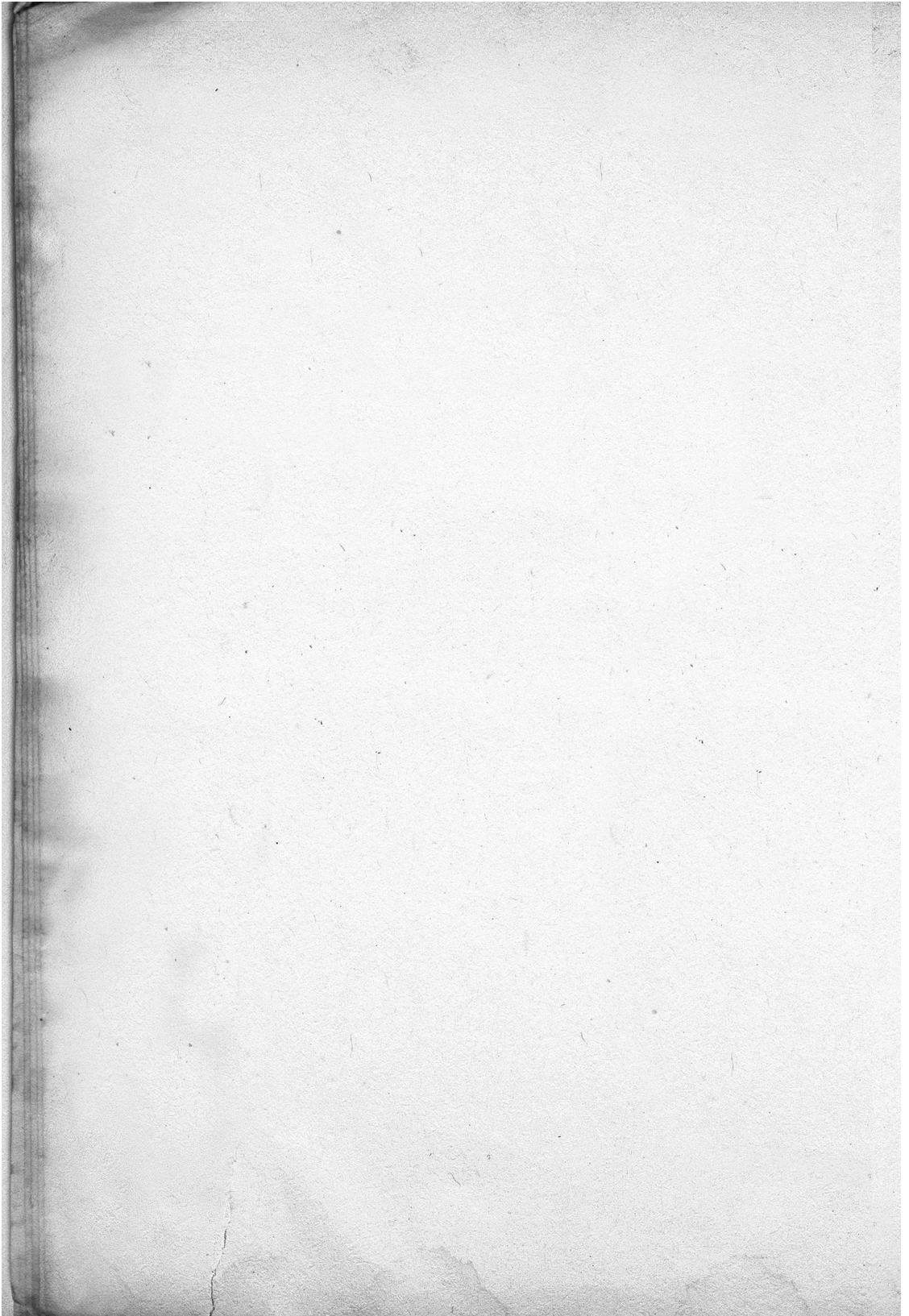


THE
BRO
CODE



THE BRO CODE

BARNEY STINSON
with MATT KUHN



GALLERY BOOKS

New York London Toronto Sydney New Delhi

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Gallery Books
An Imprint of Simon & Schuster, Inc.
1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

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This Gallery Books trade paperback edition December 2019

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Designed by Timothy Shaner, nightanddaydesign.biz
Illustrations by Jennifer Hendriks

Manufactured in the United States of America

54 53 52 51 50 49 48 47 46 45

ISBN 978-1-4391-1000-3

ISBN 978-1-4391-5293-5 (ebook)

*For me,
the best Bro I know*



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INTRODUCTION

Whether we know it or not, each of us lives a life governed by an internalized code of conduct. Some call it morality. Others call it religion. I call it “the Bro Code.”

For centuries men have attempted to follow this code with no universal understanding of what such an arrangement meant: Is it okay to hug a Bro?* If I’m invited to a Bro’s wedding, do I really have to bring a gift?† Can I sleep with a Bro’s sister or mother or both?‡

Now, for the first time on paper, I have recorded the rules of social decorum that Bros have practiced since the dawn of man . . . if not before. The Bro Code previously existed only as an oral tradition (heh), so I have journeyed the globe to piece

* Never.

† Nope.

‡ Dude. Come on.

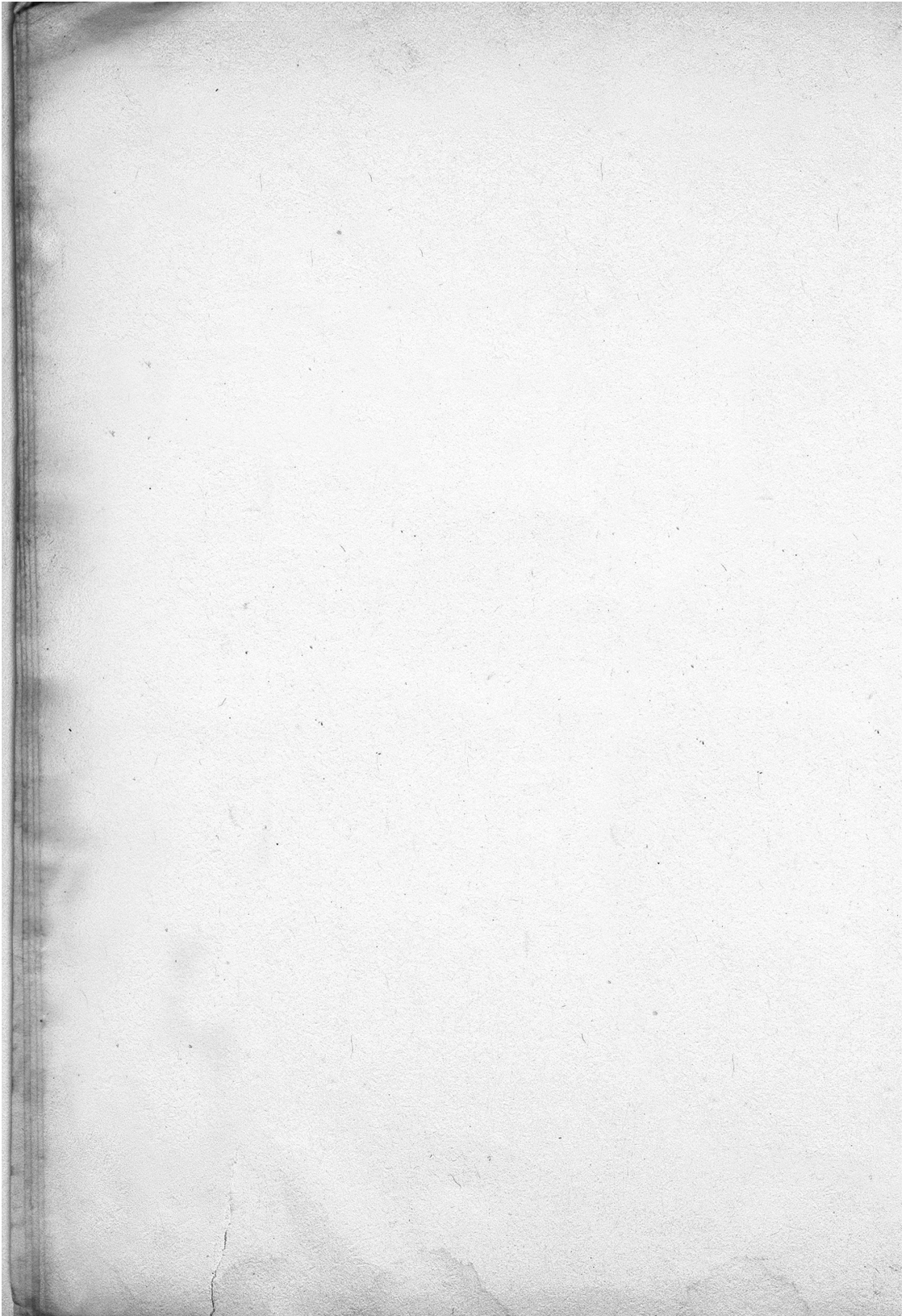
together and transcribe the scattered fragments of the Bro Code, pausing only to flesh it out myself (double heh). While not intending to write a “Guide to Being a Bro,” if men should treat it as such and pass this compendium of knowledge from one generation to the next, I have little doubt it would bring a tear to my eye. But *not* out of it. That would be a violation of Article 41: A Bro never cries.

It is my hope that, with a better understanding of the Bro Code, Bros the world over can put aside their differences and strengthen the bonds of brotherhood. It is then, and only then, that we might work together as one to accomplish perhaps the most important challenge society faces—getting laid. Before dismissing this pursuit as crass and ignoble, consider this postulate: without the sport inherent in trying to bang chicks, would men willingly have sex for the sole purpose of producing smelly, screaming babies?*

*Of course not

Centuries from now, when a Bro applies the rudiments of the Bro Code to score a three-boobed future chick, the only thanks I'll need is the knowledge that I—in whatever small capacity—Bro'd him out . . . though if he could figure out how to bring me back to life, that would be pretty awesome, too.

—Barney Stinson



WHAT IS A BRO?

You've probably heard the word "Bro" used liberally at your local bar or gym. Perhaps you've seen it recklessly confused with "dude" or "guy" in an adventure-themed soft-drink commercial. Maybe even you yourself have unwittingly tossed out a "Bro" when asking a stranger for the time. But an important distinction must be drawn: just because a guy is a dude, doesn't mean that dude is a Bro.

Q: What is a Bro?

A: A Bro is a person who would give you the shirt off his back when he doesn't want to wear it anymore. A Bro is a person who will bend over backwards to help you bend someone else over backwards. In short, a Bro is a lifelong companion you can trust will always be there for you, unless he's got something else going on.

Q: *Who is your Bro?*

A: Your mailman is a Bro, your father was once a Bro, and the boy who mows your lawn represents the Bro of tomorrow, but that doesn't make him *your* Bro. When someone has faithfully upheld one or more of the codes in the Bro Code, then you may consider him your Bro. *Warning:* Exercise caution when bringing home a hot chick—your brother may or may not be your Bro.

Q: *Can only dudes be Bros?*

A: You don't need to be a guy to be somebody's Bro, provided you uphold the moral values contained within this sacred canon. When a woman sets a guy up with her busty friend, she's acting as a Bro. And if she sets him up with other hot friends after he slept with the first one and never called her again, then she's officially his Bro.

BROCABULARY

As you thumb through *The Bro Code*, you may come across some words and terms you've never seen before. Many have been boldfaced and placed in the Glossary on page 193 so you can familiarize yourself with the **Bronacular**.

While Bros are always encouraged to spread the truth of the Bro Code, they are also cautioned against overusing "Bro." Such **Broliferation** cheapens the important mission of this book and, nearly as important, makes you sound stupid.

APPROPRIATE "BRO" USAGE

Nabroleon
Tom Brokaw
Bro Jackson
Teddy Broosevelt
Broce Springsteen

INAPPROPRIATE "BRO" USAGE

Broan of Arc
Brobara Walters
Bro J. Simpson
Geraldine Ferrarbro
Broko Ono



ORIGIN

While the story of the Bro Code is not nearly as simple and elegant as God handing down some stone tablets to Broses, its origins weave all the way back to the dawn of humanity.

In the beginning there was no Bro Code . . . which was unfortunate for the world's first Bros—Cain and Abel. Lacking an agreed-upon set of social principles, Cain killed Abel and committed history's first **Broicide**. As punishment Cain was doomed to walk the earth alone. Why? Because without a wingman, he had absolutely no chance to meet chicks.

Centuries later a Bro from Sparta and a Bro from Troy got in a fight over a chick named Helen. I know, "Helen" doesn't sound hot, but allegedly she had a "face that launched a thousand ships," so you can just imagine what her rack was like. The two Bros waged a terrible war over this chick—a war that could have been avoided had the Bros been familiar with the most

basic Bro Code: Bros before ho's. Troy put up a good fight, but the Spartan navy was very powerful. Soon hordes of Spartan seamen burst through the Trojan barrier, and Helen got half the gold for the next eighteen years.

Hundreds of years later, appropriately in Philadelphia (the City of Bro Love), a little known delegate named Barnabas Stinson scratched on parchment what is now considered the earliest attempt to record the Bro Code. Over the years Bros have amended and added rules, but Stinson's elegant words remain as the glorious preamble to the Bro Code.

While the original document is housed two stories beneath sea level in an undisclosed, vacuum-sealed, bullet-proof chamber, I was able to gain access long enough to manufacture this replica.

The Bro Code

July 4, 1776

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for Bros to settle a dispute, decent respect to the opinions of Bro-kind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to argue, though prudence says it's probably a chick. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all Bros are created equal—though not necessarily with the same good looks or sense of style—and that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of tail. To secure these rights, we present the Bro Code. It is the right of Bros to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new code, but let's face it—that's a lot of work.

Be it here resolved that, henceforth, when and if two gentlemen covet the company of the same wench, the Bro who first calleth dibs on said wench shall be entitled sufferance for such time as it takes to reasonably strike out, or the time it takes sand to fill one half of an hourglass, whichever comes first. At no point is it permissible for a Bro to violate this right and codpiece block his Bro, even if he hath consumed copious quantities of ale.

