

Monday nights are when we lighten things up here at TCF, running Hiko's screamingly funny "Moot Points" column. This week ... Hiko hits on stupid looking kids on the cover of Mac & Cheese boxes, questionable advertising campaigns, life as a college student, and the Cavs thrilling win over the Pistons last week. How much longer 'till March Madness?



OR

“I Have A Microphone And You Don’t” Grand Prize Winner

So I’m making macaroni and cheese the other day, and I see some stupid looking kid on the cover of the box.

Apparently, he was one of the winners of a contest. They get a vacation, some money, and the honor of being pictured on a macaroni and cheese box and proclaimed as one of the “ *Cheesiest Kids In America* ”.

What an honor.

Our sources tell us that previous winners included:

Ryan Seacrest

Little Richard

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Regis Philbin

Angelina Jolie

Michael Bay

Britney Spears

Bill Cowher

Adam Sandler

Ann Coulter

Tom Cruise

Liberace

Billy Ray Cyrus

The Olsen Twins

M. Night Shyamalan

As a little boy, Michael Jackson was chosen to adorn one of the boxes, but was later relieved of the privilege when he was caught touching himself inappropriately.

This is not the first product to have a questionable contest/advertising handle. There was the ill-fated *Summer's Eve "Be A Douchebag"* campaign, won mainly by future lawyers, politicians, and Michigan fans.

And who can forget *Trojan's "Big Dicks of the Future"* competition? The last cop that pulled me over was certainly a former winner of that prize. He seemed like he was still upset that the contest had absolutely nothing to do with penis size. Quite the opposite, my good man.

There's a new contest out called "*Explosive Youth!*" presented by *Taco Bell/Roto Rooter/Ex-Lax/Bob's Fireworks Shack*.

Get your entry forms on the back of your chalupa wrappers. I won't get into the details of the contest, especially how someone enters their submission. This is a serious column, and I will not stoop to juvenile humor at

any

point, especially should it involve digital cameras, restrooms, and a measuring tape.

Winners get an all expenses paid vacation to Pittsburgh.

***I watched the movie "*Accepted*" last week. It was about a bunch of rebellious youth that didn't get accepted to the college of their choice, so they formed their own college. Yes, it was about as far-fetched as Jessica Simpson getting nominated to join Mensa.

At the end of the movie, the only detectable “professor” – one of those militant anti-everything types – tells his class to stay in school as long as they can, because once they leave college, they’re screwed.

While I do not believe this is necessarily the case, nary a year goes by where I don’t wish I could go back in time to college for one week. 21, living in NYC, no dedicated girlfriend, but many options... Ach! Youth is wasted on the young.

Really, I could find it very easy to just go to college forever. True – I would feel like a pedophile showing up at a frat party. That lifestyle is over and I can never get it back and I’m fine with that. I’m talking about the profession of *being educated* – never graduating.

What’s wrong with just remaining a permanent student? I could still be pretty damn happy with working part time and taking classes like *Battles of World War II*, or *Psychology of Serial Killers*, or *Rock Climbing*, or *Photography of Nude Models*, or *Distilling Moonshine*, or *A History of Running Backs*.

And that \$20,000 I paid for my Student Loan? That would forever be safely locked away in the account that existed solely for purchasing *College Happy Meals* – A Tuna Salad Sub and a 40 of Colt 45.

*****3/7 - Cavs vs. Pistons “thoughts”**: This was the most exciting game of the season – so far. You all saw it (and, if you didn’t, you heard about it). What can I say about the way they

fought, didn't fold, overcame the disappointment of having LeBron's buzzer-beater-NOT, and pulled it out in OT?

I was watching the game at a bar in downtown Canton. The owner isn't a big pro basketball fan, so I had to convince him to keep the place open until the end of the game (downtown Canton is not necessarily a *rockin'* place). When it went to overtime, the fiber-requiring gentleman insisted on closing anyway.

My girlfriend and I had met there, so we hopped in our separate cars and set sail for the nearest sports bar – which is nowhere near downtown Canton. And, sadly, my car's radio had recently ceased to function, so I called my girlfriend and asked her what was going on. She held her cell phone up to her radio, but it just sounded like Charlie Brown's teacher.

Me: *Honey. Honey. HONEY!*

She: *Can you hear it?*

Me: *No. That's what I'm trying to tell you.*

She: *Let me turn it up.*

Me: *No, it just sounds like Charlie Brown's teacher. Just tell me what the score is.*

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She: *Uh... hold on.*

Long pause.

She: *They're not saying.*

Me: *Who has the ball?*

She: *Uh... hold on.*

Long pause.

She: *LeBron is at the foul line.*

Me: *OK, just give me a play by play.*

She: *What?*

Me: *Just tell me what's happening as it happens.*

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She: *DAMMIT! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?*

Me: *What happened?*

She: *He missed the free throw... Oh! Oh, wait...*

Me: *What's going on?*

She: *There was a foul, I think.*

Me: *Have you heard the score yet?*

She: *They said it... WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU? WHY CAN'T YOU PEOPLE MAKE FOUL SHOTS?*

Me: *Who? Who's shooting?*

She: *That guy.*

Me: *That... guy... I need a little more, baby.*

And so on and so forth. I (amongst others in the conversation) had no idea what she was talking about, so, when I reached the sports bar, I was forced to sprint the parking lot just to find out that the game had just gone final. And the Cavaliers had won.

So next time the Cavs go to OT, I'm hopping in my car and driving aimlessly about whilst my girlfriend gives me possibly the worst play-by-play ever conceived by mankind.

*****3/10 - Cavs vs. Bucks "thoughts"**: On this night, I was in Columbus for my father's birthday. I missed the first half due to watching the MAC Championship Game (my girlfriend went to Akron, and she was slightly distressed at the buzzer-beating-bizarre-yet-inevitable Zip loss), and the second half was occupied by a "rousing" game of *Life*

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I found it ironic that I ended the game with two daughters, divorced, and poor. I didn't even know you *could* get divorced in that game. Someone's got a fucked up sense of humor.

*****3/11 - Cavs vs. Hornets "thoughts"**: The reason a game like this is so important (other than to prove to your team that you really are quite good) is to get all the role players a lot of playing time. Because, in the playoffs, the role players often will decide a contest or two.

Other than that, this game was intensely unexciting. The crowd wasn't even into it, despite the

easy win by the home team.

There was one play that stuck in my mind for some reason. Dunleavy was on a fast break for the Pacers, and he picked the ball up somewhere around half court and took about 8 steps before shooting.

Apparently, dribbling is just an *option* in the NBA.

***My older daughter turns 7 tomorrow. Time flies. Happy birthday, kiddo, although you'll never read this (or any) of Daddy's articles.

***Who Said It?: *"Sometimes they write what I say and not what I mean."*

1. Michael Richards
2. George W. Bush
3. Pedro Guerrero
4. Jesus