

## Out Of Bounds, Episode XXXX: Random Thoughts

Written by {ga=larshancock}

Friday, October 05 2012 12:19 AM - Last Updated Friday, October 05 2012 4:38 AM

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You read the title and think to yourself “okay, so how is this different than any other week?” And the answer, of course, is screw you, it IS different. This week I’m breaking the opening rant into a series of USA-today short-attention-span ADHD-friendly bullet points. I’m doing this because I feel like doing this.

**Un.** I’m an entrepreneur, and recently I’ve discovered that the word “entrepreneur” is the French word for “intentionally poor”. Leave it to the French to invent this concept. Yeah, I know, the entrepreneurial spirit is what made America great. Bill Gates! Mark Zuckerberg! Larry Flynt! Most business owners fail multiple times before they succeed, living a life of destitute poverty before they finally hit it big. Most never even get to the “hit it big” stage. But if and when you do, you’ve created jobs and real prosperity, and the government has no right to take it away. You’ve earned it, and you deserve to keep it. That’s what America is about.

Cleveland does a remarkable job supporting entrepreneurs. If not for the Gestapo-like highway patrol, Northeast Ohio would be the perfect place to start a business. The support network in this city is truly remarkable, and a blessing to people who want to start businesses here, and I really foresee said paying dividends for the city in the future.

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That being said, starting a business is hard. Really hard. There's enough challenge in creating a marketable product, and congratulations, you're 10% of the way to success! You then need money to bring it to market, you need to figure a way to market it, and then you need to sell it, and then you need some more money. If you get that solved, you've got to figure out your legal, your accounting, and just when you think you've got it all nailed, you remember you've got 45% of your income in taxes you've got to account for, which completely wrecks all your financial models. You got all that done? Great, you're 50% home. I can't even tell you the other 50% because I haven't found it yet.

In conclusion, do you want fries with that?

**Deux.** Heavy metal music is better than a gallon of Five Hour Energy. You play *Invincible* or *Bodies Hit the Floor*

before you do anything, and you're going to have those Mike Singletary crazy eyes as you truck obstacles to get it done. Sales calls, taxes, kid's ballet recital... with an appropriate amount of metal pumping in your blood, you will do it and you will kill it. NICE PIROUETTE! WOOWOOOO! .

I think part of the reason the Browns suck at home is the pussification of CBS. You listen to the crap music they play during the game? It makes me want to paint my fingernails and get a glass of white zinfandel from the bar, pinky out. No wonder our team rolls over like a submissive dog during our games. We as fans can do something about this. If you're on the home sideline, tune your Pandora into the "Cannibal Corpse" channel and get one of those mini Bluetooth speakers that can really crank out some volume, and blast the good guys with the sounds of Charlie Brown's teacher having a seizure during sexual relations as a building is being demolished by an airstrike in the background. They will run right through the stadium walls with that in their brain. If you're on the away sideline, do the same with Justin Bieber. Browns 900, Opponent minus 12.

**Trois.** The craft beer movement in America is phenomenal and you really need to experience it. There are brewers who are doing things with hops, malt, and yeast which can only be defined as brilliant. Great Lakes Brewing is the standard of quality in Northeast Ohio, but next time you go to the Quick-E-Mart pick up something from Hoppin' Frog out of Akron. Insanely good and innovative beers. Craft beer is the new wine, and I encourage excessive experimentation and exploration of the art. Especially to mitigate the lousy play of the home team you happen to be watching.

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**Quatre.** The Indians season is over. Thank God. Remember when we were in first place and we beat Justin Verlander and we were all hopeful and stuff? Yeah, that was awesome. And then? Complete implosion.

You can pinpoint the time in the season where Chris Antonetti killed the season, because make no mistake about it, Antonetti is responsible 98.6% for it, and that's when we responded to all the major trades our competition was doing to make a push for the postseason by brazenly going out to get... Brent Lillibridge? That's like your wife calling you at work and telling you she's got a special birthday surprise waiting for you, and when you get home, she's there with her mom and takeout from Applebees. And look, she's got a new flannel nightgown! The Indians reacted just as your little general would in that situation, hiding like a scared turtle and quitting on any sort of energy or excitement. The pool was cold!

**Cinq.** I have no idea why I'm numbering this in French. I hate the French, and doing things in French is pretentious and makes me want to crush your face with a mace. Yet here we are. Reminds me of one of my favorite lines from Happy Gilmore "Hey, if I saw myself in clothes like that, I'd have to kick my own ass." Go figure.

**Sechs.** Ah, German, that's better.

**Sieben.** Joe Flacco is so ugly that he doesn't need to flush the toilet. He just looks at it and scares the crap out of it.

**Acht.** Having a relationship with your dad is a strange thing. In one sense, here's the person who has contributed 50% of your genes to you, and as such has most of the same idiosyncrasies, quirks, and defects that you do. You've known the man your entire life, and he is devoted to you forever no matter how badly you screw up. You likely share common ground on sports teams (it was once written that sports were invented so dads and sons have something to talk about) and you certainly share cultural and socioeconomic bonds.

But there is nobody in the world who can tear you down like your dad. He has literally wiped your spoiled little ass, and his opinion of your capabilities hasn't really evolved much from that moment. You know nothing, and he knows everything, which you resent greatly until you look back on how little you've known through your life and see he was right. Bastard, how dare he.

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And there are some things you just can't talk about, like encounters with the police, dances with Mary Jane, the times you went skydiving, ex-girlfriends, or all the other stupid things you did that you survived, but which would just reinforce in his mind what an idiot you are.

So, how 'bout those Browns dad?

**Neun.** Always remember this: the more someone protests a particular point, the more they really mean the opposite. "I'm not racist, but..." means you're a racist. "No disrespect intended..." means that he thinks you're a rube and is about to condescend to you. "I've been working my ass off..." means she's been at the gym the past three hours. Listen intently to this and you can find out how people truly feel.

**Zehn.** I brought a guitar to a customer meeting today as a prop. Sure, I felt a little weird bringing it into the meeting, but at the end of the day, if you're the guy that brings doughnuts, you're just the doughnut guy, and if you bring a guitar, you're the guitar dude. Doughnut guy is forgettable. They always remember the guitar dude. Moral of the story? Win or lose, be memorable.

In related news, the Browns only need 11 more wins to reach 11.

Anyway, off to the questions.

**You are abducted by aliens. They put you in some "hypnotic" state, run a needle into your eye and scope every orifice of your body and scan you and do whatever they do. They tell you (telepathically) they are merely observers and want to help the human race. They will grant you ONE bit of scientific insight which can advance humanity's "condition". You have a plethora of choices because they are so advanced. Boom, you awaken, feeling slightly violated, you have lost 4 hours and your mouth is dry. You have no recollection of anything that occurred, amazingly a brilliant hypothesis springs to mind which could revolutionize the world. □ What did you choose? Why? And what do you do with it? -Military Industrial Complex**

This one is easy. I ask them the secrets of teleportation, or, if scientifically impossible, the

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secret of near-light or super-light speed travel. Because they definitely have the latter figured out if they're visiting this planet.

My loathing of everything related to the travel industry is well documented. I hate the complimentary groping they give me when I arrive at the airport, I despise the cramped uncomfortable seats, especially when my good friend in front of me decides to lounge and encroach on my already-insufficient personal space, and I abhor wasting an entire day and losing sleep to get from point A to point B, and not seeing my loved ones in the process. It costs way too much money, and it just wears me out.

But it's not all about me in this situation. Travel and shipping costs are a major drain on the world economy. We spend so much of our GDP just moving crap from point A to point B, and great ideas become economically infeasible because of shipping considerations. The economy of the world would be much stronger if transportation costs went to zero via teleportation, or transportation times went to zero via light-speed travel.

Think of the government eliminating the need for highway maintenance. No more accidents since people are just teleporting where they want to go. Healthcare costs plummet. Taxes go through the floor. All of our dollars now go to producing goods and services, and creating a true healthy global economy. Utopia!

And can I make a truckload of money doing such? Yes sir, I can. And with it, I buy the Indians and fire Antonetti and Shapiro with extreme prejudice. Or I buy the Ravens and run them into the ground because screw those guys.

Learning the secrets of teleportation or improved travel efficiency is worth a good eye and anus probing to be sure.

**I love spicy food. My latest favorite snack is the jarred Clausen Hot & Spicy pickles you can find on the refrigerated pickle shelf at the grocery. If you eat 2 spears, and actually sufficiently chew bite-sized portions without choking them down, you get the burning tongue, the throbbing gums, and the sweat on your scalp. You need another bite because the chilled pickle soothes you for a couple seconds - until the fire in your mouth gets even 'worse' than the last time. The cycle continues- it's tremendous. Are you "one**

### of us"? If so, got any other tips for a quick, spicy snack that "we" might like? –googleeph2

I'm a chile head like you wouldn't believe. I have a ghost chile plant growing in my backyard, which sadly doesn't seem to be able to pollinate as I've only got one pepper off the thing so far. I've taken 20 habaneros and turned them into dessert. I've made and consumed hot sauce which is so painfully hot that your body is forced to produce massive amounts of endorphins to quell the pain, which delivers what I call a "peppergasm" after the pain subsides. Seriously, try this at home, it's awesome.

For a quick, spick snack, nothing beats blue cheese hot sauce chips. Tabasco or (preferably) Frank's hot sauce, drizzled over potato chips which have been sprinkled with blue cheese. Throw in the broiler for about three minutes and boom, best snack ever. Great balance of crunch, spicy, and the cooling effect of the fats in the cheese.

On this topic, anything is better when you add Frank's to it. You take the half of a tub of microwaved Eazy Mac your kids didn't eat, throw some hot sauce on it, and boom, gourmet treat. You're actually creating a nicely balanced dish there – acid, spicy, salt, fat, and umami, even if the cheese is a petrochemical and the "pasta" is a paper product. Get over your snobby self – it's delicious. Leftover pizza? Meh. Leftover pizza with hot sauce. Booyah!

Oh, and don't leave the spice for only savory snacks. Here's a good sweet one for you: take some chocolate chips, add a drizzle of chocolate sauce to them, put in a pinch of cinnamon, a pinch of coarse salt, and a pinch of cayenne. Melt in the microwave, stir, and pour over ice cream. You've got a salty chocolately spicy thing that is indescribably delicious, and forms little fudgy truffly balls on top of the cold ice cream. Drool.

**Jim Haslam has hired you as GM to solve the "Kobayashi maru." You get 5 million, a golf cart, a pack of Marlboros, a drink machine, a year pass at the Golden Corral , and the first pick in the Draft. Nothing has really changed with the team you don't already know from the 1st four games this year (limited sample) we still have all the glaring holes and serious concerns about Weeds. For this exercise let's not broach the coaching hole, rather your mission is to determine who do we pick? Many say it's too early, many say one or two losses = drop in draft really don't matter. Many are the same that lament the failed attempt at getting RGIII. Many (like myself) hate life caus we picked the wrong year to get the 1st Pick or miss by one (see A. Luck, A.C. Green etc).**

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**Haslam instructs you NOT TO TRADE DOWN. He has total faith in you, and wants you to make the RIGHT pick to lead this team out of the desert. He wants to make a BIG splash with the first pick and of course hold you accountable. Haslam has guaranteed you an open checkbook to entice free agents also within reason, but this is about the draft.**

1. Jarvis Jones OLB Georgia
2. Barkevious Mingo OLB?DE LSU ( may be better suited for 3-4)
3. Luke Joeckel OT Texas A&M
4. Keenan Allen WR Cal
5. Geno Smith QB WV
6. Dee Millner CB Alabama

**Who shall it be ? Thanks! -Pilot Store Manager**

Based on the NFL as it exists today, there is only one position that is not truly commoditized: quarterback. You've got a great QB, you've always got a chance to win. You don't? The other 21 guys all need to pull off a miracle.

So the question here is obvious: is Weeden that guy? Based on what I've seen, he isn't. Could he be? Maybe, but "that guy" doesn't throw a ball into the stands when he has a chance to win the game. "That guy" doesn't miss a wide open receiver by 20 yards. "That guy" doesn't throw the ball like Rick Ankiel after doing a training session with Steve Howe's "Columbian coach".

Consider this: if your girlfriend frequently reminded you of Rosie O'Donnell, would you still love her and want to marry her? No, chances are, you'd run screaming. So why should we accept a QB who frequently reminds us of Derek Anderson? Yeah, I know, limited sample size, but we're talking pitch and catch problems here. Bad reads I'll live with. Ball in stands bad? I'm asking questions.

Through a similarly limited sample size, Geno Smith is the man. Smith threw the ball like 500 times on Saturday and only had 6 incompletions. Even if the Baylor defense consisted on 11 Stephen Hawkings, that's still impressive, and still better than I could see Weeden do to uncontested receivers. Smith is the prototypical new NFL QB – fast, strong, accurate, smart. How do you not take him? Weeden could throw for 4,000 yards this year – and he's on pace to do such – and I pull the trigger on Smith is a New York second. I'll take a second rounder for Weeden. Or a third, I'm not picky.

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### **Lars, your question is one Oprah Winfrey likes to use. She borrowed it from late movie critic, Gene Siskel: "What do you know, for sure?"-googleeph2**

I only know for sure that I am. I'm not certain what I am, I'm not certain why I am, but I know darn well that I am. I don't know that you exist, I don't know that the whole world isn't some sort of Matrix-type illusion, and it could be an illusion created specifically for my amusement, or as some sort of driver-s license test in a fifth dimensional universe that I couldn't begin to comprehend with my earthly knowledge.

I'm pretty sure about a lot of things, mostly that the whole Matrix-world paradigm is a bunch of crap. But that's not good enough for your question, is it? I'm pretty sure the Indians suck, and that they will until Dolan sells the team. But in reality the further you get from the inside of my skull (which I'm not even sure my skull exists to be honest) the lower my confidence factor is in said thing existing, or said fact being true.

I know that the being I am is of limited power as well. I know that there are many things I don't know, and I'm confident and comfortable that I will never know the overwhelming majority of things about the world and how it works. I know I am flawed, weak, and imperfect, and that I was designed that way, and I'm okay with that. Such knowledge leads me to believe that there is a greater being somewhere that designed me, and the universe in which I participate (whatever that may be), whomever that being may be, because the existence of me cosmically doesn't make sense otherwise.

If you make the infinitesimally tiny leap of faith that the world does, in fact, exist, then I know for sure of the existence of all the physical items we have discovered – plants, animals, planets, solar systems, etc. I don't know that the various laws of science and mathematics are extant, clear, and immutable as they are claimed to be; in fact, new discoveries challenge these things on a daily basis. So even though I don't know where a baseball may land when thrown, I do know that if said baseball is thrown by a Cleveland Indians pitcher, and said pitcher is throwing it in a critical situation where the hopes and dreams of a city are relying on it to find a glove and making an out, that this baseball will find sanctuary in the field of play and crush said dreams and hopes. If the baseball actually exists.

I do know my love, the love I feel for my family and friends and long-suffering sports teams. I don't know what love actually is, whether it is an evolutionary remnant from my pack-dwelling ancestors, or more of a social construct of dependence, or some hormone and endorphin-fueled

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pseudo-addiction, or something deeper and more spiritual in my soul. But I know that I do love, and it is a driver for what I do and why I struggle to leave my mark in this world. The outcome of my efforts is undetermined, and I know nothing for sure of tomorrow other than the sun will come up and it will go down again, and that should I survive to see tomorrow, I will experience something, and participate in what I infer as the world and my life, and will drive my actions based on my love and faith.

*Please email questions to [lars.hancock@yahoo.com](mailto:lars.hancock@yahoo.com) , tweet them @ReasonsImADrunk, or DM them to me in the forae to LarsHancock. And remember, vote Lars for President in 2012.*