

It's Moot Points time again here on the Blurbs, and it's going to be tough for Hiko to follow up last weeks column, easily one of the funniest and most controversial columns in the history of this website. This week, Hiko rants on the commercial during NFL playoff games, American Idol, Jeff Fisher, Marty Scohottenheimer, and the AFC and NFC Championship Games. Hiko also delivers the long awaited update on his septic tank, and his weekly "Haiku About Someone I Hate". CAUTION: Not for the easily offended.



**OR**

### **American I-Dull**

Since the playoff began, there is only one football game at a time on. Which means I haven't been channel surfing – trying to find another game. Which means I have been sitting through endless parades of commercials.

Some of the commercials have played more times than Rock Horror Picture Show. If I have to watch that Dodge commercial with the Rock 'Em Sock 'Em boxer getting out-toughed by the truck, I will cut out my eyes with an egg beater.

Here are some other commercials which need to cease and desist their suckitude:

1. Two dumbasses whispering about their \$2.99 meal combo. Why would two guys their age go to a library to eat their shitty burger? Why would they go to a library in the first place? Probably pedophiles.

1. The UPS Whiteboard commercials, which, in addition to being mind-numbingly dull, star

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Barry Melrose's mullet toting brother. I'm sure the commercials are a big hit in Pittsburgh.

1. The Cingular commercials starring the irritating older guy making the dropped-call-etiquette hand signals. The ad exec that sold that fantastic idea to Cingular's Advertising Department must have dropped acid in the coffee before the concept meeting.

1. The Subway commercial with the lady ordering a Number 6 meal, then changing it to a Number 9 meal, so the burger boy just turns the lid. This one is actually much more annoying to my girlfriend, because every time he flips the 6 to a 9, I say "69, Dude!"

1. McDonald's Man Love commercial – aka two dudes staring dreamily at each other in the car. I understand that they're supposed to be having a staring contest, and the loser gets to buy the utterly horrific food that McDonald's has to offer, but these guys are just a little too intimate.

1. Any commercial for any CBS show. They all look the same... Navy NCIS, Criminal Intent, CSI Boise... CBS is spending a lot of money to ensure that I never ever ever watch any of their programming.

As someone that has worked in various capacities on over 50 commercials, I can appreciate when something is well done, or interesting enough to be viewed repeatedly at every single break (such as the preview for 300). The Dodge commercial is well done, and was clever the first 9,000 times I saw it.

Now, it's about as welcome on my TV screen as an in-depth documentary about hemorrhoid surgery. Or worse – *American Idol*.

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If you're one of those poor bastards that is unmercifully forced to watch American Idol, I feel pity for you. I don't want to tell you how to live your life, but you really might want to think about breaking up with that stupid bitch that you're dating/married to that's making you watch it. I did. My ex-wife even became so bold as to try to drag me to an American Idol party. I had my bag packed and was sleeping on someone else's couch within a week.

Find a girl that hates American Idol as much as you do. I believe that was my first question on the first date – *Hi, how are you, you don't like American Idol, do you?*

Life is so much sweeter without Ryan Seacrest and Paula Abdul.

\*\*\*I must admit, however, that the commercials have inspired in me a strong desire to purchase a Toyota Tundra. I used to have a Tacoma when I lived in the mountains of Southern CA, and that truck would handle the turns like a sports car.

\*\*\*An excerpt from Peter King's Monday Morning QB: *Want Jeff Fisher? Call Bud Adams. Offer him two high draft choices, one of them a first-rounder, and he'll start listening.*

Our 1<sup>st</sup> rounder this year is too high, but if the Browns were to offer the Titans our 2007 2<sup>nd</sup> rounder and our 2008 1<sup>st</sup>

rounder to land Jeff Fisher.... Oh, Nelly, that'd be so much better than a boatload of Tim Couches, Courtney Browns, Gerard Warrens, Willie Greens, Jeff Faines, and Braylon Edwardses.

The reason I don't really have an opinion on the Romeo Crennel topic is that there really is no one out there who's available that causes me to say “ *DAMN!* ” *We have to have THAT guy!* ”

But Jeff Fisher is one guy that makes me say that. His record speaks for itself, but, in case you haven't been listening, just look at what he did with Tennessee this year. There is no way in Hades, Hell, or Pittsburgh you can say that the Titans had more talent overall than the Browns. Yet one team ended on a major playoff run, and the other ended selling cheap flower arrangements to passer-bys alongside freeway off-ramps.

\*\*\*Several individuals pointed out to me that my article last week was a little heavy on the profanity. I must say that the profanity was certainly exacerbated by the BCS Championship Game starring Florida vs. *The Team Whom I'm Not Naming Because I'm Still Too Pissed To Utter Their Name*.

And alcohol. Lots of it, which I'm sure most of you can sympathize with, since most of you understand that heavy drinking was essential in just dealing with the game.

That being said, I will still use some profanity when it feels natural.

I like it.

And, as Marshall Mathers once said:

*Will Smith don't gotta cuss in his raps to sell his records;*

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*well I do, so fuck him and fuck you too!*

Of course, I don't mean YOU personally, per se.

\*\*\*The NFL playoff games were all good this weekend, although none of them were great. I always like to watch one great playoff game a year – the kind that is like an epic clash of two Titans (to whom galaxies are but pebbles) struggling to the death.

\*\*\*Baltimore lost. AWWWWWWWWW!!! THAT'S TOO FREAKIN' BAD!

\*\*\*Deion Sanders is right: the Indianapolis Colts are winning *despite* Peyton Manning. Never thought I'd see the day. But it may be the only way that Manning gets a Super Bowl ring – if he gets it *The Dilfer Way*

\*\*\*Speaking of Dilfer, loved the take on the NFL Network where Deion Sanders referred to Rex Grossman as only having to do it *The Dilfer Way*. With Trent Dilfer sitting uncomfortably right next to him.

\*\*\*The two most overrated QB's in the NFL are Ben Roethlisberger and Matt Hasselbeck.

Chicago is very lucky Romo mishandled the snap on the FG attempt, because I believe Dallas would have beaten the Paper Bears.

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\*\*\*Note to Uber-genius Mike Holmgren: *Never settle for OT when playing on the road in the playoffs.*

They had their shot, though. The Seahawks got the ball first in the OT session. When Seattle won the toss, Holmgren got a look on his face that was happy but uncomfortable - like a man who was about to bang Eva Longoria when a bout of diarrhea reared its ugly head.

\*\*\*Mortgage the farm on the Saints this weekend. Empty the retirement fund. Sell a child on the black market if you have to.

No way will Rex Grossman have two decent playoff games in a row.

\*\*\*Uhhhhhhh... I may have been wrong about Sean Payton.

\*\*\*Jeff Garcia lost. AWWWWWWWWW!!! THAT'S TOO FREAKIN' BAD!

\*\*\*My friend tonight accused me of being a closet Marty Schottenheimer hater. He really couldn't be more wrong. I like Marty. I wish him luck. And, well, we all know he needs it.

Marty is almost a perfect physical personification of Cleveland sports.

*The Great Not Quite.*

Good... but not good enough when it matters. Kind of like Troy Smith a week ago, or Peyton Manning every post season. You build your legend upon what you do when it matters most.

You can root your ass off for the Chargers to beat the Patriots, for Marty to finally win the tough game, for Rivers to make *his* legend against the “great” Tom Brady. But, truth be told, legends don’t come around that often. That’s why they get entire media segments dedicated to their greatness.

And then I saw a press conference with Marty after the game. He said “*We didn’t lose – we ran out of time.*”

Which is the same lame excuse he used in ’85 when the Browns let the Dolphins come back and win in the divisional playoffs.

No, Marty, you lost. When the time runs out, and you have less points than your opponent, *you lose.*

From your 1<sup>st</sup> season ‘til what might be your last – you just can’t get it done when the stakes are high.

\*\*\*Eric Parker is the Dennis Northcutt of San Diego.

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Watching the game yesterday, I found myself yelling "*Stop Sucking!*" at him.

And those are words I don't use that often...

\*\*\*So now I have the sinking feeling that Tom Brady, Bill Belichick, and the Patriots will defeat a flaccid Indy team and whatever poor sucker comes from the NFC and win their 4<sup>th</sup> Super Bowl in 6 years and cement their place in History and spend the offseason preparing their Hall of Fame speeches. It's such a pleasant thought - It makes me feel like eating sauerkraut in a port-o-john.

And it's not so much that I don't think they deserve the accolades.

They do.

It's that I'm sick of it always happening for someone else's team.

\*\*\*In the movie *Groundhog's Day*, there's a part where Bill Murray decides that he is a god.

**Bill Murray:** *I'm a god.*

**Andie McDowell:** *You're a god?*

**Bill Murray:** *I'm A god, not THE god... I don't think.*

**Andie McDowell:** *Because you survived a car wreck?*

**Bill Murray:** *I didn't just survive a wreck. I wasn't just blown up yesterday. I've been stabbed, shot, poisoned, frozen, hung, electrocuted, and burned.*

That must be how Jack Bauer feels.

\*\*\*If you watch 24... Wayne Palmer is Eli Manning.

\*\*\*By the way, if you've been awaiting an update on the septic tank situation – and I know you have – know this: I was sitting upon the downstairs throne last night when my girlfriend flushed the upstairs throne. Water exploded out of the downstairs throne and drenched my ass as if I were sitting on a fancy French latrine. Except it wasn't cleansing water.

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When your testes are drenched in brown goo, there's really nothing you can do but take a shower as quickly as you can and hope that there's some Lava soap handy in the house.

Apparently we are now going to have to empty our bank accounts to keep our feces out of our living quarters. Ob La Di.

\*\*\*I have recently had the misfortune of discovering that jalapenos and adult relations do not mix. It is not as appreciated as one might think when one dips one's fingers into a jar of hot pepper juice and then dips them into a jar of a different kind.

Apparently, it lends itself to a rapid disintegration of "*The Mood*".

You'd think one might have learned one's lesson after the infamous *Habaneras and Porn Incident of 2000* (Soon to be a Warner Bros. film).

One should recall the sense of foolishness accompanied by dipping one's genitals in a bowl of milk in a desperate attempt to try to put out something akin to flame.

### Haiku About Someone I Hate

Bill Belichick – Slob

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I am sick of you and your

Sweats. Sit on a shark.