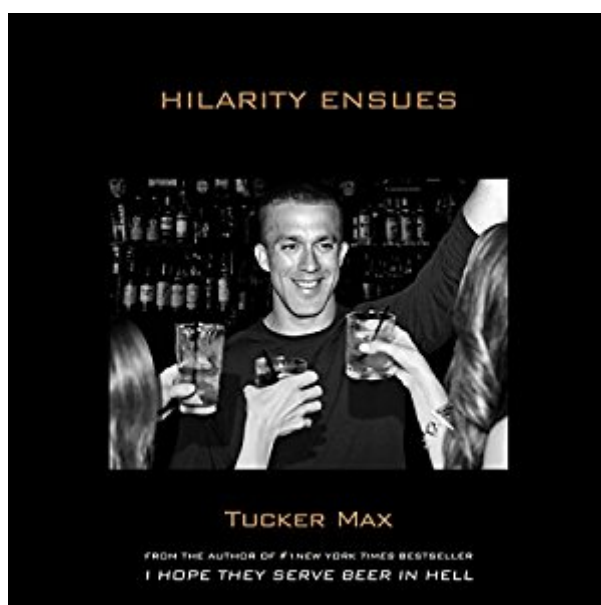


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# Hilarity Ensues



## Synopsis

Here's Tucker Max's third and final book in his series of stories about his drunken debauchery and ridiculous antics. What began as a simple sentence on an obscure website, "My name is Tucker Max, and I am an asshole," and developed into two infamously genre-defining books, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell* and *Assholes Finish First*, ends here. But as you should expect from Tucker by now, he is going out with a bang - literally and figuratively. In this book, you'll learn: How to live and work in Cancun, while still enrolled in Law School Why Halloween is really awesome How to subtly torture a high-strung roommate until he explodes with furious anger over a misplaced condiment What really happened when a dirty pageant girl tried to sue Tucker because he told the truth Why you should never accept a homemade treat from a hippie with a van, and What happens when Tucker turns sexting into a sport. He's still Tucker Max, and - for one more book - he's still an asshole.

## Book Information

Audible Audio Edition

Listening Length: 9 hours and 38 minutes

Program Type: Audiobook

Version: Unabridged

Publisher: Blue Heeler Books

Audible.com Release Date: February 23, 2012

Language: English

ASIN: B007CNMP7E

Best Sellers Rank: #28 in Books > Audible Audiobooks > Humor > Essays #31 in Books > Humor & Entertainment > Humor > Love, Sex & Marriage #72 in Books > Humor & Entertainment > Humor > Essays

## Customer Reviews

I'll give him this: Tucker entertains. His stories are for the most part well written, and his third book is a fun and easy, albeit frivolous read. As usual, a good chunk of the book is just emails to and from his friends, some dating back years. That, coupled with multiple pages dedicated to his "sexting" with his core fan base, i.e. immature and insecure teenage girls, sort of undermines his claim of being a prolific writer. Tucker is at his best when he writes about his friends' various idiosyncrasies. The chapter about his friend Hate was by far the funniest, containing some exemplary wit. He is absolutely at his worst when he gives life advice. The "wisdom" he imparts is shallow, hackneyed,

and hardly conducive to forming good character. At one point in the book, he suggests that kids shouldn't listen to anything their parents say, that they should just follow their own rules and the hell with the norm. So, when your dad preaches the importance of virtues such as loyalty, honor, fortitude, and honesty, just ignore the old man. Very rebellious, Tucker! This is painfully cliched and unenlightened advice. By far the most disturbing chapter is on Miss Vermont. It reveals a vindictive, pathologically narcissistic, and petty side of Tucker. He takes extreme pride in destroying a young, innocent girl for absolutely no good reason. He comes off as border-line sadistic in challenging Miss Vermont to write her version of events. Miss Vermont didn't want stories about her private sexual encounters published on the internet (who would?), yet Tucker takes delight in revealing intimate details about their relationship. Worse, he hides under the first amendment to justify his actions.

(By the way, my first review for one of Tucker Max's books was rejected by Amazon for profanity. If you've read any of his books, you see how silly that is, but I suppose we're writing reviews for those who haven't read his books yet, so I'll try again, this time avoiding the kind of language Tucker Max uses every other word in all his books.) If you're the type of person Amazon was protecting by rejecting my first review, you will NOT like Tucker Max or his books. I freely and frequently use profanity, my favorite comedian is Stephen Lynch, and back when he was popular for a nanosecond, I thought Andrew Dice Clay was a funny jerk. But--mostly due to the way he writes about women, and his complete tone-deaf portrayal of himself, I loathed everything about the writer and his books. So, when I say I finally laughed, I'm not referring to at long last "getting" the awesomeness that Tucker Max claims to be, or in the end being glad I spent money and time on him. In the place of "awesome", put "late-stage alcoholic", and I regret the purchase, because at the end of the last book, I found him to be more vile than at the beginning of the first one. I read them all because I paid for them, and because the reviews were so positive I kept thinking I must not have gotten to the fun part yet. Well, since Tucker Max characterizes his fans as losers and idiots, I guess the rave reviews were a bit misleading. Like his targets, Tucker Max struck me as funny only by accident: he's funny when he gives advice (and he's uproarious when he gives advice to women about being honest, and owning their own natures), because he isn't some cute scamp whose pranks (you see how far I'm going to avoid having another review rejected) that include evading the law are harmlessly entertaining.

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