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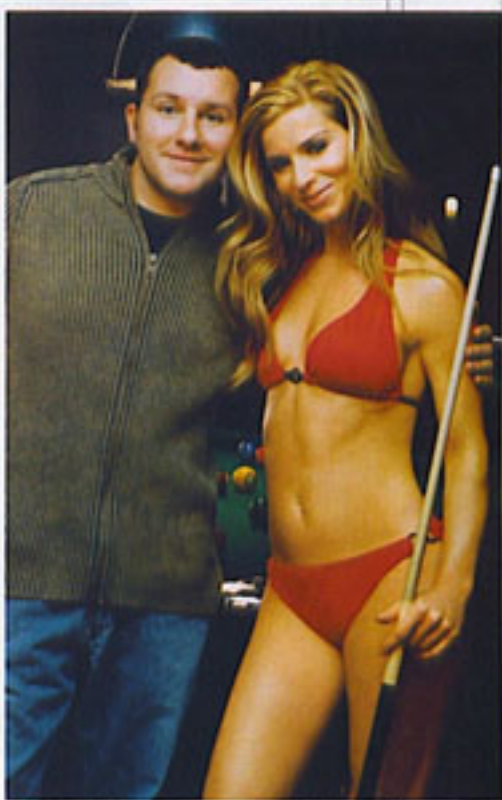
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When Scott Gramling offered one lucky *FHM* reader his cushy editor-in-chief chair and power to run the magazine for a month, I jumped at the opportunity. And although I spent about 80 hours devising and graphically designing an outline for my ideal May issue, I was still shocked when Scott called my Brevard, NC, home to notify me that my entry had been chosen among the thousands that were submitted by *FHM* readers. New York, here I come!

My first order of business upon arriving was to meet up with professional pool player Jennifer Barretta at the Reporter Girl shoot. I was surprised at how laid-back everyone was on the set. The photographer, Eric Cahan, kept asking, "What do you think we should do, Guest Editor Bitch?" While he was fiddling with his equipment between setups, Jennifer tried to teach me how to hit the ball properly. I looked like an idiot playing pool with my bum finger though. I had a Scottish Claymore sword in my car and when I took it out before going to the airport, it slid out of the sheath and cut me all the way to the bone.

The highlight of my tenure was sifting through the hundreds of submissions from lovely young ladies hoping to be



this month's Hometown Honey. I felt like I was playing God in getting to choose one. I usually tend to go for the dark-skinned, dark-haired girls, but felt I kept an open mind when looking through all the photos of blondes and redheads. In the end, I went with Jamie Everett from Belcourt, ND. She's absolutely gorgeous—as I'm sure every *FHM* reader will agree.



The worst part about being the editor is having to wait a few weeks between when the issue is done and when it hits newsstands. I can't wait for the magazine to come out because I still don't think my friends believe me when I tell them I went to New York to work at *FHM*. People at my job are probably thinking, "His sorry-ass is working this security job for the rest of his life." Maybe so. But, at least for one month, I was the king.

Enjoy my issue,

David Tucker
FHM Guest Editor

REPORTER

SEEING IS BELIEVING

THE **FHM**
REPORTER
GIRL

JENNIFER
BARRETTA

FHM cushions up to professional pool's hottest ball-sinker



PHOTOGRAPHY
BY ERIC CANAN

That was very painful for me," says pro pool player Jennifer Barretta after the last snap of FHM's photo shoot. Not the cheery ending we were hoping for. What did we do?

"It's not you," says the 35-year-old beauty, sensing our shock. "And trust me, I'm totally comfortable in a bikini—it's that rolling around on a rock-hard pool table for two hours hurts like hell. I don't normally do that. I've never even made out on one. I treat the table with respect."

That becomes clear when FHM later meets the Women's Professional Billiards Association's hottest at a New York City pool hall for a game and a chat.

"Here's the deal," she announces as she removes her cue from its custom bag. "You can't ask me questions while it's my turn because it throws me off. I might talk to you, but that's up to me." Fair enough. The only problem is that FHM doesn't get to hit a single ball in our first two games: Jennifer runs the table and we don't get a question in before we call it quits. Instead, she tells us about growing up in Norristown, PA, competing in fitness competitions—"They're beauty competitions with muscles"—and how she took up the game after realizing she could play pool better than the men in her life. Jennifer tells us these things as she circles the table in high-heeled boots, sinking every damn shot.

"Some female players say their breasts get in the way, but I swear it helps," she says. "If the cue is under my breast, rubbing a bit, I know I'm lined up correctly."

By the end of game two, a crowd has gathered to watch Jennifer kick FHM's ass. "How did you learn such great shaft handling?" we ask, scratching what would be our only shot all night. "Look, I've heard

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much help
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top of a pool table

all those lines before," Jennifer replies. "Stick and ball control," "Being a ball-breaker." Real pool players don't make those jokes." It's not for the first time this evening we're silenced. Well, what do real pool players do, Jennifer?

"I practice six hours a day," she explains. "And I train with a coach once a week." A coach? "Pool is a sport, not a game. I even asked him for advice before the photo shoot. He didn't have a problem with it, but he wasn't much help instructing me on how to be sexy on top of a pool table." And how will the women's pool establishment react to Jennifer's *FHM* appearance?

"They're not going to like it. Pool is very conservative, but I've spent my whole life in bikinis, so it doesn't compromise my morals at all," she says. The pool hierarchy should be proud to have Jennifer on the tour though. Hell, she doesn't even hustle fat men in bars to supplement her income.

"Well, that's not entirely true," she concedes. "I don't like playing the game for money, but I've definitely hustled a boy or two into a game of strip pool." (8)

For more Jennifer, check out FHMUS.com