

Selected Entries From a Soda Marketing Blog

Brett Anderson

Party Personals

by [Tap That Association](#) on Wednesday, August 12, 2009 at 1:00pm

Here at Tap That Association, we realize that hooking up can be challenging for some reason. So, for the losers who can't meet other people of the desired gender and impaired judgment, we're offering a personals service! You send 'em in. We print 'em. Then let the crazies get with the crazies, etc. I call number five!

1. I'm a girl looking for a great guy who likes to party. I like hanging out with friends, being by myself, going out or staying in. I have a big heart that's caring, but sometime I get crazy! I also like things that I like.
2. I need a man who is between 6'2" and 6'3" who has blue eyes and muscles. Also, he must bake, participate in local theater and love my poodle, Puffy Bunch, who has bladder problems. Aren't there any good ones left?
3. Lover of parties seeking same, gender unimportant. What is important is a need and desire to start a family, while partying hard. Also must enjoy long moonlit walks around the party.
4. I'm a single, semi-professional male who is looking for a girl to bang, and date if necessary, she must be model-like, doesn't have to like sports I suppose ('cause I'm sensitive). Me? Laid back guy who drinks beer and drives cars. Hit. Me. Up!
5. Single girl, 19, seeks a great, caring, family oriented guy with a fake I.D for me. My perfect date would be to go to a bunch of parties, get really drunk off jello shots, become insanely jealous and scream at you, vomit in your car, then pass out. Why do I meet only jerks who are assholes to me?
6. Me man, you fertile woman between 18-21. Me bring you food, gifts, show me can support woman. We take long walks, talk and knit. Contact me, now!

Dealing with the Police

by [Tap That Association](#) on Tuesday, October 13, 2009 at 9:00pm

Police are part of the ecosystem in which the house party exists. They are analogous to the apex predator of the food chain. They go wherever they please and fuck the shit up, like a lion, bear or shark is wont to do. You think you looking forward to the houseparty season? Well, so are the police. We are their nemeses, and while on a certain level police respect us for our cunning, crafty criminality, they also disrespect us on every other level.

Here are some tips for dealing with the inevitable police bust:

- 1). Run. Always run if you can. But remember you are drunk, so take it easy, but not too easy.
- 2). If you find yourself "resisting arrest" continue resisting. Like fishermen, police like a college kid who fights. "Oh boy! We hooked a fighter!" they'll say with glee and hopefully throw you back so you may spawn. Hopefully you won't be a keeper.
- 3). Tazers don't hurt, they only tickle. So buck up puss-wad.
- 4). If a police officer asks to come in... ask someone who is in pre-law if it is constitutional. If it is constitutional, see 1).
- 5). When the police aren't looking, throw a firecracker in the neighbor's lawn to confuse the officers, tell them they have the wrong address, the party is clearly next door.
- 6). Plead insanity, then make animal noises.

7). Police are easily flustered. Repeat everything they say back to them. Their minds will be boggled. Inevitably, they'll leave in a huff and go cry to their boss.

8). Fuck the police!

9). Get everyone in the house to start yelling "Attica! Attica!" We don't know why this works but it does.

10). If you cannot run, offer a bribe of like five bucks. Officers respect a bribe. Say "Officer, I know you don't make much money, so take this as a bribe to let me go."

Seminar Announcements!!

by [Tap That Association](#) on Thursday, March 25, 2010 at 12:57pm

Announcement to those who like the ladies: Tired of getting shot down by potential lady mates at the party. Get tongue tied? Still working the pickup lines you learned in junior high? Have trouble thinking of things to talk about other than sports? We have the seminar for you! Learn all the tricks and tips to exploit psychological weaknesses in the lady brain. Taught by renowned pick-up artist Kurt "The Closer" Kapetski who, it has been verified by independent sources, has bagged babes in the triple digits. As a special treat at the end of the session, we've arranged for some feminine lasses to participate in a party scrimmage where you can test your new skillz. Wednesday, 5:00 pm beneath Jacks Pub.

Announcement to the ladies: Are you tired of getting hit on by the loser who doesn't know he's a loser? Well, we have the seminar for you! Judo! Learn all the joint locking, fulcrum pivoting goodies that will turn his next pick-up line into a drop-down pain fest. As a special treat at the end of the session, we've arranged for some lovable losers to participate in a party scrimmage where you can test your new skillz. Wednesday, 5:00 pm above Jack's Pub.

When the Parents Visit

by [Tap That Association](#) on Monday, October 19, 2009 at 1:05pm

Do your parents suspect you live in a party house? Here are a few suggestions for prepping the house before their next visit.

1. Of course hide the bong, but also hide the dugout, bowl, bubbler, chilum, hammer, sidecar and that thing the physics major built at the lab.
2. Hide bulk purchases of plastic cups. It's the little things that get noticed.
3. Make sure the stereo is filled with reasonable music. Bach is laying it on too thick, stick with classic rock.
4. Move any unconscious persons off the couch to your roommate's bedroom.
5. Kick out your mascot Kegs the Dog for duration of the visit...make that any mascot, living or dead.
6. Invite the engineering students from next door over to play Risk.
7. Buy some fruit and put in fruit bowl. Place bowl on table or floor if no table.
8. Using marker, change posters that say things like "Beer Rules" to "Beer DRules".
9. Don't try to get rid of all the bad smells, just concentrate on the worst two.
10. Get your parents drunk. Then they're complicit and can't object.
11. Bake something, anything...people who bake generally are upright citizens who don't party. And no, these shouldn't be crazy brownies, mom'll want one.