

It's Moot Points time here on the Blurbs, and this week Hiko is all fired up about the Cavs last two losses, including the one to the Bulls that he took in live. In this week's column, he channels Mike Brown for a conversation with King James, hits on Scorsese and "The Departed" winning Best Picture, and paying off his student loan. For mature audiences only.



OR

The King's New Clothes

There's really no reason to go into the last two Cavs games.

The loss to the Bulls was the more tolerable of the two. It was the 2nd game in a back-to-back, they were without two of their top 6 guys (Sasha and Z), and also another good scorer (Jones), so they just weren't deep enough – especially offensively – to pull the game out.

And yet they still made a contest of it.

But yesterday's game was truly depressing. I couldn't even watch most of it. I had the game on, but was just listening as I was doing other things. Their offensive scheme was apparently the same as against the Bulls – give the ball to LeBron, let him dribble the perimeter like he's on guard duty, wait until there's a few seconds left on the shot clock, take a bad jump shot, miss the rebound, go back and play some defense.

I went to the Bulls game on Thursday. Every time LeBron dribbled the ball for more than 5 seconds, people all around me (including myself) were shouting out "Don't shoot it! Pass!" And – seemingly – each of our pleas was met with a jump shot that clunked harmlessly off the iron into Ben Wallace's hands. Such bad offensive basketball. It was numbingly pathetic to watch.

Now, since it is apparent that Mike Brown hasn't had this talk with King James, I am going to have to break out my Wal-Mart Home Voodoo kit and take temporary control of Coach Brown's soul. It says here you just draw a picture of your victim – uh, host – and put it in a bowl, then add vinegar, mayonnaise, and a cat's liver. Hmmmm... "Socks! Here Socks! I have a treat for you!"

There, that was easy. Whoa, this feels weird, stuck in someone else's body. He could stand to lose some weight – and take some Tums. Day-ummm! No wonder he's always got that look on his face...

OK – let's see... this must be his office. Computer, playbook, box of donuts, intercom... I guess I press this little button here... "Margie! Can you ask LeBron to step into my office for a moment? Thanks, hon."

All righty then. While we're waiting, let's see if Mr. Brown has any porn on his computer. Nope – looks like he's playing online chess. No, actually, he's playing against himself. And he's losing! That's not a good sign... whoa, there's the door. "Come in!"

"You wanted to see me, Coach?"

"LeBron! Good to see you! I just want to tell you that I'm a big fan... ahem... I mean, have a seat, son."

"OK, Coach. What's up?"

"I just wanted to briefly discuss the offensive strategy with you."

"Yeah, Coach, I know my jumper's just a bit off, but I took 15 minutes extra shooting practice this morning, so it should be fine."

"Well, while I am extremely glad that you put so much extra effort into your game, I think we should perhaps have a heart to heart on this subject. You see... how do I put this gently... next time you dribble the ball for more than 15 seconds and take a contested jumper, I'm going to bench you. Actually, any time you take a jumper from more than 8 feet away from the hoop, I'm going to bench you."

"Coach?"

"I know that you've been famous since before your balls dropped, and I know that you make a billion dollars a year and want to someday rule the world. That is all fine and good, but you *are not*

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Michael Jordan. Maybe someday you will be, but right now, you have a ways to go. Right now, your best attribute is your ability to drive. So, when you get the ball, I want you to either immediately drive to the hoop, or dish the ball off to someone that is

open

and can

hit jumpers

. Any time you don't do that, I'm going to bench you. Then I'm going to fine you. Then I'm going to fine you for being benched."

"You can't talk to me like that!"

"Now – I'm highly aware that coaches in the NBA have about as much power as towel boys, and that if I piss you off, I'll be the one looking for work – not you. But you are *killing* our offensive possessions. When you're hot, you look like a genius. But when you're not – and that happens a lot more than you being hot – you hurt the team with your dribble-and-jack-it-up shit. I want you to stop doing it."

"Do you know who you're talking to? I'm LeBron fucking James. I'm worth more than the entire country of Liechtenstein. I am the King of the Advertising!"

(Coughing) "Peyton Manning."

"NO. Fuck Peyton Manning. I just signed on with Tampex. I'm the first male athlete to represent feminine products – EVER. You ever see Peyton Manning on a tampon commercial? I didn't think so!"

Silence. Not sure how to respond to that...

“Uhhhh... right. Be that is it may – I want you to get your head out of your ass and start playing to *help the team* rather than to validate your legend. Mmmm-kay? Now leave me – I want to eat this donut.”

And – zowie! – I’m back home. Stuff doesn’t last very long.

I almost feel a little bad for Mike Brown. As far as he knows, he spent the morning in his office eating donuts and losing to himself at chess. He won’t have any idea what happened when Dan Gilbert and 20 security guards enter his office in about 30 minutes.

But at least someone finally told LeBron what he needs to hear.

***I didn’t enjoy going to the game on Thursday as much as I thought I would. Not only was it a totally unsatisfactory contest, but I had two of the most annoying Bulls fans sitting in front of me. They weren’t just annoying because they were Bulls fans – they were flawed human beings. They even rivaled Steelers fans for sheer intolerability. Standing at every good Bulls play and holding out their arms and looking around the stands all badass – as if *they* were the ones that just made the play. Then came them standing for most of the 4th

quarter – holding up a Bulls flag – obstructing everyone’s view, ignoring the many calls to *Shut the fuck up and sit down*.

And they were actually *surprised* when I ripped their flag down. Dillholes like those are a strong argument for legalizing post-birth abortion.

***Miracle of miracles. There is now a car with push-button ignition.

This amazing technical advancement prompts me to ask:

WHY THE FUCK DO YOU NEED PUSH BUTTON IGNITION? WHO THE FUCK ASKED FOR THIS? WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU THAT YOU CAN'T TURN A KEY?

*** *The Departed* won the Best Picture Oscar. I saw *The Departed*, and thought it was decent, but the end was just a little too convenient, and, sadly, I just found myself wishing I was watching *Goodfellas* again instead.

But Scorsese winning the Oscar when he doesn't really deserve it makes up for the times he didn't win it when he *did* deserve it.

Too bad the same law of averages doesn't apply to Cleveland sports.

***I hate those monotone commercials on NFL Network with RAC... "Hi, I'm Romeo Crennel, and you're watching NFL Network."

Why?

1. Pinocchio is less wooden.

2. It seems insincere to have a commercial starring a renowned short-timer.

***I paid off my student loan on Friday. I will miss it terribly. Here is an ode:

Student Loan.

12 years of pleasure.

Many hundreds of dollars each and every month for years and years.

Like cruel destiny, you emptied my checking account with uncanny reliability.

People without personal fortunes should avoid the hallowed halls of New York University.

My payments long outlasted my career in the field of my major.

I will miss you Student Loan - the way I miss syphilis.

12 years of pleasure.

Student Loan.

***I was listening to the radio on Saturday night, and *Sympathy For The Devil* was playing. Afterwards, the DJ took a call from a woman.

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Woman: *Hello. This is Devil. And I want you to know that I don't want your sympathy.*

That is my next wife.

***Quote of the Day: "*Don't stay in bed too long – unless you can make money in bed.*" - Queen Elizabeth II