2012 ends on Tuesday, and as the world didn't last week, I guess I now have to recap what the hell exactly happened. I could sum it up with "that sucked", but that would be too simple. So let's look in detail at a month-by-month recap of those things which impacted our lives in 2012.

January

January started off well enough with Cleveland's second favorite team ("whoever is playing the Steelers") winning their opening round playoff game. Tim Tebow, Denver's starting quarterback, throws a long touchdown pass in overtime to win the game. *That actually happened*. In retrospect not betting my children's college funds on the Broncos to win the Super Bowl the moment they replaced Tebow with Peyton Manning is a mistake I'll long regret. The very next day, Alabama wins their second national championship in three years, and is about to win their third in four years in a couple of weeks. Yeah folks, Nick Saban is leaving that sweet honeypot to coach the Browns. Joe Paterno assumes room temperature later in the month, the extent of what a douche he was yet unknown at the time, but I'm sure he's frying nicely in that special place in hell in which people who put their own self-interests above the basic human welfare of children reside. Grady Sizemore, meanwhile, blows out a knee walking his dog, which is curious because he doesn't have a dog.

February

The Giants open the month by beating the Patriots again, which is always funny. How does Bill Bellichick, ugly from the outside and right to his black grinchly heart, build a dynasty on the back of a quarterback who bangs supermodels and wears meggings (that's leggings for men)? So

much to loathe. Meanwhile, Linsanity takes over the nation, as all of our racist programming is thrown askew by an Asian dude dominating the NBA for a few weeks (we do take comfort in the fact that he went to Harvard and therefore he is smarter than us, meaning some of our racial profiling is indeed intact). The Daytona 500 is run, which nobody north of the Mason-Dixon line seems to care about, except for the fact that one of the drivers runs into a jet dryer which explodes, and that's totally fucking awesome I don't care who you are.

Meanwhile, Trayvon Martin is killed for buying Skittles, because some people think they have the right to take the law into their own hands. And Whitney Houston dies shocking absolutely nobody, and leaving Bobby Brown still unrepentant he destroyed such a marvelous person's life by hooking her on drugs. At least it keeps your worthless one-hit wonder name in the news, right Bobby?

Grady Sizemore, meanwhile, throws out a shoulder trying to pick up the remote off the floor.

March

Duke loses to Lehigh in the NCAA tournament, which would have been the most hilarious thing ever, except Michigan loses to Ohio later. Hey Brady Hoke, do you now know the difference? No? You will in November, trust me. Meanwhile bountygate breaks, and America is shocked – SHOCKED – that football players aren't always nice to one another. Roger Goodell, the invincible dictator of the NFL, orders castrations for the relatives of those involved in a fit of vigilantism not seen since the days of Kayser Sose (later Paul Taglibue and about 78 lawyers give him the "lighten up Francis" bit, and cut him down to size).

Grady Sizemore, meanwhile, suffers a setback in his rehab when he tears three ligaments in his right hand opening a Coke Zero.

April

Kentucky is temporarily awarded the NCAA basketball title when their semi-pro team coached by the biggest eel in college sports, John Calipari, wins the tournament, at least until forensic

technology is able to prove definitively they cheated to do such. The Cavs finish the strike-shortened season at an impressive and encouraging 21-45, with Kyrie Irving winning rookie of the year. Note the record is encouraging only in retrospect sandwiched between the 2010-11 and 2012-13 Cavs, which are steaming piles of feces. The Cavs win a meaningless late season game in New Orleans which is the difference between them getting the #1 overall pick and reaching for another curious #4 pick later. And a dude named Bubba wielding a pink driver wins the Masters, which is awesome in just about every way.

Baseball season starts and the Indians are in first place at the end of the month with an 11-9 record, despite having a bucket of warm snot playing both left field and first base. Man, when Grady Sizemore comes back, this team will be something special, fans thought. Grady Sizemore, meanwhile, tears the frontal lobe of his brain thinking about coming back, further delaying his return. The Browns start rebuilding, 2012 style, by trading up for the injured Trent Richardson and later taking promising octogenerian Brandon Weeden later in the first round. They let Washington, with worse chips for trading, trade ahead of them and take Robert Griffin III, who is both a better RB and a better QB than the guys the Browns took.

In world news, new North Korean leader Kim Jong Un shows the world he is just as delusional and as batshit crazy as his father by failing on a major rocket launch and calling it a success. It is later learned that the rocket was a couple of tubes of toilet paper and some rotting cabbage. Larry Dolan and Dan Gilbert immediately get into a bidding war for Kim's services to be their GMs, to no avail.

And Dick Clark was officially pronounced dead when the animatronic components that had been keeping him functional for years finally went out of production.

May

May opens tragically with beloved ex-Charger Junior Seau taking his own life. Roger Goodell insists it is an isolated incident having nothing to do with the violent product he oversees, causing the likes of the Phillip Morris Company and Mohammed Saeed al-Sahaf, former Iraqi Minister of Information, to laugh at his audacity. The Indians meanwhile open up a large lead in the central, until everyone on the team gets hurt, necessitating them fielding a team comprised entirely of twelve-year-old girls from a Nike forced-labor camp. Grady Sizemore, meanwhile, literally has his right hand fall off shaking hands with a Best Buy salesman, setting back his rehab slightly.

Rapper MCA died as well. Quoting him from Intergalactic: "*Well I got to keep it going keep it going full steam/ Too sweet to be sour too nice to be mean/ On the tough guy style I'm not too keen/ To try to change the world I will plot and scheme"*

June

Manny Pacquiao gets absolutely robbed, putting boxing back in the news over MMA for a moment only to prove it is more corrupt than an Enron with Vladamir Putin and Richard Daley were co-CEOs (in December, Pacquiao sells the loss better by losing consciousness for about a week and a half). In the last hockey game which may be ever played, the LA Kings, a lowly 8 seed who's only accomplishment previous had been destroying Wayne Gretsky's career, takes home Lord Stanley's Athletic Supporter. So I guess they get to keep the thing now. And some duplicitous asshole from Akron wins an NBA title, but still has a hollow feeling in his soul because he has no character, no morals, and nobody in his life who really loves him for the person he is. Who am I kidding – leDouche has no soul. Sigh. In a feeble effort to balance the karma of the world, Jerry Sandusky is found guilty the next day and is now in prison having done to him what he did to those boys for so many years. Let's hope he lives a long life!

The Cavs continued their rebuild program once agin with unorthodox selections.They take Dion Waiters #4, a guy who didn't start in college but who's stock started skyrocketing in the days preceding the draft. They then traded up to get Ty Zeller, who was shockingly still on the board at #17 (I guess NBA teams like their bigs to play defense or something). Cavs fans everywhere are confused, especially after the Tristan Thompson disaster last year.

Richard Dawson, who may have been the best actor ever to have lived, also died in June. Yeah, I said that. Who else has the range to go from Hogan's Heroes to Match Game to Family Feud? Who else could make a dogshit script like the Running Man a passable screenplay merely by his stage presence? Who else could kiss every woman he meets right in front of their husband, and have the husband approve and encourage it? Dawson was the original pimp. Grady Sizemore, meanwhile, pulls an abdominal muscle grieving for the loss of Dawson.

July

The Olympics begin and America watches a whole bunch of sports they otherwise don't give a crap about in the name of national pride. Fencing! Judo! Ping Pong! America wins like a jillion gold medals because, after the fall of the Iron Curtain and the disappearance of state-funded totalitarian regimes, America and China are the only countries left that give a crap about winning medal (and the Chinese are too busy kicking our ass at "manufacturing" and "economy" to field a respectable basketball team). Penn State gets turned into a smoldering hole by the NCAA, but they nevertheless manage to be the second best team in the Legends division later in the year. Which is more of an indictment on how crappy the B1G is this year. Grady Sizemore, meanwhile, puts his left buttock on probation, setting back his rehab a week or two.

Some asshole decides to shoot up a movie theatre full of innocent people in Colorado in a vile act of cowardice, and yet stories of heroism, bravery, and self-sacrifice that emerge from the tragedy manage to inspire us and give us faith in the human condition. One man can take so much away, but how much can stories of bravery like that of Navy veteran Jonathan Blunk give back to society? The heroes and those that sacrificed their lives for others should be the real story you remember from the tragedy, and know that for every piece of human trash perpetrating such a horror, there were dozens acting bravely, nobly, and with the well-being of others as their primary motives.

August

The month starts with feckless Browns owner Randy Lerner selling the team to a guy who owns a bunch of trucks stops for a billion dollars, a move universally lauded by Browns' fans solely because the new guy isn't Randy Lerner. In London, America winds up dominating the Olympics and winning the medal count, and everyone is talking about Michael Phelps and a bunch of other people I've forgotten already. Oh, and that Bolt dude is fast, and his pose that he does is awesome – it would be great if an NFL receiver would make that after catching a four yard out (despite dropping his three previous passes and his team being down 21 points), wouldn't it? The Lakers then pull a huge coup by landing Dwight Howard, who has by then become the league's biggest malcontent bitch, which is saying something in the NBA. Mike Brown, then the Lakers' coach, is extremely pleased – he's going to walk to a title! What could go wrong?

NASA spends $2B to put a piece of shit on Mars that sends us Instagram-quality pictures of rocks. We learn that Mars has rocks on it. Neil Armstrong dies, probably from facepalming the stupidity of the whole thing. Grady Sizemore, meanwhile, thinks he sees a spaceman in one photo and strains an eye muscle squinting, setting his rehab back a little.

September

The NFL season gets off on a bright note as Art Modell starts his permanent dirt nap. Emporer Goodell locks out the referees and instead fields crews made entirely of nearsighted Florida retirees who wonder why the players aren't wearing leather helmets anymore. The Browns open on a bright note as they nearly beat the Eagles (who we had no idea were so horrible) despite terrible coaching and quarterback play. Actually the Browns open losing five straight games because of terrible coaching and quarterback play – there was no bright spot. The Indians' season mercifully ends, and Grady Sizemore may or may not have gotten hurt again – nobody at this point really cares anymore.

October

The Browns and Cavs play badly, and on the heels of the Indians' debacle, a record 99.83% of all Cleveland fans wonder why they give a fuck anymore. But hey, the new guy, Jimmy Haslam, is taking over the Browns and it's all going to be different, right? And we got Terry Francona as the manager of the Indians (after Manny Acta was fired for failing to make chicken kiev from chicken shit). Hope is freaking everywhere!

Outside of Cleveland, Miguel Cabrera of the Tigers wins the triple crown, leaving some to wonder when BMI became a triple crown category. His glee is short lived as the Giants sweep the Kitties in the World Series. Personally, I love seeing the Giants do so well in the post-Bonds era, as he won so little with them while there. Lance Armstrong is stripped of everything he ever won, including his second place Pinewood Derby trophy from fifth grade, less for cheating (because everyone in cycling cheats) but more for being such an incredible dickhead about it.

Superstorm Sandy comes in and absolutely decimates the east coast, especially New York and New Jersey, showing the absolute power of nature. A staggering $50B in damage was done by this storm, which seems like a lot of money until you realize that's just 4 hours of spending for our government. So there should be no excuses about getting people relief…

November

The Browns season is pretty much in the crapper but fans in love with Haslam. Look at him in the box at Dallas – it's all he can do to keep himself from going down onto the field and choking the shit out of Pat Shurmur as he blows this easily-winnable game in Dallas! He's just like me! Meanwhile the Cavs' rebuilding plan is becoming obviously flawed as they are the worst non-Wizards team in the NBA and have a roster with maybe three or four guys that deserve to get paid to play basketball. Still, Gilbert says Chris Grant is his boy and he likes the plan, whatever that may be, so we're sticking to it! Meanwhile, completely unnoticed outside of our home state, the Ohio State Buckeyes are undefeated under Urban Meyer and have restarted the winning streak against Michigan. The B1G adds Maryland and Rutgers because it needs more lousy schools to compete with Indiana and Illinois, and it realigns into two divisions: leader (Ohio State) and losers (everyone else). And somehow Wisconsin goes to the Rose Bowl despite being the sixth best team in the B1G. Kudos to Notre Dame, by the way, who managed to put together an epic season as the only other undefeated team in FBS (or FCS, whichever is the one they call Division 1 these days, I can't remember this crap).

November also saw a bitterly contested election where the vitriol, lies, and false promises were flowing like puke out of sixteen year old Lars who, absent the watchful eyes of his parents, goes from keg to keg to celebrate his high school graduation in a small suburb of Norfolk, VA where he used to live. Regardless of who won, America lost, as the genuine hate between the parties makes it impossible to get anything done, as seen by the fiscal cliff off of which we are about to launch.

December

The Browns actually have a realistic shot of making the playoff as December emerges, right up to the point where you realize we had to win our last three games and the next three opponents were going to kick the everloving shit out of us, which they did. But, hey, we talked playoffs in December – progress! The Browns finish the season 5-11 as Thad Lewis mops up the ninth against Pittsburgh in grotesque fashion (yes, Virginia, we're starting a QB named Thad who went to Duke), and the entire coaching staff and front office is fired on Monday. Meanwhile at the Q, we're still on plan at, what, 6-59 or something?

The Indians, however, are making surprisingly intelligent moves. They got a potential ace and a decent CF in exchange for one year of Shin-Soo Choo, who wasn't coming back anyway, and they even signed a big time free agent in Nick Swisher. If their aces are able to find their arms again, who knows, this club may be interesting.

In the real world, December 2012 has been a grim conclusion to a grim year, starting with a murder-suicide perpetrated by one NFL player, a DWI manslaughter by another, and an event that has forever put the words “Sandy Hook” in our minds and hearts via an unspeakable act of depravity that most of us couldn’t believe even the most deranged of society could perpetuate. All this makes me real glad 2012 is swirling down the drain and a fresh 2013 is filling the bowl.

Anyway, off to the sunset.

This will be my last Out of Bounds (regularly scheduled) as the toll of life and work is catching up to me. A heartfelt thank you to Swerb for allowing me to fill his site with my drivel on a weekly basis – it has been fun for me, and I’ve got to meet some great people because of it. You all know how to find me, and if you need a recipe for loquats, I’m just an email away.