A few years ago, I'm in the car with one of the sales leaders of an ex-company of mine, and somehow the conversation turns to prostitution. This company had a notoriously aggressive sales culture, and as such most of the sales force wasn't exactly what you would call "choir boys". This guy was no exception.

He confronts me aggressively and directly (as was his style with everything) about whether I'd ever paid for sex. I answered honestly no, and he nearly swerved his car off the road in shock and incredulous disgust. And then the car ride became extremely uncomfortable as he told me all the merits of paid services and how that is a necessary augmentation to his marriage, and as he berated me on how I just needed to do it.

That actually happened.

My wife went to law school with a guy that openly admitted he would go to Vegas with his dad a couple of times a year and get hookers. *With his dad*. Look, I love my old man, but I find sitting next to him at an Indians game when we talk about only sports to be somewhat uncomfortable. I can't even type what I can't imagine about this guy and his relationship with his dad, not to mention how awkward that must be around his mom...

The secret service scandal in Columbia brought these stories back to mind. As the escort in question relayed in her interview, paying for sex was so natural and comfortable to these guys, such an ingrained part of their culture, that it became no big deal for them. No big deal until the depth of the depravity and the stupid risks they were taking came to light. When a hooker calls what is supposed to be the world's premier security force a "bunch of idiots", you know there's a problem.

To me, prostitution is like cheating to win. Sure, we all like to win. Winning makes me happy, and when you're a Cleveland sport fan, you're tempted to do anything to win. The Steelers of the 70s pioneered the steroid era and won some championships as a result of it. Today, performance enhancing drugs are commonplace, making guys bigger, faster, and stronger than ever, thanks to the new morality defined by those "winners". Oh, and PEDs cause bodily harm, and the enhanced speed of the game is causing frightening injuries to the bodies and brains of players. But you need to juice to win, right?

John Harbaugh this week intimated the Patriots' titles needed to have asterisks by them because they won them by cheating. Funny thing about our culture – people blasted Harbaugh for being a whiner (which he is) even though he was spot on dead nuts right. Eric Mangini came out this week and says how much he regretted blowing the whistle on spygate. Is our culture so attached to winning that people who call out cheaters, or people who operate honestly, are the bad guys now? Seemingly, it is.

The bounty scandal takes this to another level. Not only do you care so much about winning that you're willing to cheat by taking cheap shots at guys, you care more about winning than being a decent human being. I think we can all agree that it is morally wrong to attempt to cripple people permanently, yet people are willing to encourage just for the sake of a "win".

So I may never know the joys of having a professional do the Alabama Crab Dangle with me, and frankly I don't ever care to know. My life is okay without that, quite good actually, so I don't need to cheat to win. Because if I would cheat, I would not only run the risk of ruining my life and health, but that of my family too. In the bigger picture, treating a human being that way ruins their life, and the money paid encourages the trade, and bad people to do bad things to force people into the trade. Just because everyone else does it, doesn't make it right, and it doesn't excuse or allow the behavior in me.

So please, stop trying to excuse the Greg Williamses, Bill Bellichicks, and Steve Coursons of

the world. Cheating forces everyone to cheat, and destroys the integrity of the game, and lives in the process. We are humans first, with human responsibilities, and everyone needs to remember that as they conduct their business on and off the field.

Anyway, off to the questions.

Top 3 TV show theme/intro songs of all time. -Hikohadon

3. Miami Vice.

2. The A Team

1. The Sopranos.

When judging this category, I based it solely on what I would want to hear if I was coming to bat at Jacobs Field for the Indians, if I could only choose TV theme songs. What would get me jacked up enough to face a 95 mph fastball from CC Sabathia? What would properly announce that I intend to inflict grievous harm onto a baseball? What would avow that I have a wallet that says “Bad Mother Fucker” on it in my back pocket? It’s pretty much these three, and the gap is wide to the rest of the pack.

What the f#$%ck is the deal with the U.S. having a massive naval base ,Guantanamo Bay, we lease on the Communist island of Coobah? Do we not have an embargo on Cuba? Is that not where Fidel Castro lives? Have we not attempted to assassinate him? Is that not where we bailed at the "Bay of Pigs" catastrophe? Don't Cuban Nationals work for us on base? How much is the lease payment? I am confused.I heard the Cuban Gov't doesn't even cash the checks we send them. WTF ? –pod2dawg

Gitmo is probably the penultimate troll move, a move that defined the term before people even

knew they had a right/obligation to troll. Gitmo is like being able to DM pictures of a goatse, the lemon party, and tubgirl directly to Castro on his iPhone, have it beep when you do, and he can't block you from doing such. Gitmo is a flaming bag of poop on Castro's porch, a bag which he stamps on every time and then shakes his old man fist at us afterward. Gitmo is the embodiment of everything we love about being Americans.

Gitmo provides no prosperity to Cuba, only employing two Cuban citizens at present. It does provide us a nice port to the US nearly free of charge, and a means to keep our eye on Castro and his government, all while pissing them off that we are there in the first place. It's the perfect place to stash insurgents, as it is under US control yet far removed from the mainland where they may pose a threat. At $2,000 (1903 dollars) per year, t's the best deal in real estate these days, especially since they only cashed one of our checks ever (by mistake).

Don't hate Gitmo, embrace it. Anything that pisses off my enemies has to be good, and Gitmo is at the top of that list.

My wife woke me up at 1 a.m. the other night just so she could call me an asshole. It turns out going to a friends' house who has HBO to watch "Game of Thrones" was not acceptable behavior because she had a headache and went to bed early. The hole in her logic is obvious to every male reading this, but I'm sure every female reading this is nodding their head in agreement with my wife. What is the appropriate response to my batshit crazy wife? –justmebd

Game of Thrones is not a TV show, not to a woman with a headache. Game of Thrones is a strip club, without the glitter and eau de ho that sticks to a man when someone like pod's uncle goes. As such, your wife is pissed that you went to the titty bar. Honest answer: if there wasn't rampant filthy nudity, would you be so interested in Game of Thrones? I think not, and your wife knows this too.

The real problem here is that you need to improve the communication with your wife. Let's replay the conversation in full brutal honest mode and see where the problems are on both sides:

"Honey, I'm going over to my buddy's house to look at boobs on TV"

“I’m not a big fan of that decision. I’ve got a headache, and you aren’t helping by going out to do lustful things behind my back. You may as well tell me you’re getting yourself a hooker.”

“I guess that is somewhat insensitive of me. How about I stay home, take care of you, and if I can help you get rid of your headache, maybe we can make love and try the Alabama Crab Dangle later?”

“You’re such a sweetheart, thank you for making that sacrifice for me. That sounds like a plan.”

See, honesty and communication gets you the Alabama Crab Dangle vs. softcore porn and a 1 AM screaming wakeup call. Lesson here is that you both need to communicate to each other better.

I got a big promotion yesterday and I want to celebrate. Steak and wine, hookers and blow, weekend trip to Chicago or a big house party? What's your choice and if I've left something out, what would YOU do if you had the luxury of burning a ton of cash without really giving a shit? –RickNashEquilibrium

Congratulations on your promotion. Clearly the best thing you can do at this time is to take a giant wad of cash and blow it irresponsibly, and make sure you have absolutely nothing to show for it at the end of the process. Like *Brewster’s Millions*, except not a completely terrible waste of Richard Pryor’s talents.

First and foremost, you need to involve your friends. Having an epic time is absolutely no good unless there is someone to share the memories with afterward, and besides, you really want to show off now that you’re a big cheese, don’t you? So get your three best friends on the phone immediately, and start planning.

Second, I don’t know if you’re single or married, but blowing money is only fun when you’re with the boys. As such, if married, you need to offer to your wife to go shopping with the girls while

you're having your blowout, so you're both doing what you enjoy without worrying about the other judging you. When you're being fiscally irresponsible, you want to do it as guilt free as possible, so boys only on your bender, and make sure the home front is safe and secure.

So now you and the wolfpack have the kitchen pass stamped and approved, it's time to get rowdy. Every guys' weekend must start off with a round of golf. That's some sort of law, and we're not about to violate the law for this one. Golf provides you a way to get some exercise while drinking and smoking cigars for 6 hours in a socially acceptable manner at 8 in the morning. As the old saying goes, you can't drink all day if you don't start in the morning. Get your round of golf in, and then head for the airport because you're going to Chicago – note, the golf sucks in Chicago, and you don't want to haul your sticks around there. That's why you're playing golf before you leave.

On the plane is the power nap. This is the most important thing you can do, because you're not sleeping tonight. Make use of the hour and charge the engine.

When in Chicago, get yourself a suite at the Drake. It's right in the heart of the city, and it's fancy. Have them provide you a bottle of champagne so you can get your drink on while getting ready for your evening. Chicago has some of the best restaurants in America, so choose wisely – no chains, no theme restaurants, go somewhere that serves you the food equivalent of the Alabama Crab Dangle – something unique, crazy, and unforgettable. Moto, Charlie Trotter's, Spiaggio, or rock the 24-course tasting menu at Alinea. There are many quality choices, just don't end up at the Rainforest Café or Dick's Last Resort, or Bubba Gump's, because I will hunt you down and beat you with a hammer for being a stupid whisky tango tourist. I will.

After your dining experience, you need to hit Second City. Catch an 11 PM weekend show there to get your funny on, and to give your liver a slight breather. It's a marathon, not a sprint, so drink appropriately. With some good quality irreverence in your system, it's now after midnight and time to hit the bars.

Your bar experience will conclude at Yak-Zie's because it closes at 4 AM. You always wind up there, simply because that's what you do in Chicago. Don't fight it. The Grove across the street is open 24 hours for fourth meal if you need it – nothing keeps you going like a stack of blueberry pancakes and some coffee. Or, have fourth meal after the bar closes, like a super early breakfast before bed.

Next day you head to Wrigley to see the Cubs play. There are two ways to watch a baseball game at Wrigley: drunk in the bleachers and incorrectly. Pick the first. Rouse as early as possible, head to Murphy's across the street, and get some beer in you before you sober up, or else that hangover is going to kill you. Get in for batting practice, get your drink on, and enjoy a baseball experience like no other. After the game, get a power nap in, and repeat the restaurant-bar cycle from the previous night. Yak-zie's, shower, airport, and straight to work Monday morning. Yeah, you'll still be drunk and reek of booze, but you're the big cheese now – showing that sort of careless disdain will garner you all kinds of respect. Besides, you have a big fancy office now, and you can give the secretary the "hold my calls" order while you nap at work. The sweet taste of a work nap will let you know that you're the king, and it's good to be the king.

According to my uncle in the good old days , 2002, one could take a "holiday" to a border town with Mexico, spend a couple hundred bucks and get a shuttle across the border to an "entertainment" establishment, which caters to.....well....drunks & perverts. Said patron could play out his fantasy with 1,2,3 women while becoming inebriated, and worse if so desired. After a night of such debauchery he would be driven back across the border to the U.S. So the question is obvious, are you aware of any border towns where such type activities do exist where the murder rate is less than Youngstown's? I have a vacation coming. –pod2dawg

I had a co-worker once that bragged he was going to spend his Christmas vacation in a border town in Mexico banging 12 different sixteen year old girls. Seriously, this was something he bragged about, because apparently the going rate was $25 a session.

Here's the disturbing thing about the sex trade: just because it is in a different country where the laws and enforcement are more lax, it doesn't mean that is morally right by any means. As Lawrence Taylor found out, even if you don't intend to sleep with little girls, when you hire a prostitute, you are very likely to be provided just that. Because there's a different level of morality and values with the people that fuel the sex trade.

In Mexico, the drug cartels run everything today, especially the sex trade, and especially in the border towns. Mexican drug lords are some of the most vile people on this planet, practicing rape, torture, murder, and human trafficking as casually as we read the morning paper. The girls they get for the sex industry are rarely of age, and rarely there voluntarily, and rarely have a happy ending to their careers and lives. But they are willing to go 2,3, or more at a time to fulfill

your fantasy, so you have to ask yourself this: is that fantasy really worth fueling the trade, and doing things morally reprehensible to people unable to give proper consent to do such?

Besides, there are no places in Mexico that are at all safe outside the walls of the major tourist resorts, especially if you're dealing with the scum of the earth directly in the procurement of goods and services. You have to ask yourself: is getting a bargain-priced Alabama Crab Dangle worth your life? And we're not even talking disease yet…

You'd be better off doing my Chicago weekend above, and getting your three-way or ACD the old fashioned way: earn it in the 12 hours of barhopping you'll be doing.

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