

Out Of Bounds, Episode XXXV: Nature Boy

Written by {ga=larshancock}

Friday, August 31 2012 10:59 AM - Last Updated Saturday, September 01 2012 1:02 PM



So Tuesday night I return from my travels around midnight, and immediately take the trash to the curb. I hear a loud noise as I move the cans, but think nothing of it at the time. When I walk past it to come in the house, I notice there is a turtle on the ground. Weird, but cool.

I go to get my wife to show her the turtle, because, cool, turtle. She then points out that it is an aqueous creature, and that we live nowhere near the water, and as such the turtle is in jeopardy and can't just be left there. This hadn't occurred to me – like seeing Matt Laporta in the majors, the turtle really had no business being there. I figure the turtle had somehow managed to find his way behind my trash cans, and if he wants to go for a swim, he can walk the half a mile back to the creek. But apparently, I'm going to be taking a turtle for a walk tonight. Fantastic.

Now I've had experience with turtles before, and they aren't the friendly huggable creatures people make them out to be. They may be slow of foot, but when motivated to bite you, they are lightning quick and surprisingly agile. I once tried to move a shockingly large box turtle out of the road in Solon only to have the bastard nearly take off a finger when his head craned back like something out of an Aliens movie. Stupid turtle, I'm trying to save your life.

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So I get a shovel and a shopping bag, put the turtle in it, and walk him toward the pond on the golf course nearby. This is the closest water to me, and it is about half a mile off, but I dutifully trespass on private property, risking incarceration and/or liberal interpretations of the Castle Law, to save the life of this hapless creature. I get to the middle of the course – pitch black, mind you, when I suddenly realize that it is night, and there are many creatures that live nearby that would mean to do me harm. Snakes, coyotes, bobcats, scorpions, tarantulas – all are prevalent near here, and all are active at night. And it occurs to me that I may, in fact, die trying to save this turtle's life.

HERE LIES LARS. DIED SAVING A STUPID TURTLE. WHAT AN IDIOT.

Now I have been bitten by a rattlesnake before. I was walking down the street in Charlotte one day, and thought I stepped on a stick. But the stick was squiggling away from me. Thought I was going to die then, too (with better cause, because a RATTLESNAKE JUST BIT ME) but the venom only screwed up my foot for a couple of months. No big deal. Not something I want to repeat by any means, however, because the second reaction, apparently, is much worse.

Sure enough, the moment I realize my life is in danger, I hear a rustling all around me. Crap. Suddenly a herd of deer appear all around me and rush past me. Deer on all sides, trying to kill me – I'm pretty sure one had a knife. My mission to save the turtle has become the movie *The Warriors*, but instead of New York street gangs, it is various species of animal that are trying to kill me as I embark on my mission. Undeterred, though, I'm saving this fucking turtle. It's personal now.

With the help of the flashlight app and an unbelievable amount of intestinal fortitude and testosterone, I reach the pond and release the turtle. I am victorious. Of course, some wolverine or honey badger probably was right behind me to eat the turtle, but in my mind this turtle became the Mother Teresa of turtles and saved a bunch of turtle lepers and stuff, paying forward my act of charity and virtue. I'm a hero.

And when I get home I notice my side of the bed is covered in dog barf.

What sort of welcome home is this for a hero to the animal kingdom? Apparently the excitement of me coming home, followed by the disappointment of me leaving, had caused my dog

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intestinal distress to the point where the poop she ate earlier didn't agree with her. Yes, poop – she does that. She's a lovely animal, really.

So I call my wife into the bedroom. "Honey, there's dog puke on my side of the bed"

"Yes, I left that so you could see it."

"Well, that was very thoughtful of you, thank you. It's through the comforter and onto the sheets"

"No, it's not that bad."

At this point we engage in a dialog as to how many of the sheets need to be changed. It's a turtle trip past midnight and the last thing I want to do is laundry, but there's dog crap puke on my side of the bed. Not her side. And even if it isn't all the way onto the bottom sheet, which I'm pretty sure it is, it's like baseball – you just need to be in the vicinity of second base to turn the double play, and if there's dogshitpuke within the vicinity of anywhere I'm sleeping, the sheets are out. End of story.

In conclusion I'll never be a vegetarian, not because I love meat that much (which I do) but because I hate animals. Turtle soup anyone?

On the topic of slow moving creatures being out of their element, we're just a week away from the Browns' season opener. It appears as if my initial optimism may be unfounded, after watching them lay two straight uninspired eggs laden with mistakes, apathy, and questionable coaching. But then again, what if these Browns are like the turtle I heroically saved and become the Mother Teresa of Cleveland sports, healing the leprosy of the past with one great season? We're 0-0, why shouldn't we have hope? Yeah, the 13 years of ineptitude, rookie-laden roster, clueless coaching, brutal division and schedule, and whole overall Factory of Sadness thing make it unlikely, but I'll still have hope and I'm glad real football is upon us.

Anyway, off to the questions.

Give me your top 5 football announcers/color men. Have to announce games, not studio douches. –Hikohadon

1. Gus Johnson. Gus gets top billing solely because he has redefined March Madness, and his energy and passion for college basketball make that idiot that screams “GOAL” for like 20 minutes every time someone scores in soccer look positively turtle-like in his excitement for the game. So what does that have to do with football? Nothing, other than hearing his voice always makes me laugh and think of basketball, where he is fabulous. Think of him like the Tim Tebow of announcers – he was good in college and has a passion that inspires people, and it doesn’t even really matter he can’t do his job in the pros for crap. People love him anyway.
2. Verne Lundquist. Verne has a voice perfect for SEC football – a little southern, a little slow, but always wonderfully articulate and he never gets in the way of the game. Verne is like a cup of chicken soup and Gary Danielson is like a biscuit with honey butter. Just warms your soul in a comfortable homey way on a Saturday evening to listen to them call a game.
3. Al Michaels. He called the Miracle on Ice, and there’s always a little bit of that that resonates harmoniously in your soul as he talks like a little microwave oven for your heart. His voice is Adele-like in its soothing harmony, and though he doesn’t always have the most cogent and biting analysis, like Lundquist, he knows enough not to get in the way of the game either. The fact he can shine with a masturbatory turd like Collinsworth next to him in the booth further highlights his acumen as one of the best play-by-play guys in the history of sport.
4. Joe Buck. Buck has a wonderful voice and likes to have fun when he works. His voice tells you “it’s Sunday afternoon, why don’t you grab a beer and sit down and relax for the rest of your weekend.” Okay, Joe, you win, beer me please.
5. Kirk Herbstreit. Herbie, as his senile play-by-play partner Brent Musberger calls him, must wear a back brace to the game knowing he’s got to carry Musberger around for three hours like a pre-apocalyptic version of Master Blaster. Watch a game and see how deftly Herbstreit takes the inane stream of idiocy from Musberger’s mouth and turns it into something coherent and relevant to the game. Musberger will comment on how Bear Bryant is doing a fine job coaching

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Rick Mirer and the rest of the USC offense, and Herbstreit will somehow make that seem coherent in the context of the Oregon-Utah game being broadcast.

I fired 2 people in the last 2 months, both of whom were overweight. Their weight had nothing to do with their firings. Now I need to fire this obese girl who's a severe detriment to the office atmosphere, but I'm concerned that she'll sue me for wrongful termination on the grounds that I hate fat people (did I mention she's enormous?). That may very well be true, but has zero relevance to why I need to let her go. How do I pull this off without suffering any legal consequences? –CTBin07

The litigious nature of this country is nauseating. If you get fired, guess what, it's likely you weren't good enough to do your job and deserved to be let go. I've been fired before, more than once, and each time it was a huge favor to me, though offensive to me at the time.

Bad fits are bad fits. It doesn't cast aspersion on you as a human that you don't fit in a particular role. You may not have the skills, the personality traits, or you may not be an arrogant cocksucking dickhead and therefore don't fit well in the corporate culture (like the times I got fired). Doesn't make you a bad person, in fact, it sometimes makes you a good person.

But no.... in today's world of everyone getting a trophy and not being allowed to play dodgeball because it may hurt feelings, no, we must be fair and sensitive even if it means driving this country's economy into the toilet faster than \$50 of Taco Bell. So in order to be vigilant against their use of litigation to overcome their personal shortcomings, we have to be extra careful when we give someone the corporate version of the velvet hammer.

So life being as it is, you need to document everything possible about the poor performance of Jabba the Office Worker. Document every time she screws up, making especially sure not to document her flatulence, abuse of the company microwave, lethargy, or anything else which may allow her to say "AHA! It's because I have a BMI in the mid 50s that you fired me! WEIGHTIST!" No, instead focus on how stupid and lazy she is. Document everything. And talk to her about the list more than twice before you fire her, and document that you talked to her and gave her a realistic and viable path and chance to improve.

Who knows, she may get better if you coach her on her deficiencies. It's happened. But even

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better, if you put enough heat on her, she may get the picture and quit on her own, which is really what you want. Like getting a girlfriend to dump you so you don't have to dump her, without sleeping with her roommate to make her do it. Until after it is officially over. Wait, what are we talking about here?

I'm moving into a new place, and decided to get a new bed. Three main choices are innerspring, foam or air mattress. Any suggestions? –southernflyer

I love beds. Is there any better feeling than crawling into a freshly made bed covered in sheets that have just emerged from the dryer, just a touch warm, still smelling of Bounce? Yes, there is, and that's crawling into a brand new bed which is better than the one you just got rid of.

I was in a mattress retailer recently buying one of my kids a new bed. While instructing the staff to find me the cheapest bed they had, I had the opportunity to test all the beds they had on the floor, just because I was there. I hadn't bought a bed in about 7 years, and the emergence in bed technology is simply astounding.

If you haven't begun to shop for a bed yet, you're hopelessly underinformed. Think about the cell phone you had in 1998, and with that being the only relevant experience in cellular telephony you've had, how the heck are you going to pick a smartphone? The fact you even ask your question the way you do indicates you're in the bedding equivalent of a briefcase phone, and when you go into the bedding store you are going to be like a kid being transported from a Russian orphanage to live in a FAO Schwartz.

Modern beds fuse all these relevant technologies and incorporate other magical things. Remember the magic fingers, popular in sleazy motels in the late 70s and early 80s? Well vibrating bed technology has evolved significantly from the quarter-in-the-side filling-rattling beds of that day, and you can actually target vibration. Same with heat, and the same with cooling. All able to be targeted to the exact point you want them. Heck you can even set a custom temperature at which you want your bed to be kept. Just silly. Couple this with adjustable beds that truly conform to normal human curves, and separate adjustments for you and your partner, and, son, you've got some very magical sleeping (and if employed correctly, *n on-sleeping*) moments ahead of you.

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The real question is how much do you spend? Your base boring flat spring thing can be had for \$400 or so, where the supercalifragilisticexpedialodocious model can run you nearer to \$2000. Think of it this way though: you're going to have the bed for 20 years. That's \$100 a year for the top model, or about 30 cents a night. Which is roughly the equivalent of putting a quarter in the magic fingers every night.

Splurge, get the heated-cooled-adjustable-vibrating bed. And if anyone reading is not in the market for a new bed and thinks this advice to be folly, go to a mattress store at lunch and sleep on that bed, and tell me that's not worth a quarter a night. Heck, I may do it anyway, just because it is so awesome.

Please email questions to lars.hancock@yahoo.com , tweet them @ReasonsImADrunk, or DM them to me in the forae to LarsHancock