

Reader Joe L. from Parma's e-mail to us regarding Hiko's Moot Points column summed it up pretty well when he said "it's offensive and at times repulsing, yet I find myself hitting refresh repeatedly looking for it on Monday afternoons". This week, Hiko is all over the board. He hits on his annual review at work, David Carr, Sasha, LeBron, Kobe, women, The Godfather Trilogy, and setting his girlfriends cat on fire. **DISCLAIMER:** Not for the easily offended.



**OR**

### **What Have You Done For Me Lately?**

I just received an e-mail from my boss asking me to make a list of my 2006 accomplishments for my annual review. Now, my typical workday can be fairly mundane, and it all kind of blends together into one menagerie of blah, so nothing was just *popping* into my mind.

I had two choices – either go back through my archives and review what I'd done, or wing it. So here's what I responded:

\*Ran all ad hoc query requests/database updates.

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\*Implemented Flood Billing db from Access to SQL.

\*Ran all scheduled daily, weekly, and monthly queries.

\*Invented the Internet.

\*Calculated the square root of 69 to 325 decimal places.

\*Starred in *Snakes On A Plane*.

\*Assassinated 23 small business owners for Wal-Mart.

\*Ate an entire can of Pringles in 72 seconds.

\*Sacked Rome.

\*Performed 10,000 one armed push-ups on a waterbed.

\*Cured testicular cancer in guinea pigs.

\*Completed the mathematical proof of the first true Theory of Everything merging gravity with the hypercharge, weak force, and quantum chromodynamics, thus explaining and linking together all known physical phenomena.

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I'm pretty sure he'll buy most of it, so I'm expecting a nice raise.

\*\*\*My football withdrawal this year will be epic. My need for a fix is so bad that I even watched the Pro Bowl on Saturday – which is about as quality a football product as NFL Europe or XFL. I can already sense that hollow empty spot in the center of my being eating away at my soul (although my ex-wife might argue that it takes having a soul in the first place to lose it).

It's over. No more waking up on the weekends and knowing that your day would consist of games and scores and highlights and checking my parley and my fantasy football team. No more end zone celebrations or sideline bickering. No more interceptions or punt returns for touchdowns. No more halftime bands – no more tailgating.

It's just cold and bleak Football-less February. 6 months until Training Camp starts. Sigh.

\*\*\*Recent rumors have the Texans and the Browns involved in some kind of trade for David Carr, possibly a swap in the 1<sup>st</sup> round (#3 or 4 for #8) or a Browns third round pick.

Despite Carr's lackluster career so far – that idea excites me. I still think Carr has all the tools to be a pretty good NFL QB – he just needs a decent line. And then.... Oh, shit. I forgot. The Browns don't have a decent line either.

Never mind.

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\*\*\*Friday's win against the Heat was the *first time all season* I have really enjoyed a Cavs game. The blowout win was made all the better by how well the Heat are playing right now. Witness what they did to the Spurs on Sunday.

\*\*\*Sasha was huge in the Lakers game. He's really starting to assert himself offensively, and this team *desperately* needs another player other than LeBron to do that. Larry Hughes was supposed to be that guy... but it hasn't happened yet. I doubt it will.

Sasha also more than held his own defensively. Sure, Kobe knocked down some shots over him in the 2<sup>nd</sup> half, but Pavlovic made him work *hard* for them. Kobe's probably the only player in the league that can make those shots.

Let's hope Pavlovic can continue his excellent play. I wouldn't put big money on it (remember, this IS Cleveland, people), but it would make the team as a whole so much tougher.

LeBron is a great player, but he can't carry a team by himself. At this point in time, he's not Michael Jordan. Hell - he's not even Kobe Bryant.

Yes – it pains me to say that, because I really dislike Kobe. But I do respect him. He's hit big shots in big games, won three championships, plays good defense, and has the most incredible arsenal of offensive weapons of any player in the NBA.

LeBron James might be the King, but Kobe is the Emperor.

When the Cavs started standing offensively in the 3<sup>rd</sup> quarter against the Lakers, it was

because LeBron was handling the ball all the freakin' time, and his game has been a bit off. He would dribble along the perimeter, then make a feign at driving, pull back, and clunk the jumper off the iron. This is a recipe for terrible offensive basketball.

The best thing that could have happened was sitting LeBron to start the 4<sup>th</sup> quarter. With him on the bench, it forced other players to step up and make some baskets. It forced them to pass more – to play like a team. Sasha and Varejao were making the most of their minutes, and the defense stopped ogling at Kobe. The game turned while LeBron was riding pine.

When LeBron came back in the game, he was more like the icing on the cake, rather than trying to be the whole damn cake himself.

If the Cavs are gonna do anything this season, they'll need to continue to play like they have the last two games – like a team. They keep that up, they can beat anybody.

\*\*\*I've gotten some feedback to my article where I described my loathing for certain types of females. One response I got was from my former roommate from when I lived in New York. She's a lawyer in Manhattan, so she's pretty intelligent. And she's known me for 12 years, since the days when perhaps she might get overly-intoxicated and vomit next to her bed and be so repulsed by the pile of regurgitation lying on the hardwood so close to her pillow that she might throw a towel over it and let it dry and leave it there for a week.

*(Sorry to bring that up. I promise I won't mention your name, Kim).*

Said response from said nameless ex-roommate was somewhat upset, so it dawned on me that perhaps I did not represent myself accurately. Or was too subtle – Dog knows some people need to be hit over the head. I want to make sure I'm insulting the right people.

I'm a feminist. I'm big-time into women that are strong and independent and intelligent and fun and sexual and adventurous. I would consider my girlfriend to have many of these qualities (I'd better at least say so in case she reads this). I have two daughters and I'm happy about that, because I see it as my duty to raise these girls to grow into women that possess these aforementioned attributes.

There is such a dearth of them on this planet.

Unfortunately, 90% of the women out there are just the opposite. They fall into their own bad stereotype and then roll around in it like the pigs they are. And they're proud of it.

And I also realize that the 90% chunk of women have their own negative stereotypes about men. And, most likely, I fall into one of those, and maybe they loathe me for it. That is not my concern – I don't care enough about them to be offended.

If I have expressed myself in a worthwhile fashion, then the females that I want to understand what I am saying *will* understand me. And the females that I wouldn't cross the street to de-activate their Macy's Cards won't get it, and they *will* be offended.

That's right, ladies (you know who you are): I'm *trying* to offend you.

And what the hell are you doing reading articles on a sports website anyway? Is the Baby Gap site down? Ran out of information about the uber-fascinating Angelina Jolie/Brad Pitt/Jennifer Aniston love thang? Already watched all the episodes of *The Bachelor* that you Tivo'd? Your weekly pedicure got cancelled?

\*\*\*Despite the fact that I went to film school, and I worked in the film business in various capacities for several years, I'm not really into movies.

But I spent about the best \$50 ever on DVD's Saturday night. I got *The Godfather* and the 4 disk box set of the *Indiana Jones* movies (mainly for *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, but the other two are enjoyable as well. Even *Temple of Doom* is good if you're... uh... if you're in the right frame of mind).

And now comes the inexorable and nigh impossible task of convincing my girlfriend how incredible *The Godfather* is. She who hates Westerns, Gangster Films, and Horror Movies. It's a vast and unfathomable character flaw which I try to pretend isn't real.

This week, I watched two other films. The first was *Idiocracy*, which was decent, but really a one-joke pony about what the world would be like if run by Steelers fans. The second was *Crash*, which is an ensemble piece that I've heard from several people was quite good.

Those people were quite wrong.

It was basically a day in the life of a bunch of dislikeable characters. They were all racist scumbags – with a heart.

It bored the shit out of me. I didn't even finish it.

If you've run out of sleeping pills and it's 3 am and you're just staring at the ceiling, too bored to even masturbate, *Crash* might help. Otherwise, save yourself the pain.

\*\*\*Speaking of Indiana Jones... does anyone know where I can get a bullwhip?

I left my cereal on the kitchen counter as I left the room for a moment to check something on my computer. I came back in to see my girlfriend's cat downing my Cinnamon Toast Crunch. And that was the last of the box. The only cereal left in the pantry is Special K, which is only slightly tastier than boiled socks.

I only got one good smack in on her as she ran away. Irritated, I dumped my delicious but now contaminated cereal into the sink, only to hear the evil fuzball hacking. Yes, it's true. The cereal didn't agree with her, so she puked it (and something resembling diarrhea) up all over the new carpet. In 5 different spots.

Now, I've considered just setting her on fire and being done with it. She's very fluffy, and she'd probably go up like toilet paper. But it would be difficult to explain to my girlfriend. *I dunno... it was so weird!* She was just walking through the living room, minding her own business, and *POOF!* She just burst into flames! *Damnedest thing I ever did see.*

Somehow, I doubt that would float. So I think a bullwhip would be the second best thing. All that thick black hair would easily hide the scars from a *whoopah!* or two.

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\*\*\*Quote of the Day: "*I wonder what these green pills do? Tee Hee!*" – Anna Nicole Smith.

## Haiku About Someone I Hate

Haiku Was Once Fun

But Now Is Troublesome Bore

I Do It No More