

Monday nights = time for Moot Points here on The Blurbs. In this week's column, Hiko breaks down yesterday's NFL Championship games, and gives us his early thoughts on the Super Bowl. But before doing that, he delivers a spirited rant on women and relationships in general. In the end, it's another solid effort from the hilarious Hiko. CAUTION - not for the easily offended.



Or

### **No Woman, No Cry**

A friend asked me the other day if my girlfriend told me that she loved me with all of her heart and that I was her best friend and she didn't want to lose me - but that she could never have sex with me again – would I stay with her?

I have to think long and hard about that one.

Really, if it wasn't for the sex, I doubt many of us (man or woman, heterosexual or homosexual) would put up with our significant others. You're in a relationship for a while, and you invariably get sick of the other person. Booze and sex are the only things that really make their whining palatable. And, after a while, it's just the booze.

Romantic relationships have a way of killing a good friendship. If you were lucky enough to have a friendship with your significant other in the first place, that is.

But, unfortunately, the longer you date a woman, the more like a *woman* (in the negative connotation of the word) she becomes.

*Women*

apparently have a shelf life on coolness.

This sweeping generalization brings me to an observation by one of my female friends that reads this article – she thinks I sound misogynistic.

I have thought about this, and I have come to this conclusion – I am. I hate *women*.

When I say that, I want to be clear... there are many things about women I LOVE. I love looking at them, I love touching them, I love being close with them, I love sex with them.

And when I say *women* – I do not include all women. I have friends that are women that are some of the coolest people/individuals on this earth. I'm talking about the stereotype of *women*

I hate people that bitch about every little thing as if constant badgering were the key to happiness. I hate people that suffer from massive mood swings. I hate people that just can't relax. I hate people that memorize your every mistake like they're writing your biography. I hate people that discuss what so-and-so was wearing and didn't so-and-so look fat. I hate people that wear too much make-up, or spend hours on their fucking hair, or have to change five times before leaving the house to get a cup of coffee. I hate prissy self-involved hair highlights Baby Gap The View shallow stupid petty spoiled useless wastes of space that

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would not be tolerated by 90% of the rest of the human population if not for the fact that they can 1. supply occasional sexual gratification, 2. procreate, and 3. apparently crush their spouses financially in divorce proceedings.

All of the preceding paragraph describes a stereotype that is typically associated with *women*.

And so many of the bitches live down to it.

These freaks of nature drive me *crazy*.

That is why I so appreciate the sporadic female that is actually a cool individual. Why aren't there more like you? Because of gender coding, because women compete with each other in vicious harmful status-symbol ways, because the societal pressure on women to fit a certain horrific model?

I have two daughters, and I pledged myself since their birth that I would not allow them to fall into the Barbie and Bratz hellhole that creates *women* out of innocent girls. I put them in sports, teach them about *healthy* competition, wrestle, hike, explore – you know, things that *all* children, male or female, should do. But society and my ex-wife – who is on the Grand Evil Council of *Women* – are contriving to steal their souls away from me. My youngest is 4 and already feels that she needs to carry lip gloss with her everywhere.

The older I get, the more my view on the perfect woman changes. Looks have become so

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much less important. Just enjoy the following – food, drink, life, sex, and football. And don't look like Mama Cass.

Is that too much to ask?

Women. Can't live with 'em. Can't stab 'em in the head with a fork.

\*\*\*I almost turned off the Indy-New England game yesterday. It was starting to remind me too much of the BCS Championship game between Florida and that other team.

But then Indy did what I kept hoping would happen in the BCSCG – which is why I kept watching that despicable BCSCG until there was 10 minutes left in the 4<sup>th</sup> quarter.

The Indy game really hinged on one series. Indy was down 21-3. Manning had thrown the INT for the TD. The Indy O had the ball and were backed up, and Peyton got sacked twice in a row to start the drive. The Indy fans were booing their team like they were 11 Tim Couches. Manning was clearly upset and uncomfortable. They looked dead, and they had to punt.

NE got the ball in great field position, and they were poised to put the game away before halftime. People were starting to seriously consider the quick exit to the parking lot. But Indy's D stopped them.

They not only stopped the Patriots – they drove NE back, so they had no choice but to punt.

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That miniscule sign of life was the turning point. Indy's O got the ball back, Peyton got his balls back, and they went down the field and got the FG, knowing full well that they got the ball first in the 2<sup>nd</sup> half and would have a good shot at 10 straight points to climb back out of their grave.

Turned out to be a hell of a game.

\*\*\*I still have faith in Rex Grossman, despite his getting his head out of his ass just in time for Chicago to take control of the NFC Championship game. I still believe that he will find a way to choke it in the Superbowl.

I'd say "put the smart money on the Colts". But after betting my house on the Saints last week, I can no longer pretend that I know anything about "smart money". Or money. Or life.

\*\*\*I will be rooting for the Bears, but part of me would like to see the Colts win. I'm not necessarily a Peyton Manning fan, but I do think he deserves at least one Superbowl ring, and I *am* a Tony Dungy fan.

And if the Bears can win a Superbowl with the aforementioned Mr. Grossman, we should all ditch any wishes for drafting Brady "*Mediocrity Personified*" Quinn or Jamarcus "*Spergon Wynn had measurables too*" Russel in the Top 5.

Surround him with a good D and a good running game, and Mr. Frye or Mr. Anderson will do.

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\*\*\*Reggie Bush pulled a fantastically dick-ish move with his point and dive 85 yard TD in the 3<sup>rd</sup> quarter. It wasn't like you were wrapping up the game, Reggie. Don't act like a walking dildo.

\*\*\*It is my opinion that all the hype about the fact that these are the first two African-American coaches to reach the Superbowl somewhat diminishes the accomplishments of these two men.

Making the Superbowl has been the elusive quest of Tony Dungy – the *man* – for years. I don't care if he's purple, I'm happy for

*him*

– the

*person*

, the

*individual*

. I could care less about the symbolic meaning of his color.

The day that should be celebrated is the day that we as a society have reached a point where no one even notices if these two excellent coaches and people are black, white, magenta, or chartreuse.

And the media entities are gonna have 2 whole weeks with which to lambaste us regarding this topic. WOO HOO!

\*\*\*In fact, the thought of 2 weeks of Superbowl hype has me bleeding from the ears. Why 2 weeks??? To give it long enough to make us absolutely sick with human interest stories about Chicago's punter's sick grand-aunt? Or endless reports about Kato June's hangnail tragedy?

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I hate the 2 week layoff. I'm so bored of the Superbowl by the time that the Superbowl finally rolls around that it takes a close 1<sup>st</sup> half of actual football before I can get back into the game.

I think I hate the whole Superbowl "thing". The endless hype, the 7 hours of pre-game coverage, the perpetually lame halftime show, the neutral crowd of wealthy pseudo-fans that cheers everything from the coin flip to a TV timeout, the long, drawn out trophy ceremony afterwards, the over-hyped commercials... UGH. The only thing that keeps me watching is that it has been a decent game over recent years, and, well, it IS football...

And maybe throw in the occasional nipple.

\*\*\*The season has only been over for 3 weeks – and what a horrible season it was – and I already miss the Browns.

I know, I know – it's like missing prostate exams.

I can't help it. Stupid Browns.

\*\*\*It's amazing how angry certain people's ex-wives might get if her child says to her "*I walked into Daddy's room last night, and Daddy's girlfriend was eating his PP*"

Of course, I lock my bedroom door at night, so this is just theoretical.

## **Haiku About Someone I Hate**

Miss Paris Hilton

No talent useless whorebag

Choke On Your Ego