Here's what I don't get.

Most of us have suffered through *Pretty Woman*, and most of us know the lyrics to *Roxanne* by heart. Both are stories of redemption, mainly, where a man falls in love with a prostitute while she is still a prostitute and decides "yes, this is the type of woman I want to spend the rest of my life with." Forget all the intangible qualities she may have, and forget that she may, in fact, be the most charming person on this planet. The fact remains that she sold her body for money to untold numbers of men, and every night as you lie next to her, those visions will be racing through your mind.

Even worse is when people decide to take back an ex who jilted them. He or she slept around on you, basically saying you weren't interesting or attractive enough to keep their attention. But suddenly, they have a change of heart, and you take them back? What exactly are you thinking? You know they cheated before, you know they lost interest in you before, and every waking moment of your life you're either (a) envisioning them in filthy carnal embrace with the person with whom they cheated on you, or (b) imagining what current indiscretions they are planning or committing. Is he or she really worth torturing yourself with those visions for the rest of your life, or at least until they leave you again?

The Cake remake of *I Will Survive* is one of my favorite songs, because Cake takes an epic anthem of finding real inner strength and telling some bitch to fuck off, and applies a modern tone and real visceral edge to it. It's a good song to listen to as you're reading the horrible bullshit rumors saying Lebron is leaving the Heat for the Cavs in 2014. We changed the fucking locks, we made him leave the keys. And the Cavs are surviving quite nicely without him, thank you very much.

Anyway, off to the questions.

Wondering whether you have a trusted pierogi recipe you'd share as these winter months lend themselves to a warm, starch-based diet. –peeker643

You can Google any number of normal recipes, which I'm sure are all pretty close to consistent, solid pierogi. So instead of giving you a slight tweak to the usual, let's go out of bounds. If I offend any traditionalists, so be it. Get over yourself and try something new.

First the dough. There are two ways to prepare the dough. The easiest is normal pasta dough, 1 egg to 1 cup of flour (with a pinch of salt). This makes a dough very similar to a typical ravioli dough, which isn't what you want in a pierogi. Pierogi should have that creamier shell that is a little lighter, a little puffier, a little chewier, and takes a good browning. So the better recipe is 2 cups of flour to one egg to 2 oz of sour cream. One cup of flour is one serving, so multiply accordingly. And I'm not going into step-by-step instructions as to how to make the dough, because if you can't figure that out, you should be ordering takeout.

Now the filling. The ingredient you want to get is Okinawa purple sweet potatoes, or if you can't find those, get regular sweet potatoes (but the purple will be extremely cool, not to mention the taste is subtly different and more appropriate for a savory dish). Boil them in water until tender, drain, rice them (or mash), and mix with about 1/3 the volume of ricotta cheese. Add a healthy grating of fresh nutmeg and stuff in your pierogi dough. Boil pierogi and drain.

Take hot Italian sausage, pork only please, and remove the casings (if in links). Brown it, and add the pierogi to the sausage and fat. Cook until pierogi brown, serve with the sausage fat and sausage as a sauce, and grate parmesan cheese liberally on the pierogi.

Oh, wait, it's January and you're still pretending to be healthy, having not abandoned your new year's resolutions just yet. So you're here scoffing at how obscenely unhealthy that dish is, and envisioning your delicious dinner of boiled chicken breast and a rice cake. Well Mr. Horton, one sausage link and 6 pierogi is about 700 calories, which is a decent dinner sized portion, and about what you should be eating to maintain your energy. Go to the gym daily and you need at least that much energy to keep your metabolism high and lose weight. Besides, you and I both know you're giving up your diet and going right back into your old habits in another week or two, so, fuck it, give up now and eat a good dozen of these babies. Mmmm…. pierogi binge…

I enjoyed the popcorn dialogue in your last column. Regarding popcorn, not sure I would want T.O. or Randy Moss here, but would you get the popcorn out if the Browns picked the stud WR from Oklahoma State? –Nick

Saying Justin Blackmon would help the Browns is like saying a two or three trillion dollars would help the government. Yeah, it would be a major upgrade, but it would by no means solve the problem.

Blackmon is a polished professional receiver, something in short supply in Cleveland. Aside from the lean Mohammad Massaquoi, who is a fast receiver but doesn't possess the strength to garner 10 targets a game, none of the other top receivers are natural WRs by trade, having been running backs, quarterbacks, or tight ends in college. And in a west coast offensive scheme, not having big receivers who can separate from DBs and run crisp routes is to the offense what Dr. Kevorkian was to medicine. And thus explains why we suck on offense. Partially, at least.

Blackmon's knock is not having elite speed. Ask the Patriots and Giants how important that is (clue: none of their receivers ran below a 4.5 40). You separate from a defensive back, you run a crisp route, you catch the ball when it is near you, you can take a hit, you can break tackles for YAC… you're a great receiver. That's Blackmon. People compare Blackmon to Boldin in his prime, and, if we're being honest here, we'd take the beat up broken down Boldin on this team as a significant improvement (who still manages to torch the Browns for 200 yards and 3 scores whenever we play the Ravens).

Instantly, a receiver like Blackmon makes Colt McCoy and the Browns' offense better. Ah, but

there's the rub. Is that like putting bacon on a dog shit sandwich, which makes it better, but still a dog shit sandwich? Or is it like putting bacon on a lettuce and tomato sandwich, which takes something awful and boring and turns it into a fine sandwich? I do believe it is more of the former, but bacon is bacon, and next year maybe we can replace the dog shit with some lettuce and tomato. Or cheese even. Or more bacon and get a bacon and bacon sandwich, which would be awesome. But either way, let's at least get some bacon this year, right?

So, yes, I'll be making some popcorn if the Browns do indeed draft Blackmon, because it gives us hope of eventually not sucking on offense.

Without mentioning pork products or Cedar Point, what do I put on a wedding website that will convince my out of town friends that coming to Cleveland for my wedding is a sweet idea, since I've been telling them the place ROCKS for better than 10 years? – gradysmanldy

Generally, weddings suck. It's a bad movie you've seen before. Imagine watching *Pretty Woman* three times a year for the next 20 years. It's predictable, it's boring, it never changes, it's not charming, and you're forced to sit uncomfortably in silence as it all happens. Oh, and your wife/girlfriend loves it, so you dare not bitch or she gives you the look of scorn. Nobody wants the look of scorn. An hour of ceremony where they read love is kind, a lame toast, the chicken dance… the only thing to spice it up is maybe an occasional groomsman gets it on with the bride's drunken aunt in a broom closet.

But you're not *that* guy to throw *that* wedding, right?

You need to make your wedding not suck. No normal reception, make it the most awesome party that people will tell their grandkids about for ages. Go to a wedding planner for a day, have her put together the most normal, typical wedding and reception possible, and use that list as a shopping list of things to avoid.

First off: get a live band. I suggest the Hostile Omish . Do they do weddings? Hell, I don't know, but you're not throwing a wedding. You're throwing the MOST EPIC PARTY EVER. And they're Ohio. Don't settle, get an awesome band. Will grandma be offended? You'd think yes, but

grandma's got some party in her. Don't insult her by dumbing shit down for her – she's old, not dead. Great band = great party.

Second, catering. A buffet with shitty pasta covered in government cheese and maybe a carving station? Fuck that. Go to B Spot, get 20 of everything on the menu, cut them in quarters and BURGERPALOOZA. Everyone likes burgers, right? And those are the best burgers ever.

And what goes with burgers but beer, right? Kegs of Great Lakes, one of each variety. It is the best beer in America. This is not hyperbole, it is true. Your friends will thank you for introducing them to that.

You throw that wedding and I'll show up, even if I'm not invited. But I am, right?

You let your boys know you are going to throw a party that is off the chain filled with bold flavors like I described, and they will be there. One thing about men, if they know there is an awesome party with a river of free booze and incredible food, they're showing up. If they don't show for that, you don't want them there in the first place. Get new friends that don't suck.

Oh, and use pictures of your wife's hot friends in the invite.

Final question:

My wife has really been laying into me lately. She's clearly unhappy, going on and on about my job, my salary, my fitness level, my diet, my appearance, and my general usefulness around the house. It's gotten to a point where it's almost impossible to avoid a fight when we are in the same room together.

So my question is: What's the best way to get rid of the body? - Hikohadon

In my original draft of this response I had a detailed description of how to do this perfectly while leaving no evidence, in an effort to help a fine upstanding gentleman like yourself rid himself of an evil soul-crushing harpy like your wife. But then I realized that I would be using my talents to help the lousy Scott Petersons of the world, who are way too stupid and egotistical to cover their foul deeds properly, create the perfect crime, and I just couldn't do it. With my luck (being a Cleveland fan, you know how miserable it is), the one piece of advice I'd actually have someone follow wouldn't be to have the Hostile Omish play their wedding, it would be an excellent body disposal to commit the perfect crime.

Sigh.

So if she's already dead, well, you're probably screwed because you are the main suspect, and a single drop of blood sends you to Oz for the rest of your life. And you weren't as careful as you thought you were. But assuming you haven't killed her yet, let's explore other options for revenge and/or liberation other than murder.

Suggest an alternative lifestyle. You want to swing, you want to invite another woman into your marriage, you think she has pretty feet and want to watch another man ravish her in your bedroom while you talk smack to your brother who coordinates the Cowboys' defense… pick a kink you would enjoy and suggest it. No, suggest is the wrong word, *insist* upon it. Three things could happen: one, she is offended, leaves the room, and cries somewhere else in the house the rest of the night. This is a win for you because you can watch the Indiana:Wisconsin game in peace, have a double scotch or eight, and then pass out on the couch like man was meant to do. The second outcome, of course, is that she's into it. So pick your kink carefully to make that a win. And third, you could become your party's leading candidate for the US President at some point in the future.

Take her advice. Eat right, work out, shave things men weren't meant to shave. Become an Adonis. And then leave her for someone hotter than she is. This is the perfect example of "be careful what you wish for". Seriously, would someone as hot as you be with a witch like that? No, a woman like her is meant for a low self-esteem schmuck like you *used* to be.

Stop arguing and merely reply to her with "duly noted" whenever she rails on you. I stole this from Peeker – that really means "fuck you". She'll know that.

Beats. Noise cancellation headphones plus loud music. The adult equivalent of putting your fingers in your ears and saying “na na na na I can’t hear you la la la la.” Note that if you don’t have expensive headphones, "na na na na" is still a viable defense.

Become an alcoholic. Chances are, if you’re reading this, you’re a Cleveland sports fan. Which means, chances are, you’re already an alcoholic. Which is awesome, because alcoholics get to go to meetings, or if you play your cards right, rehab! You’re bettering yourself, and getting out of the house for long stretches. Winning. And when she goes off on you, head straight for the booze. She’ll feel guilty she’s forcing you to drink and back off. There really is no downside to alcoholism.

Be less of an asshole. I know, this probably isn't you. It’s the other guy having problems with his wife. And in your case, it’s all her. Definitely. But that other guy, man, if he only realized he was a total misogynist dickwad, he could make things so much better at home by looking inside and fixing himself. Sucks to be him.

Remember, murder should only be used as a last resort. So try to have fun with your problem before going there.

Please email questions to l ars.hancock@yahoo.com , or DM them to me in the forae to LarsHancock.