I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell
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. —from the Introduction 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 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." --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.
Customer Reviews

People hate this book for a lot of reasons. It is not well-written, for one thing. There are numerous grammar, spelling, and punctuation errors, as well as missing words. Tucker is also not a particularly unique narrator or character. People have enjoyed watching obnoxious jerks wreck havoc since the days of Aristophanes on down to the cast of Seinfeld, It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia or The League. The problem is that the folks in those sitcoms are arguably way funnier than Tucker Max ever is, most likely because they have talented writers working behind them. And therein lies the rift between those who love Tucker and those who don’t: the humor. Tucker Max has one joke -- "Look how rude/drunk/sexist I am! CAPITAL LETTERS MEAN I'M YELLING!" -- and the formula does not vary. If you happen to like Tucker's one joke, I can understand you enjoying part of the book, but the joke is told over and over, and without much panache or wit. Some of what he considers funny is actually baffling to me, since it sounds so obviously puerile and childish. Tucker Max still thinks it's hilarious to call people "nerds," makes fun of his buddy for having a black best friend, and attacks fat people who happen to be walking by. "If this were Lord of the Flies, you'd be dead already," he says to a "kinda fat" guy. Ha ha! Because he's fat, you see. That "joke" contains the essence of every other joke Max has to say: obviousness, stupidity, and a lack of originality. So why have his books sold so well?