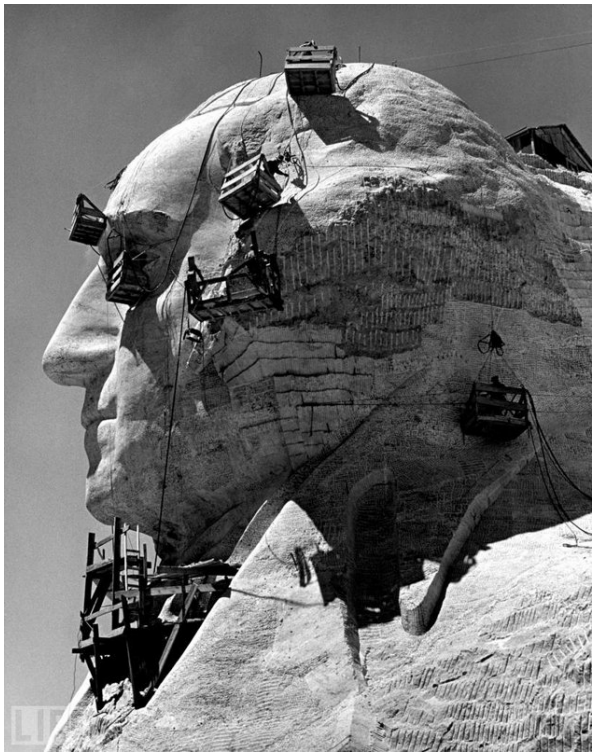
Chipping away.

That became our mantra during an ill-fated guys' trip to Tucson last year to watch some NCAA first round basketball action. This was one of those events where Murphy was our travel agent, and between flight delays, cancellations, and my failure to obtain a rental car in a sold-out market, what resulted was a travel day from hell to start our weekend.

At first, everything seemed fine. At the airport early, check. Rest of party coming in as scheduled. Murphy was lulling us into a false sense of security like free candy from a van. But then things started going wrong, and when they went wrong, they went wrong in a hurry.

Our flight was cancelled, and flights to Phoenix were simply not available. We found a way to get there through El Paso, which is like the moon only less habitable, but our passage from El Paso wasn't guaranteed. It was at this time that I realized I hadn't booked a car. Huge problem. The Phoenix to Tucson route isn't as easily navigable as you'd think, and the options for doing it were pretty nonexistent. This became a full logistical planning nightmare, on top of the six hour delay we were experiencing.

What we would up finding was some kind of commuter bus that was overcrowded, overheated, and aromatically unpleasant. Like public transportation in Pakistan fused with a baby's soiled diaper. At this point one of our party, Maynard, drolly said the now infamous term "chipping away." Meaning, yeah, this is a clusterfuck, but we're heading in the right direction. It was humorous, and gave us an optimistic outlook, because, yeah, we may not know how we're getting home from the bus depot (hell, at that time, we had no idea we weren't going to be kidnapped, raped, enslaved, and/or murdered upon arrival). But we did know we were getting closer.

The taxi that was supposed to meet us? Didn't arrive. Getting a taxi at 1 AM? Difficult. One shows up! Chipping away. Drives us the wrong way. Get back on the right track. Chipping away. Finally we make it and can enjoy the beer we've been hauling - the sweet sweet taste of victory beer is the best taste ever invented. The journey was brutal, but keeping perspective throughout helped us to survive.

This is exactly how I view the Cavs. As recently as three years ago, we had a smooth path to not only a title, but a dynasty, all mapped out. We were going to have the epic boys weekend. But then "the decision" happened, and we realized there was no good way to get to Tucson and some shithead forgot to rent a car, and we needed to rework the whole thing.

The Cavs are clearly chipping away. Who can't love the way Irving plays, especially in the fourth quarter? Definitely going in the right direction. Some people get upset at the wins we get every now and then as they hurt our draft stock. But as long as we don't make the playoffs, I see those as chipping away. Showing heart, beating good teams, coming through in the clutch – I am happier those things happen, because it shows we've got something real to build on. Yea, the cab is taking us in the wrong direction, and yeah, we're still not sure the cabbie is really a cabbie and not a deranged axe murderer, but *we're in a cab*, and that's better than being stranded at Jett's Wildcat at 2 AM. And though this season is often as unpleasant as the Pakistani diaper form of commuting, we're at least chipping away and heading in the right direction. Good win over Detroit, a spirited comeback against New Orleans, we're chipping away at respectability. And someday soon, hopefully, we can open the beers we've been hauling around for the past few years and have that weekend we sorely deserve.

Anyway, off to the questions.

I've decided I've had enough. Basically from now on I'm just going to walk the Earth,

you know, like Caine in Kung Fu, walk from place to place, meet people, get in adventures. Since I live in the United States of America I figured I would start here. Can you put together a list of what you consider the ten things in the U.S. everyone must see or do before they die. -J

First of all, I congratulate you on a bold new career path, and I look forward to you supersizing my meal in the near future.

But let's assume that you can actually make this work. An eccentric millionaire with an ATM card, you could easily see the country, and assuming you find a way to shower and shave, you could probably interact with people on occasion too, instead of being shunned like most crazed drifters are. In this case, are you really going to spend your newfound freedom looking at touristy shit like Mount Rushmore? "Wow, Washington's nostrils look so much better in person". Fuck that. Anything worth seeing in this country has an awesome YouTube video that someone took of it portraying it in a way much cooler than you could see it yourself. So if you just want to see the world, click on some non-porn sites every once in a while and you can get 95% of the experience, which is good enough.

No you, Caine, you want to DO the world. You want to live life in a way that the cubicle bound meerkats of the world can only dream of doing. Joe Sixpack and his wife, dog, and 2.3 kids (combine accident, terrible story for little Sally Sixpack only being 30% of a person now) has responsibilities and duties, and can't do a lot of things that a demigod like yourself can now do having shed the artificial constraints of society. These are the things we must consider and undertake as we walk the earth. As such, here's the list:

1. *Sleep with a stripper.* Note this is in sharp contrast to Lars Hancock rule #1 of life: never sleep with strippers. Strippers by nature have lower moral foundations. Anyone who chooses money over dignity can't be trusted in a long-term relationship. And since they are experts at deceit and making you feel like you're special, you can't ever trust them enough to have a relationship. But you're Caine, you're walking the earth, you have no property, no obligations, and you're leaving town tomorrow. Can you pick one of them up though? Easily. Just play their game in reverse and you're in. True story: a friend of mine, we'll call him "Lars," was once told by a stripper that a customer picked her up and took her to a strip club on a date. When I, er, "Lars" inquired what sort of man takes a stripper to a strip club, my friend Zeus interrupted "my fucking hero, that's who!" Anyway, this should make a memorable start to your journey.

2. *Destroy a rental car.*How many times have you been driving and there is some asshole that cuts you off, is texting, has a fucking Baby on Board sign on their car, or commits some other heinous affront to humanity, and you just want to run them off the road to teach them a

lesson? Well, why not do it in your rental car! Trade some paint, NASCAR style. A little door rub lets them know they are an asshole, and you're Caine, how the fuck are they going to sue you? Exert street justice and then when you return the car, drive over those spikes the wrong way just because it is awesome to do such.

3. *Foie gras and d'Yquem.* If you have no idea what I'm talking about, you aren't ready to walk the earth. This is the foodgasm of all foodgasms and you need to experience it.

4. *BASE jump.* There is nothing smart about base jumping. Which is what makes it awesome. If you're going to see Mount Rushmore, climb up on Teddy Roosevelt's eyebrows and jump off, and the parachute yourself away from the authorities. In fact, you should do as many near-death things as you can because that's really how you want to die as a drifter: young. Otherwise you stop drifting and cross the line into becoming a "bum".

5. *Leave a massive tip for a cup of coffee.* I'm not talking in a Starbucks where you give some hipster douche that has just recently failed walking the earth. I'm talking a diner in middle America, some nice woman named Flo who has no hope of leaving that forsaken shitpile of a town.She works hard, and life dumps on her like it does on Cleveland sports fans, only in a very real sense of the world. Go to the counter, get a cup of coffee, and leave her $1000. Don't even wait for her to discover it to thank you – be gone and let your gift give her happiness and hope.

6. *Punch LeBron.* A night in jail isn't going to derail your life plans man. A nice sucker punch right to his jaw that will knock him out cold, like he did to Cleveland two years ago. Justice, Caine, that's what you serve.

7. *Run a marathon*. I hate running. The two things I hate most about running are running and runners. Monotony, pain, and if you're lucky your nipples will chafe and bleed. Maybe you'll shit yourself. But running a marathon is a great life accomplishment, the support you get on the route, the mental challenge, and the scenery of a good course is something special. It is a must do.

8. *Build a house*. Go to Amish country and help them raise a barn (a year's worth of beard could help the disguise here), or go on a mission and build homes for poor villagers that are in real poverty. Do something to make someone's life better in a very real way, you'll fill something in your soul by doing that. Then you thump your chest and say "this is my house" like a power forward from the late 80s would.

9. *Fantasy baseball camp.* Seriously, it's awesome. Sounds incredibly dorky, but it is the best week you'll ever spend in your life. And then you get to play a game at the Jake, which is beyond cool.

10. *Berkeley, naked.* Because you can there. Spend a few weeks au natural. Why? Why not? You're Caine.

Ginger, Marry Ann or Jeannie? You get one on the casting couch. You also get a night out and have to talk to her. Who & why? –jb

Ginger is clearly excluded from the get-go from the “don’t sleep with strippers” rule. She’s on the casting couch, she’s a pro there. She will use and manipulate you for all you’re worth, and squeeze you emotionally and financially like an orange. Plus, Hollywood types are completely full of themselves, and annoying. The worst thing ever invented is the award show. Watch all these buffoons talk haughtily about their dipshit lives devoid of real strife, challenge, and substance. Who the fuck cares. No thank you to an evening full of inane dialog followed by an aloof and functional servicing on the ol’ couch.

Mary Anne would be okay, but I’d much rather date Mary Anne in a respectable manner than to defile her with some cheap one night romp on the casting couch. Yes, I have morals, and feel it is important to respect someone’s character and integrity, and doing the pokey-pokey so soon with Mary Anne wouldn’t be right at all.

But Jeannie? Oh hell yeah. Ladies, if you want the honey-do list to be completed tomorrow, go to bed wearing a veil and say “oh master, what should we do?” Yeah, that would work for me to be sure. And think of the stories of civilizations long gone she could share with you. Fascinating. And then when you go to *release your genie from its bottle*, the things a Jeannie could do. Shape shifting. Props. Blow out LeBron’s knee while riding you cowgirl. The possibilities here are filthy and endless, and are probably best not left in my hands for even so much as an evening. Even if you choose not to do anything too nasty, Jeannie could still reverse the fate of suffering Cleveland sports fans permanently. “Jeannie, instead of prostituting yourself for me, can you make Colt McCoy the best QB ever to play football ever at any level?” Of course that would happen and we’d trade him for Matt “Scott Mitchell” Flynn, which will likely happen anyway.

Who will be our next president? – Grant Tomb, Solon

Excuse me while I refresh my drink for this one.

I predict that next November we’re going to get to choose between Rick Santorum and Barack Obama to lead our country for the next four years. Which is the equivalent of a Steelers-Ravens AFC title game: whomever wins, we lose.

The Republicans simply aren't going to let Mitt Romney be their nominee. They picked a lame

watered-down candidate last time in McCain, and it didn't work out at all for them. No, they're going with a hard core Conservative this time, misreading this country's desire for fiscal conservatism for wanting the Penguin to lead us. And Rick Santorum is their man.

So what this country will be forced to choose from will be Rick "Napoleon Dynamite" Santorum , a militant conservative with dated values and the personality of a tree stump, or Barack "Ted Theodore Logan" Obama , a left wing nutjob who has failed on every turn in his first four years, yet somehow still manages to charm the populace. Excuse me if I don't reserve a spot on Mount Rushmore for either head at present.

This is sadly what the world of politics has come to. Why is President of the United States of America drawing the same talent Head Coach of the Expansion Era Cleveland Browns is? You'd think either job would be the dream of many fine young men, and said aspiring great lads would achieve great things in life which would allow them to reach requisite success to get them hired to lead great men to great things as our coach and/or President. Yet somehow we get the likes of Pat Shurmur, Barack Obama, Eric Mangini, George Bush (with or without the W), and Romeo Crennell. Fuck. Me.

Anyway, we're in for four more years of Obama, because he's charming and the Presidency is a popularity contest like high school class offices were.

Please email questions to lars.hancock@yahoo.com "> *lars.hancock@yahoo.com , or DM them to me in the forae to LarsHancock.*