

Buckle up, it's *Moot Points* time here at The Cleveland Fan. You never know exactly what's coming next from Hiko, and this week ... he finally starts to make some headway on the collection of ex-wife songs he's been working on, and takes some time to play around on Classmates.com. Hiko also hits on the OSU-Florida basketball game, Indians opening day, and the Cavs last four games.



OR

### The Truth Is Out There

FADE IN. A girl sits dejectedly by a window, staring sadly out into the rain.

**Announcer:** Hey – you!

## Moot Points

Sunday, April 08 2007 7:00 PM -

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The girl turns, surprised, and looks right at us.

**Girl:** Me?

**Announcer:** Yes, you! Tired of feeling blue because someone broke your heart? Sick of feeling down?

**Girl:** (nodding her head) Yes, I am!

**Announcer:** Then we've got the album for you: *The Ex Files – A Collection of Songs About Your Ex*. Work out your angst and psychotic issues through the gift of song!

**Girl:** (smiling) Sounds great!

Poof! A CD appears magically in her hand. She stares at it with joy.

**Announcer:** Two CD's full of songs that express just how pissed off you really are! You'll get songs like *Crazy Bitch, Get The Hell Off My Property Before I Call The Cops, and You Ruined My Life*.

**Girl:** Wow – I love those songs!

**Announcer:** There's more! Who can forget *Tell Your Dad Thanks For Letting Me Borrow His Pitchfork*, or *Turpentine Smoothie*? Or such inspirational ballads such as *Do The World A Favor And Die*, or *The Voodoo Doll Lawn Mower Tango*. And no collection is complete without the classic *Here's A Quarter – Go F\*\*\* Yourself*.

**Girl:** I sing that one all the time!

**Announcer:** Call and order in the next 15 minutes, and we'll also send you this high powered rifle with laser scope! Normally a \$2000 value!

Poof! A rifle appears in the girl's other hand. She eagerly cocks it and checks the sight.

**Announcer:** Act now! This is a limited time offer – only until the IRS somehow finds us here in Indonesia. Call 1-800-EX-FILES. That's 1-800-EX-FILES.

**Girl:** (joyful) Thanks, Ex Files. You've brought meaning back to my pathetic, shallow, unsatisfying life!

**Announcer:** (very quickly, in very low voice) Rifle not actual rifle, just picture of rifle.

\*\*\*I've found a way around my dilemma! I shall create a word that shall, in essence, mean the same as the bad bad evil word which has been shunned. You know, that word that rhymes with "truck" and, amongst its many uses, is sometimes used to describe the action that mommy and daddy took to create you.

Henceforth, I shall substitute the word "spork". You thought that spork was a spoon-fork combo that you only got when leaving the Taco Bell drive thru. Au contraire! Now, spork can also be used thusly:

*When Timmy found out that his best friend sporked his wife, he went over to that sporker's house and sporked that sporker up with a cheese grater, a snow shovel, and a sporking blowtorch.*

Who ever said profanity had to profane?

\*\*\*I don't even have much to say about the National Championship Game. It's Tuesday, April 3, and the game is already out of my system.

OSU was outmatched, but fought valiantly, and hung in there despite their inability to hit 3's (and Florida seemingly making whatever junk they threw up). Oden finally showed me why everyone is fawning all over him, and Conley is a future lottery pick.

Joe-Kim is a very annoying human being. He needs taught some humility. Maybe if he got

sporked by a rhino...?

\*\*\*I attended the Indians home opener on Friday. As many of you know (the six of you who read this), I am not what you'd call a *fan* of baseball. Generally, I find watching baseball on TV about as entertaining as watching a *Friends* marathon, or perhaps playing Monopoly by myself.

But a game at the ol' ballpark (mixed with liberal amounts of adult beverages) is always a good time.

I have three friends with whom I have been to the last 5 home openers. These games are never ever warm. You have to dress like you're going to watch the Iditarod. You go to Panini's or the Lizard or the Boneyard before the game starts and shove your way through masses of people to purchase numerous flavorless beer products which are on special. Then you make your way to the Jake, hide your flask in your sock, and get ready for 3 plus hours of baseball and frigid temperatures. After that, you go to a couple more bars, maybe eat something, and often somehow end up at one of those establishments that have women dancing about sans clothing.

Somewhere around 3 am, the cab drops you off at the hotel, leaving you wondering how many times you reloaded at the ATM (which will hurt the next day), and which level of hangover you will soon be experiencing (which will hurt even more).

This game was by far the most memorable of the openers I've attended. The incessant snowfall, the snow angels in the outfield, the tractor sweeping up the white stuff in the grass like a zamboni, the snowballs flying through the air... ah, it was fun.

But just one out from an official game. It was a veteran move by Hargrove to come out with

two outs in the 4<sup>th</sup> and putz around just long enough to get the umps to call (yet) another delay. We all saw it coming, but I guess we all hoped deep down inside that the ump would tell him to go spork himself and have him thrown into a pit of rabid wolves. That so rarely happens in baseball anymore. Alas! It was not to be.

After that final delay, most people that were foolish enough to still be there left, so we went from our seats that were somewhere near the moon down to the front row and just sat there drinking hot chocolate and rum, throwing snowballs at each other and cursing Mike Hargrove.

Not a helluva lot of baseball was played on Friday, but it was still one of the best games I've ever been to.

**\*\*\*4/03 – Cavs vs. T-Wolves “Thoughts”:** I must've watched almost 4 minutes of this game. That's all I have to say about that.

**\*\*\*4/05 – Cavs vs. Heat “Thoughts”:** Really, the Cavs had no business hanging in this game, but they did. Just when I'd given them up for dead, they made it interesting at the end. In fact, they probably should've won it in regulation. They would've had a legitimate chance to do so if not for running one of the worst last-shot offensive sets I've ever seen. Pass to LeBron, dribble the clock away, take a long, bad, contested shot, miss it and go to OT. Nice, Mike Brown. You get paid to diagram *that?*

And then they lose in OT, which pretty much means they're sporked. Why? Because they will never ever ever ever ever beat the Heat in a first round playoff series. Never.

You optimists will tell me “*Never say never*”. Whatever greases your chicken, kemosabe. But do you really think that this team, which is playing some its most inconsistent basketball of the season, with fugly recent losses to the Knicks and the Celtics (I don't care if LeBron didn't play –

neither did Paul Pierce) is going to beat the defending champion veteran Heat team that is starting to hit its stride and will get Dwayne Wade back any day now?

I've got a better chance of flying to the moon on a duck.

If the Cavs met the Heat in a later round of the playoffs, then I'd give them a shot, because they would be toughened up and they would have the confidence of winning a playoff series or two. But not in the first round. No way.

**\*\*\*4/06 – Cavs vs. Wizards “Thoughts”**: I caught the end of this game at the Lizard after we finally left the Indians game. As glad as I am that they won, I was disturbed that they struggled so much to put away a Gilbert Arenas-less Wizz. Yes – Hiko, the Eternal Optimist.

**\*\*\*4/08 – Cavs vs. Pistons “Thoughts”**: I am having trouble deciding which phase of the Cavaliers game pisses me off more – their offense or their defense. Both were pretty ugly in this game.

The Cleveland Cavaliers – just good enough to get you hard, yet bad enough to leave you limp.

Four games left. They are all winnable (NJ, ATL, at PHI, MIL). I believe they must win them all, and hope that Chicago loses at least one of their remaining games (NY, CHA, at WAS, at NJ).

The problem is that all of Chicago's games are very winnable as well. It's looking more and

more like a Cavs-Heat matchup in Round 1. If the Cavs were to somehow win that series (as I circle the moon on my duck), then they'd most likely get Detroit in the 2<sup>nd</sup>, and Chicago in the Conference Finals. Now

*that's*

a fun road to Ho.

In the end, it probably doesn't matter. Just like I do with all my favorite teams, I'll enter this postseason with the same mantra: *Hope for the best – expect the worst.*

\*\*\*I had a dream last night. My girlfriend and I were in rural West Virginia, where some of my family lives. We got bored, so we decided to check out the local bar in "town". There was a goat standing outside the door to the bar, eating a crowbar. We thought this was odd.

Inside were two hicks discussing grape jelly versus strawberry jam. One was an insurance agent, and the other was a buggy mechanic. They sized us up and immediately deduced we weren't from around these there parts. They asked where we was from and why we was there in town.

I responded that we were in town to visit my grandfather's farm.

"Who's yer grandpa?" the insurance agent asked.

"So-and-so," I responded.

"Oh yeah! I know him. His farm's there on Mill Run."

“Critter Run,” the mechanic corrected.

“Right – Critter Run. How’s yer grandpa doing these days?”

“About the same. He’s been dead for 16 years,” I informed him.

“Oh! Guess that’s why we haven’t seen him,” mused the insurance agent. “1991. Life insurance rates were real good that year. Good time to die.”

“It’s always a good time to die.”

\*\*\*It seems that every website I go to has an advertisement for [Classmates.com](http://Classmates.com) . I’ve never used [Classmates.com](http://Classmates.com)

, because all the people that I knew from high school that I give a spork about, I still talk to. The rest of them could be hors d’ouvres for cannibals for all I care. So I’ve never had the curiosity to log on and find out what Mary Jane Rottencrotch is doing these days.

But, the other day, I was bored and the ad just kept snaking me. So, I logged on to have some fun.

First, you have to create a profile, so I used the name of one of the friends that I graduated with that doesn't use the internet very much.

After that, you get to post pictures and stories about yourself (or, in this case, my friend). So I posted this story for him:

*I've been in jail a cupple years cuz this old lady that used to live by me said I banged her dog. I never banged no dog tho. I don't know how that DNA got in their. Stupdi dog.*

*I get out in 3 months, and I hope sumbody on here calls me, cuz it's been a long time since I had love. Exsept the jail kind – which isn't really love at all.*

This guy's parents still live in the town where we went to high school, so I'm kind of curious how long it will be before people start asking them if their son is in jail.

Yes – I expect he'll punch me when he finds out. But it's worth it. Joining a website to track classmates – Free. Making a juvenile joke at your friend's expense – Priceless.

\*\*\*Only 19 days 'til the draft, boys and girls. One of my favorite days of the year.  
WOO-FRICKITTY-HOO!