with the groom, Monty. Within 15 minutes, they hate me. Why? Probably because of conversations like this:

Girl "So, what do you do?"

Tucker "I'm not really sure."

Girl "You're not sure? What is your job then?"

Tucker "Well, I guess I'm a writer." [Saying this always propels me into a giggle fit]

Girl "A writer? What's so funny? Would I have read anything you've written?"

Tucker "If you'd read something of mine, you wouldn't be talking to me right now."

Girl "Well, what have you published?"

Tucker "Umm...I wrote a children's book."

Girl "Really? What's the title?"

Tucker "It's called 'The Boy Who Died From Eating All His Vegetables.'"

Girl "Oh dear God..."

I told this very sweet Indian couple that I was a fluffer for porn movies. They didn't know what a fluffer was, so I told them to ask their daughter, she'd know. I told one of the bridesmaids that I was a freelance dog and cat euthanizer for local animal shelters. I thought she was going to cry. Hey, someone has to do it, right? I tried to console her by telling her that I only made the ugly dogs and cats suffer, and I killed the cute ones

quickly. I explained that it all depended on how far away from their skull you held the gun. I didn't see her at the reception after that. Whatever; if she can't take a joke, fuck her.

After the "cocktail" reception, we all filed into the auditorium for food and speeches. I'll admit, it was touching. I love my little Sakku and her husband Monty, to death, and I got a wee bit misty-eyed. Whatever; it was probably just the liquor.

Then we ate. Indian food sucks, but this was okay for sucky food, I guess. After the meal there was this slide show that Sakina's dad put on. I think it was her dad; I don't really know, everything got blurry right around that point. Perhaps tellingly, I didn't even think I was that drunk. I didn't feel drunk. But who really ever knows, right?

Well, everyone at the tables around me knew when I passed out in my seat during his slide show.

THE SHITTIEST HOOK-UP EVER

One night when I was living in Austin, I hung out with a girl that I met through the site. Once we got together, the conversation eventually turned to the two topics that all my conversations are about: sex and me.

She told me she'd only been with two guys in her life. This was not because she didn't like hooking up, but rather because she is afraid of hooking up. Apparently, she has a very weak immune system, takes forever to get over a sickness, and claimed that a VD could possibly kill her. Not just something like AIDS mind you, which can kill us all, but shit like genital herpes or chlamydia could knock her off.

I tell her to immediately get away from me. I am almost certainly a supercarrier and she shouldn't even touch me, much less fuck me. I go so far as to tell her that I won't hook up with her even if she wants it, because even though every test I have ever taken has come back clean, I can't have it on my conscience that I killed a girl because I gave her some random VD that I don't even know I had.

We ended up getting pretty drunk on Jaeger bombs and she came home with me [like that was hard to predict]. We started hooking up, and she took off my clothes and her top, but refused to remove her jeans. What?

She said she had some injury or something, but she wouldn't elaborate on what it was and would not remove her pants no matter what. She did have a bandage on her hip and I could sort of see it sticking out of her jeans, so I just let it go at first.

We made out some more and she got more into it. After her initial reticence, she decided she did want to have sex with me, despite her "injury" and risk of death from HPV. OK, great, let's get to it.

Is it ever that easy for me? Well, yeah, most of the time it is, but I wouldn't write a story about it if it was just normal fucking, now would I?

She started to take off her pants, but told me that she had to let me in on a little issue she has before sex...

She began by telling me that she has Crohns Disease. I told her I knew what it was, a friend of mine has it [in short, it is a degenerative disease of the colon]. Well, hers is pretty advanced and she kept dancing around the issue until, all of the sudden, it hit me:

"That's not a bandage on your hip is it? OH-MY-GOD!"

Great Holy Mother of Jesus, this girl had a fucking colostomy bag.

Let me repeat: A COLOSTOMY BAG. ON HER HIP.

In case you are lost here, let me give you the Webster's Medical Dictionary definition of colostomy bag: "A bag worn over an artificial anus to collect feces." Yes, you read that right.

The girl had a tube coming out of a small hole about three inches to the left of her belly button, and emptying into a bag, about the size of small Ziploc sandwich bag, that was bandaged to her hip. I shit you not, there was a BAG FULL OF POOP--LITERALLY HUMAN SHIT-TAPED TO HER HIP.

As you may imagine, this was quite the shock, even for me. I tried to be cool about it. I told her it was no big deal, that everyone has issues, hers just happened to be more out in the open than most, and that I would support her...alright, who am I bullshitting? I laughed like a fucking hyena, right in her face. I mean come on, the girl has a bag of shit on her hip. What do you want from me? Caring? Compassion? Thanks, but we're sold out.

I immediately ask about the first thing that came to my mind:

"So if your shit in a bag, can we have buttsex and not have to worry about getting poop on my penis?"

Then she dropped another daisy-cutter on me: HER ASSHOLE HAD BEEN SEWN SHUT.

I rolled her over and immediately stuck my finger down there. Lo and behold, THERE WAS NO ASSHOLE. She didn't have an asshole! It was just all crack, from top to bottom!

She told me that since she never used it, her asshole was sown shut to prevent infection. I couldn't hold off anymore. Sex be damned, there was funny to be had here:

Tucker "You don't have an asshole? So I guess opinions aren't like assholes."

Girl "Very funny."

Tucker "I could literally fuck the shit out of you couldn't I? I could fuck

your shit right into that bag. Would I see it filling up if I go too hard?"

Girl "Tucker..."

Tucker "What happens if I'm too vigorous? Will the shit hit the fan?"

Girl "Well--"

Tucker "You're only a two holer! I couldn't even three hole you if I tried!"

She explained that she could do anything any other girl could do, she just had to be careful. Not wanting to lose the opportunity to mark a new type of handicap off my Sexual To-Do List, I coaxed her back into a romantic mood. Just as we started hooking up again, she whispered,

"Be gentle, you don't want this thing to break."

FUCKING TUCKER HAS UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES

If you are a reasonably intelligent female, it should be obvious that you don't want to date me. I am shallow, narcissistic, self-absorbed, and insufferably arrogant. I have no desire to commit to anything beyond a cell phone contract. At any given time, I am fucking multiple women, and will not give up that sexual freedom for a partner. My last girlfriend told me, and I am quoting, "dating you was worse than a barium enema." And she's actually HAD a barium enema.

Even beyond that, women probably shouldn't want to just hook up with me either. I am purely utilitarian and totally selfish in bed, dismissive of the desires of others, and could care less about anyone's happiness but my own.

But even though I freely and willingly admit this to women, and even direct them to my website as proof, some women disregard the obvious and manifest problems with me and want to date or hook up anyway.

If they are lucky, they only come away with VD.

These are two stories about the unintended consequences of hooking up with Tucker Max:

Story 1:

One night this girl "Bridget," who had been emailing me for a few weeks, came over to hang out. She was cool, we had some drinks and then had incredible sex all night long. We hung out the whole next day, had a great time, fucked some more, and she went back home. She's very cool, great in bed, and I'd probably hang out with her again. I'd definitely fuck her again.

About two weeks later, I got this email from a male friend of hers. There are so many funny parts I'm not sure which ones to highlight (ed note: the bruises he talks about are from biting. I like to bite during real intense sex. I know, I know--I have dominance issues. Leave me alone).

The email is copied and pasted verbatim, exactly as I received it. I didn't feel like putting a [sic] behind every one of the numerous errors, but this is exactly as I saw it in my Inbox:

Subject: you fucking asshoel

i saw the bruise you left and i'm sure there are more.
what the hell did you do to her? you have no idea how
many ways shes above you. shes out of your league and
deserves moire than your sorry ass could ever provide.
you dont understand...clincly shes a nymphomaniac.
she has a probolem, and for your to take advantatege

of this is fucking pathetic.
hope for your sake asshole that i never meet you. i
swear to god i'll fucking kill you if i ever do.
-john
ps: what do you have to say for yourself?"

The funniest thing was picturing the fit of apoplectic rage he must have been in when he typed this. How do you misspell "latger" but then spell "misogynistic" correctly not even one line later? This dude must have been fuming when he wrote this, just shaking with anger. That's awesome.

I forwarded the email to Bridget. Her response:

"Seems like the common aftermath for a girl who spends the night with you, doesn't it? I'm surprised they don't have your picture posted in abortion clinics across the nation with the caption 'Beware.' As for the biting...you're not hearing any complaints from me."

Apparently, the guy who wrote it, John, is the roommate of one her male friends, and she barely knows him. Her friend was looking for an excuse to kick John of their apartment, and as a result of this email, he did just that. Bridget went over and helped her friend move ALL the guys stuff out into the yard and change the locks when he was at work.

That was in August of 2003. Bridget left for college a few months later, but unfortunately for her, the repercussions of hooking up with me were not over.

About a month into the school year, she emailed this to me (background- -she goes to a nerdy college, like the University of Chicago, and I told her that she would have no fun there):

"Hey Tucker,

Your description of this place was frighteningly correct. Aside from the rare frat party that goes on one day of the weekend, this place is dead. Do you know of anything, any places or things to do here, that would be entertaining?

Why am I asking you any of this? Well, first off, you told me to. Second, I seriously doubt the judgment of my RA's and RH's after the conversation below. Yeah, I know you're busy in LA, but whatever. It's just an email.

You're a legend over all the frat houses. Sometime during Orientation Week, some guys at [frat] asked me if I knew you. My response was, "Yeah, I slept with him." So now I have the nickname of "The Girl Who Slept With Tucker Max,"

although I'm sure I can't be the only one here. Now whenever I go there (I've been there about four times), at least one of the brothers asks me about how you were in bed, and even about your techniques.

Somehow the above information got to my RH's and just yesterday they kicked my roommate out of our room to have a "talk" with me. Here's the conversation:

RH: "We've been hearing some rumors that you might have pursued relations with someone, ahem, famous."

Me: "Oh, who?"

RH: "Have you ever heard of the name Tucker Max?"

Me: "Ohhhh, I know where this is going. Of course I've heard of Tucker Max."

RH: "Well, is there any truth to this rumor?"

Me: "I'm not going to lie..."

RH: "No, stop there. I really hope this isn't a sign of your future judgment, because if it is, we're going to have problems."

It's quite amazing how much you're adored and hated at the same time here."

ARE YOU KIDDING?? This poor girl had her Resident Heads counsel her about having sex with me! Unbelievable. Literally unbelievable. She fucked me once, months before she went to school, and they asked her about it, then tell her it was bad judgment?

I'm not sure which is better, that story or this next one:

Story 2:

These are four text messages I got late one Saturday night from a girl I hooked up with a few times. I am printing them here VERBATIM, just as they showed up on my phone:

I am gonna fucken kill myself. My booty call left half way through because I told him I slept with you.

Fucking pulled the fuck out and left.

Then I puked on my new carpet.

You the man.

First: Who talks about former partners DURING sex? Shouldn't you be busy fucking?

Second: What dude is dumb enough to ask a woman WHO she's fucked. Trust me fellas--you will never like the answer. Ever. No matter how sweet she is or how much you like her, you will always have some objection to someone she's fucked in the past. If you really want to keep fucking her, don't ask.

Third: It was her booty call that asked this question. This is a guy whose only relationship to her is for sex, yet he's asking her about previous partners--DURING SEX?

Fourth: Am I that bad? Does sex with me put girls on the "Do Not Fuck" list? THAT IS AWESOME!

Honestly--am I here right now? Is this my life? A dude STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF SEX BECAUSE HE FOUND OUT THE GIRL SLEPT WITH ME?? FACULTY MEMBERS OF PRESTIGIOUS UNIVERSITIES COUNSEL GIRLS WHO HAVE HAD SEX WITH ME?? IS THIS FOR REAL??

Does this happen to anyone else? If I wanted to ask advice about this sort of stuff from someone who'd been through it before, who would I go to? Is there any sort of precedent for this sort of thing? Is there a manual for this? This is a subject for a book--but who could write it except for me?

THE FUNNIEST EMAIL EVER

I get a lot of weird email/messages/correspondence, but this one truly made me lose it:

"This Coors Light Cooler Box sucks! This fucking piece of shit just broke all over my couch while I was trolling this site and watching the Pistons beating the shit out of the Pacers. Now I have swimmers dick from sitting on a cold towel. Does anyone else have problems with it? Did I get a lemon? Because I like the idea of a disposable cooler that comes with shitty beer on the cheap."

I cannot stop laughing at this. I am sitting in my living room with my two roommates, who have known me for ten years, staring at me because I am laughing as hard as they have ever seen me laugh. There is so much comedy here:

1. Why does the dude have a cooler in his living room? Why not just use the fridge? Where does he live that he has to walk that far the fridge? Does he not have a fridge? Does he not have electricity? What the fuck?
2. Why is the cooler ON his sofa? Why not on the floor?
3. Is it that hard to just buy a normal cooler? The styrofoam ones are like \$3.
4. Why does he keep sitting on the wet spot? Why not move? Does he not have any other furniture? Is he just THAT determined to stay in that one spot, regardless of the consequences to his balls?
5. Why is the whole sofa wet? Did it bust open like a New Orleans levee, immediately flooding the sofa, or was this a slow process? How did it soak through the sofa without him feeling it until the entire thing was drenched? How do you not notice a wet sofa?
6. Can you picture his reaction when it broke on his lap? Jumping up and screaming curse words, cold water spilling everywhere, screaming about how cheap the cooler is that CAME WITH THE BEER! Priceless.
7. Seriously, how is this a shock? How does it come as some absurd and unreal shock to him that this PLASTIC LINED CARDBOARD cooler that CAME WITH THE BEER is going to be sub par?

8. I love how he throws in that thing about wanting this to be real, "Did I get a lemon?" Does he have such high hopes pinned on this product that he is willing to give it another shot? Yes sir, you did a lemon. Most of their cardboard-plasticoat fabricated beer boxes are built like brick shit-houses. In fact, in South America they pack 'em full of dry ice and transport organs in them.

9. So what happens if it is a lemon? His faith in the consumer products of crappy beer companies is shot? He becomes a jaded Heineken drinker? It's this same mentality that causes people to get their hearts broken by sea monkeys when they're kids, and the Carleton Sheets real estate course when they're adults. "THESE SEA MONKEYS LOOK LIKE BRINE SHRIMP!!! HOLY SHIT!!! SOMEONE SWITCHED THE REAL SEA MONKEYS WITH BRINE SHRIMP!!!".

10. I mean, come on...look at the level of discourse this guy is at. I don't know, I guess when you grow up with these rednecks, this shit is just that much funnier. I mean, the seriousness with which he approaches this subject kills me.

11. Who drinks Coors voluntarily?

THE JEZ CHRONICLES, PART 1

In the near future, I can see a recurring presence from a new friend of mine, "Jez."

I met Jez a few weeks ago, but didn't end up hanging out with her until last week, yet in the shosrt amount of time I've known her, this girl has been responsible for two of the funniest conversations I have ever had in my life.

Jez is one of the few people I have ever met who is able to command my attention all by herself. Most of the time I'm out, it's almost being like a game show host. I have to drive the conversation because I am inevitably the dominant one in the group, and people expect it from me because I'm Tucker Max.

Not with Jez. She has no social filter, no internal monologue, and she just loves to talk about the most intimate and personal events in her life. She's like a wind-up doll. Just give her a question or two about anything and set her loose. These quotes are from the first night I met her:

Her "I don't like beer, but I love beer breath."

Me "So if your boyfriend came home reeking of beer, you'd like that?"

Her "OH! LOVE IT! I'd rape his mouth."

Her "My dad has cancer."

Me "Oh man. I'm sorry. Is it benign or malignant?"

Her "I don't know...whatever the good kind is."

Me "Old people don't have that much sex."

Her "Oh, my parents do. They're like rabbits. ALL the time. I can't tell you how many times I've caught them."

Me "We had a conversation about pubic shaving today on my message board."

Her "I wax. I'm completely bald."

Me "Don't tell me that..."

Her "Why?"

Me "You're turning me on."

Her "What? What's erotic about that? I do it when I'm watching TV. American Idol is on, I'm tearing out my pubic hair."

"I go to my shrink in my pajamas. And I bring Chinese food."

"My mom remembers the exact day of my conception. She even tells me the story, 'Your dad didn't want to wear a condom, He said it was like showering with his socks on.'"

Those are pretty funny, but they are the appetizers, their only purpose to serve as a segway (ed note: I know I spelled that wrong but I am going to spell that in the American way and not the French way, and if you don't like it you can go fuck yourself, you stinking frog) into this incredible gem of a conversation:

We were talking about her first sexual experience, and related topics when she seemed to appear somewhat uncomfortable. She was not uneasy with the subject matter, but rather she seemed a little reticent with the story. I pressed forward:

Tucker "What? What's wrong?"

Jez "Oh nothing, it's just that, well, this is kinda weird and, not the subject matter I mean, but there is something about me that you probably need to know to understand things..."

Tucker "OK. What is it?"

She paused, but only as if to collect her thoughts and lay the mental outline in front of herself:

Jez "Well...I was born with two vaginas."

Tucker "What in the HELL are you talking about?"

Jez "Alright, you know how most women are born with three holes, right? The pee hole, the fuck hole and the butt hole? I was born with four holes...and two were fuck holes."

These were her exact words, so help me God.

She went on to explain that because she had been born into such a strictly religious environment (the daughter of a Southern Baptist preacher), she had had no sexual contact with boys until she was engaged (at age 19), and even then all she did with her fiancée was just kiss.

About three months before her wedding, totally on her own accord, she went to a gynecologist. After about a minute of examination, the gynecologist exclaimed, "Oh my god...hold on a minute," and called all

kinds of people into the exam room.

So there lay a completely mortified 19 year old virgin, her legs high in the air and 6 doctors staring at her vagina.

They explained to her that she had a very rare condition where she literally had two fully formed vaginas, cervixes and uteruses, one right on top of the other, with about two inches of skin separating them. The problem was that both holes were tiny, and that neither could function properly as a result. The doctors scheduled a procedure for her a week later, and fixed it so that now she only has one vagina.

Even to this day she has issues,

"My vagina is tiny. I still have to use a little girl's speculum."

She allegedly can have normal sex now. I don't know about this, because I didn't hook up with her at all. Why?

Because there is no way I am going to squander what could become a great source of material just to get my little pencil wet. Please. I may be a callous asshole, but my art comes before my dick.

You can thank me later.

THE JEZ CHRONICLES, PART 2

Since she first appeared in my stories, Jez has become a very good friend of mine, and a nearly constant source of humorous stories and ridiculous quotes. I am tempted to have her start her own page and type about her life for thirty minutes every day. I guarantee the harrowing combinations of words she could string together would become quite the internet phenomenon, rivaling [Maddox's](#) or my page.

One of her best conversations with me was a few weeks ago. I had Jez come over for dinner, and before she even sat down to eat, the fun began. She started talking about her first marriage. She's the daughter of a strict Southern Baptist Preacher, and ended up getting married at age 19 to the son of a preacher from a neighboring town. Even though she was 19 and had gone to high school, she was very naïve and completely clueless about the world.

For example, when she would get mad at her parents she would go and crawl into her bed, lock the door, turn off the lights, pull down the shades, and flip them off...under the sheets. Then she would cry to herself because she felt so guilty. This continued until she was WELL into her teens.

So after a very short engagement, she and her fiancé set a date. Jez knew NOTHING about sex, and her fiancée hadn't even tried to touch her breasts, so she decided to learn something before she got married. To further this end, Jez went to a porn store. She described it as such:

Jez "I went to a sex shop, because you know, I had never even seen a man naked."

Tucker "WAIT--What? You were 19 and engaged and you had never even SEEN a naked man."

Jez "NO! I know, it seems crazy now but that's the truth. I stood there for hours just staring at the pictures on the boxes, getting an idea of what a penis looked like."

Tucker "WAIT, WAIT--You had never even seen a PICTURE of a penis? At age 19?" Jez "No, no idea what they looked like. It came as something of a shock. I didn't expect it to be so veiny and ugly. But I looked at all of them: long, short, thick, thin, black, white, curved, straight. I had no idea there were so many varieties."

Not satisfied with just looking at pictures of dicks, she bought two tapes so that she could fully educate herself on proper sexual technique --one about sexual tricks and one about proper blowjob technique.

Tucker "You actually bought a video tape about how to give blowjobs."

Jez "Oh yeah, and a dildo to practice on. By the time I got married, I was sucking dick like a gay man. I can make a guy come in like 30 seconds from head."

Tucker "Bullshit. Prove it."

She denied my request, instead telling me about the first time she tried her newly acquired techniques:

Jez "OK, so right after we got married, literally as we were driving to our hotel, I tried to go down on him, you know, give him road head. Now, I had never done this but I was excited about it--you know--it's sex! WELL! I start unbuckling his pants and he stiffens up and before I can really even get his penis out of his pants he gets all serious and says, 'My conscience won't allow me to do this.'"

Tucker "No fucking way."

Jez "Yes! OH--but that's not the worst part. So we get to the hotel and I am kinda nervous, you know, because this is my first time but I'm excited to try everything out. We get into the room--a Holiday Inn because he is poor and cheap--and I sit on the bed, and he comes over next to me and says, 'Let us pray.'"

Tucker "You can't be serious."

Jez "Oh believe me! Wait--but that's not all! So he prays for at least 30 minutes, and--"

Tucker "30 MINUTES?? HE'S 21 AND NEVER HAD SEX AND HE WAITS ANOTHER 30 MINUTES SO HE CAN FUCKING PRAY?? Why didn't he just pray on the drive there? I mean, since he's not comfortable with road head, he could have at least used his time productively."

Jez "You're telling me--but look--he prays for like 30 minutes, and then when he is finally done, he turns to me and in this serious voice goes, 'Let's begin.'"

Tucker "How romantic."

She went on to describe how miserable the experience was, but I don't have the heart to get into that in this story. The only good quote from that whole part of the story was this exchange:

Tucker "So did he go down on you?"

Jez "No...he said he was afraid of what it was going to taste like."

Tucker "Have you ever tasted yourself?"

Jez "No, I don't taste myself, but when guys go down on me I like to kiss them, and I've been told I really taste good. That's pretty cool for me."

Another glass of wine and Jez really let loose. She told me about one time right before her surgery (to remove her other vagina) she had a little problem:

"Well, you know me, I am like a man and I never read directions, so I took the Tampon and stuck the whole thing--applicator and all--right up in me and then it got stuck. Took me forever to get it out. I still couldn't figure out how to use them, mainly because my vagina was so small. One time I kneeled over a mirror and couldn't get it in no matter what I did, so my mother told me that if I wanted I could stand on my head and she would put it in for me. I did not take her up on that offer; however, if I did I may have known earlier about my crotch problem."

Then came the real clincher, that special moment that Jez and I seem to always have with each other. We started discussing some of her families vaginal issues, and she told me this story:

Jez "Well, one time, my sister was having problems with her vagina too. Things were feeling weird, and it was that time of the month, but she wasn't bleeding much, and she went to the gynecologist. The Ob/Gyn pulled out her tampon, but she had already had one in, and then pulled ANOTHER one out. She was walking around with three in there!"

Tucker "How did she not get toxic shock? I know if I was a girl I would worry about that constantly. Whenever I have a girlfriend I worry about it for her. Toxic shock is scary."

Jez "I don't know. She was fine. The last one did kinda smell though. OH--BUT THAT'S NOT THE WORST! My other sister had the same problem, but much worse. She had a tampon stuck in her for months, and when the doctor pulled it out, pus exploded all over his face, and he THREW UP on her vagina! It was awful!"

Tucker [In complete silent disbelief]

Jez "Yeah, my whole family has crotch issues. Ha!"

TUCKER GOES TO CELEBRITY PARTY

Last year I got an email from a girl who works for Red Bull, telling me that they wanted to give me all kinds of free stuff, because I am the type of "opinion maker" that they want using their product. Considering the long history Red Bull and I have together, this sounded like a great idea to me. I flirted with the girl a little and she flirted back and before I knew it she invited me to a video game launch party Red Bull was helping to put on.

The party was when I had to fly back to LA to re-pitch the show to NBC, and since I didn't have a car or even know where the hell I was, I had "KimChi" pick me up at my hotel and drive me to the party.

Because of my "job," I have met a lot of people off the internet, and 90% of the time they suck. The pictures they send are either from years ago before they discovered the all-you-can-eat buffet at Sizzler, or are just someone else entirely. And believe me when I tell you this: Too many women have opinions of themselves that are entirely out of line with reality. "Im a hottie! lol!!!!!!!!!!!!11 u will be luvn me!!!!!!"

Even though KimChi and I didn't talk about what she looked like, I just assumed she would be ugly, like most girls who stalk me. So when I opened my hotel door to find a hot girl with a great body staring back at me, I was shocked. I literally said out loud, "Goddamn. Are you KimChi or did the studio send me an escort?"

The best part of her ensemble: She handed me a bottle of vodka and a bottle of Hypnotiq. The vodka was great, and I drank some right away. If you don't know what Hypnotiq is, consider yourself lucky. That shit is only for dumb rappers.

We pull up to the party and it's in this huge warehouse that has no identifying marks on it except about 70 valets standing out front waiting to park cars. I have never seen so many valets in one place. Then, kinda hidden from view, there was a red carpet entrance, and photographers waiting to take pictures and everything. This was a legit celebrity party, and I was pretty excited about my first red carpet entrance, but I get confused when KimChi pulls the car up to valet entrance instead of the red carpet.

Tucker "What are you doing? Pull up to the red carpet."
KimChi "What? You have to help me unload all of this stuff first."

I look in the back and see like 20 cases of Red Bull, a few cases of vodka, and assorted other party favor-things. This does not sit well with my new image of myself as a celebrity.

Tucker "Are you fucking kidding me? Unless Russell Crowe pitches in and helps, I am not unloading shit. This is no way to treat a celebrity." KimChi [she just laughs at me] "Tucker...help me unload this. Pleeeeeeeeeeeease?"

I really hate how hot girls can get me to do things I don't want to do.

"Helping her" actually meant, "carry everything into the party." It was so bad the fucking valets asked if they could help. No shit--the Mexican valets felt sorry for me. So much for my first red carpet entrance.

The party was slated to start at 9pm. By 10:30, I was still the most famous person at the party. It was only a contest between me, some street skater, the entourage from Westside Connection (but NOT Mack 10 or Ice Cube), and a few other scrubs.

By 10:45, I was making fun of everyone who threw the party because when I am the most famous person at a Hollywood party, it SUCKS. Then Shannon Elizabeth and her husband walked in, and I was bumped down to #3 most famous. A few things about her:

1. She is INCREDIBLY hot. Even better than on TV or movies.
2. Her husband is a fucking joke. He is so ugly, I couldn't even make fun of him, because he obviously has some sort of major trump card that I didn't know about. Like the fact that he is fucking Shannon Elizabeth, for one.
3. I doubt either of them ever want to talk to me again, and we'll just leave it at that.

So, it's 11pm, and I am happy to be the #3 most famous person. Then Mark Wahlberg showed up, which bumps me down to #4. He, unlike Shannon, is most decidedly NOT immune from mockery:

"Hey Markey Mark--What ever happened to The Funky Bunch? I loved them. They were so...funky."

Though he did not like the Marky Mark moniker, he actually took me seriously at first. We talked about his new show coming up on HBO, Entourage, and how HBO passed on my show because his was in

production. Then, when he was in the middle of a sentence, I just yelled at him:

"THE FUNKY BUNCH WERE THE HEART BEHIND YOUR MUSIC! THEY MADE YOU AND THEN YOU DITCHED THEM! HOW CAN YOU LIVE WITH YOURSELF!"

I thought he'd get the joke. He didn't.

Then the cast from FOX's show, "The OC" came in, and I was bumped down to like #10 on the most famous list. This did not make me happy, but before I could really lay into them, one of the best targets in Hollywood came in: David Allen Greer.

Now, David is a comedian and in his day he was really funny, so I had to be careful. He could easily flip it and punk me if I didn't have my shit together. He came alone, and I waited until he was at the bar getting a drink before I closed:

Tucker "Hey man, you want to meet some girls? I hate to see people alone at parties."

DAG [He gave this weird look and then chuckled at me] "No, it's OK."

Tucker "OH WOW! You're Derrick Coleman! I loved you at Syracuse. What was it like playing with Rony Siekly when he had those short shorts? Could you ever see his ball hair? Or did it just look like he was always wearing a full body sweater?"

DAG [Another look of pitiful confusion] "No man, I'm David Allen Grier."

Tucker "DOUBLE WOW! That's even better! So, tell me all about your new show that's going to be cancelled after two episodes!"

He didn't think I was very funny. I guess he's heard that joke before.

Pretty much no one at the party thought I was funny. The girl who brought me, KimChi, got mad because I kept making fun of her friend and hitting on her boss, "HerBoss." The boss part was unavoidable; HerBoss was hot and cool, and that combination is too rare not to throw game at. I thought I had HerBoss, until about three minutes after I ate some hors d'oeuvres and HerBoss reached into her pocket, gave me an Altoid, and said, "You need this." Thanks for playing, we have some lovely parting gifts for you, like this wonderful bottle of rejection.

At one point HerBoss tried to make fun of me because I wrote a book of pick-up lines and hadn't hooked up at the party yet. We went back and forth, until KimChi decided to jump in and help HerBoss mess to mock

me. I was NOT having any of that, and had actually prepared for this earlier.

Tucker "I'm sorry, are YOU talking shit to me? Here, you might want this. You left it in my room today."

I pulled her thong underwear out of my pocket, handed it to her, and walked off.

Best Comeback Ever.

Oh--did I leave that part out of the story? Whoops. Yeah, before we went to the party, well...I don't think I have to draw you a picture do I?

One of the coolest things about celebrity parties is that there is all kinds of stuff for you to take. I got free Pumas, and bags of goodies like video games and Red Bull and shirts and what not. The only uncool thing was that the help--bartenders and whatnot--weren't allowed to have any of this stuff. Now, the only people who thought I was funny at the party were the bartenders, so I'll be damned if they don't get any cool stuff...so I stole stuff from other celebs for all of them.

You think I'm kidding? Next time you see Shannon Elizabeth, ask her if she got her copy of "True Crime: Streets of LA."

One of the weirdest things about LA parties are the conversations. At a normal party anywhere else in America, people talk about current events, local gossip, things like that. Do you know what the main conversation I heard at this party was? Driving. Seriously, a good 30% of the conversations were about how to get from one place to the other, or trading driving secrets or back routes to various places. It was weird to walk up to a group of people and hear, "Yeah, you take the 10 to El Segundo, get off, go across the causeway, and you're right in Santa Monica! It's great!"

The only other thing worth mentioning was a conversation I had with KimChi's friend, "FakeBritney." Now, her friend is very nice and--to be honest--was very hot (easily a 4-star, maybe 5-star--all three of them were hot, actually), but I just can't let this go. I was pretty drunk, and my post-incident voice recording of this is bad, but here is the gist of the conversation:

FakeBritney "Tucker, what's your favorite word?"

Tucker "Favorite word? I don't know..."free" followed by "alcohol." Or

maybe "open" followed by "bar." Or "easy" followed by "hot sluts who want to suck me off.""

FakeBritney "NO! I mean like what is your favorite word? I think you can tell a lot about a person from their favorite word."

Tucker "What the fuck? Alright, hold on--I am one of the best at reading people, and I don't know what the fuck their favorite word can tell you about their personality. Explain that to me. Explain to me how one favorite word gives you an insight into someone's fucking soul."

FakeBritney "Well, for instance my favorite word is 'cinnamon.'"

Tucker "YOU'RE RIGHT! I CAN tell something about you. I can tell you're a fucking idiot."

And it just went downhill from there.

By the end of the party, I was about the 28th most famous person there...even though no one recognized me.

UGLY GIRL HITS ON TUCKER, IS DUPED

I'm at the dog park today, and as usual, Marley finds a cute dog and begins humping him. No awkward approaches, no expensive dinners, no foreplay, just a few seconds of ass-sniffing and then they start going at it. Dogs have it easy.

The dog's owner takes this as a cue to start talking to me. She was, in a word, unattractive. Ugly even. Her dearth of physical beauty did not stop her from aggressively engaging me in conversation. It took about 5 minutes for me to realize that she was 1) crazy and 2) in love with me. My favorite quote from her pointless, disjointed ramblings: "Look at them go at it...I haven't done that in a while...the last time I got humped like that I was skinny...I should start working out again."

Consider the situation: I'm at a dog park, an ugly girl is shamelessly hitting on me, and I'm watching my dog ravenously ass-pillage another male dog. What would you do?

I decide to start saying the most ridiculous things I can think of, hoping she'll decide I'm not good for her. The next ten minutes of conversation saw these gems pass my lips:

"I have a really small penis."

"How do you say, 'She was dead when I got here' in Spanish?"

"I think I might be homosexual."

"I like to go to the playground and give candy to children. Just to freak out their parents."

"I don't have a job. Or even any prospects."

"I used to be very spiritual. That was until I realized that God makes fun of me behind my back."

"My doctor thinks I might have cancer. And AIDS."

"I'm desperately poor. Could you loan me some money?"

"I don't think my crystal meth usage qualifies as an addiction quite yet."

The hoped for effect, revulsive horror, was not achieved. In fact, the Gods of Irony struck, and she thought I was hilarious. Uproariously

funny. In tears laughing at me. Oblivious to the clues, she eventually asked for my number. I gave her the number of one of my friends who has trouble getting dates (those of you who know him well call him "Skippon.") They're both desperate; it'll be great. I'm such a nice person.

TUCKER USES CHILD LABOR TO GET A DATE

I went to dinner tonight with a good friend of mine, we'll call her "Karen". Her husband, also a good friend of mine, plays pro-hockey so he is always out of town, and considering that she loves to go out, and doesn't mind paying for everything, I am always up for hanging out with her (and no, you naughty little monkey, I do not hook up with her at all, our friendship is purely platonic. I'd tell you if we were fucking).

Anyway, she also has two daughters, ages 3 and 1, and they are the cutest little girls ever. "Caitlin" is the 3 yr old, and "Cassie" is the 1 yr old, and they always come out with us when we go to dinner.

The restaurant we chose this night was Houston's, but there was a 30 minute wait for a table. No big deal, especially considering that the hostess is stunning. She is legitimately hot. Caitlin (the 3 yr old) and I are best friends, so I make her a deal. I tell her I'll get her ice cream for dessert if she talks to the pretty hostess for me. She agrees, and I give her instructions. She dutifully memorizes her lines, walks right up to the hot hostess, tugs on her tight black dress, and says:

Caitlin "Excuse me."

Hostess "Oh my god...you are so precious. What can I do for you?"

Caitlin "Do you have a boyfriend?"

Hostess "Ohhhh, you are soooo cute...no, sweetie, I don't have a boyfriend."

Caitlin "I know the perfect guy for you!!"

[On cue, she turns and points to me, and I walk up and pick her up in my arms]

Tucker "I'm sorry, was she bothering you?"

Hostess "Oh my goodness no...she is so adorable...is she yours?"

Tucker "Mine? Oh no, I can barely take care of myself; I could never keep up with her. [I turn to Caitlin, still in my arms] Caitlin, who I am?"

Caitlin "YOU'RE UNCLE TUCKER!!!" [she proceeds to give me a big kiss on the cheek and a hug around the neck]

The Academy should give Caitlin a fucking Oscar. She delivered her scripted lines perfectly, even improvising beautifully with the "uncle Tucker" bit. And I should get an award for choreography or something.

At that point, the hostess was nearly in tears she was so overwhelmed by the scene, and as I went on to explain to her the situation, how I was helping my friend take care of her kids when her husband was out of

town, on a Saturday night no less, well...I got her number and we're going on a date next week. Stay tuned. Unless of course, the date goes well; then I won't tell you a thing, you goddamn voyeur.

Tucker's date confuses, excites, depresses (Follow-up from above story)

I will update you on my date the following Friday with the girl who I now affectionately refer to as "Sybil."

We meet for dinner, and she looks amazing, even better than I remember. I immediately turn on the "A" game; I'm being witty, charming, humble...everything is going perfectly. I suggest we get some drinks afterwards, but she wants to cut the night short because she claims she has to get up early for work, and thus wants to go home after we finish eating.

This confuses me because she works at a restaurant that does not open until noon on Saturday. This might lead me to believe she was blowing me off, BUT she was giving "fuck me" behavior all night--light touches on the arm, deep eye contact, exaggerated laughing at my jokes, exposing her neck, stroking the stem of her wine glass, etc.

Oh well; it is dangerous to dabble with the whims of women, so I agree to call her later in the week, kiss her on the cheek and we part ways.

Not even 5 minutes later I get a call on my cell phone from her. I quote, "I was going to call and thank you for a great night, but you know what, I do want to go get a drink, so come join me." Confused, I ask her if this her first bout with schizophrenia. She laughs and tells me a bar to meet her. Normally, I would reverse the situation with the girl, and tell her I had already made plans for the rest of the night, but this girl was just too hot for that bullshit, so I agree.

She takes my suggestion for beer, and we both drink Yuengling for three hours (obviously a cool girl if she drinks Yuengling), and when the bar closes, I walk her outside to her car. The inevitable moment of awkwardness approaches, and as I debate how I should end the night, she blurts out,

Girl "That Yuengling was really good beer. Do you have any at your place to drink?"

Tucker "Excellent...of course I do, just follow me to my place."

The funny thing was, I actually did have Yuengling at my place, which only added to the effect.

We end up hooking up. A lot. To the point where the girl literally wakes me up at 4am and at 6am to go again. I'm feeling pretty hot; I mean, this gorgeous girl is waking me up at ungodly hours for seconds, thirds and fourths. She can't get enough of me. I figure it's some synergistic combination of her intense attraction to me and my god-like sexual prowess. Right?

Wrong. It was a desperate cry for validation.

The next morning we are talking, and she starts crying...and then confiding in me...about her ex-boyfriend...of two years...who dumped her three months ago...and their broken engagement...and the cancelled marriage, which, I swear to my God, had been scheduled for the next Saturday...and how she can't believe she did this...and what's he going to think...and how she's never done this before...and how bad she feels...

Is it me? Am I doing something? Do I have a sign above my head? Do I have some smell about me that attracts these girls? Are the dating gods punishing me for something?

Oh wait--I am a fucking asshole who feeds their low self-esteem. Nevermind.

TUCKER COMES HOME TO A SURPRISE

I was out with some friends the other night and one of the girls with us, "Riti," got really, really drunk. She is somewhat manic and always does her own thing when we are out together, so I didn't really pay much attention to her. At one point I happened to glance over to see her leaving the bar with a group of black and Hispanic guys.

One of my other friends wanted to retrieve her, but I stopped her, "Let her go. She knows what she's doing and she can pay the consequences of her actions." Little did I know there would be more than one person paying for her actions...

About two hours later my friends and I ended up stopping at my place between bars because I wanted to pick something up. As I walked up the stairs, I was greeted by quite the sight:

Laying in front of my door like a pile of horseshit, is none other than Riti. Crumpled in her left hand she has her yellow thong underwear.

Tucker "What the hell are you doing?"

Riti "Oh my god...I'm so drunk...Tucker, you have no idea what I had to do to get a cab back here."

Tucker "Look at yourself...I bet your parents are very proud."

The best part was that my fucking door was unlocked but the drunk idiot never bothered to try it. I told her go to sleep on my bed, that I'd be home eventually and if I was with a girl I'd just move her to the sofa.

For once in my life I was happy that I didn't hook up. If I did not have a picture, I would not even attempt to tell this story.



Yes, that dark stain is exactly what you think it is. THE FUCKING GIRL PISSSED MY BED. She got so drunk she urinated all over her pants, my sheets, and my mattress.

I was in complete and utter shock. I literally invented Tucker Max Drunk, and I have never even pissed my bed. Vomiting, now that's a different issue:

Thrown up in my bed--Check.

Thrown up on my dog--Check.

Thrown up on an MTV producer--Check.

Thrown up on a girl's ass while fucking her doggy style--Check.

But never PISSSED in it.

The shock quickly turned into anger. Had it not been my bed, I would have pissed on her. Instead, I just yelled at her:

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU PISSSED MY FUCKING BED YOU STUPID FUCKING WHORE! YOU DISGUSTING BAG OF DONKEY SHIT--I SHOULD CUT YOU BITCH."

And so forth and so on until I used up just about every insult and epithet I could think of. Despite my best effort at verbal abuse, she barely even moved from her slumber. Since yelling was not working, I decided to take a different tact.

I took her hand, wiped it all over the dark urine stain on her pants, and then smeared it all over her face, mouth and hair. I repeated this several times until I could no longer stand the smell.

POST SCRIPT: This event happened in April of 2003, and the story was published in June of 2003. In July of 2003, the gods of alcohol decided that there wasn't enough irony in my life: The Pee Blame.

THE DBA STORY

During the spring semester of my first year of law school there was an election for the Duke Bar Association (DBA). The DBA is the student government of the law school, and like all student governments everywhere, it is an ineffectual, worthless organization filled with small-minded, sanctimonious, self-important twits.

During one election I submitted a bunch of fake candidate statements for my friends. They were supposed to be silly, non-sensical, and funny. Usually the DBA posts the candidate statements, along with a picture of the candidate, on a bulletin board in the middle of the law school so everyone can read about the candidates before they vote. I submitted the fake statements because I wanted to see these ridiculous things I wrote posted along with the pictures of my friends.

Well, little did I realize what would happen. The DBA lost its collective shit. The person in charge of the election, David Dixon, went nuts. How nuts? Read the story in the Duke Law newspaper:

Practical joker blows up chances at election

By Barbara Goffman

The gag was on a practical joker last week, who was barred from running in the DBA election because of a prank he pulled.

DBA Vice President Dave Dixon blocked 1L Tucker Max from running in Thursday's election after Max impersonated four 1Ls. Max had entered the election himself, seeking to be a representative to the Graduate and Professional Student Council (GPSC). Max also had submitted fake statements of intent to run in the election, as well as facetious platforms, under the names of four friends.

"I thought it was funny," Max said Tuesday night of the stunt. "This process begs for this sort of thing."

But Dixon, who organized the election, was not amused.

"I agree at some level that they were funny," Dixon said. "People have submitted flippant statements before. But submitting statements in someone else's name is what I have a problem with."

DBA President Andrew Flake agreed, saying that Max's action "mocks the whole electoral process."

Dixon discovered the prank accidentally. He sent out emails to all the students who had entered the election, reminding them of the deadline for submitting their platforms. Two people wrote back, saying they had never thrown their names in the ring. About the same time, other students told Dixon about the stunt and Max's role in it.

Dixon confronted Max, who admitted his actions. Dixon then disqualified Max from running in the election and reported the incident to Susan Sockwell, associate dean for student affairs.

"I felt I was required to report it because it was close enough to an honor code violation," Dixon said.

Other DBA board members agreed. During a discussion of the incident at Tuesday's weekly DBA meeting, 3L Representative Kim Lerman remarked that Max's actions have "got to be an honor code violation."

Yet they aren't, Sockwell said. The code only covers specific listed offenses, such as plagiarism or use of unauthorized materials on an exam.

"I do not see that his submissions of fake, practical-joke election statements is a violation of one of the listed offenses in our honor code," Sockwell said Wednesday. "I told Tucker that I think it is misconduct but not an honor code violation, and he will not be prosecuted under the honor code."

Max is not necessarily off the hook, however. The preamble to the honor code allows the administration or faculty to separately address all other types of student misconduct, Sockwell said.

"There are other avenues to deal with misconduct. I'm still considering that. I don't know what I'm going to do," she said.

Max, meanwhile, had challenged his election disqualification. "My Statement of Intent was submitted in accordance with every rule that I could find," Max wrote in an email to Dixon on Feb. 24. "I submitted it with the full intention of running, and...I expect to be given the same considerations as every other person who ran."

Dixon maintained his action was permissible. The DBA Constitution says that the vice president may promulgate reasonable election rules and regulations, Dixon pointed out. The DBA board backed Dixon unanimously in a vote of confidence Tuesday.

After learning that his bid was rejected, Max said this whole incident had become "comical."

"I wouldn't have done this to someone I thought would have a remote chance of being offended," Max said. "I honestly figured someone would read these [platforms] and recognize immediately that they were fake. The whole thing should have taken five minutes at the most."

But Dixon ended up spending far more time on this issue. Between investigating the fake nominations, rewriting the ballots, and discussing the problem with Sockwell and the DBA board, Dixon said he wasted about 10 hours.

"I thought it was possibly defamatory to have these statements attributed to these people," Dixon said. "At the beginning, I had no idea if these were people [whom Max] hated."

After reading that article, you must still have obvious questions that the mental midget who wrote the article didn't address. Like "what the fuck did the statements say?" Well read them:

Tucker Max:

My name is Tucker Max and I am applying for a position on the Graduate and Professional Student Council.

If elected, I promise to go to the Graduate and Professional Student Council meetings very drunk and demand to vote on things not on the agenda. Then I will take my shirt off so everyone can look at my rippling muscles. And possibly even my pants, but only if I have on boxer-briefs under them.

If I am still not getting my way, I will drag a dead, rotting deer carcass into the meeting, bellowing, "I AM NOW YOUR KING!! FLEE BEFORE MY RATH!!" I then I will unleash my thundering horde upon the dissenters, until all my enemies are driven before me and crushed under my Cole-Haan loafers.

Once I gain control of the Graduate and Professional Student Council, I will declare myself ruler for life. My first decree will be that all Grad student basketball tickets go to Law Students and hot girls who like me. I will then appoint someone Distributor of The Tickets, who will oversee the distribution of the tickets and the seating arrangements. That person could be you if you vote for me.

Then I will annex the University and its land, and declare a free state. And open a liquor store, with real cheap prices.

Respectfully submitted,
Tucker Max

Hate:

I am Hate. I WILL be your next Class Representative.

Why am I qualified? The obvious reason is because I said so. My other skills include: pointing out the obvious things that everyone misses, darts, ruling over committee meetings with an iron fist, and critiquing the obvious flaws in poorly made movies.

Why should you vote for me? Do you enjoy your teeth?

My motto is simple: "Just because I don't like you, doesn't mean that you can't vote for me."

Hate, Class of 2001

GoldenBoy:

My name is Golden Boy, and I would like to be your Library Committee Representative.

I feel that I am qualified for this position because I am very well read, I like libraries, and most importantly I am smarter than you are. With my superior intellect, I feel that I could do something for the library committee that has never been done before. What that is, I am not sure, but that doesn't change the fact that I am very smart, which you would know if you have ever had a class with me.

If elected, my first action will be to look down on you from my perch of enlightenment. My second action will be to sneer at you, as you look up at me from your little hovels of ignorance. My third action will be to talk as much as possible in all my classes.

Sincerely,

Golden Boy-The People's Candidate
Class of 2001

El Bingeroso:

My name is El Bingeroso. I am running for Faculty Appointments Committee Representative. My platform can be summarized by a silly little ballad I wrote during Criminal Law:

I am pretty, oh so pretty!
Everybody, oh everybody,
Please come look at me!
I am pretty, oh so pretty!
I want to appoint all the Faculty!
If I win, I'll sing this song in front of everyone.

Your Friend,
El Bingeroso, Class of 2001

Credit:

My name is Credit, and I am running for the Appeals Board.

I think I would make a good candidate because I am very appealing, hey! Also, I would add spice to the meetings by saying things like, "Lets'a go!" and "Who here ordered dis here pizza," even if there ain't no pizzas around.

Doin' it for da kids,
Credit

JoJo

My name is JoJo, and I would like to be your DBA Class Representative. You might have seen me around, I'm that black guy. The one with that thing on his face.

If I was like everyone else, I would promise you a bunch of ridiculous crap that I couldn't deliver on. But I'm not going to. Why? Because I am cooler than Shaft. I am more super than SuperFly. I AM THE BLACK CEASAR!

To me this election is about diversity, and it doesn't get more diverse than me. I am African, African-American, American, and Native American. And don't forget that I'm cool as Miles Davis. I will make you one promise if you elect me. I will coolify this Law School.

I'll show all the silly Bitterman look-a-likes how to dress, act and just be an overall pimp. And I won't sell out in the process, like Damon Wayans.

I also want to bring some life to the DBA. If elected, I will grow an Angela Davis looking afro. Then, I will free the law school from 400 years of oppression. Then I will change my name to Mandingo Dele.

Keepin' it real,
JoJo, Esquire To Be
Class of 2001

So after the DBA decided to fuck with the me and not allow any of the candidates to run and didn't put the candidates statements up on the board, did I stand by and do nothing? Well, yeah, pretty much. Honestly, I thought the whole thing was too absurd to deserve my time, even though my time is completely worthless. I did write a response though:

The response:

Keeping with the "any press is good press" maxim, I have written a response to the article in the last Duke Law Reporter about my role in the recent election fiasco. In case you have forgotten the whole election fiasco over break (as you should have), I'll refresh your memory. I wrote five Statements of Intent to run in the recent DBA election, four of which were for people not named "Tucker Max." The statements themselves were (admittedly) submitted as jokes, were totally inoffensive, and were in the names of four of my close friends, none of which are at all upset at me for any of this.

I'd like to begin by correcting some glaring errors in the article. First of all, David Dixon NEVER "confronted me." I still have no idea what this guy looks like. I would make guesses, but I won't because they'd probably all be libelous.

Second, I was not really "denied an opportunity to run." All the Statements, including my own, were submitted as jokes. I initially had no intention of running, and neither did anyone else. In reality, I just wanted to see these absurd Statements on a posterboard with my friends pictures next to them. Once I realized that I was running for an uncontested spot, and Dixon asked me if I really wanted to run, I told Dixon (in an email) that I would fill the position. This was obviously before he had his fit of indignant rage, and decided to disqualify me and my friends.

Enough with the clarifications, on with the rant. My favorite part of the article was where Andrew Flake said that I made a mockery of the "whole election process." Is he kidding? That's like saying that Jimmy Swaggert made a mockery of Televangelism. As if the DBA was this bastion of respectability and icon of professionalism until I came along and ruined everything. Insolent Tucker Max has forever sullied the lustrous reputation of the DBA. How will the law school ever recover? Who will govern us? Who will lead?

A delicious irony in this absurd comedy is the fact that of the three people who elected to stay in the race after the Statements were discovered as jokes, two of us were running for UNCONTESTED SPOTS. This means that we were disqualified for positions that no one else wanted. Apparently the DBA would rather have the spots unfilled than have someone with a sense of humor occupy them.

One of my favorite acts in this little drama was an email that David Dixon was kind enough to send me, in which he urged me to "engage in some serious thought about the fact that you are in a professional school, not a junior high school," and went on to hope that "this experience in law school will help redirect your paths toward the standard of professional conduct that absolutely will be required of you in your chosen vocation."

Thanks Dave! Boy, if that little bit of sagely wisdom didn't turn my life around. I'll start down this path by writing some tax legislation, maybe that'll make me professional! Or even better yet, I'll become a humorless automaton and rigidly enforce meaningless, bureaucratic rules!

I am having trouble figuring out why this whole thing upset people. The statements were not offensive, and the people whose names they were in found them funny. What does it say when David is more upset than the people whose names were used without consent? If I had written something like, "If elected, I promise to kill all the [insert favorite racial/ethnic group]," then the indignant lather that David and his little henchpeople got worked up into would be rightly justifiable. But not only were the statements not at all offensive to anyone, but the people that they were about thought that they were funny.

I also can't figure out why the actual statements of intent themselves were never printed. My guess is that either the newspaper didn't have a copy of them (coincidentally, they never asked me for copies), or the DBA didn't want them printed, because then those of us free of major head injury would realize how ridiculous this whole situation has become.

Some other things I was surprised that didn't make it into the Duke Law Reporter article: a more in-depth examination of David Dixon's basically unchecked power over the DBA elections, how David Dixon threatened (never to my face, of course) my law school career, how incredibly funny the actual statements were, and why none of the quotes from the interviews of those the Statements were about made it into the article.

The lesson to be learned from this whole fiasco is...don't go to law school. Well, not really. The real lesson is probably something about restraint and maturity, but I never learn those lessons.

The really ironic thing is that the editor of the Duke Law Reporter, Alyssa Rubensdorf, wouldn't print my response. Why? SHE THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE LIBELOUS! I swear to god she said that. What a flaming moron. In college I had the mostly widely read column in the history of my school, I was a section editor of that paper, which had a circulation of over 11,000, I've been published in real magazines and journals, and written my own books, and this nitwit thinks she knows better than me what can and can't be printed? Whatever. That is why she is a lawyer, and I am world famous.

TUCKER GOES 3-MINUTE DATING, HILARITY ENSUES

When I heard about 3-min dating, I immediately recognized it for what it is: possibly the perfect forum for my humor. I can think of no better way for me to avoid the consequences of my charm and wit. I get to talk to 30 different women for 3 minutes apiece, drop a few quips and/or insults, and then move on. What could be better?

I went with my friend "Bret." He agreed to go with me, under the condition that he not go immediately after me in the dating line. His reasoning, "I don't want the girls to be vomiting from shock when I talk to them."

We arrive about 15 minutes early, and procure beers. The company sponsoring the event is called HurryDate, and there is a host, Phil, and a hostess, Jodi. I start talking to Jodi, because, well, she was really good looking, and I like talking to good-looking girls. I don't remember how our conversation got started, but for some reason, Jodi says something about a g-spot. Always trying to be helpful, I tell her that a man's g-spot is in his ass. She tells me she knows this, and that there are certain types of anal stimulation that can make guys come so hard that they pass out. She tells me that she knows this because she saw it happen to a guy at a sex toy party with anal beads.

WOW. Now THIS is the way to start a night.

Everyone takes a seat, and Phil and Jodi introduce themselves. Phil is good-looking, meticulously dressed, was previously Wisconsin Bachelor of the Year, works as a fashion consultant, and speaks with a lisp. Yeah, he's not gay.

Jody is very attractive, doesn't have a boyfriend, was the Minnesota Goat Milking Champion in high school, and goes to sex toy parties. I bet she's emotionally stable! I honestly don't remember what she does for a living; I was too busy staring and objectifying her to pay attention to anything she said.

Phil goes on to explain how 3-min dating works. The women all sit at different tables, and every guy spends 3 minutes talking to every girl. After each 3-min "date," a whistle blows, and each guy moves on to the next girl. Each person wears a numbered nametag, and you mark 'Yes'

or 'No' on a scorecard if you want to see them again. Within 48 hours of the event, the organizers send you the e-mail addresses of those whose "Yes" columns match up with yours. He concludes the instructions by trying to make a joke:

"Guys, if you get confused as to where to go next, just follow the guy in front of you."

I immediately yell out, "The last time I did that I got syphilis."

Everyone looked at me, and I took my rightful position as 'That Guy.'

The quality of the girls was much better than I had anticipated. I had expected the ladies to look like something out of Jabba the Hut's bar, but, honestly, there were some very attractive women there. Not many, but three or four are much better than none.

I started off pretty hot, and as I drank more, I only got hotter. Some of the funnier things I said to the girls:

- "I was kinda afraid to come to this, because it sets up high expectations. I can't normally last three minutes."

- "This is the first time I've ever talked to a woman without having to use a credit card."

- "Am I supposed to tell you if I have genital warts? Is that part of the rules?"

- "Does transsexual porn turn you on as much as it does me? Boy, I just can't get enough of that."

- "Pursuant to Megan's Law, I am obligated to tell you that I am a convicted sex offender."

One of the fun parts is that you get the same questions from girls over and over, the two main ones being, "Have you ever done this before," and "What do you do?" I got bored answering them, so I came up with more interesting answers. Some examples:

Girl "So, have you ever done this before?"

Me "No. I'm just here for the free beer."

Girl "We don't get free beer."

Me "What? You mean I paid \$30 just to talk to you?!? Oh...that's a treat."

Girl "So, have you ever done this before?"

Me "No, never. I was supposed to do it last month, but my damn herpes flared up, so I waited until they went away. That Valtrex isn't as good as advertised. I can't kickbox or kayak."

Girl "So, have you ever done this before?"

Me "No. I haven't dated for years. My fiancé died last week, and my friend thinks this will help me cope."

Girl "So, have you ever done this before?"

Me "Done this before? I don't even know where I am. I just woke up, I feel strange, and I think I'm missing a kidney. You haven't seen any Chinese organ thieves running around have you? Maybe carrying a cooler with them?"

Girl "What do you do?"

Me "I kill old people for insurance money."

Girl "What do you do?"

Me "I defend people arrested for juvenile sex crimes. Those guys sure know how to party. And talk about a way to meet girls!"

Girl "What do you do?"

Me "Just waiting for my parents to die."

Girl "What do you do?"

Me "I used to be a Catholic priest, but I got out. With the recent scandals, there's really no fringe benefits to the job anymore."

I would eventually tell them that I'm a writer. The next question was "What do you write?" Some answers:

- "I mostly write homosexual erotica. When do we get to talk to the men here?"

- "I do a lot of freelance work for Cat Fancy."

- "I write dialogue for snuff films."

- "I spend most of my time writing to prison inmates."

I'll tell you what; if you enjoy talking about yourself, this is the venue for you. The sad part is that I don't have many good quotes from the girls; I was so manic they barely had time to talk. I didn't think 3 minutes was enough time actually. I had so much material, and all of it was re-usable.

That was the best part; I could drop a great quote on a girl, and then use it again on the next one.

A few girls did stand out to me. One in particular. Not because she was attractive. Hardly. But she was the only one who got mad at me for making jokes. Most of the girls thought I was hilarious, or at least they pretended to laugh at my jokes. But she was none too pleased by my humor. It went like this:

Her "What do you want to know about me?"

Me "I don't know...what do you think about when you masturbate?"

Her "What?!?"

Me "You know you masturbate. Don't say that you don't. Admit that you masturbate."

Her "NO."

Me "There are only two types of liars, those that say they don't and those that say they quit."

Her "What? We're supposed to be getting to know each other, and you're just making jokes. I feel like you aren't taking this seriously."

Me "We have 3 minutes. What do you want from me? Look, if you don't think I'm funny, then you don't want to get to know any more about me. It only gets worse from here."

Another girl told me she had two cats, and their full names were Kathleen Lulu Dubowski and Jersey Lemon Dubowski. I couldn't make this shit up. My question to her, "Why would you own cats? Do you enjoy having big boxes of shit all over your house?"

A random exchange:

Her "So what do you do with your free time?"

Me "I like to have as much butt sex as possible."

One girl who was possibly more manic than me started blabbering on and on about her beliefs. Needless to say, they were idiotic. I finally had to set her straight:

Her "I definitely believe in fate."

Me "Do you believe that fate brought us together?"

Her "Oh yeah."

Me "Fate must hate you."

When we came to the end, I realized that I hadn't kept track of the girls numbers. Super. There were actually three or four girls that I was

interested in, but I had no idea which numbers they were, so I didn't know what to mark down on my sheet. I ended up working off of my friend Bret's notes that he took on every girl, and marked four that I thought were the same ones I was interested in.

I got the email from HurryDate a few days later, and all of the girls I marked had also put me down. I haven't emailed any of them, for two reasons: 1. I'm not exactly sure who is who, and 2. I am an asshole.

I think they realized this also, because none of them have emailed me. All in all, I give the 3-min dating experience high marks, for the simple fact that I got to talk about myself and crack jokes for three hours.

TUCKER AND HIS FIRST MILF

One of my friends got married recently. All my other friends weddings were in places like Vegas or the Outer Banks, but not this one. Nope, my boy got hitched in Akron, Ohio. Really. The only cool thing about it was that I got to see a bunch of guys I knew from college and hadn't seen in a long time.

We all collected at someone's house who happens to live in the area, and start drinking and catching up on the last three years or so. Then we head out to find the "night life" in Akron...yeah. That was a real fucking blast. It was like looking for the clean part of a dirty ass.

As we are leaving a bar, an attractive girl with two other girls and a guy walk by me. As she walks by, I say,

Tucker "Hey, you want to go to a wedding with me tomorrow?"

She stops, looks me up and down, and replies, "Maybe. Where are you guys going right now?"

Tucker "Anywhere you are."

Girl "You can come with us," she motions to her friends getting into a taxi, "we're going to get something to eat."

Tucker "Don't offer if you're not serious."

Girl "I'm very serious. Come with me." I wish I could bottle the seductive look she gave me.

I hop into the car with them, don't even say goodbye to my friends, and head off. We go to some shit-hole bar/restaurant, and actually have a great time. The girl who invited me, her name is--I shit you not--Janet Jackson, and she turns out to be very cool (and very into me). I've got the perfect amount of alcohol in me, so I'm lighting the table up with jokes about our waitress, who was obviously coked-out, the Akron night life, and the other single girl at the table, who told me that, and I quote, "My boyfriend is with his wife tonight."

Eating time over, we get into another taxi, and I don't really pay attention to what's going on until we pull into the driveway of a house. Janet turns to me and says, "You're getting out with me." Okay. We get to her bedroom, she puts on Indigo Girls or Abba or something, lights about six candles, and we had all kinds of great sex.

The next morning I wake up at 9am, and call up Reilly to find out when and where the pre-wedding golf game is supposed to be that morning.

He gives me directions, and I wake Janet up. As she is getting ready, she asks me to write down my number so that she can call me that night to meet up again.

I cannot find a pen in her room, so I venture out to the other rooms on the top floor. No pens, but the rooms are filled with toys, coloring books, very small beds, Powerpuff curtains...oh no.

Tucker "Do you have kids?"

Janet "Yes, but they're with their dad this weekend."

Relieved, I search the rest of the house, and cannot, for the life of me, find anything normal to write with.

I end up writing my number...on a piece of yellow construction paper...with a red crayon...that I found in her daughter's room.

I hate myself.

GIRL DETERMINED TO FUCK TUCKER

When I lived in Austin, one night I was out with my friend Ryan. We began the night at some shitty bar that had \$1 you-call-it. A \$25 tab later, I called it getting real drunk.

From there, we walked down 6th street, when out of nowhere this smoking hot woman grabs us I and starts taking us to a bar. Being a completely self-absorbed narcissist, I figured she either recognized me or was enraptured with Ryan's hotness (regrettably, he is better looking than me).

Nope. She was a shill, just dragging guys into this bar called The Coppertank. So much for the gangbang. Undeterred by this minor setback, I start shamelessly flirting with her. She is loving me and buys Ryan and I shots and beers, and hangs out with us at the bar.

Free drinks are fun, but being disgusting is better, so I start making lewd suggestions about things she should let me put in her butt, when she informs me that she is married.

Tucker "Well were is your husband?"

Woman "At home with the kids."

Tucker "So he just pimps you out every night? He makes a woman as hot as you work?"

Woman "I want to work. Besides, it's easy. We own the bar, I can do what I want."

Tucker "You can do what you want? Then get me another drink, and be quick about it."

This woman was loving us. We drank free most of the night, and I don't remember much, but I do know that my time in the bar was a success, mainly because there were at least 8 girls pissed at me and about a dozen guys who wanted to kick my ass. I think two of the conversations went like this:

Me "You aren't hot enough to talk to me."

Girl "WHAT?"

Me "You heard me."

Girl "Yeah, well YOU aren't hot enough to talk to ME!"

Me "OK, if I'm not hot enough, then why are you still talking to me? Shouldn't you be with the hot people? Oh wait, that's me. Go on, the uglies are over there waiting for you."

Girl "Fuck you."

Me "You're still talking to me? I thought I wasn't hot enough for you to talk too. No wait--the reverse is true."

Girl "ASSHOLE!"

With another girl I commented on her clothes. She was dressed very...flamboyantly.

Me "Are you feeling OK?"

Girl "Yeah. Why?"

Me "Have you seen your clothes?"

Girl "What's wrong with my clothes?"

Me [eyebrow raise] "Well, you look like Carmen Miranda. Really. You have the fashion sense of Christopher Lowell on a bad batch of crystal meth. Were you riding the snake when you picked out your clothes?"

One girl was ugly and acting like a bitch. Someone had to put her in her place, and who better than me?

Tucker "Do you have a pen?"

Girl "No. Why?"

Tucker "I want to get your autograph."

Girl "Who do you think I look like?"

Tucker "The Incredible Hulk."

Girl "OH MY GOD!"

Her fat friend made the unfortunate mistake of coming to her defense.

Fat girl "How could you say that? I think she is very good looking."

Tucker "Are you kidding? I can't even feel my eyes anymore."

Fat girl "What a fucking asshole!"

This particular fat girl apparently was a big fan of the Navy, because she had on this weird looking quasi-sailor suit that was way to tight for her. Someone should have warned her.

Tucker "Ahoy, set sails for the Port of Mayonnaise! Petty Officer Puddingtime is out of Oreo's!"

Needless to say, I left the bar without female accompaniment.

2am comes and we head out into the street. Everyone is pouring out from all the different bars, and I see this hot girl staring at me. Jus fucking around, I motion for her to come over. She does. Then she starts

talking to me like she knows me. Fine with me, whatever makes her want to fuck.

Not even two minutes later I suggest she get into a cab with me, she agrees and as we are waving one down, three of her friends rush over and pull her away from me, castigating her for almost leaving with me.

I just ignore them. It's never good style to sweat pussy. Nothing smells worse to a woman than desperation.

I pretend like everything is fine, and then look over about three minutes later, and no surprise--she is staring at me again. I smile, she smiles, and I motion for her to come back. She walks right over.

But once again, her friends follow her over and try to get her away from. Ryan tries to intervene like a wingman should, but there was nothing he could do. It was like one man trying to block the entire Baltimore Ravens defensive line--he didn't have a chance. The girls swarmed around him and attacked me.

The girl hugged on my arm while her friends pulled on her and yelled at her to get away from me. I half-heartedly tried to make fun of them, "Shouldn't you worry more about your expanding waistline than her sex life?," but they eventually pried her away from me. They had to force her hands off of me, she was holding on that tight, but they did get her away.

They carry her--literally pick her up and carry her--to another taxi and push her in. Ryan and I are laughing at this scene, but I'm kinda pissed about losing such an easy thing. They push her into the back seat of a taxi, and then pile in after her. Then we witness one of the most miraculous things I've ever seen:

She climbs across the back seat, opens the other side door, and steps out. Her friend who got into the cab after her lunges across the seat at her, grabs ahold of her shirt, but the girl pulled her shirt, broke free, and SPRINTS over to me.

I am in shock. The scene looks like a Benny Hill skit. I have never seen any girl want to me this badly. I couldn't have thrown a boomerang and had it come back to me any faster.

I immediately grab her, hop into a cab and pull off, and laugh at her friends who are running after the cab screaming and trying to wave it down.

We had lots of drunk sex, it was great, and the girl left in the morning.

Tucker--1

Cock-blocking bitches--0

POST SCRIPT: There is a back story I didn't know at the time. As it was going down, I didn't think I knew the girl at all, which made the event that much weirder to me. I thought she either recognized me from the site or just thought I was hot. Wrong.

It turns out that I actually had met the girl before, briefly, while out drinking with some friends on The Trudy's Challenge. That kind of burst my bubble a little bit; that event made me think I was so attractive I was enrapturing even to women I don't know. I guess I am only that enrapturing to women I have met once.

I also thought the girls were trying to keep her away from me because, well, I'm me, and girls should keep their friends away from me. In reality, it had nothing to do with me--the girl had a boyfriend, and they were trying to keep her from cheating on him. I didn't find this out until the next day when I called Ryan. He told me, "Dude, you missed the best part. When her friends came to get her the second time, the girl I was talking too said "I'm going to call her boyfriend, he'll come get her. She's going to do something bad, I just know it.""

I wondered why she acted so weird the next day. Sobriety brings consequences.

But that's not all. I had some friends in common with her, and not only did she have a boyfriend, but I knew her boyfriend...and her boyfriend HATED me.

You want to guess why she was so eager to fuck me?

Apparently her boyfriend had done something that really pissed her off--I never found out exactly what but I assume he cheated on her--so when she saw me out she decided to get back at him by fucking me.

I feel so cheap and used!!

Yeah right. If any of you attractive women out there want to fuck me to get back at your boyfriend, husband, or even girlfriend, feel free to contact me, or just find me. I live in Chicago and I am not hard to seduce.

Especially if you have large breasts and/or a bar tab you are willing to share.

NOT ANOTHER TEEN HOOKUP

So one of my teenage girl booty calls (yes, she is of age) came over tonight. Her call to me, at like 1am:

"I am at a party and it's lame and I'm baked and my genitals are burning for sex. Can I come over?"

I let her come over. When she gets there I am busy, so I make her wait to fuck.

Girl "UH! Come on, let's fuck."

Tucker "Wait until this over."

Girl "This is IRON CHEF! WHO CARES! I am offering you PUSSY!"

Tucker "I know. And your pussy will wait. Chairman Kaga won't."

So we have sex and it was great--for me, because I came. Afterwards she is still baked and wants to hang out and talk and eat or whatever. I don't. I want to go to sleep. She keeps annoying me.

Tucker "You need to shut up before I call your parents and tell them that you snuck out and fucked a 28 year old guy."

Girl "UH! You know, you don't have a big dick so I thought you'd make up for it by being good in bed. You aren't good in bed so I thought you'd make up for it by being a nice person. You aren't a nice person so I don't think there is any reason for me to hang out with you."

Tucker "AAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA. OK--you can go. Bye."

Her [after a long pause] "Uh...that did not go the way I intended."

Then she turned over and went to sleep, then we fucked again in the morning.

Teenagers are funny.

TUCKER IS DUPED, TURNS TABLES

I got invited to a party by a girl who met me through my website. She had been emailing me for about three weeks before the party, had sent two pictures, and seemed pretty cool. But there were several red flags:

1. She claimed she was a 4th year Northwestern Med student. I have a friend in her 3rd year there who had never heard of her.
2. She refused to meet me, give me a number, or email me from her med school account before the party.
3. She continuously talked about how much she wanted to fuck me.
4. She made lots of quantum physics jokes.
5. The party was on the south side of Chicago, about a 45 minute drive from Northwestern, yet it was supposed to be her med school friend's party.

Now, what would you think? Obviously, and I thought the same thing, but I played along, because how the hell else am I going to get material if I don't get drunk and put myself in these absurd situations? People want to know how I get into the predicaments I write about--well, going to random parties thrown by complete strangers you met on the internet is one way to do it.

My friend "Bret" and I arrive at the party at around 10:30. It was almost immediately apparent that my assumption was correct, and I had been duped. There was a party going on, but it sucked. It was a University of Chicago grad school party. If you know anything about the University of Chicago, this should be all the description you need. The depressing thing about the party was that the people who threw it had bought three kegs, 15 bags of chips, three or four cases of non-alcoholic drinks, and had a DJ, all in anticipation of lots of people, yet there were only about 40 people there, max. It was awkward and sad. Bret and I camped out by the keg and started drinking.

Being a University of Chicago grad school party, the average level of attractiveness was hovering somewhere around "Tele-tubby." The one major exception was this beautiful Asian girl. She was standing next to a guy who could only have been a bigger dork if he had thick black glasses with tape in the middle. I walked right up to her as if he didn't exist, cracked a few jokes, and he disappeared. Well, he pretended to go get a beer, and then walked about ten feet away and nervously stared at us.

She was a statistics grad student, had been in America for only 2 years,

and spoke marginal English. I was bored, so the conversation became immediately absurd. The highlights:

Tucker "So, you're from China?"

Girl "Yes."

Tucker "Do you know Yao Ming?"

Girl "Who?"

Tucker "Yao Ming. He's 7'6". You can't miss him."

Girl "I don't know this person. China is very big."

Tucker "Yeah, but he's twice as tall as anyone else in the country. You can probably see him from miles away. He's famous. Do you have famous people in China?"

Tucker "So, what's your name?"

Girl "My name is Angel."

Tucker "Right, and my name is Deng Shao Ping. What's 'Angel?' Your stripper name? Come on, what's your real name?"

Tucker "So do you like America?"

Girl "Yes, I like it."

Tucker "Alright, let's cut the bullshit--Did you come over here to steal our secrets."

Girl "I don't know; do you have any secrets?"

Tucker "Not my secrets you ninny--our nuclear secrets."

Girl "What? I don't understand."

Tucker "Yeah, whatever. That's exactly what Wen Ho Lee said."

Tucker "Where the hell can I get some good Chinese food in Chicago?"

Girl "Oh, I don't know, I am from China."

Tucker "Yeah, I know that, but don't you eat out?"

Girl "Eat out?"

Tucker "Go to a restaurant. Or do you cook for yourself?"

Girl "Oh no, I don't like to cook. Maybe only vegetables."

Tucker "Yeah, you're too beautiful to have to cook."

Girl "Too beautiful to cook?"

Tucker "Nevermind, it's an American girl thing."

Tucker "So who's that guy you were with. He looks like a tool."

Girl "A tool?"

Tucker "He's just temporary, isn't he? He's just taking up space and buying you food until you can find someone good to marry and get your citizenship. Right?"

Girl "Oh, I don't know. Hehehe."

Tucker "Alright, you've sold me. Give me your number and we can talk about it over some fried chicken and Ripple."

Girl "Ripple? What is Ripple?"

I ended up getting her number. I am debating whether or not I should call her. On the plus side, she's very hot. On the minus side, she speaks bad English and understands about 25% of my jokes, which would probably get real annoying real fast.

I still have yet to completely figure out what happened, and who orchestrated the Bring Tucker To The Party fiasco, because the girl (or guy/people) responsible never stepped up to me. I wasn't mad at all; I thought it was pretty funny, and I got two hours of free beer out of it. No one said anything to me when I was there. Nothing at all. I probably would have congratulated the person(s) who thought this up and pulled it off, but they just (presumably) stared at me and giggled to their friends.

The best part was the next day when I emailed this person, congratulating her on a job well done, and asking the details of the plot, so I could accurately report it here. In the email I got back, she (he/they) tried to talk shit to me. OK, buddy, whatever. Have fun being a University of Chicago physics grad student.

UPDATE: I did call Angel and ended up hooking up with her. I'm glad I did too, she was great in bed.

TUCKER BUCKLES UNDER PRESSURE

When I was in LA, my agency got me into the green room at Jimmy Kimmel. NOT tickets for the Jimmy Kimmel audience, just the green room. It's apparently one of the coolest things to do in Hollywood, to pre-party in the Jimmy Kimmel green room, because its open bar and there are a lot of hot girls in there.

One of my good friends from San Diego, TheMonkey, drove up and went with me because she is hot and I needed money. In LA, there are only two currencies that carry weight: hot girls and celebrity. That's it, and I wasn't enough of a celeb yet.

I show up at the door to the Green Room, and in typical Tucker fashion, I don't have my ID, so of course they won't let me in. I have to call TheProducer who gives me the number for the guy at my agency (call him "Cheek") who got me the tickets.

As I am dialing, TheMonkey says to me, "If I had left my ID at home, you would just go in and leave me at the door." TheMonkey knows me well.

Tucker "Hey Cheek, it's Tucker. Dude I'm at the green room entrance to the Jimmy Kimmel Show, and I don't have my ID. Can you get me in?"
Cheek "You don't have your ID?"
Tucker "Nope."
Cheek "Uhhh...uhhhh...hold on."

I know that he has to be thinking, "What a fucking idiot," and he is correct, I am an idiot, but nonetheless, I need to get in. Eventually, the security guy feels sorry for me and just lets me and TheMonkey inside. I am not above accepting pity.

We roll in, and after about 4 or 5 vodka clubs (did I mention it has an open bar?), I scan the room for famous people--it's me, Wayne Robson, some guy who has a dance show on MTV, and everyone from Pennywise. Jimmy Kimmel gets shitty guests. I decide I am the most famous person in the room, and proceed to tell everyone this.

I go up to every girl even remotely fuckable and tell her I think I'm the most famous person in the room, and then ask what she thinks (this is after Wayne and Pennywise went out on stage--they were actually on the Jimmy Kimmel Show). Every single one had the same first question--"Why are you famous?" I told them that if they didn't recognize me, they

obviously weren't as hip as the average 14 year old computer geek, and thus nowhere near cool enough for me.

Hollywood people don't get sarcastic humor.

Then it happened. Possibly the most embarrassing moment of my life, and easily a moment I will eventually have to redeem myself for:

Carson Daly walked in the Green Room...and I didn't punch him in his face.

He had on a green mesh Jets hat, and--get this--the fucking guy had a DIAMOND STUD NOSE RING. Literally a diamond nose ring, I shit you not. He stood to the side watching the show on the huge flat panel screens they have in the green room.

I saw him, my fight or flight response kicked in, and...well...I ran. Right to the bar, where I downed three vodka doubles in what felt like 30 seconds, got my courage up and went over to blast him in the face...and he was gone.

I know, I know. I failed. I am sorry.

I can't remember the last time I was so utterly and completely disappointed in myself.

I promised many friends of mine that when I came out here, if I ever saw Carson Daly and I was drunk enough, I would beat his ass. I let my friends down.

But don't worry--this has only begun. I'll get Carson one day.

Thoroughly ashamed of myself, I decide to chase away my pain with alcohol and sex. TheMonkey and I start hitting on girls for potential threesomes. She is still relatively new to the bi-sexual thing, so I am giving her instruction on how to pick up girls. I point out a potential target, and she says, VERY loud, "She has a fat ass."

Immediately, the girl gives her a look of complete contempt and horror. TheMonkey is not like me at all; she meant this in a good way. Even the bartender says, "No, she meant P-H-A-T fat," and he was correct.

Nonetheless, this girl got security and had us kicked out of the Jimmy Kimmel Green Room.

I know, I know--the irony is fucking sickening.

POST SCRIPT:

I wrote this a year ago and have since decided that Carson Daly is no longer a viable target. He admitted on Conan that he is a douche-bag, which kinda steals my thunder. At this point, kicking his ass doesn't really serve the purpose I wanted it to. If even he knows he's a douche-bag, what fun is that?

TUCKER GOES TO GAINESVILLE, IS DEFEATED BY A FAT GIRL

I was in Gainesville last night hanging out with my buddy Ryan. Let me just say this much: If UF doesn't have the hottest girls in America, it has to be in the top 5. You would be hard pressed to find a school with more astoundingly hot girls than UF. If you are a male in high school, you're a fool if you don't at least visit this place when considering colleges. I grew up in Kentucky and am a diehard UK fan so it truly pains me to complement UF in any way (except to congratulate them for coloring in the lines), but only a fool would deny the incredible beauty of the girls on this campus...

Well, I should say the beauty of MOST of the girls on this campus. And yes, there is a short behind this:

Last night this group of five girls came over to Ryans place to go out with us. Of the five, two were legitimately pretty hot. So I ask one her major. She kinda hesitates:

Tucker "Do you not know your major?"

Girl1 "Of course I know it, but...I don't know, people make fun of me."

Tucker "Just tell me."

Girl1 "Event planning."

Tucker "HAHHHHHAHHHAHHAA--They are right to make fun of you. Event planning! Wait--so can I throw a party and have you plan it? And that can be college credit for you?"

Girl1 "Well, no. I haven't even started any classes in my major yet."

Tucker "You mean there are things to learn? JUST THROW A PARTY!"

Girl1 "No, its not that easy. Today was my first class in my major and they were asking us what experience we had. All these kids have done all these things, but I really didn't have anything to say. I just said that I wanted to plan weddings like J.Lo and so I can marry Mathew McConaughey."

I was so shocked I just kinda stopped. Either this girl completely pulled one over on me and made one of the funniest jokes I'd heard in months...or she is possibly the dumbest girl I've ever met. I paused and stared...waiting for her to laugh...
...still waiting...

Girl1 "What?"

Tucker "Please, please tell me you are kidding. You did not say that in class."

With a totally serious expression, she said:

Girl1 "No, I did. What?"

I mean, what the fuck do you say to that? What could you possibly say? At this point, I might as well be speaking a totally different language than this girl. I'm honestly not sure how to communicate with someone this stupid, except for grunts and the universals, like putting your hands around you neck to indicate choking. You want to know why Hollywood keeps putting out stupid movies? Because there are people like this out there. A lot of them apparently, and they are majoring in things like 'Event Planning.'

Still awestruck by this girls stupidity, I move on to the other hot girl. She was the one that had emailed me to come out, and was much smarter than her friend (though I am thinking that this could also be said for several of Ryans appliances). She was pretty into me the whole night, but no matter what we did, her annoying friend kept butting in. You know the friend I am talking about--the loud, obnoxious fat girl that, because she gets no attention from any guys becomes the mother hen of the group, hell bent on ensuring that her friends don't hook up. Yeah, she was out with us also.

We go to a bar and the FatGirl finds some other drama to get involved in and leaves me and HotGirl alone, and Ryan with his girl. After a few hours the girl Ryan is with has her hands down his pants and he takes her somewhere else, and HotGirl is all over me, so we decide to leave the bar to go hook-up. Since I am so used to dealing with women and not 20 year old idiot college girls, I made a critical error: I assumed that Fat Girl had just gone to get a large pizza and find a black guy to fuck her and would leave us alone. I was wrong.

HotGirl and I walk out of the bar, and I hail a cab and get in. FatGirl lumbers up and literally bear hugs HotGirl before she can get in the cab, nearly tackling her to the curb. I laughed at first:

Tucker "OK, stop playing around, come on, let's go."

FatGirl "I WON'T LET YOU HOOK UP WITH MY FRIEND! I AM CALLING HER BOYFRIEND!"

Oh Christ. Not another night like this. Didn't I already live this story?

I try to get HotGirl back into the cab, and she starts to come over, but FatGirl wrestles her phone and purse away from her and pulls her away. You know, I want to fuck HotGirl, but not so much I am willing to wrestle Janice Soprano to do it, so I just say 'fuck it' and leave.

The worst part:

The girl that was all into Ryan had literally told him earlier that since her other friend was hooking up with me, that she felt comfortable hooking up with him. Well, after FatGirl cock-blocked me, she called up Ryans girl, told her what happened, and that girl left him. She cock-blocked not one but TWO guys in a single night. If there were a Fat Girl Olympics, this bitch would compete for the cock-blocking gold.

The best part:

About an hour after I got home, HotGirl's boyfriend called my phone (HotGirl had my number). He left this hilarious rambling message, calling me out by saying things like, "yeah, you are a good writer, but no one believes your stories." What? Are all UF guys this sad? If you are going to be that sorry ass guy who, when your girlfriend is caught cheating, gets mad at the guy and not at her, at least complete the cliché and challenge me to a fight.

Look dude, I am sorry that your girlfriend wanted to fuck me. I am sorry that she made out with me in a bar packed with your friends. I am really sorry that only the hysterics of a fat girl stopped her from, in her own words, "fuck(ing) the shit" out of me. And I am really sorry that she found the need to tell me about you and where you fall short. From everything she told me about you, you might want to get used to your girlfriends cheating on you and dumping you because it sounds like it is going to happen a lot. Nature can be cruel at times.

EDIT: I totally forgot to write about this: Possibly the funniest part of the night was the various individual conversations I had with the girls themselves. They were possibly the cattiest bitches I've ever met. Every girl talked shit about every other girl. HotGirl told me that FatGirl was always playing "den mother" but that she fucked all kinds of guys in secret. Then one of the other girls told me that HotGirl had come out to fuck me and cheat on her boyfriend because he had fucked some other friend of his. It was insane--like falling into a soap opera.

EDIT2: I have received a lot of email from UF girls telling me that these girls suck and not to judge the whole school by them, and I just want to emphasize that I totally agree. The next night I stayed in Gainesville and went out with a different set of girls, and they were cool as shit and we all had a great time, just about everyone else I met was really cool, and I cannot wait to come back in November for the UF/FSU game.

MY FIRST MICHIGAN FOOTBALL GAME

Sorry about this story, it is really long but last night I came out of the existentialist bullshit funk I was in for the last three months, and now I am shitting out material left and right. I can't stop writing, so what should be a four paragraph post somehow turned into a mini-story. I normally would never put this much in so few events, but I don't know where else to put this, so here you go.

Welcome to the wonderful world of mania...I know it well:

Saturday I went to the Michigan/MSU game in Ann Arbor with my buddy D-Rock. We were up all night Friday, and left Chicago at 4am, because it's a 4 hour drive, the pre-gaming starts at like 8, and come on, who am I to get to a party late?

I get Red Bull for free, so D-Rock and I mainlined it and got to Ann Arbor wide awake. If by "wide awake" I mean "eyes bulging out of our skulls and twitching uncontrollably." Our parents went on coke benders, we drink 6 Red Bulls. Gotta love progress.

I put up a post on my blog asking people for good tailgating spots, and one of the best offers I got was from this guy named Dan who is a Theta Chi at Michigan. I get hundreds of emails a day, the vast majority of which suck or are stupid in some fundamental way, but this dude had this shit together. It was impressive--he laid out his frats entire game day ritual, offered me pledges to pick me up at the airport, asked for any special requests that I had--the dude should be a fucking press agent or something. My agency and studio didn't even treat me this well.

D-Rock and I pull up to Theta Chi and meet Dan. He introduces himself and immediately pulls out a sheet pan of jello shots to serve us. He informs us that they hired some homeless guy to do all the cooking and assorted domestic duties in the house. This fucking cracks me up. I know I want someone who lives under a bridge and eats banana peels to cook my food. I was hoping he'd tell me they have bum fights in the basement also, but no luck there.

One of the guys in the frat looked exactly--I mean EXACTLY--like kd lang, so I made the call on it.

Tucker "You gonna cover Roy Orbison for me or what?"
Guy "What?"

Tucker "I'll speak slow: You...look...like..kd...lang."

Guy "kd lang? Who is kd lang?"

Tucker "Are you kidding me? Are you sure you shouldn't be at Michigan State?"

His buddy, a guy with red hair wearing a camo hat tilted to the side started laughing. I took one look at him and made the obvious call--The Irish Master P.

Tucker "It's hard work, bein' a bidness man."

Irish Master P "I don't get it."

Tucker "I Got The Hook up? The greatest ghetto movie of all time."

Irish Master P "I still don't get it."

Tucker "You guys are fucking killing me."

We ended up at some house for the frat's football pre party. It was all guys. One of my friends from Detroit showed up with his girlfriend and like two girls. I immediately started fucking with Dan,

"Dude, if I bring more girls to your party then you, you need to just give up on life. You have failed."

I could barely finish my beer before that place was crawling with more pussy than the Clinique counter at Bloomingdales. It was absurd. Zero-to-whores-everywhere in like ten minutes. Why did I not go to a state school? I ask myself this question everyday.

At some point, D-Rock's girlfriend called him. She lives in a different city from him, doesn't like me and doesn't like him hanging out with me, but she could hear him at some sort of event. What did he do?

D-Rock GF "Where are you?"

D-Rock "In Michigan."

D-Rock GF "What are you doing in Michigan?"

D-Rock "Uhh...registering voters."

AND SHE BELIEVED HIM!!!! I couldn't stop laughing. That is my new saying for "I'm out getting drunk and fucking whores."

At this party, I saw one of the most amazing drinking related things ever: One of the brothers, Spike, was chugging a beer off by himself in the corner of the yard. I guess some of it went down wrong, because he started lurching then threw up in his mouth, swallowed it, shook his head a little to work it off and then went back to drinking. He unquestionably

threw up--his eyes got red and watered, snot came out of his nose, some of the bile/beer spilled out of his mouth--and then he just took it all back in.

Look, I don't know this guy, I have no idea if he is hard or soft or cool or a dipshit, I barely even talked to him, but I will give credit where it is due: That was fucking AWESOME. I have never seen anyone do that. I am going to start practicing that. Talk about a cool party trick. The thing was, it's not like he did it as a party trick. I don't think he knew anyone was watching until I asked him if he threw up in his mouth.

There was one girl who was legitimately hot. No question she fucks too; she had that unmistakable college girl "I'm going to hop on as many cocks as possible until graduation" look about her. I was drunk and staring at her, and Irish Master P was like,

IMP "You want me to 'accidentally' push you into her so you can meet her?"

Tucker "That is awful. You are such a fucking amateur. Watch me--I wrote the fucking book on this."

I approached her (I can't remember my line--to be honest, it was mediocre at best, I kinda fumbled that one) and she talked to me for like two minutes and then turned her back on me.

I literally stopped and checked my face for boogers. I can't remember the last time a girl dissed me that hard. I seriously thought maybe someone set her up to do that to me, just to fuck with me. I looked around expecting Irish Master P to break out laughing, like I was on Punked or something. Nope. Apparently, I just suck.

I talk to like five more girls, and every single one brushes me off. Quickly. This confuses the shit out of me; even apart from this ridiculous website, my game is good. I can pick up girls pretty easily, but these girls were ignoring me like I was an unwashed beggar. Of course I asked Irish Master P what the fuck was going on. He laughs at me,

IMP "Dude, this is a Greek party at the University of Michigan. If you aren't in a fraternity or someone they know, you're no one."

Tucker "But I'm famous."

IMP "D list famous. You're a cult celebrity. To these girls, you aren't even as cool the dudes in this frat."

Tucker "Not as cool as YOU? YOU?? Find me a knife. I'm going to cut all these whores."

Some ugly girl who had no idea who I was claimed she could drink me under the table. Are you kidding? Do you know who you are talking to? I LITERALLY DO THIS FOR A LIVING. I told her it had to be for a bet. She told me to name the terms,

"If I win, I get to come on your face, and then wash it off with my piss."

That ended the discussion pretty quick.

I'm going to have to make the call--Michigan is WAY cooler than Notre Dame [I went to the Purdue/ND game earlier this year]. In every way. Better football environment, hotter girls, guys who aren't fucking douche bag jamooks--everything is better at Michigan. Were I a 17 year old high school senior and picking between those two for college, no question or debate--I would be a Wolverine. Sorry Notre Dame, I don't have a dog in this fight, I am just calling it like I see it. You guys suck.

The best part: We didn't even make it to the game, an unforgettable game where Mich beat MSU in triple overtime. I don't even want to talk about why--it's so fucking stupid it pisses me off to even think about it. We ended up having to drive back to Chicago that night because D-Rock had something he had to go to and had forgot it was that night. Of course, he passed out and didn't make it to his event, so we left Ann Arbor for no fucking reason. Great.

TUCKER IS A PIMP

Tucker is a pimp

A friend of mine works for a large consulting company, and he invited me to a function his firm held at a Chicago bar. The liquor was free, so I agreed to attend.

I am not one that really concerns myself with "social norms" or "appropriate attire," and as a result, I showed up to this event looking like a complete slob; jeans, flip-flops and unshaven was my look of the day. But even though I resembled an out of work Macaroni Grill waiter, the women there still loved me.

This is not bragging on my part--I was competing with business analysts and computer consultants. Me going up against these guys in competition for women is like Pedro Martinez pitching in the Little League World Series. It borders on criminal abuse.

Plus, by dressing so "casually," I actually helped my chances. A look that might be interpreted as "unkempt slob" in other circumstances, turns into "alluring bad boy" when you're hanging out with computer geeks.

At one point, a fairly attractive girl wandered over to my area and made some silly pretense in order to start a conversation with me. I can't remember what it was she said, as I was too busy trying to stuff beers into my pockets before the open bar ended. We began talking, and she asked me how it was I came to attend the event, the unstated question being, "You obviously don't belong here, so who are you, and what are you doing dressed like that?" The conversation went something like this:

Her "So, who do you know here?"

Tucker "No one. I just heard there was free liquor, so, you know...game On."

Her "Nice. Drinking alone is one of the beginning stages of alcoholism."

Tucker "Oh I'm way past the beginning stages. I already sit alone in the dark and drink, and hide liquor around my house. I'm a full blown, irreversible alcoholic."

Her "Nice. Excellent."

Tucker "But you know, I think alcoholism is highly underrated. It gets a bad rap. Think about: What really are the detriments to being an alcoholic?"

Her "I don't know. You tell me."

Tucker "OK, well, let's think about it: 1. It hurts relationships with family and friends? I don't like those people anyway; 2. Causes long term health problems? I drive way too fast to worry about anything long term; 3. Costs money? I'm going to spend it recklessly anyway, better on alcohol than on drugs or pornography; 4. Causes rude and aberrant behavior? I'm an asshole when I'm sober; being drunk actually calms me down. Now compare that to it's benefits: It makes me invulnerable to criticism, makes ugly people attractive, makes boring people seem interesting, and makes hot girls like me. For my money, the choice is obvious."

After that little monologue, I was fully expecting to have to ditch my stolen beers and turn and run in order to avoid an "incident" with security, but much to my surprise, she thought I was hilarious. She spent the next fifteen minutes laughing non-stop at my bullshit, and, to her credit, she was smart enough to give it back to me a few times.

The event was winding down, and my friend came over to get me (we had plans for after the event), when she looks at me and says, "So, are you going to ask for my number?" Not to be outdone, I come back with, "Well, if you like, we could skip all the formalities and just fuck in the bathroom."

Anyway, I got her number, and as soon as anything funny happens, you'll be the first to know. After I tell my real friends, of course.

TUCKER TRIES DRUGS

I went to DC one weekend to visit my friends. Apparently, we haven't ruined enough peoples lives, so we I decided to crash a party thrown by a girl we went to law school with. We weren't invited, but we just assumed she didn't have our phone numbers and went anyway.

The party was a typical collection of DC young professional shit-bags. Everyone wanted to tell you how important they were, who they worked for, what their SAT score was, etc., etc. I fought back in the only way I knew how: I got real drunk and made fun of everyone. Eventually, I got pretty hungry, so a friend of mine went looking for food, and came back with a brownie. It was good, and I searched out the brownie dispenser, some guy who looked like Vince Vaughn in Swingers. I ate another, and then a third.

Now, I have never taken any drugs in my life. No pot, no coke, no heroin, no crank, no special k, no X, nothing. Just a lot of the drink. As a result, I am not accustomed to the effects of narcotics. Before I knew it, I was slouched on the sofa, saying "dude" and "bro" between every word. I found myself really into Pink Floyd and The Grateful Dead. Up until that point in my life, I hated their music; I'd have rather listened to a small child being sexually abused, but now I really understand them. I ate half of a cold pizza I found in the fridge to get rid of a horrible case of the munchies. The girl who threw the party came by and told me she was happy that I came to the party, that'd I'd been really calm and mellow, and that I was welcome any time. In law school, this girl had described me as "worse than Satan." It was surreal.

We went home and I eventually passed out on my friend's couch at around 3am.

I was shocked into consciousness at 5am by intense and excruciating pain in my lower abdomen. It was awful. I had to shit worse than I have ever had to in my life, even worse than the time I drank tap water in Mexico.

I started to go to the bathroom, but couldn't walk because the pain and cramps were so bad. I crawled to the bathroom, where I pulled myself up onto the toilet and let loose a shit. IT HURT. It felt like it came out sideways. It was worse than a spinal tap. While still sitting on the toilet and violently shitting my internal organs, I passed out from the intense combination of pain, alcohol and brownie.

When I came too, I was still sitting on the toilet. I crawled off the toilet, cleaned myself to the best of my limited ability while still on my hands and knees, slinked into the hallway and passed back out on the floor. I repeated the "violently shitting out my internal organs" scene three mores times in the next hour, each time praying for some sort of relief.

I began by swearing to any God that would listen to me, that I would commit my life to his service if he would only make the pain stop. This prayer changed in to a simple request for the sweet release of death. The prayer session ended on an angry note, highlighted by me cursing the entire concept of a higher being, and threatening to dedicate my entire existence to castrating innocent orphans if the pain did not immediately stop. I ended the night by offering my soul to Satan in exchange for relief from this unconscionable agony. He told me I'm going to hell anyway, so I have nothing to bargain with.

I will never eat brownies again.

MY REAL LIFE LAW SCHOOL APPLICATION ESSAY

I swear on my life, I submitted this as my personal statement in my law school applications. And they wonder why I acted like such an asshole when I got there:

I'll never forget the day I decided that I wanted to go to law school.

It was a bitterly cold March day in Chicago, the kind that freezes the mucous all the way up in your sinus cavity. It was finals week, and myself and three friends were studying in the University of Chicago D'Angelo Law library. We would often go there to study because the tunnel connecting the two buildings would allow us to avoid going out in the cold. I was a freshman at the time, and was nearing the end of my first college semester. Calling that semester 'eventful' would be like saying Bob Marley is into marijuana.

Winter in Chicago is depressing. The sun disappears around mid-December, and doesn't reappear until May. The average day is so cold and windy that Chilly Willy would get frostbite. On top of the great weather, I had nothing go right for me that quarter. My winter highlights included being blown down by wind several times (that season saw gusts up to 60mph); falling down in the bathroom and getting a concussion because someone had left the window open and water on the floor had conveniently turned to ice; getting my first collegiate C because I was literally snowed in my dorm one morning and got to the midterm late; and spraining my ankle so bad I couldn't play basketball for two months.

Kurt, Colin, Mohan and myself were sitting in the law library, trying to learn Cicero or whoever it was when all of the sudden, Kurt looked up with a gleam in his eye that would have made Jack Nicholson proud, and said in his thick Wisconsin accent, "Hey guys...let's get naked."

It is probably not in my best interest to repeat verbatim my first response to that statement, but let's just say I expressed confusion and indignation.

Kurt explained, "No you idiot; let's streak the law school."

Streak the law school. That was an idea.

Before I knew it, my three friends and I were standing in the bathroom on the sixth floor, butt-naked, planning our strategy (although, due to the cold floor, we did all have our shoes on. That was quite a site; four guys, completely naked, except for their socks and sneakers). We were going to run down the stairs until we got to the second floor, which was the main student study room. That night there were probably up to two hundred students on the floor. Once there, we would circle the room once, and then take the main staircase down to the first floor, where we would sprint through the Green Lounge, into the tunnel that connected our dorm to the law library and back to our rooms.

It was a great plan. I was confident, naked, and ready to expose myself.

Yet, as I prepared to open the door of the bathroom and lay myself bare to everyone in the law school, I didn't realize I had a fifth member of my group. An uninvited, unwelcome guest, who would follow me throughout my disrobed escapade. Murphy, of Murphy's Law fame, was along for the ride, and would make himself known very soon.

I had been chosen to go first (I wonder why?). I steadied myself, took a deep breath, and heaved the bathroom door open to find Mr. Murphy waiting for me. There was, I'm not kidding, a group of female professors standing and chatting in the hallway. It was that exact moment when I realized that not only was I naked, but people were going to see me naked, and not just people, but older women. Had my friends not pushed me from behind, I probably would have just stood there for about a week. It didn't help that one of the professors started giggling.

Once we were in the stairwell, things got better. You might be surprised what lengths people will go to get out of the way of naked college undergraduates. Someone would later describe it as, "like being in a Francis Bacon painting." I'm still not exactly sure how to take that. Yet, once we hit the second floor, Murphy made his presence known, in an excruciatingly painful manner.

As I opened the door from the stairwell to the second floor, I ran full speed into a girl trying to come in the door that I was exiting. The next second and half are still somewhat fuzzy to me, but I remember her falling down, me falling on her, and her water-bottle somehow being shoved directly into my solar plexus.

That HURT.

Somehow I stumbled up, praying that she wouldn't find out my name and charge me with sexual assault, and began sprinting around the room. I looked like Cramer on amphetamines. I had just had an Evian bottle rammed into one of my nerve centers, was disoriented, short of breath, and pulsing with adrenaline, not to mention naked, in front of a lot of people.

As we made it around the room, a surprisingly warm reaction followed. Whistles, clapping, laughter, cat calls, and cheers rang out. Someone actually even complimented our, uh...personages. My ex-girlfriend thinks they were being facetious.

With things now running somewhat smoothly, we exited the second floor, leaving the stressed-out law students with something to laugh about, and headed down the main stairway to the first floor. Coming down the stairs, the order had gotten mixed, and Mohan was now in front, with me second and the other two pulling up the, uh, rear. At the bottom of the main stairway, one can turn right to go out the front door, or turn left to go through the Green lounge and into the tunnel that leads to our dorm. Next to the front door sits the night security guard, who does nothing other than check bags and ID's.

When we came within sight of the night security guard, I honestly thought he was going to combust. His eyes got the size of softballs and popped out of their sockets, every vein on his head bulged to the point of hemorrhage, he shot up out of his chair like a pound of C-4 was detonated beneath him, and screamed as if his toupee was ablaze. Mohan stalled at the bottom of the staircase, not understanding why he would be so upset. Running naked through the law school may not be administration endorsed, but it definitely is not a reason to risk aneurysm.

Mohan and I turned to go into the Green lounge, found Mr. Murphy hanging out in there, and immediately realized why the security guard was so upset.

Of all the nights we could have picked to streak the law school, we had chosen a night that there was a reception for about a hundred people. We later found out that it was a cocktail party for assorted dignitaries from several different law schools, and was considered a very important function.

At this point, there was to be no turning back, literally. With the security guard and his arthritic knees chasing us through the thirty-yard long Green lounge, the four of us did our best head-down-in-a-dead-sprint to

the door at the other end. By the time we made it to the doors, you could have heard a mouse fart in that room. EVERYONE had stopped what they were doing and watched this almost tragic comedy unfold. Four naked boys were running through the reception, with a decrepit guard limping after them as if they had stolen the Queen's jewels.

Now, right now you might be asking, why would this possibly make someone want to go to law school? I was pretty sure I wanted to go to law school before that incident. Actually, I'm not really sure why that sealed it for me. My ex-girlfriend thinks that I just can't wait to go back to a place where people would applaud me naked. In all probability, I just thought I could recycle this story to make some more law school people laugh, while at the same time helping my chances of admission to [insert law school here].

TUCKER LEARNS TO MASTURBATE

I love to masturbate. Even if I know I am going to get laid, I'll usually still rub one out. God bless free internet porn.

But it wasn't always like this for me. I grew up mainly in central Kentucky, where the entire topic of masturbation was completely taboo. I wasn't even fully sure of what masturbation was until I got to be like 13 or 14 (remember--this is pre-internet porn), I just knew it was awful and anyone suspected of it was summarily mocked.

I lost my virginity on my 16th birthday, before I had ever masturbated. Don't get me wrong; I had plenty of porn under my bed that I stole from my uncle, I just thought you were supposed to look at it. I had no idea it had an actual functional purpose.

Then more than a year later, when I was 17, I was hanging out with a girl in my basement. She refused to sleep with me, and said she didn't like to give head. Fucking great. Now what? Then she started to give me a hand job. I liked it a lot, and came relatively quickly (I also made sure to come all over her, which did not please her).

The next day I call her to come over and she is busy. I can't find any other girls to come over, and then it dawns on me: what she did yesterday...I could do that myself. I have two hands, I can rub them up and down my cock just like she did.

So I did. For the first time in my life, I jacked myself off.

Lo and behold--I was even better at it than she was. I'm a fucking natural!

She called the next day:

Girl "Hey, can I come over?"

Tucker "Do you want to have sex?"

Girl "No--I told you, I don't want to have sex until college."

Tucker "Will you go down on me?"

Girl "No, I don't like that. But we can, you know, do the other thing. But you need to be more careful this time...where you go."

Tucker "No, just forget it. I've found someone better."

And that folks is the true fucking tale of how I learned to masturbate.

GIRL MEETS TUCKER, COMES AWAY EMOTONALLY SCARRED

Because I am not a good person and have no friends, instead of celebrating the holidays in a traditional way, I went out drinking. The Christmas Pub Crawl was \$25 all-you-can-drink from 7-10pm. That wasn't good enough for Tucker Max, so I pre-partied at The Union from 5-7, where it is \$5 all-you-can-drink. For you state school graduates, that works out to 5 hours of all-Tucker-can-drink. Tucker can drink a lot.

We started the pub crawl at Durkins, which was crawling with hot girls, but my friends are stupid and wanted to leave. There was a trolley that ferries the drunks from bar to bar, but it was moving slow, and by the time the trolley came around it is 9pm and I was nearly Tucker Max Drunk. This, combined with the menagerie of idiots on the trolley, set me off.

The first person I lit into was a woman in a cheap pleather coat with a fur collar. The fur collar was multiple colors, each more bright and obnoxious than the next. It began:

"Great Holy Jesus. What are you wearing? Did you get in a fight in a paint store? Is your favorite musical Joseph and the Technicolor Dream Coat. Do you realize you are in public?"

Her boyfriend comes over and says, "Let her have it. I tried to tell her not to wear that out."

I yelled at an old guy sitting at the front of the trolley so much that even my friends were embarrassed. Things like,

"The early bird special ended at 6."

"What are you grandpa, our chaperone?"

"There is no senior citizen discount on a pub crawl, pappy."

These did not go over well with the others on the trolley. EVERYONE except my friends got off at the next stop, and one girl told me that I was the reason they were getting off. I told her no harm done, I wouldn't have slept with her anyway. Her boyfriend told me to shut my mouth or he would "stick my dick in your ass." I forget exactly what I said to him, but I am pretty sure it involved me questioning the difference in his choice of partner and his preferred method of sex, and then pointing out to his girlfriend that perhaps she re-examine his preference for anal intercourse in light of his desire to fuck the butt of a man.

We got off at Duffy's, where there was a buffet. I was feeling myself lose control, so I decided to eat. At this moment in time, it seemed perfectly logical for me to stand directly over the tray of chicken wings, sucking the meat off each wing in under a second, then tossing the naked bones and half chewed sinews on the ground behind me. I needed to eat. Doesn't the world exist for my pleasure?

We eventually got back to Durkin's, and I began to come off of Tucker Max Drunk, settling down comfortably in Shit-Housed. For some reason, my friends and I got enmeshed in a conversation with three very marginal looking girls. I started bullshitting one of the girls (who incidentally was an archetypical Chicago Girl--cute face, fat ass), when I noticed a good-looking girl with a stunning, almost Anna Kournikova, body that kept circling my area staring at me. Finally she approached and said,

Girl "What is your name?"

Excellent. I turned away from the marginal girl I was bullshitting, and directly to her.

Tucker "I'm whoever it is you're looking for."

Girl "You must be Tucker Max."

Tucker "Yes I am. And you are?"

Girl "You don't know me. I saw where you were going to be on your website, so I came here. I wasn't sure if it was you at first. You are much better looking in person."

Tucker "Yeah, I am aren't I?"

Goddamn, I love my website. Her two best quotes from that night:

When I introduced her to my friends, she told them, "Tucker doesn't know me. I'm stalking him."

When I asked her if I was what she thought I'd be like, she said, "Your game is a lot more subtle than I expected. I imagined I'd find you laying drunk on the floor, yelling at people."

The rest of the night went very well. I doubt I need to give you details. I mean, come on, the fucking girl came out looking for me--is the ending that hard to predict?

Anyway, I wake up the next morning to find this email in my Inbox:

Subject: Durkins
Date: Sat, 21 Dec 2002 11:20:13 -0600
From: "Marginal Chicago Girl"
To: tuckerm@tuckerm@tuckerm.com

Tucker Max....

Now that I've read your website, I can't say that I can't believe you ran off with that cheesy, skanky girl who recognized you at Durkins, when you had, halfway on the hook, a highly-educated, classy and attractive woman who knew little to nothing about your uh, fame. But I *can* say that you're an idiot! Hope you had fun....

Marginal Chicago Girl

Marginal Chicago Girl is the girl I was talking to when the hot girl came up and asked if I was Tucker Max. Now, I get shit like this all the time, I didn't really feel the need to respond to it. She has a Chicago Girl ass, is marginally attractive, not that smart or fun, and had already been dissed by me in public. I didn't feel the need to completely eviscerate her sense of self. Besides, if she can't take a joke, fuck her.

But, seeing the opportunity for a cat fight, I forwarded the email to the girl who recognized me, "Gertrude". She was less forgiving than me. This is what she wrote:

Subject: Durkins revisited
Date: Sun, 22 Dec 2002 10:10:53 -0600
From: Gertrude
To: Marginal Chicago Girl

Marginal Chicago Girl,

I can appreciate the cathartic value gained from calling Tucker an idiot. After hearing the story, I can't say that your assertion about Tucker's behavior was unwarranted. However, I do take issue with the fact that you would denigrate another woman to make your point. However "cheesy" or "skanky" I may be, I have the class to defer from making derogatory comments about other women, especially when the woman in question is only peripherally involved in the situation. I think your anger was misplaced. I hope that in the future, you will preserve your self-

esteem, not at the expense of other women, but by reassuring yourself of your attractiveness and intelligence.

Best of luck,
Gertrude

This is my life. Sometimes I don't even believe it.

This isn't the end of the story. I ended seeing Gertrude for a few weeks, until she flipped out over me. I ignored her for a few days, when she came to my message board and we had this exchange:

"I told the story to a couple of people who now read your website and it was not too difficult to identify me in the story. While your story sticks pretty close to the facts, some things were a little misleading [sic] and I think I come off like the cheesy, skanky, girl that Marginal Chicago Girl accused me of being. Further, I have a friend who read the account on your site and has been cold to me ever since. I think he is disappointed in the lack of self-respect that I seemed to display, according to your story.

As the more sober of the two of us, I would like to my account of the Christmas Bar Crawl night. First I remember our initial conversation much differently than you remember the conversation. I approached and said, "Are you Tucker Max?".

You, "Yeah".

Me, "I'm Gertrude. I owe you a beer (per a favor you had done for me, from which, incidentally, I have not received any follow-up)."

I asked what you wanted and you insisted on following me to the bar. I told you I would be right back, but you again insisted on following me to the bar. When my friend decided she would rather order from the front bar, I told you I would be right back, but you again insisted on following me. I am not saying that I minded, but that is what happened. Point being, it is not like I broke into your group and then stalked you around the bar, separating you from your previous conversations.

Then, you kept insisting on paying for my drink and my friend's drink. But I refused, because, while I had stalked you, I started out the night with no more than the intention of meeting you. The reason we stalked you is because you were funny and it gave us something fun to do. I often stalk

people for various reasons but my efforts rarely come to fruition, making it all the more funny that we found you. It also helped that you were kind of cute. However, my intention was only to be friends with you, otherwise I probably would have let you buy the first drinks.

Further evidence for my Stalking Just To Be Friends Claim:

I tried to talk to your friends and other people at the bar to assuage the intensity with which you had been talking to me, but you kept insisting that I talk only to you, even physically pulling me away from other conversations.

Second, at one point, I was looking in my purse for money and you pulled out your credit card insisting that my friend and I use it for whatever we needed, so I would not leave our conversation. Again, I refused the credit card because I did not want to give you the impression that I was interested in you romantically at that point.

THE MOST MISLEADING PART:

Now, in your account you write, "The rest of the night went very well. I doubt I need to give you the details. I mean, come on, the fucking girl came out looking for me, is the ending hard to predict." Although your attempt at discretion was oh-so valliant [sic] (and I really appreciate the adjective that you used to describe me), please let me supply "the details".

You, "Let's go back to my place and I'll make something to eat."

Me, "I'm sure that's why you want us to go back to your place."

Point being, I was not some love-struck fan who guilelessly followed you home. My friend wanted to go home and I was having fun so I went home with you.

Now let me get to "the details". We went to your place, you cooked chicken with a ton of garlic, gave me shorts and a t-shirt to sleep in, and maybe I kissed you. But really I don't think much more happened before we went to sleep. I woke up in the middle of the night to find you tring [sic] to grope my breast and saying "You're so hot". I pushed your hand away (this happened a few times). At this point, I either could have assumed that your groping was a really cheap attempt to get some action, or that you were talking in your sleep [sic] in a drunken stupor. I decided to give you the benefit of the doubt because [sic] the night before you said you sometimes talk in your sleep (nice set-up, by the way). Anyway, the next morning we talked, and you won some points with the camel by your bed and your knowledge of David Buss's research, so I think we fooled around a little. But there was no oral sex, rubbing of genitals, orgasms, or intercourse. And then we went for

breakfast. Those are all of "the details" of the night, as I remember them. Feel free to correct me if I am wrong."

Here was my response:

"Oh this is awesome. Exactly what I originally intended the message board to be for.

The best part about this post: This girl is in a PhD program at the moment, and is TAKING HER TWO PART PHD EXAM THIS WEEK! Yet, she took time out of her study schedule, right before the exam that will determine whether or not she stays in her program, to write that. Awesome.

I don't really have a lot to add to the story, as I had been to an open bar from 5-10 before meeting her, and was very drunk. What she says may be a correct rendition of the night. Who knows?

But there are a few things I must point out, being that the gauntlet has now been thrown down.

1. I'm guessing people find it easy to identify her in the story BECAUSE SHE TOLD THEM ABOUT IT.

2. I probably did insist on following her to the bar, as I was talking to a fatty when she came up. She has a great body, so that's an easy decision, and I'm not subtle when I'm drunk.

3. The paying for drinks thing is probably true, as I usually become very generous, and very stupid, when I get drunk.

4. I think I may have said something about coming back to my place to cook, because I was fucking hungry. Notice that I actually did cook when I got home, thus it wasn't a line. But that is not why she got in the cab with me. She got in because I got in and told her to come with me, and she wanted too. That simple.

5. We did not in fact sleep together that night, nor did I say we did. But we fucked soon thereafter. I think it was during a booty call on Saturday or Sunday night.

I love this stuff."

Her response:

"I guess I really am an idiot. Even after reading your website, I bought all of your bullshit about it being merely a caricature. I even fell for your protestations that you weren't that big of a jerk, when I called you out on less vile actions.

Congratulations on pulling the wool over my eyes!"

And the final word:

No one pulled any wool over her eyes. I told her repeatedly that I was a bad person.

And I still don't know what her problem is. I'm not mad at her. I'm not even really trying to blow her off, but when, after only about a week or so of hooking up, she calls me every single day the next week, each time upset about this thing or that thing that she read on my site, ESPECIALLY WHEN SHE CAME OUT TO MEET ME BECAUSE OF THE SITE, it gets a little tiresome.

Where do I find these girls?

Oh wait...never mind.

THE TIME I GOT ARRESTED AT O'HARE AIRPORT

It is the last day of my freshman year in college, and my dorm is having a huge party. Well, sort of. About ten of us, pretty much the only ones left after finals, are getting really drunk because we are all leaving for the summer the next day, and we want to drink all the alcohol we have left from the previous year.

Like most college dorms, the liquor that is left at the end of the year is an odd menagerie of the drinkable, the tolerable and the barely even potable. We started by drinking normal drinks; Absolut and cranberry, for instance. We ended up finishing with unspeakable concoctions; Triple Sec and E & J, for example. So of course the night becomes one of inebriated debauchery, replete with everything that happens when 18, 19 and 20 year-olds get drunk: people throw up, furniture is broken, food is thrown everywhere, more people throw up, urination occurs in inappropriate places, people hook up with someone they would hardly talk to if sober, etc., etc. By the time we were finished, our dorm looked like a tornado had blown through a Wal-Mart.

At about 4am, I decide that there is no reason for me to sleep, because I have a 2pm flight out of O'Hare. So I continue to drink, with reckless abandon, and continue to break things, throw food, yell obscenities at people, and pee in inappropriate places. You know, the standard Tucker Max drunk act. At about 7am, after everyone else is either passed out or knocked out, I decide to head for the airport, figuring I'll sober up there.

I make it to O'Hare Airport at 8am. The airport is just beginning to come alive, and the ridiculously long lines for everything at O'Hare won't begin for another hour or so. Having an electronic ticket, I check three bags at the curb, and proceed directly to security. My body is craving coffee and food. I get to the check point, place my back pack and my carry-on on the conveyor belt, and walk through the metal detector.

I stand there, drunker than Robert Downey Jr., waiting for my bags to come out, not noticing that the conveyor belt had stopped, and that the \$4.75 an hour rent-a-cops were all frantically running around tripping all over themselves. I was occupied staring at this really hot girl who was walking by, trying to think of a way to get her attention. Little did I know.

As I was contemplating how to approach said cutie, I felt the first of what would be many violent blows to my skull. A large, angry Chicago

Policeman had given me a forearm shiver from behind, and was on top of me, beating me like I was Rodney King. As if this force wasn't enough to restrain a drunk 170 pound college freshman, 3-5 other CPD joined in the fun, all of them venting every bit of frustration they had in the world upon my drunk, pronated body. Then the group of them picked me, and began dragging me through this maze of doors and tunnels leading into the bowels of O'Hare airport.

It was at that point I started to cry.

You have to remember, in a matter of 8 seconds, I went from drunk, erotic fantasies of me doing naughty things with that hot girl, to having my head driven into a marble floor and the shit kicked out of me in front of hundreds of people. For no reason I could discern. So I start bawling. I am crying like Jimmy Swaggert. It was a complete joke. I was screaming, yelling, crying, everything.

The only thing I can think of, being drunk and not yet 21, is that I had a bottle of half-full Ron Llave rum in my backpack (don't ask me what I was going to do with it). So I start yelling, "It's just rum!! it's just rum!! for the love of god, why are you doing this??" I was scared shitless, bleeding, in serious pain, with no idea what the fuck was going on.

Ignoring my lamentations, the cops took me to this holding cell somewhere in the bowels of O'Hare airport. They put me into what amounted to a broom closet with bars, and told me to shut up. Of course, that advice didn't work. The adrenaline had at this point kicked my drunkenness, and I was pissed. Why the fuck was this happening? I screaming like a banshee, when one of the cops finally told me why I had been detained--I HAD A PISTOL IN MY BACKPACK!

At that point, had I not been bleeding and in a jail, I would have laughed until I wet my pants. Here's the deal: Two months earlier, I was helping a friend of mine clean out his basement, and we found a starter pistol. It looked, felt and weighed the same as any other .38, except that it only shot blanks. He gave it to me, and I stuck in one of the numerous mini-compartments on my backpack, and never thought about it again, until that day.

As I am contemplating the delicious ironies of life, they bring in my luggage, and begin to go through it like starving dogs looking for meat. They proceed to unpack and hurl everything I brought, until much of the floor of this quasi-holding pen was filled with my clothes.

So I begin to cry. Again. A few minutes later I stop. I start to yell, again as if I were on fire.

At this point, they begin to put things together. I am a white, 18-year old college student, with nothing except a starter pistol in his backpack, who has broken down in tears twice since he was apprehended. Does this sound like a standard terrorist profile to you?

They interviewed me three times in the next four hours, each time asking me the most moronic questions imaginable.

"Are you a terrorist?"

"Who else were you working for?"

"Are any of your relatives Arab?"

I'm serious. About noon, after I had spent much of the previous four hours crying, yelling, sobbing, and even fainting once (I maintain it was from low blood sugar), they realized what had happened. So they told me I could go.

Of course, this was before I saw that all my clothes were still on the floor, and I was the one who got to pick them up, and repack them. And the kicker: as I left the room, one of the cops HANDED ME THE STARTER PISTOL! He said, "Here, we can't keep this; you take it." So I had to go pack it in a separate box and check it through to my final destination. They wouldn't even let me throw it away.

Unbelievable.

I've gathered from people well-versed in airport security since that time, that these "police" violated several FAA rules when they let me go. Supposedly, I am required to be booked and arraigned, etc, etc. You have to remember, this was LONG before 9-11. I think maybe my tears may have gotten the best of procedure in this case.

Whatever the case, I ended up making my flight.

THE HALLOWEEN PUB CRAWL

For Halloween, my friend and I decided to go to a pub crawl. For my costume, I wrapped a red ribbon around my torso, topped it off with a red bow, and put a card on the ribbon that said, "From: God, To: Women"...Get it? God's gift to women.

My roommate wouldn't tell me what his costume was going to be, until about an hour before we left, when he walked out of his room and, in a pathetic Hispanic accent, said "Do you want a banana," sporting a Chiquita Banana Lady costume (aka Carmen Miranda). I almost had a seizure I was laughing so hard. The only bad part of his costume was that I had to zip up the back of the bra section. I found it to be very disturbing.

Halloween might be the best holiday in existence. Hot girls, everyone drunk, automatic legitimacy--it was awesome. Every girl that I thought was cute, I would go up and ask her what her costume was, even if it was obvious. Then, no matter what she was wearing, I gave my interpretation:

Girl "I'm a nurse."

Tucker "You're a naughty nurse."

Girl "I'm Marcia Brady."

Tucker "You're a naughty Marcia Brady."

Girl "I'm a tree."

Tucker "You're a naughty tree."

It worked better than you might think.

Of course, my outfit was a hit, and gave me a great way to display my enormous wit. Every girl asked me, "What makes you god's gift to women?" Some answers:

"13 inches. Who ever thought it could be too big?"

"I have 20 million dollars and terminal cancer."

"I like to listen."

"I'm a convicted sex offender."

"Have you this face? Look at how hot I am!"

"I like to cut up hookers."

"Bend over and I'll show you."

Then, of course, there was endless humor to be had in mocking the costumes of others. One girl came as Punky Brewster.

Tucker "How good is your costume? Have you had breast reduction surgery?"

Girl [She had very small breasts] "Can't you tell? Look at them."

Tucker "I said 'breast reduction,' not 'breast elimination.'"

One girl had a big afro wig, so I asked her if she was Angela Davis. She didn't get the joke. Then someone kept asking her what her real hair looked like, and she refused to answer, so I offered my explanation, "She didn't come as Angela Davis. She doesn't have any hair. She's got leukemia." No one thought that was funny but me.

I ended up going home with one of Punky's friends, who went as a Fame dancer. We went back to my place, hooked up, blah, blah, blah. I woke up in the morning, drunk and groggy, and thought I saw her running out of my apartment, but I just assumed she was going to the bathroom. I went back to sleep, and when I woke up, I found about \$40 missing.

I'm not sure what happened. Maybe she thought I underperformed, and this was her way of paying me back. Maybe she was an actual hooker, and she thought it was payment. Who knows.

THE DOMINATRIX STORY

Saturday night, I was out with my friend WhoreBingo and some of her friends. I wasn't drinking because the previous evening I had nearly drank myself into a coma, resulting in me throwing up on my bed and having to throw out my bedsheets. The night was dragging by and I was ready to pack it in, when I got a call from a friend I'll call "Jerry."

Jerry, who was barely understandable as he was speaking Drunken Retard English, told me to come his place, that there were hot girls and a keg. I needed no other persuasion. We arrived at his apartment, a large 4 bedroom in Wrigleyville, and the fact that there was a nearly full keg was the only thing that prevented me from committing felony assault against him.

I struggled while writing this, trying to come up with a way to accurately describe the quality of the girls there. It truly was a menagerie of the abysmal. Every girl there, except for one, was in dire need of strychnine. Had I the proper materials in my possession, I would have set off a bomb in that apartment, as it would have made the world a better place. A brief rundown of the selection:

In one room, there were three girls, none over 19, all wearing what looked like Renaissance Fair costumes, dancing wildly to N'Sync. Each had at least one major deformity. One was so short and squat she looked like a bowling ball with a head. Another had her eyes on different sides of her face; she only needed to learn to move them independently to qualify as a chameleon. The other had the worst teeth I've ever seen. Anyone remember Snaggletooth, from the original Star Wars? This girl used the same orthodontist.

In another room were three blonde girls who, from 25 feet down the hallway, looked attractive. From 5 feet, they looked like used up strippers. One was so drunk she sounded like she was speaking in tongues. Talking to her was like trying to interview Keith Richards after a heroin bender. The cutest one was into me, but she was ten years past her prime, and I was far too sober to be her Passenger 57.

I also met a girl who was four months pregnant, a girl who had a scar on her face that made her look like Tony Montana, and another girl who had breast reduction surgery. It was like a Salvador Dali painting come to life. Really, it was that surreal. I've run out of adjectives.

I camped myself around the keg and started drinking. And drinking. After about an hour of aggressively attacking the beer, I turned around and saw a girl so ugly I jumped from fear. I almost asked her why she was wearing her Halloween costume a week early, until I realized that this was what she looked like, that she wasn't wearing a mask. Her comment on seeing me jump--LITERALLY JUMP--when she walked in the door, "Did I scare you? It's OK, I get that reaction a lot." Her face looked like it caught on fire and someone beat it out with a rake.

Later, I was talking to a guy who told me that he was her roommate. Then he uttered the words that would change the night,

Guy "Yeah, it's interesting living with her; she's a dominatrix."

Tucker "I'm sorry...what did you just say?"

Guy "She's a dominatrix. That's her job."

Tucker "No way. I have to talk to her. I have so many questions."

It took me a few more beers before I reached the point where I could stand to look at her. Once I got there, I searched her out, and spent the next fifteen minutes peppering her with questions. I learned several things:

1. She makes \$200 an hour beating men up. She doesn't even have to take her clothes off.
2. Her client list includes (according to her) a MAJOR Chicago politician and a fairly well known actor. The Chicago politician enjoys having clothes pins stuck to his balls and the actor prefers slave/mistress roll-playing.
3. She got into the dominatrix business after making out with a woman was doing it professionally. This was while she was traveling around with her heroin-addicted boyfriend, who was a roadie for Skid Row.
4. She has 2 kids.

I called her out. I wanted to see her act, to watch someone get their ass kicked. She agreed to do it, but could find no one to volunteer to be her subject. Always willing to sacrifice my dignity for the sake of the story, and fortified by a gallon of free beer, I agreed to be dominated.

She calmly assembled about a dozen kitchen tools: a spatula, a wooden spoon, a carving knife, some grill tongs--basically anything long and hard. She then grabbed me by the hair and started abusively cursing me, calling me a piece of shit, telling me that she owns me; it was like a bad

domestic violence scene from Cops. I started laughing hysterically. I was talking shit back to her in between bouts of laughter, telling her I'd beat her like Ike beat Tina, that I've had slight breezes hurt me more, stuff like that. Apparently, she didn't like my quips, because she took Saran Wrap and wrapped it around my mouth.

She then started taking off my clothes. This didn't bother me until she got down to my pants. I told her I didn't have any boxers on. This did not deter her, as she just stripped me down to my skin tight Patagonia capilene long underwear (it was cold out...fuck you). After tying me to a chair with Saran Wrap, and tying a bandana around my eyes, she went to work.

I'll be honest: The bitch beat the crap out of me. She made me bleed, and left welts on my ass and back. She was beating me like she was Furio and I owed money to Tony Soprano. She went to work on my ass with a spatula, wooden kitchen spoons, everything. She bit my nipples. She even tried to go at my nuts with some tongs. It was hilarious. And painful.

When she was finished with me, she persuaded another girl to get into the act. She tied her up the same way, stripped her down to her bra, and went at her. In the middle of this, one of the guys who lives at this apartment, but had been out all night, came home and walked in on this scene. We'll call him "Brian," and he described it in an email as such:

"I come into the apartment to find [Jerry] passed out face first on the computer desk and everyone else crowded into the area over by the kitchen table. I look over and there was a girl blind folded, shirt off, bending over a chair getting spanked in the ass with a wooden spoon by some girl in a red dress who is lifting it up to show everyone her shaved box. I WAS FUCKING SHOCKED."

If the night had ended there, it would still be legendary. But this is only the halfway point of the story. By the time the dominatrix was finished with the two of us, the sexual tension in the apartment was palpable. The place was delicately teetering on the precipice of slipping into a disgusting orgy. Then someone suggested that we all go into the sauna (this apartment is sweet. It has four bedrooms, two stories, two decks, a hot tub, and a sauna).

Honestly, it was like the beginning of one of those pornos where the director makes a thinly-veiled attempt at plot.

As we are prepared to get into the sauna, the dominatrix took Jerry, who had passed out on a desk about two hours prior, upstairs to his bedroom. The sauna is upstairs, so I headed up a few minutes later and hear some noises coming from Jerry's room. His room is built like a loft, and there is a space above his door that one can look in. I took a three foot speaker from the other room, climbed on top of it, and peered into his room.

My eyes met this scene: Jerry, shoes still on, jeans around his ankles, jackhammering the dominatrix like he was going to the electric chair the next day. Unable to contain myself, I started giggling like a school girl. Jerry looked up, sweat dripping off his face, saw me, and yelled,

"HEY! HEY!"

It was NOT a yell of surprise. It was a yell of, "Oh shit, my friend just saw me screwing a sea-donkey. What do I do now?"

This intensified my giggle fit so much I was propelled off the speaker and crashed into a table. I scurried up and ran into the sauna still giggling, to find five other people in there, all in towels. We were talking calmly, having a good time, until about 30 minutes later when the dominatrix walked in, completely naked except for her black knee-high leather boots. She took her naked body, completely shaved box and vagina full of Jerry semen, sat down on a Brian's lap, started playing with him, and tried to go down on him. It just went downhill from there.

The girl that I came with, WhoreBingo, made me leave the apartment with her very soon after. She was sober, and apparently has "morals," whatever those are.

The fallout from that party is still coming down. Jerry at first tried to deny that he slept with the dominatrix. Then he changed his story, and claimed he was raped. For the guy who walked in on the girl getting beat, Brian, this became a life changing experience. He described it as such:

"It affected me in ways that I never thought possible. Last night I got stoned and was going over the events in my head and I came to the conclusion that I need to get my act together quick. I guess that sometimes it takes a dominatrix in your living room to make you sit there and think "What the fuck am I doing with my life?""

GIRL DEMANDS SEX, TUCKER REFUSES

I am literally writing this story as it's happening. Right now it is 2am and I am sitting at my computer furiously typing this to get it down as it happens.

There is a drunk girl in my apartment begging me to have sex with her. I am adamantly refusing, yet she doesn't seem to understand my words. Let's pick up the conversation, in progress:

Tucker "Stop. Leave me alone. I need to finish this."

Girl "But I want to talk to you."

Tucker "What do you want?"

Girl "You know what I want."

Tucker "And?"

Girl "I want to have sex with you."

Tucker "No."

Girl "Yes."

Tucker "What? No. Stop it. Go away."

Girl "Why not?"

Tucker "Because I don't want too."

Girl "Why not? What about a blow job? I give great head."

Tucker [Look of utter disbelief on my face]

Girl "Why not?"

Tucker "I DO NOT WANT TO. Jesus, are you serious? Do you have any self-respect."

Girl "I don't like you at all."

Tucker "Then why do you keep begging to give me head?"

Girl "I don't know."

I stayed in tonight, a Saturday, because I had a deadline I had to meet. I'm sitting here sober, trying to finish some writing, and I have a drunk girl begging to suck my dick.

But that's not all. Another friend of mine is over here (I won't call him out) because he was out drinking with her tonight, and he really wants to fuck her, but she's "blowing him off" so she can beg to put her lips on my dick.

This scene is absurd: He is begging her for sex, she is begging to suck my cock, and I just want both of them to leave me alone so I can write.

Is this my life? Am I here right now? I can't even get away from surreal shit when I stay in.

THE MTV STORY

Intro: January of 2003, MTV came to Chicago and followed me for a week, filming everything I did for a documentary about me that focused on internet dating. This is the story of that week and the aftermath of my MTV appearance.

This is a LONG story, and not a typical Tucker Max 10 laughs a page story. It gets lengthy and forensic at times because I try to convey a sense of being there to the reader, to feel what it's like to have your life invaded by MTV and to have a camera follow you around for a week. I didn't really focus that much on what they filmed--you can watch the show and see for yourself what I am like on camera. I tried to get behind the scenes, to give you a perspective that the camera and show couldn't give.

I was sitting at my computer, probably searching for lesbian donkey porn, when it beeped, alerting me to a new email. The subject line said "MTV's Sex2K Show." The email address was from [name]@mtvstaff.com.

It was January 6th, 2003. My site went up September 9th, 2002.

4 months. It's about fucking time they found me.

The email said they wanted to talk to me about being on an upcoming show. I responded immediately, and exchanged emails with a girl named Paulette, until she finally got me on the phone. We spoke for a while, and she asked questions about me, my dating life, my website--the standard interview type things.

I'll be honest: I pulled out the "A game" on this phone interview. I was witty, charming, and funny without trying to be so, I was outrageous, but not over the top, I was sympathetic to Paulette about the difficulty of her job (associate producer)--I was pure Tucker Max. Paulette kept a pretty good poker voice, only laughing a few times, but apparently she was impressed enough to say that they were considering me as one of the subjects of the show, and asked me to email her a synopsis of my next date.

The next night I went out with a girl, wrote the story, and sent it to Paulette. This is what I sent:

-----Original Message-----

From: Tucker Max

To: Paulette

Subject: Date update #1

I am not sure how much detail you want on these dates, so I will write a pretty parse synopsis, and if you want more detail you can always ask.

I forgot to tell you about this during the phone interview, but a few days ago, I got this email:

"From: "***** *****"

To: tuckermx@tuckermx.com

Subject: Nextel Two-Way Message

come to underground wonder bar now"

I was confused at first, but then I realized this was a text message from a Nextel phone. Then I recognized the name as a girl that had emailed me a few times that week. I called the number, and she told she was out, and asked me to come meet her.

You have to realize--I have no idea who this girl is. She loved my website so she emailed me from her cell phone and invited me out. It was 1am, but I still met her out at that bar, and believe it or not, she was smoking hot, and very cool. We had a great time, were out until 5am, and decided to meet up again, the date being last night.

We decided that she would come to my place so I could cook her dinner and then she wants to, get this--play me in Scrabble. She is apparently very smart, and wants to match wits with me. These were the plans.

Last night she came over. I cooked dinner and then we played Scrabble. She loves Scrabble, which is hilarious because she is really hot, and the hot/smart combination is not something I find very often. We had a great time, but I don't think I see this going anywhere romantic. She is unquestionably beautiful and smart, which makes this all the more depressing, but here are her problems:

1. She smokes, and probably won't quit. Smoking is nasty, and I can't kiss a smoker.
2. She is way too hyper, and probably an ex-drug addict. Though she

hasn't said anything about it, I am betting that she used to do drugs, probably coke. Evidence: she is a huge Red Bull drinker, she has an addictive personality and a permissive nature/aura, and she currently volunteers one night a week at a hospital doing drug-rehab counseling. You can't counsel that stuff without using it first. Plus she has that inherent nervous hyperness that all ex-coke-addicts-turned-caffeine-addicts have.

3. She has a worn out quality to her. Dating her is like shopping at a consignment store: No matter how cool that dress you found is, you will always know someone else wore it first. (This is not to say I want a virgin. Far from it. I just want oats that haven't already been through the horse).

Is this the sort of updates you are looking for? More, less, same?"

Paulette called me the same day, told me she loved the email, that it was exactly what she was looking for, and the head producer would be calling me later that day or tomorrow.

The producer didn't call me that day, even though I kept staring at my phone demanding that it ring. Later that night was when I first went out with Jez, and had the infamous Two Vagina conversation. The story I wrote about it is almost exactly what I wrote to the MTV producers the next day. I sent that story to Paulette and about 2 hours later I got a call. The area code on the caller-ID: 212. It's showtime.

The caller identified herself as Kim Cowin, the MTV producer of the Sex2K documentary tentatively titled "High Speed Dating." She said she had read my emails, seen some of the website, and wanted to ask me a few questions.

She must interview some real winners for MTV, because her questions came straight out of a high school newspaper. Questions like "Can you go in front of a camera," "Are you outgoing," "Do you go on a lot of dates?," almost had me laughing at her. I understood why she was asking the questions; she was trying to figure out if I would be entertaining, if I was legit or just some dickhead with a creative imagination, but this was just silly. Finally I stopped her and said,

"I'm not an actor, and I won't 'not be me' just to be on MTV, but believe this: 'Me' is more than enough. You have stumbled onto a goldmine with me. We're going to make TV history."

My overwhelming arrogance combined with the website must have done it, because she started selling me on being a subject for the show. It was like in a job interview, when the interviewer switches from asking about your resume to talking about herself and the job--you know you are in. She described the format the show: there are three segments, one was on three minute dating (HurryDate), one was on standard internet dating (Match.com), and one was an "other" category (me).

She eventually asked if I wanted to do it. I gave a cool, relaxed, "Yeah, I think it'd be fun," and we scheduled the filming dates, Jan 28th through February 3rd.

This was it. My website had been up 5 months, and I already had MTV calling me. Not only that, but this show was an absolute godsend. MTV was going to follow me for 5 entire days, and show the highlights in an hour long documentary style show, a third of it dedicated to me and my website. All to be shown on one of the most watched networks on cable TV. Are you kidding?

Of course, being the shameless self-promoter I am, I called all my friends, all my family, everyone I know. My friends were excited and started making plans to come to Chicago when MTV was going to film, but my family was completely befuddled. My mom was especially confused about this:

Mom "MTV? Why the hell do they want to film you?"

Tucker "Mom, do you realize who I am? Do you have any idea how popular and revolutionary my site is? Tens of thousands of people a day come to my site. I know no one is a hero to their mom, but still--mom--I am going to be an icon. My generation's Hunter Thompson. Mom, this is my first step to becoming a star."

Mom "Oh Jesus. You are so full of shit."

Tucker "Mom, you're old, you're not supposed to understand it."

Mom "Well, be polite and be nice. Don't be your normal self."

Tucker "Mom? The entire reason they are coming to film me is because I'm not nice and polite. This is MTV mom, they want asshole nutjobs."

Mom "Alright, I guess I'm gonna still watch it. Just don't embarrass me."

Tucker "There's nothing I could do on MTV that would embarrass you any more than you embarrass yourself on a daily basis."

Mom "Shut up you little twit!"

One of my cousins sent me this (the sister of TheCousin from The UT

Weekend Story):

"GIVE ME A FUCKING BREAK!!!!!! I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU'RE DOING THIS. ACTUALLY, I CAN. AND MAYBE IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU'LL GET ONE OF THE REJECTS FROM JOE MILLIONAIRE OR MAYBE EVEN THE BACHELOR TO FILL OUT AN APPLICATION. THEY'RE JUST ABOUT SKANKY ENOUGH FOR MTV. RALPH, OF COURSE. BY THE WAY, THIS IS FROM [TheCousin'sSister]."

By this time, the whole MTV thing had really gotten to my head, and considering that she filled out a Date Application, I called her and said:

Tucker "Cuz, I can't go on a date with you, I know you, MTV wants it to be people I don't already know."

TheCousin'sSister "TUCKER I'M YOUR COUSIN--I DON'T WANT TO GO A DATE WITH YOU."

Tucker "Look, I'm a celebrity now, you're going to have to take this up with my people."

TheCousin'sSister "Your people? Oh Jesus. Is this whole thing serious? Who wants to date you?"

Tucker "You aren't going to get on TV talking to me like this."

TheCousin'sSister "You are so full of yourself."

Tucker "Babe, the day will come when someone calls you and says "Please hold for Tucker Max.""

Over the next few weeks, I dealt almost exclusively with an associate producer at MTV, Serena Hicks, since Kim was apparently too important and busy to talk to me. The first time I spoke to Serena, we must have talked for a good 45 minutes. We covered everything; me, what the show was going to be like, me, her, me. It was nice. Anyway, she loved me. We became quick friends, mainly because she seemed to have a slight worship for me, something I require from all women I hang out with.

A few nights later I was out with some friends telling them all about MTV, and decided to call up Serena. It was only about 9pm, but thanks the plethora of all-you-can-drink events in Chicago, I was sufficiently toasted to make my first MTV producer drunk dial. The conversation went like this:

Serena "Hello."

Tucker "HEY! It's the hottest guy you've ever put on TV!"

Serena "Hi Tucker."

Tucker "I KNEW YOU WERE SMART! I don't care what your co-workers

said about you."

Serena "Thank you, Tucker. Are you out drinking?"

Tucker "Does the Pope shit in the woods? Hey, tell my friends that I'm going to be on MTV."

[She talked to them for about 3 minutes, and then the phone was passed back to me.]

Tucker "So you're going to follow me everywhere? EVERYWHERE?"

Serena "Yeah, that's pretty much the plan."

Tucker "Ok, what if I fuck a girl and the condom breaks? Are you going to follow me to Walgreens when the girl needs to get some RU-486?"

Serena "Yeah, if Kim wants too, we will."

Tucker "What if I just save everyone the trouble and kick her in the tummy? You gonna get that on tape?"

Serena "Uhh...I don't think so."

Tucker "Hey...Serena...you have a hot voice."

Serena "Thank you."

Tucker "Hey, Serena, I wanted to give you a heads up: You're eventually going to sleep with me, so I want you to appropriately prepare yourself with various lotions and ointments."

Serena "Uhhh, ok."

Tucker "What are you wearing?"

Serena "A moo-moo."

Tucker "WHAT?"

Serena "Tucker, I'm like 250. And short."

Tucker [Long, drunken, contemplative pause] "Yeah...MTV better send a different producer."

My friends were staring at me in complete shock. "Dude, what are you doing? You can't talk to MTV like that." Whatever, I was fucking around. If she can't take a joke, fuck her.

Serena called me the next day and I thought she would pissed at me for the drunk dial. Nope; she wasn't the least bit offended. Well...sounds like a wager to me. I drunk dialed Serena numerous times over the next few weeks, each time saying stupider and more ridiculous things, to see how far I could push her:

"You guys are going to make me look like shit aren't you? After this goes on TV, I'm never going to get laid again am I? To get a wife I'm going to have to buy a 12-year old from some rural Thai village, aren't I?"

"Serena, can you believe I'm going to be on MTV?? This is my chance. I'm gonna nail it like Pontius Pilate."

"I am not going to dance on MTV. I'm not going to be that dorky fucking white guy who dances on MTV. None of the White Man Overbite for Tucker Max."

No matter how much I called her, she always seemed to be happy to talk to me and laughed at my jokes. I guess I can't win them all. MTV-1, Tucker-0.

MTV was scheduled to arrive Tuesday, January 28th. On Monday January 27th, in typical Tucker fashion, I suffered a serious physical injury. While playing basketball at DePaul's gym, I thought I either tore a lower ab muscle, or perhaps suffered a hernia. Whatever it was, it HURT. I just ignored the pain, popped Motrin, and drove on.

MTV DAY 1, Tuesday, January 28th, 2003

The two producers, Kim and Serena, show up at my apartment around 8pm. Neither look anything like what I had anticipated.

Kim, I pictured as tall, creatively disheveled and relatively unattractive. Her phone bearing gave the impression of complete utilitarianism in every aspect of her being; I expected an artistically frustrated stoic, forced into an MTV job she despised in order to pay for her real art, whatever the hell that was. I was completely wrong in almost every way. She is short to the point of near midgetness, like 5'1" or something. She has straight black hair, and is wearing a black ankle length coat with a fur-type collar and a pink angora scarf. Her outfit screams "NY semi-outlandish hip" but she is very attractive, hot even, and carries the quiet confidence of command, so she pulls it off pretty well. Her entire attitude is one of self-possession, subtle (but incisive) intelligence and world-weary coolness. Oh yeah--she also had great tits.

The other woman is the associate producer Serena. From her phone voice, our flirtatious conversations, and her love of my site, I pictured her as a swarthy brunette, about ten pounds overweight but with big breasts, a sassy strut, and a heavy appetite for martinis and man love. I'm not sure if she could have been more different from my vision. She had curly black shoulder length hair, light brown skin and mixed features that bespoke an ethnically mixed parentage, beautiful but timid green eyes, an ankle length brown camel hair coat, and a demeanor that was shy--almost painfully shy--especially when contrasted against her phone

moxie. She's the type that could be frumpy if she was unkempt, but she takes good care of herself, so she is nice looking. One gets the impression that she has a deep well of confidence, but has yet to draw much from it.

After the introductions Kim explained the basic rules. The first thing that kinda shocks me is that there are no cameramen. Kim and Serena have a handheld DivX Sony-cam, and they film everything with that. I am going to be miked the whole time, and they are going to ask me questions, but when I answer I can't pay any attention to the camera, I have to act like it's not there--I stop her.

Tucker "I can't do that. You understand the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle? It is about physics, but it applies here: You cannot observe something without changing it. I am going to have to interact with you and the camera. I can't act like it's not here. I'm not an actor."

Kim "Yeah, but we can't have that. You can't interact with the camera becau--"

Tucker "Kim--babe--don't worry. I have a great cinematic sense and I know what will work and what won't. I have everything taken care of. You're dealing with a genius here. I'm not the idiot who got calf implants. I know what I'm doing."

She gave me a slight, "Who the fuck does this guy think he is?" look, then deftly switched gears and explained the way it works. She said she's going to ask the same questions over and over, but because her voice will never appear on the show, when I'm answering a question, I have to preface it and then answer it as if there is no interviewer. For instance, when she asks, "What do you look for in a woman?", I cannot just launch into the answer, I have to say something like, "I look for a lot of things in a woman, like pouty lips, milky thighs..."

Then she asks me and TheRoommate to talk to each other about the upcoming dates, and pretend she's not there. I explain to her that I am not a marionette, I can't just talk about things on command. It has to flow naturally, or it will sound artificial and forced. She responds:

Kim "But I need some conversation about girls."

Tucker "You'll get all the conversation about girls you can handle. I'm the best."

Kim "OK, but I need to do an entertaining show, and I can't just have bar clips--"

Tucker "Stop. Have you read my site?"

Kim "Yes."

Tucker "Do you think I have a pretty good sense of story and flow? Did you like my stories?"

Kim "Yes."

Tucker "Well I am just like that in person. This is just as big for me as it is for you. I understand that you have to condense hours of material to hit the high spots. I am with you on this. All you need to do is mike me, fire up the camera, and follow me around. You will get the most entertaining show you've ever done."

You could see the doubt in her eyes, the questioning, "Did I pick the right guy?" look.

She shook it off and started interviewing us, asking about what our social life is like, asking TheRoommate what it's like to live with me, etc, etc. I have to give TheRoommate credit: In a slightly tense situation, he did a great job being the social glue. He led the conversation along, kept it focused on me, set me up to tell funny stories, and generally smoothed everything out for me.

At the beginning of one of the Marley stories I see the red light start blinking and I tell Kim to change tapes. She says we're fine, so I press on, and then right at the cool part of the story she stops me, interrupting my flow, so she can change tapes. I tell her she should have listened to me, that I knew my story was going to run long.

Kim "Rule #1: I'm the producer. Don't tell me what to do."

Tucker "That's fine, you're in charge, but let's not forget that I am a genius and have a great cinematic sense. By the end of the week, you'll be following my suggestions."

She smiled condescendingly, popped the take back in, and told me finish the story.

MTV DAY 2, Wednesday, January 29th, 2003

I wake up at around 915am having gone to bed much earlier than usual, around like midnight. I showered and shaved before they got to my place. They show up at around 1030, and Kim is kind of upset that I'm not still asleep, because they want a shot of me waking up. I tell them they should have gotten here on time, I told them to be here by 9am and gave them my keys.

I don't think MTV people are used to non-MTV people talking to them like

this. Fuck'em if they can't be on time.

They sat me at my computer and interviewed me as I was checking my email or posting on the message board or whatever. At first, it was weird talking to the camera. It's not a natural thing to look into a camera and answer a question that a person asks you, and it took me a good half hour to get used to speaking to it. It took even longer to get used to answering the questions. I'd continually forget to preface the question, and Kim would repeat "They're not going to hear my question," over and over.

As the interview progressed, Kim started to really annoy the shit out of me. It began when she was trying to hype me up, telling me I can be a star and what not, when I finally had to stop her,

"You can stop pimping me; you're already filming me, I know what's going on. Don't worry, I will live up to my billing, but you have to let the party come to me, let me get into my flow."

It then became a battle of wills getting used to each other. If you have seen any of the other True Life or Sex2K shows, you know that the type of person on this thing is, generally speaking, a fucking idiot. Kim is accustomed to working with people like Luke (the guy who got calf implants) and she has to script these people, tell them what to say, and lay everything out for them so that she can get an entertaining show.

She tried this shit with me and it didn't work. She'd ask a question, and then suggest an answer I should give. At this, I'd stare at her like she told me to toss a Rhino's salad. You don't script Tucker Max.

I tried to explain to her that I can be prompted but I cannot be scripted. My flow is free and I have to be able to just shoot from the hip. You can tell me what topics you want to cover, maybe ask some leading questions, prompt me a little, but leave me to do the rest. I'm like the Barry Sanders of the verbal flow. You can't force me to run in a specific hole, you just have to give me the ball, block a general area, and let me create my own way downfield.

For example, Kim wanted me to read from my pickup line book. She literally wanted me to sit at my computer and read the foreword to my book into the camera. I almost fucking choked. I refused. I know how stupid that shit looks and I am not falling for it. I can make myself look plenty dumb on my own thank you. It was like she was so used to

dealing with no-talent hacks that when she got a Van Gogh on her hands she fumbled a little.

The turning point came later that night when we finally got to the dates. The first date was with Stephanie. I actually didn't want to go on a date with her, and probably wouldn't have met her out, but Serena pressured me to get a third date, and Stephanie was up for it, so I agreed.

The date started awful, because she was not very attractive and I was bored with her almost immediately. After ten minutes of this torture, I took stock of my situation: MTV is filming me talk to an ugly girl. Nothing is clicking, she's kinda boring, I'm off my game, but this is my break. The world is going to see this tape. I am supposed to be some sort of pimp or ladies man or whatever, and I'm on camera with an ugly, making dork conversation about her boring ass job.

So what did Tucker do?

What do you think Tucker did?

I kept pouring beers into my face. Knowing she's a girl and couldn't drink with me, and that lots of alcohol would lead to something, I was ordering rounds as fast as the broke-down actress could bring them. By the time the first bathroom break came, I was starting to get my game on. On bathroom breaks MTV would film the two of us talking about each other into the camera(s), but away from each other. I don't remember exactly what I said about Steph, but I think it was something to the effect that she's a cool girl, but just not good looking enough. The phrase, "Her face looks like it was hit by a bus," may have snuck in there somewhere.

When Steph went to the bathroom, I tried to hit on one of the other waitresses, but she was having NONE of it. I think she would have paid more attention to if I was a leper bleeding from my ass.

We get back to the date, and it was still bombing. I started pushing her, asking various ridiculous questions, testing her limits, when eventually the questions come around to whether or not she likes girls, and I hit the TV jackpot:

"Well, my friend and I have thought about hooking up with each other, but we are looking for the right guy to join us."

Kim, who up until this point was just as bored as me, shot up in her seat.

I kept pushing,

Tucker "That's cool. Is she cute?"

Steph "Yeah, she's beautiful."

Tucker "Let's set it up. You me and her. Get her on the phone."

ON CAMERA, ON MTV, I got this girl, WHO JUST MET ME, to commit to a threesome with me and her friend. We couldn't get her friend on the phone but left her a message, and Steph and I agreed she'd bring her friend to the Saturday party at Durkins.

She went to the bathroom, I turned to Kim, we exchanged "What just happened?" looks, and both of us burst out laughing. This finally got Kim to click with me and she was sold on me as a partner in the filming instead of a subject,

"See I told you I knew what I was doing. Just trust me, keep the camera on, and shit will happen. You are seeing the Tucker Max Life. Follow me--I'll show you where the surreal becomes real."

That wasn't my only date that night. I had scheduled two dates, and the second was next door, at Bar Celona. I walk in and lo and fucking behold, Carmen is working. Carmen is possibly one of the best looking girls I have ever seen in my life. You know how sometimes you meet that person who has such overwhelming physical beauty that no matter what else is wrong with them or what immense flaws they possess, you still want them. This girl had that.

As soon as I was in the door I was up her ass. There was no subtlety to my game that night. You will probably see lots of shots of me flirting with her and talking to her on camera. The disturbing thing was that her hair was all fucked up, not straight and silky like the last time I saw her. She looked like she had the Rastafarian Starter Kit going on up there, but the sad part is that she is so hot that she still looked transcendent. I wanted her so bad--just on a raw physical level--that it hurt.

My flirting with Carmen was interrupted when Date #2, Megan, showed up. I don't know if they caught the priceless expression on my face; it was something between mild shock and complete revulsion. This girl is the reason you shouldn't trust two-dimensional representations of three dimensional objects. It was--quite simply--not the girl in the pictures she sent to me.

She was nervous to begin with, and I think she picked up on my thinly-veiled disgust, which only served to make her more nervous. We talked for awhile, and I have no memory of what we talked about as it was boring and shitty. The only thing I enjoyed was openly flirting with Carmen on camera in front when she would come over and get us beers or something.

During the bathroom break/interview, I really shit on her. I almost feel bad all the stuff I said. Emphasis on "almost." I believe I said things like, "She should have sent me a current picture, not the one that she took before her nose and chin grew to super-human proportions," I might have mentioned something about her being "obnoxiously ugly," and I think I capped it all off with, "No really, she's a great girl, a nice person, and I have nothing bad to say about her. Except that she sucks."

I started probing her. I went down the bi-sexual route for awhile, but I already hit that summit with that last girl, so I switched courses and started calling her out. I bet her she wouldn't go slap the fat girl sitting next to us, and tell her not to eat anymore quesadillas, because that's how she got fat in the first place. She declined. I bet she wouldn't grab Carmen's ass. Declined. I bet she wouldn't throw a side plate at the bouncer. She accepted.

She threw it at him without warning, and to his credit, he caught it. It was pretty funny, but I dismissed it, and then bet her she wouldn't throw the plate on the floor and break it. She hesitated, so I told her that I'd throw one right after her. She wound up like Randy Johnson and fired that thing into the ground, shattering it everywhere. I doubled over in my chair laughing. The entire bar stopped and turned to look at us. The place was completely quiet except for me laughing. I had to get up and walk around I was laughing so hard, just leaving her sitting there by herself, camera's on her, everyone staring at her. I had no intention of throwing a plate, I just wanted to see how big of an ass she would make of herself, and she made a pretty big one.

After this crowning event to the night, I had no more use for her, so I eventually make it clear that I wanted her to leave. Yawning, I tell her that I'm leaving soon, whatever, let's just end this now. In reality, I wanted her to go so I could hit on Carmen with MTV there.

Megan gone, I started macking on Carmen, and in the beginning of what would become a theme with MTV on this trip, they screwed the pooch and missed one of the best parts of the night. I told Kim to keep the

camera on me at all times, to always be filming me, because no one, including myself, had any idea when I was going to do something entertaining. This is the conversation MTV missed when I was hitting on Carmen:

Carmen "I don't want a camera filming you hitting on me."

Tucker "Why? Boyfriend?"

Carmen "No, not really...we're on a break."

Tucker "Yeah. I bet. So when we are going to hang out?"

Carmen "See...I'm not really into dates."

Tucker "Who said I wanted to date you? What are you into then? Getting baked and having three guys run train on you. Sounds good to me, as long as I'm first."

She actually laughed at this and took my number. She never called, which is not really that much of a shock. I have a feeling that this girl wakes up with crystal meth and goes to sleep with heroin. But goddamn, she's so hot it wouldn't matter. At least for a few weeks.

I decide that I need to have sex and get my laundry done. I made a booty call then went over to a girl's place, with my laundry. Serena rode with me in my car, and I told the story of how I won my car in a poker game and talked generally about how all women are whores, and just because this girl accepted my booty calls and laundry duties, it didn't make her more or less of a whore than any other girl.

At the girl's apartment, MTV pissed me off badly. I walked in with my laundry, and then they called me on my cell and asked me to come back out so they could get some more shots of me walking into her apartment. This did not please me. If you notice, the shots they have from behind me I have two laundry bags, while the shot they have from the front I only have one bag.

MTV DAY #3, Thursday, January 30th

Most of the morning was spent with me answering the same questions over and over. I went to lunch with my friend Joe. I forget where we went, somewhere that was pretty good but way overpriced and haughty. But the restaurant picked up our tab and the chef came out to meet us, so it was cool. The highlight of lunch was me eating Kim's food while she was interviewing Joe about me.

I spent the rest of the day running errands and just being Tucker Max. I

made fun of people all over Chicago; the grocery store, the gym, Starbucks. The funniest was the gym. Kim just followed me around as I ripped on people. For example, this fucked up looking girl walked by and I said into the camera, "See that girl? She's the type that no matter how bad your day is, you feel good that at least you're not her."

There was one incident that I hate myself for. I believe I may have single-handedly caused a girl to attempt suicide.

When I went to get some water, I walked by the line of cardio machines and this one fat girl was in black spandex tights. I say into my mike, "I guess tight pants aren't for everyone." A good impromptu line I thought, and of course, fucking MTV misses it. But she loves the line and convinces me to walk by again, only this time commenting on all the girls as I walk by. I don't like this because I hated staged shit. You have to catch me being me, I can't perform on command. Plus, when I walked by the first time I think the girl heard me. That wouldn't bother me that much, but to walk by and say it again borders on harassment.

None of these pangs of moral compunction stopped me, of course. I walked by again, and AGAIN KIM MISSED THE SHOT. I was pissed. This time the girl definitely knew what I was doing, but I wasn't sure if she heard me. Great. Kim and Serena convince me to go by one more time, and this time it is painfully fucking obvious what I am doing. The girl hears me, and the look on her face was almost enough to make me feel bad. When my calcified soul is touched from making fun of a fat girl, you know it's bad. Not ten minutes later the girl put on a sweatshirt and tied another shirt around her waist. I guarantee she went home and purged herself. Oh well, if she didn't kill herself at least she'll now have some incentive to lose weight.

Kim went back to the hotel and Serena filmed me getting ready for my Thursday date. When I was finished with my shower Serena wanted to get a shot of me shaving. I told her to come in the bathroom.

Serena "WHY ARE YOU NAKED?"

Tucker "I just got out of the shower. Do you shower with clothes on?"

Serena "WHERE IS YOUR TOWEL?"

Tucker "In my room."

She insisted that I have a towel on when she filmed me, so I told her that she had to go get my towel and wrap it around me if she wanted one on me, because I had shaving cream in my hand. She hesitated, but

eventually got my towel and, without any help from me, wrapped it around my wet naked body. Right when she had her arms around my waist and her face staring right into my crotch, I told her, "Get a good look, that's the closest you're ever going to get to greatness." It's amazing what MTV will do for a shot.

That night was my third date of the week, with Reese. I met her at Joe's Sports Bar, and she was actually better looking than her pics, which was a nice switch. She also turned out to be very cool, was but completely out of control. WAY too manic, to the point where I had trouble getting anything in. I kept saying things like "let's keep the conversation about me," or "let's talk about me again."

During the bathroom/interview interlude, I told the camera that she was cool, she was fun and I liked her, but there was no romantic spark. Kim pressed me on this issue, wanted to know why there was no spark. I told her for two main reasons; 1. she's seen my site and she has dated and been played by guys like me and isn't going to fall for that game again, and 2. she is way too egocentric for me. I like to be worshipped, and she wasn't about to do that.

We left Joes and went to Parkway, where we met up with ten of my friends and one of her friends. Girls that kept coming up and asking us who we are filming for. I got bored with the repetitive questions, and quickly came up with some inventive answers:

"I have no idea. I thought you knew."

"It's the Make-A-Wish Foundation. I have a terminal brain tumor and my last wish is to be famous, so MTV is filming me for their show "True Life: I'm Dying From Brain Cancer.""

"They're doing a show on convicted pedophiles dating after they get out of prison." [Look of shock on her face] "Hey, she told me she was 18. If there's grass on the field play ball right?"

The best was a girl who shamelessly hit on me for a good 30 minutes, then out of nowhere goes, "Wait--is this going to be on TV? OH MY GOD! My boyfriend might see this!" She even emailed me a few weeks later and, no shit, begged me not to put that scene in, as she is a kindergarten teacher and her students might see her. Do I even need to make a joke here?

That night I was shocked out of my sleep at around 4am with a pain so intense I could barely breathe. My lower right abdomen felt as though it

had been stabbed with a rusty serrated kitchen knife and twisted around in my gut. I had to crawl out of my bed and it took me about 30 minutes to get to the bathroom and grab the Advil. I'm not sure how many I took, but it was well above the recommended dosage. If by "well above" I mean "half the bottle." I drank as much water as I could and then lay on the bathroom floor, curled in a ball, writhing in agony for about another hour, until I could finally make it back to my bed.

MTV DAY #4, Friday, January 31st

The next day was not much better. I had an Advil and Motrin breakfast, but had to walk around doubled up in pain for about an hour until they kicked in. Serena tried to convince me to go to the ER, but that was a definite no go, "It's just a torn muscle [short gasp of breath, writhe in pain], no big deal." Serena disagreed, "Tucker, that is not muscle pain. You might have appendicitis." Yeah thanks, unless my life depends on it there is no way I am going to the ER with MTV. Sorry. Eventually the pain killers took effect and we went about our day.

Friday was just Serena and I, as Kim was too busy taking conference calls and being an important producer. Being that I list my occupation as "writer," they wanted some shots of me at a bookstore. I decide to throw my old school a bone and get my bookstore shots at the Co-op, which is the primary bookstore at the University of Chicago.

We decided to have lunch afterwards, just Serena and I, completely off-camera. I guarantee that she was pissed she didn't film that lunch. I told her two of the funniest stories I have (The Embassy Suites Ban and The Cancun Story), and both of them not only had her in tears, but both tables next to us. One girl laughed so hard she literally fell out of her chair.

I dropped Serena off at her hotel and went back to my place to get ready. I was going to meet MTV at my friends Joe's apartment, and then we were all going out on what was bound to be an incredible night.

My boy Joe had set us up. We has dinner at Gibson's, 2 hours in the DJ VIP booth at Domain with bottle service, two hours on the bed at Narcisse and a couple of bottles of champagne, and a VIP booth at Rive Gauche with bottle service...all free. Every single fucking thing was comped. Going out with MTV is cool.

We met up with two girls at Gibson's. The blond was one, Jill, was Joe's

date and the tall one with dark hair, Erin, was my date. I was pleased that my date was hot, but goddamn--I doubt she could have been any dumber and still be considered human. It was immediately and painfully obvious with her first comment that she was irreversibly stupid. Gibson's is one of the premier steakhouses in America, Erin takes one look at the menu and says, "This menu is all meat."

I gave her one of those "can you really this stupid" looks, and though Erin didn't see me I am pretty sure Kim caught my expression on camera. It turned out that they are both vegetarians. I quickly ordered a tall double Goose on the rocks and resolved to suffer through her for two reasons: 1. I was on MTV and didn't feel like tearing her to pieces and then going stag the rest of the dinner, and 2. her body was so ridiculously hot I couldn't help it. Beauty can overcome stupidity. At least short-term.

Even though you will probably see lots of shots of that night, in all honesty, I didn't have that great of a time. Yes, there were some really funny incidents, like the strawberries and cream at Domain, the skinny girl who wouldn't leave us alone on the bed at Narcisse, or the throngs of worthless whores who kept pestering us at Rive Gauche, but I just did not like much about the night.

It wasn't me. It wasn't a true Tucker Max night out, mainly because I hate night clubs. I really, really hate them, and every place we went that night was a club. The only people who go to clubs are the ones who have nothing to say. They intentionally make it oppressively loud in clubs because it's impossible to sound stupid if no one can hear you.

MTV DAY #5, Saturday, February 1st

As much as Friday was not me, Saturday was pure Tucker Max. The plan was too to meet up with my friend Zach Albarran, who was having his birthday party at Durkins. My friends congregated at my place around 6pm, and we started pre-partying Tucker Max style: beer and shots of Tucker Death Mix.

The crew hanging out with me was something of an eclectic mix; there were two law school friends (JoJo and PWJ), my roommate (TheRoommate), my cousin (TheCousin) and his friend (BrownSquirrel), and friends of mine from Chicago (Bret and WhatHeSay).

[The funny thing is, you'll see on tape that the pre-party at my apartment

has like three black guys there. People are going to think I'm all diverse and multicultural, when the simple fact is that almost every minority I know on earth was at my place that night. I didn't design that way or even realize what was going on until afterwards.]

Now, let me warn you about the video of me on Saturday night: I was not just drunk. I was not just Tucker Max drunk; I was the very definition of Tucker Max Drunk. It was quite possibly one of the ten drunkest nights of MY LIFE. I usually don't like cataloging how much I drink during a night, because as my friend Craig once put it, "Only pussies count," but this one time, to give you a notion of my mindset, and to let you know why I did what I did, I am going to do it:

-At my apartment:

5-6 beers

3 shots, Tucker Death Mix (moonshine, Red Bull and Gatorade)

-At The Headquarters (another apartment we stopped at before Durkins):

3-4 beers

1 shot, Jaegermeister

-At Durkins (this is a conservative count, based on a forensic examination of bar tabs):

7-10 beers

8-10 Irish Car Bombs (A pint of Guinness with a shot of Baileys and Jameson dropped in it)

4 shots, red girly stuff

3 shots, clear girly stuff

1 shot, tequila

-In total:

15-20 beers

12 shots

8-10 Irish Car Bombs

Honestly--I am surprised I didn't die. Though I did vomit. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

It was funny walking into that place with two cameras following me. Everyone was watching me, to the point where it got annoying. Kim and Serena would be filming me talking to some girl and there would be no one in the camera light, but right on the rim of the camera light, forming a half circle behind Kim and Serena, would be dozens of people watching

me. Other places had been pretty cool about stopping this, but Durkin's didn't give a fuck.

At some point, the girl who promised me a threesome on the Wednesday night date, Steph, showed up with her friend. As soon as she saw me she started yelling, "Tucker. I'm here! With my FRIEND!"

I was standing next to TheCousin and we were talking to some girls. He took one look at her and bellowed:

"HER?? YOU'RE PROUD ABOUT HAVING A THREESOME WITH HER?? SHE'S A COW!"

Then he turned right into her face and yelled:

"MOOOOOO!! MOOOOOOOO!! IS HE GONNA MILK YOU? MOOOOOO!"

I really do love that kid sometimes. I completely lost it. Spilled my drink and everything.

When I finally regained my composure, I figured she would be gone but she was still standing there, telling me she was there with her "friend." I was kinda into the girl I was talking to at the moment, and wasn't in the mood to deal with her when I knew she and her friend were a sure thing, so on camera, I calmly told her,

"Alright, alright, that's cool. Just come back later. Come find me at the end of the night. I'm busy right now."

Dissed for a threesome. On MTV. Wow.

Later on in the night TheCousin got Steph's friend to give him head. In Durkin's bathroom. At least he told me so I didn't go home with those two.

I wish I could give you a detailed description of the things that happened that night, but I was absolutely, completely, full-blown Tucker Max Drunk. I remember very little about that night, especially anything after the first hour or so. The night is mainly just a blur of drinks and disparate images. But there are some memories that stand out:

-One of the Irish Car Bombs round became a chugging contest. I finished last, spilling most of it all over myself. That's on tape.

-You'll probably see me spending much of Saturday night talking to a cross-eyed girl. I didn't know she was cross-eyed for the same reason I couldn't pick her face out of a crowd the next day: She had great tits and I did nothing but blatantly stare at them. She got mad and eventually left after I talked to her breasts instead of her face and called her different names every 20 minutes.

-One of my friends, Andrea, was there. I must have welcomed her to the party 3 times at least. Every time I saw her I would be like, "HEY ANDREA! I'm glad you made it."

-Through the course of the night, just about every girl in the bar came up and talked to me or my friends. As a result of all this attention, lots of the guys at the bar who didn't know any of us hated on us. It was pretty funny. One guy in particular tried to act all hard by pushing Serena out of the way so he could get to the bar to get a drink. I fucked with him bad, "Are you mad because you're a nobody? I'd hate on me too if I were you. It's gotta suck to see someone like me getting all the attention that you want."

-One of my personal favorite memories is the interview Kim did with me. She pulled me aside and peppered me with questions for 20 minutes. As I am my own witness, I have no memory of anything I said into that camera. I could have claimed to be sexually attracted to menstruating camels--I have no idea. Neither Kim, Serena nor Paulette will tell me anything I said, though I do think I said something like, "My goal in life is to be more famous than Puck."

As we were leaving, I made Kim take a shot with me and the owner of Durkin's. I do not remember this, but it has been recounted to me by multiple independent sources:

As soon I took the shot, my eyes crossed, my knees buckled, and I broke into a dead sprint for the door. Kim grabbed her camera and followed me into the alley. I started yelling at her, telling her not film me throwing up, cursing, etc. I tried to walk away, but the vomit had other designs, and it came. In between convulsions I kept yelling at Kim, when I turned towards her just as a new wave of vomit came out, sloshing my stomach contents all over her sweater.

No shit--I threw up on an MTV producer. On film.

I finished up in the alley to see Zach Albarron standing in the middle of Halsted and Diversey, a major Chicago intersection, with his shirt off, swinging it above his head, traffic at a stand still, horns blazing. I found this to be a great idea, so I joined him.

We came back to the front of Durkins, a taxi pulled up, some guy got out, Zach screamed a name, pushed the guy onto the hood of the taxi and started dry humping him so hard the taxi was bouncing up and down like Dre was hitting switches. When he stopped, the guy nervously composed himself, readjusted his glasses, and ran off down the street. I was confused:

Tucker "Dude, did you know that guy?"

Zach "NO!"

Tucker "YEAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHH!"

I was unaware of it, but around this time Kim told JoJo that she wanted to get a shot of me walking down the street alone to close the show. JoJo, being a friend, had my best interests in mind, so he got a bunch of girls in the bar to agree to leave the bar and get into a cab with me.

I was an impediment to this plan. Every girl he and TheCousin would bring was, to me, completely unsatisfactory, "This fucking hooker? I wouldn't let her give me money to suck my dick. GET OUT OF MY FACE YOU WHORE!"

Eventually they gave up and 5 or 6 of us left together. I was the first into the cab, opened the door, and fell flat onto the backseat and passed out. WhatHeSay woke me up, and by that time Kim had maneuvered around to the passenger side of the cab to get a shot of me driving off. I rolled down the window as the cab pulled away and yelled at her:

"CAN I FUCK YOUR TITS?"

Except for them filming us at breakfast the next morning, this is where the MTV footage stops. But the night did not stop there. I took my crew to Weiner Circle. (Any true Chicagoan knows what's coming.)

Weiner Circle is a Chicago landmark. A late night hot dog stand, it is run by an all black, mostly female staff. Around 2am, the drunks start piling in for Char-dogs and fries, and Chicago drunks are abusive drunks, but at this place the abuse is not only accepted it is almost expected. I prepped my crew, and we stormed in like the Brown Shirts:

Tucker: "NOW LISTEN UP YOU STANK ASS HO'S--GET ME A FUCKING CHAR DOG, DON'T GET YOUR RANCID CUNT JUICE ON IT, PUT SOME FUCKING ONIONS AND FUCKING MUSTAND ON THAT SHIT, AND GET IT QUICK, YOU COCK-SMOKING BITCH! I WILL NOT HESITATE TO THROW A BITCH IN THE TRUNK!

Counter Girl: "OH HELL NO! HELL--MOTHERFUCKING--NO! YOU THE UGLIEST WHITE BOY I EVER SEEN, HOW YO GONNA TALK SHIT TO ME?"

TheCousin: "I WILL HORSEFUCK YOU BITCH! GET MY FUCKING FOOD!"

CounterGirl: "YOU UGLY ASS MOTHERFUCKER, I BEAT YO ASS!! I BEAT YO ASS!!"

Tucker [I start on a guy behind the counter] "HEY EVERYONE LOOK! IT'S LEBRON JAMES! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WHY ARE YOU FLIPPING BURGER?? YOU WERE THE FUTURE OF YOUR PEOPLE!"

CounterGuy: "Man...fuck you."

TheCousin: "Fuck you? FUCK YOU? Well that's great, what an amazing comeback. You're LeBron James and the best you can come up with is 'fuck you?' YOU'RE PATHETIC. I bet you're the type of guy who complains when the speculum is cold."

Tucker [to the girl]: Hey bitch, I want a chocolate shake too. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!"

The counter girl then came out from behind the counter and showed us her tits. Really.

Once we got our food (they make your order as you exchange insults), we took it outside and ate on these benches out front. I walked out side with my food to this scene:

JoJo was standing on top of one of the benches, with his penis sticking out of his pants, yelling at the top of his lungs, "SOMEBODY WANTS TO SUCK MY DICK! SOMEBODY NEEDS TO SUCK THIS DICK!" He later followed two Korean girls down the street yelling at them about sucking his dick.

These hot girls were behind us in line, and once they had their food came out to talk to us. One of the girls was upset about something, and we inquired:

Girl "I'm so upset. Someone tried to slap us."

JoJo "No. Did he? Who did it?"

Tucker "WHO? SHOW ME WHO IT WAS, I'LL KICK THEIR FUCKING ASS."

JoJo "I'd slap your ass."

WhatHeSay "I want to fuck you with this pickle."

The Cousin "HE SHOULD HAVE SMACKED YOU, I' SMACK YOU TOO. I'D SMACK THE FUCKING TASTE OUT OF YOUR MOUTH, YOU UGLY FIEND. LOOK AT YOURSELF. I CAN SEE THE SCARS FROM WHERE YOUR MOM WAS POKING YOU WITH THE HANGER. YOU ARE DISGUSTING. SUCK OUR DICKS OR GET OUT--JUST DO SOMETHING TO GET YOUR FACES OUT OF OUR VIEW."

I took one of the girls cheese fries and fired them up against the glass window, splattering cheese all over the place. Some of it got on my cousin's neck, and he walked around for the next hour telling everyone, "I HAVE CHEESE ON MYNECK. LOOK AT THE CHEESE ON MY NECK."

We eventually got back to my place. I booty called Serena and told her to come over, "you know we're going to fuck eventually, it might was well be tonight." As I was on the phone with her, I picked up my keys, dropped them in my shoes outside my door and tell her, "Hey babe the keys to my apartment are in my shoes, just keep trying them until one works." Not surprisingly, she never came over.

The funny thing is that I didn't get laid the entire time MTV was here (except for the booty call, which I don't count), even though almost EVERY SINGLE ONE of my friends who was out with me hooked up in one way or another. Not one girl would hook up with me on MTV. I have never got so many numbers and so few actual physical acts in a 5 day span. One girl actually said to me, "I'd love to go home with you, but I can't do it on camera. Call me when MTV leaves." Right, like I'll remember your name tomorrow. Thanks for playing.

The MTV Aftermath

I finished the above story on April 27th, 2003. My MTV special aired on May 1st, 2003 at 10pm eastern time. By 10:22pm eastern time, not only had my server crashed from the traffic, but so had THE ENTIRE HOSTING CENTER where my server was located.

My website was getting about 20,000 page views a day before the MT V special aired. Since then I've averaged about 400,000 pages views a day, even months later (though a lot of this is due to the press from The

Miss Vermont Story lawsuit). My message board had about 600 members. It peaked at 14,000 right before I took it down.

I remain friends with Kim and Serena and Paulette, and have since hung out with all of them in NYC. My only problem with the actual show itself was that the story they tried to tell was not the story they left Chicago with. They tried to fit a square peg into a round hole, and make it seem like I use the website to actually find dates, when the reality is far from that, and I went on those dates for the MTV show. But overall, I thought they did a decent job editing the footage.

To answer the most asked question I get: Yes, I have a copy of the MTV special on tape, but no, I haven't posted it yet. I'll get around to it at some point. Maybe. If I feel like it.

TUCKER LEARNS ABOUT PENILE IMPLANT SURGERY

My friends and I were sitting around on Saturday watching college football when a girl, WhoreBingo, came over. She brought her roommate, a nurse, Nurse Cratched. She works with doctors who do various types of penis surgeries. Her job became the immediate focus of conversation, and her stories blew me away. For example:

1. It is possible to break your dick. Really. Your penis can suffer such a trauma that the patchwork of blood vessels that hold it erect can break, filling your penis with blood, sort of like a big bruise. She told us about this one guy who came in, and had to have a full liter of blood drained from his cock. When she asked him how it happened, he told her "I was taggin' my bitch from the back, and I aimed too high, and the fucker broke." Jesus Christ. He must have been fucking the absolute shit out of this girl to generate enough force to break his dick against her coccyx. That is some serious deep dicking.

2. You can get a surgically implanted penis pump. Apparently, all those ads in the back of Hustler are true. If you are impotent, doctors can insert a small inflatable tube into your penis, and a pump into your scrotum. Then you literally inflate the tube in your penis by repeatedly squeezing the pump in your scrotum sack. There is even a release valve on the back side of the sack to deflate the penis. Remember those inflatable Reebok basketball shoes? Like those, but in your penis.

Of course, I had numerous questions about the actual effect of this surgery. Does a pumped up penis feel like a real erect penis to the woman? Can the guy still come? Does sex feel the same to the guy? Does it look funny when a guy repeatedly squeezes his sack before sex? Do you tell the girl or do you try and play it off? Disappointingly, she had no good answers for these questions. Her reason: "I don't know what it's like; I don't sleep with these men. It's not a porn movie in there. I'm just their nurse."

3. Women can get a surgically created penis. I shit you not. By creatively arranging the skin around the vagina, a doctor can create an organ that looks just like a normal penis. Then they insert the same penile implant as above, put the pump in the surgically created scrotum sack, and, well, she has a working penis. Without close examination, it is difficult to tell the difference between that and a real penis. Nurse Cratched told one story about a woman who came in and had this surgery done, and then

got a tattoo of an anchor on the underside of her new penis. She said she got it so she could "drop anchor."

Once the mechanics were understood, I had dozens of philosophical questions for her. What if a woman with a surgically created penis has sex with a man? Is that homosexual or heterosexual? What if she has sex with a woman? Does the woman consider this a heterosexual or homosexual experience? She had no idea. I did find out that once the surgery is complete, the woman can pee standing up.

4. Your penis can get gangrene. She told us about a guy who came in with such advanced gangrene on his penis, he had to have it lanced. Can you imagine that pain? When asked how his penis got this way, he said his girlfriend bit his cock, the cut became infected, and he just ignored it, hoping it would go away. How do you not get that looked at sooner? Maybe I'm strange, but if I have an infected cut on my penis, I'm getting that fucker looked at. Immediately. Like "call-the-fucking-ambulance-and-get-me-to-the-ER-RIGHT-FUCKING-NOW" immediately. But that's just me.

The best part about this conversation was Nurse Cratched herself. She is very good looking. Hot even. And all she does all day is deal with middle-aged men's penis's and assholes. Imagine being an impotent man going in to get a penile insert, and a 5'10" hot blonde is your nurse? Might cure that impotence. She said she gets propositioned several times a day, which to me is incredible. I guess if you're going to get a penis pump put in, you might as well give it a shot. What do you have to lose? Obviously not self-respect. She told us that she has never dated a patient or someone that a patient tried to set her up with. One time, a man offered to pay her \$200 just to meet his son. She turned him down, because "What if I liked him? I could never look at him without thinking about the suppository I had put in his dad's ass. Could you? That would be too weird."

TUCKER GOES TO COURT

I went to criminal court this morning, charged with driving with a suspended license, driving with expired registration, etc, etc. It was quite an interesting experience.

As anyone who has ever been to a criminal proceeding at a satellite court can attest, this is not the cream of society. I was 35th on the docket, so I got to witness all order of shenanigans before my name was called. One man was arrested for public drunkenness, and then showed up at his arraignment drunk. I took solace in that.

I was sitting directly behind my lawyer (ironically, with a "bar" between us) when the clerk yelled out, "Case 11-23, Tucker Max."

When I heard my name I could not help but burst out in laughter. For some reason, it was the funniest thing I had ever heard. Of course, this got dirty looks from my lawyer, looks that turn to horror when the judge says, "Son, stand up."

I stood up, and she asked me, "What is so funny?"

I looked around the court room and then said, "I'm very sorry your honor, but in law school I was voted Most Likely to Appear in Court as a Defendant, and, well, it looks like they were correct."

This sent the entire courtroom into laughter. Everyone, onlookers, prosecutor, clerk, cops, all began laughing. The judge though, was not laughing. She had a look of utter confusion on her face, that as soon as the court room quieted down, manifested itself as the question "YOU went to law school??"

At this, the courtroom again erupted into laughter, at which judge Kathleen Ireland (I swear that was her name) banged her gavel a few times. I simply nodded my head and replied in kind, to which she said, "WHAT law school did you go to? Did you graduate?"

I told her I did indeed graduate from Duke Law School. Judge Ireland expressed confusion and indignation at how a graduate of, in her words, "One of the best law schools on the planet," could have an expired drivers license, a car with expired tags, and outstanding, unpaid speeding tickets in two states.

My response: "You honor, I have problems with authority."

For those that care, I got off with a \$50 fine and court costs. How? Let's just say that Tucker Luck was in effect, and the prosecutor was a fan of mine, and cut me a deal.

Sometimes being an Internet celebrity has it's privileges.

TUCKER IS RESPONSIBLE, RUINS HALLOWEEN

Tucker is irresponsible, ruins Halloween

One year Halloween night fell on Wednesday or something, and I was home because, well, I don't know why, it was several years ago, but I was home doing nothing in particular. I had completely forgotten it was Halloween night; at this point in my life, Halloween is just another excuse to get drunk and act like an asshole.

I'm sitting on my sofa watching TV or whatever, when I hear a knock at my door. Who could that be? I answer it, and find three of the cutest little kids I've ever seen, all dressed up, with their father behind them. I am mortified, because I have no candy, so I stall for time:

Tucker "What are you kids dressed up as?"

Kid #1 "I'm a pirate!"

Kid #2 "I'm Britney Spears!"

Kid #3 "I'm Stone Cold Steve Austin!"

Tucker "Uhhh...I'm dressed up too. I'm pretending to be an adult, which is why I don't have any candy for you. Adults are responsible and remember things like Halloween. Tucker is pretending to be an adult, which is why he has nothing to eat in his house except vodka, beer, and Myoplex protein powder."

They just looked at me all confused as their father broke out laughing, thanked me, and herded them away from my door. After that, I turned off all the lights in my house. And then masturbated to Asian transsexual porn.

OK, maybe not, but that would be kinda funny if I did.

TUCKER TALKS IN HIS SLEEP, DISSES GIRL

When I was still in law school, this one girl I knew who was a UNC undergrad had been sweating me for awhile. Calling me, wanting to know when we're going to go out, etc., etc. One night she calls me, I'm bored and alone, so I tell her to come over. We hang out for awhile, and I realize that I was right to avoid her for all this time, she does indeed suck.

But she was there, and I was horny and weak, so we have sex.

The next morning she acts mad at me. Won't talk to me, turns away from me when I touch her, etc. I ask her what's wrong, and she tells me:

Girl "Did you know you talk in your sleep?"

Tucker "Yeah. Lots of girls have told me that."

Girl "Oh--that's wonderful." She turned away, even deeper in disgust, and then turned back towards me moments later, "Do you know what you said last night?"

Tucker "No. I was sleeping."

Girl "You rolled over, mumbled something, and then clearly said, 'This girl came over last night and we had sex and it was a bad idea,' and then passed back out."

I was still laughing as she stormed out the door. Hey, if she can't take a joke, fuck her.

NAPLES SUCKS

I recently visited my friend in Naples, and let me tell you: The city of Naples is a complete and unadulterated shit hole. There is nothing to do there. It is more boring than a cancer hospice.

I get there at about 2 in the afternoon and I'm hanging out with my friend Paul and we have a few beers, which become a lot of beers. Paul has a gambling problem, and the next thing I know we're watching some random horse races on channel 426, calling up an offshore bookmaking website that Paul uses for football, trying to make bets on the races. We get through with 2 races left, and Paul and I make about 30 of the most idiotically complex bets possible. We're triple boxing trifectas, double boxing exactas, I'm making stuff up about buying put options on our bets- it was sweet, drunken bedlam.

The two races end, the living room walls are coated with the beer we sloshed around while cheering for our horses, and we still have no idea if we won anything. Neither of us can remember who we bet on. Paul calls up the bookmaking website, and HOLY SHIT, we are up like \$200, all from a series of random 10 dollar bets.

Of course, this sets off a feeding frenzy. Paul logs onto the site on his computer, and I whip up some martinis. We begin recklessly betting money on everything possible; roulette, blackjack, baseball games, anything. Mind you, this is an internet casino. We are screaming and drinking, jumping up and down, sloshing vodka all around his study. We must have looked like some cracked out retarded ditch monkeys. The funny thing is that we are consistently winning; we finished up about \$500 for the day. Finally, his girlfriend comes into the room, looks at me, and goes,

"The sad part is, he's like this even when you aren't here," turns, and walks out. Paul and I laughed for ten minutes, and then went to dinner.

Dinner sucked. The highlight was when I ask the waiter if he has ever slept with a midget.

We end up at around 2am going to a real-life speak-easy. Seriously. Except there is no gambling, because the back room where they have all the gambling isn't done yet. Typical Naples.

The highlight of the night is this hot Czech girl I met there. Except I could only talk to her for like 3 minutes. Why? She fucking smelled. No, I don't think you understand--she smelled REAL, REAL BAD. She honestly stunk like a fucking homeless person. Her body odor was bad enough, but the sad part is, I would have hung in there--Naples was that boring, and she was that hot.

But what kept me from hitting on her was her breath. It could have melted steel. I've never seen, or smelled, anything like it.

THE LESBIAN DATE

Dinner dates are not always what they seem

This is an email I sent to a friend about a date I went on when I was 21 and spending the summer in Boca Raton, Florida:

Although this summer has been absolutely awesome, there are a few downs with the ups. Take last night. It is always something in South Florida.

I get a date with this incredibly hot Peruvian girl. She not just everyday hot, she's melt-the-elastic-in-your-underwear hot. I go to pick her up, and not only does she have her own condo on the beach, but she drives a Lexus. And won't tell me what she does for a living. Hmmm...

After some ridiculously provocative flirtation on the drive there, we end up at this place called Sforza, in West Palm Beach. It is a restaurant during the day and then turns into a dance club type thing at night. I know the manager and owner real well, so they totally set me up: the best table in the house, a bottle of "J" to start, and a bottle of Gaya Super Tuscan for dinner, five course meal, etc, etc. All through the meal this girl is totally into me. She's laughing at my jokes, constantly putting her hand on my leg and arm, giving me those quick, sly, "Come hither" smiles that girls give when they want you to know that they want you. As the meal progresses and we drink more, she gets more and more flirtatious.

We have a few after dinner drinks, and wait for the dance floor to fill. I may be stupid, but I know that patience with women is a virtue. I figure I just have to continue to be cool, play my cards right, and this should become a legendary night.

The last patrons finally clear the tables on the dance floor, the lights are lowered, the music starts pumping, and she starts giving me the "I'm gonna ravage you later tonight" eyes. I'm busting a woody just looking into her eyes. She leans over to me, puts her hand on my inner thigh, about a half inch below my package, and says, "I have to tell you something" (imagine her voice as a really thick, but sexy and feminine, South American accent). I am imagining all order of naughty things about to be whispered in my ear.

I lean over, put my hand on her thigh, and she says, "You know, I really like you, but....I love girls."

What? WHAT? I was stunned. What the fuck do you say to that? I was completely fucking speechless. There was like a 15 second pause in the conversation. I had no idea what to say. At first, her comment doesn't even register. Then, I think, if she's a lesbian, why is she on a date with me? Then, I think, WAIT, maybe she's into threesomes. Not having much experience in the 2 on 1 arena, and not having any idea what to say, I look at her and go, "Hey, what do you know...so do I."

She gives me a look that can only be described as "abject pity."

Well the night actually turned out great. Not because she was wanted a three-some; yeah right, like this is Penthouse Letters or something. I quickly realized that she was serious, and that I had just been taken for a free dinner. So I paid the bill, and headed straight to the bar. She headed straight for the dance floor and the arms of some other hot girl.

Four Sapphire and tonics later, I saw two friends of mine. They were with some really hot girls, so of course I told them my little story, and the girls felt bad for me. God bless Florence Nightingale syndrome. I ended up hanging out with them the rest of the night, and getting two of their numbers. I guess roses can grow out of shit.

TUCKER DEBATES POSTMODERNISM, WRESTLES MIDGETS

Friday me and some friends from college, who are all lawyers, went to a happy hour for some associate that was leaving his firm. We began with Tequila and Jaeger shots. Excellent. Numerous beers later, we go to this incredibly upscale yuppie bar. I was bored, so I start throwing my cocktail napkins and miniature straws on the floor every time I got a drink. Some were amused. Others were not.

Anyway, several vodka and Red Bulls later, we go to late dinner. It's me, my friend Jim, his girlfriend, two female associates from his firm, and a male associate. It comes out that Jim, his girlfriend, and I are going to midget boxing on Saturday night. This is a very abbreviated version of what followed:

The two girls go ballistic. All sorts of histrionics about what horrible people we must be. My point is that it's not like if everyone stops going to midget boxing, these guys suddenly become neurosurgeons. They just become unemployed. That, and they're adults, we should treat them like such. If you're a midget, and you want to box, you pretty much have to become a midget boxer; you're not going toe-to-toe with Evander Holyfield.

They respond with lots of fancy, meaningless words like "exploitation" and "commodification." They also tell me I need to read Catherine MacKinnon, some Andrea Dworkin, and perhaps even some Michel Foucault. Those names set off a bomb in the bar.

I had tried for a good ten minutes to let it go, but with Red Bull and vodka coursing through my veins, and the names of the anti-christs being thrown around so flippantly, I let loose. Absolutely unleashed. I eventually start throwing out words like "fascist" and "not content to let people live their own lives" and "if you don't like stumpy people hitting each other, don't go see it" and "these are theories that only sound good or important to upper-middle-class-usually-white-people who feel guilty about their status, and have taken enough benefits out of capitalism that they have the luxury of enough leisure time to actually think about this crap and go to \$35K/year schools to learn it."

I point out that they were attorneys at very large Chicago firms, and if they really thought "commodification" and "exploitation" were meaningful

concepts, perhaps they should look for other lines of work, and "stop milking the tit of the cow they were trying to slaughter." This last comment hit home. The male associate (who was on my side), finally quickly grabbed the check before blood was spilled.

Saturday at the midget bar. The only people exploited are us. It opens with this dwarf (and there are apparently differences between dwarfs and midgets), getting up on stage shouting "WHO WANTS TO SEE A MIDGET BLEEEED TONIGHT?" Repeatedly. He then goes on this ten minute rant. His name was, and I shit you not, "Puppet the Psycho Dwarf," and he was the foulest dwarf on the face of the earth. He's pointing at girls in the audience, telling them that he could smell their pussy when he walked by, and talking about when he has them dog-style he'll have extra leverage because he'll be standing, not on his knees. And how he has a 12-inch inseam, so when he gets it up he can pole vault down the street. And the girls are going nuts loving it. One girl is offering to suck his dick at the top of her lungs. It was crazy.

Anyway, it turns out to be midget WWF. All fake. Poorly acted. I paid ten dollars to see this, which I desperately want back. And the fucking midgets are laughing all the way to the bank. The highlight came when this normal-sized guy got into the ring (part of the Act), and they accused him of wanting to be a midget. Then the three midgets beat the crap out of him. It was funny.

Then two normal sized guys got in the ring and started rapping. We left.

Midgets suck.



MY NAME IS TUCKER MAX, AND I AM AN ASSHOLE. I GET EXCESSIVELY DRUNK AT INAPPROPRIATE TIMES, DISREGARD SOCIAL NORMS, INDULGE EVERY WHIM, IGNORE THE CONSEQUENCES OF MY ACTIONS, MOCK IDIOTS AND POSERS, SLEEP WITH MORE WOMEN THAN IS SAFE OR REASONABLE, AND JUST GENERALLY ACT LIKE A RAGING DICKHEAD. BUT, I DO CONTRIBUTE TO HUMANITY IN ONE VERY IMPORTANT WAY: I SHARE MY ADVENTURES WITH THE WORLD.

ACTUAL READER FEEDBACK:

"I am completely baffled as to how you can congratulate yourself for being a womanizer and a raging drunk, or think anyone cares about an idiot like you. Do you really think that exploiting the insecurities of others while getting wasted is a legitimate thing to offer?"

"Thank you, thank you, thank you—for sharing with us your wonderful tales of drunken revelry, for teaching me what it means to be a man, for just existing so I know that there is another option; I too can say 'screw the system' and be myself and have fun. My life truly began when I finished reading your stories. Now, when faced with a quandary about what course of action I should take, I just ask myself, 'What would Tucker do?'—and I do it, and I am a better man for it."

"I find it truly appalling that there are people in the world like you. You are a disgusting, vile, repulsive, repugnant, foul creature. Because of you, I don't believe in God anymore. No just God would allow someone like you to exist."

"I'll stay with God as my lord, but you are my savior. I just finished reading your brilliant stories, and I laughed so hard I almost vomited. I want to bring that kind of joy to people. You're an artist of the highest order and a true humanitarian to boot. I'm in both shock and awe at how much I want to be you."

"You are the coolest person I can even imagine existing. If you slept with my girlfriend, it'd make me love her more."

TUCKER MAX received his B.A. from the University of Chicago, where he graduated in 1998. He attended Duke Law School on an academic scholarship, where he graduated with a J.D. in 2001 (despite the fact that he neglected to buy any of his textbooks for his final two years and spent part of one semester—while still enrolled in classes—living in Cancun). Tucker is purportedly the reason Duke dropped from 7 to 11 in the USN&WR rankings during his tenure. He currently lives in New York, and when he isn't drinking or fornicating, he writes for his website, **TUCKERMAX.COM**.

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