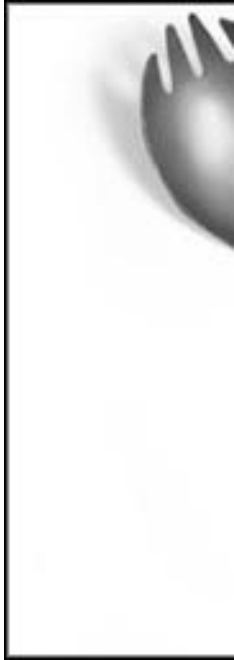


It's once again time for Hiko to grace the front page of TCF with his Moot Points ... one of the most read columns we post all week here on the site. Why? It's sporking hysterical. This week, the dark and disturbed Hiko tells about the new novel he's writing. He looks back on games two and three of the Cavs/Nets series. And hits on Carlos Boozer, My Space, and atheism.



OR

Blue Fury: A Hiko Film

I was up late on Monday night, yet again celebrating the supposed death of my smoking habit. Once humans inevitably kill themselves off, it's been philosophized that insects will eventually rule the earth, but I believe it will probably be **addictions**. They're the one thing that can't be killed.

Anyway, I, during this state of elaborate boredom, decided that it was time to start what can only be termed *The Great American Novel of the Late Half of The 00's Well Maybe At Least Sometime Between March 2, 2008 through March 6, 2008*

And it went a little something like this:

He stood at the edge of the cliff. A spear prodded him in the back, and another two hovered inches away from his heart. He looked almost relieved.

I would never forgive someone that did that to me. It wouldn't matter if it were an accident - they would be the person that killed my child. I am at fault. - I deserve to die. I don't look for forgiveness. I would not forgive. What I look for is an end - a payback. I deserve my death. I seek no understanding. What I seek is to die, to die painfully, to suffer for what I've done, to rid the world of my stain.

The soldiers looked at each other... unsure. Maybe they shouldn't have been paying attention, but, uhhhhhh... This wasn't at all what they'd been told about their prisoner.

Suddenly, Papa Smurf jumped from the shrubbery, covered in blood, brandishing a tiny scimitar, screaming "*To the slaughter, my little Smurfs! No one here gets out alive!*"

Worms screeched and made themselves flaccid. Little blue Smurf warriors swung in from all directions, aiming small crossbows with toothpick arrows (drenched with poison, of course) at the soldiers' hearts. Hideous was the sound of their bows, and the deaths of the minutemen were not pleasant ones.

Look for it in theaters in January 2049 starring Ricky Schroeder and Eddie Murphy's head.

***Sometimes I just stare at planes. I watch them take off, and I wonder where they're going. Who's on them. What their situation in life is. Are they going home? Are they going on vacation? Are they escaping all the shit from their previous life and starting over fresh in some new place?

They buy a one way ticket to London, to Sydney, to Nepal. They land. They've never been there before. They don't know what might happen next. And they're ecstatic about that.

Ding. You are now free to start a new life.

***A friend of mine told me that he has some curiosity about certain synthetic hallucinogenic mind-benders. Now, I may or may not have some experience with these substances, but, if I did, I was much younger and even dumber. So my advice to him was this: *You're too old. You have too much baggage. You will not enjoy yourself. It can be nothing but a horrible experience for you.*

When you reach a certain age, you've wound up your entire existence in certain falsehoods. These lies, these rationalizations, are what keep you going - they keep you sane. You might be too old to tear them down. Going cold turkey on your delusions might be traumatic.

It's much easier to deal with the realization that your life is a sham when you're 22, because you've still got your whole rest of your life ahead of you to change your fate.

When you're 34, and you are somewhat trapped in your

existence, maybe you don't need to go knocking down the walls of your reality, even if they are nothing but facades. They at least *look* like walls.

*** And before y'all think I've gone philosophical on you, know this: I hate Philosophy. It might be the most useless subject in the history of college curriculum. Why someone would waste their time drawing out an entire philosophical theory and expect anyone else to give six shits about their asinine ramblings is beyond me.

Case in point - I don't expect *you* to glean anything special from *my* babblings. I just want to maybe sucker a chuckle out of you. And I don't care how low I have to stoop to get it.

To emphasize my point: *Dana Jacobson from Cold Pizza - First Take is a whore. This isn't just my opinion - it's fact. For \$13 and sixer of Schlitz, she's all yours. Her horse teeth, her 80's haircut - the whole uninteresting package. Just make sure you've had your shots, though. I've heard you can*

get tetanus from dipping your brush in that rusty bucket. And you don't want tetanus in your brush. Oh Nelly No!

See?

*****5/08 - Cavs vs. Nets Game 2**

"Thoughts": Three players won the game for the Cavs: Verrajao, Pavlovic, and James.

Andy turned the tide in the 3rd quarter, getting many crucial loose balls and reminding the Nets that they are considerably outmanned on the boards.

Sasha kept up on his excellent defense on Vince Carter, frustrating VC to the point where he looked like he was going to throw a punch.

(He will. At some point in this series, Vince Carter is

gonna throw a punch at someone. If he and Sasha get into a fisticuffs, I'd be fine with that suspension trade-off.)

And LeBron... well, LeBron made this win happen. He is 22, and the unquestioned leader of the team. He is their soul.

What were you doing with your life when you were 22?

Myself - well, I was slightly less productive.

The Cavs dominance on the glass is really what's keeping them afloat, because, offensively, they are often hard to watch. New Jersey snaps the ball around, making crisp passes, almost always taking good shots. Cleveland sort of traipses around the

perimeter, maybe a pass here or there, maybe jacking up an ill advised shot from the outside. Whatever happened to the post play? Whatever happened to getting Z the rock down low?

If the game plan is to quickly hoist up a shot with the intent of getting the offensive rebound and the easy put-back, then I salute Mike Brown's innovative methods. But something tells me that ain't the way he drew it up, so maybe the Cavs ought to try something different - something where the ball goes in the hoop the *first* time.

*****5/12 - Cavs vs. Nets Game 3**

"Thoughts": I was helping a friend move, so I didn't get to watch this game. I heard some of it in the car, but it wasn't really compelling. It was frustrating.

I taped the game, but, after the hearing the final

score, I decided that I didn't want to watch it. Maybe I should make this my *modus operandi*: *Tape the game. Find out the final score. If the final score is good, then watch the game. If the final score is bad, save myself the frustration.*

Because I would've been frustrated watching that game. I'm *already* frustrated with the game, and I didn't even see it. All I had to do was [read the game recap](#)

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To sum up my summary: I used various forms of the word "*frustration*" 4 times in 3 short paragraphs.

At least the Bulls managed to prolong their series one more game, so if the Cavs get remove their noggins from their nether-regions and win tonight, we'll still be in decent shape for a Detroit-Cleveland

match-up.

Lose tonight, and we might be looking at a seven game series. Blech.

***Derek Fisher is one of my favorite NBA players. Top Five, without a doubt. He was easily my favorite player on those Lakers championship teams from '00-'02 which I was endlessly subjected to because I lived in Southern CA at the time. (Although it is not really hard to beat out the likes of Kobe Bryant, but I digress.)

How can you not feel good for the man, missing Game 1 of the Conference Semifinals to be with [his 10 year old daughter as she undergoes cancer treatment](#)

, then flying from NYC to Utah in time to arrive at Game 2 in the 3

rd

quarter, entering the game and delivering critical late defense on Baron Davis which allowed the Jazz to send the game to OT, where they eventually won, thanks in no small part to a timely 3 pointer by Fisher himself?

How can you not feel good for this humble, hard-working player?

Because he's on the same team as Carlos Boozer - that's why.

As happy as I'd like to be for Fisher, his success helps Carlos Boozer to succeed. Sorry, Fish. Gotta root for you to go down.

It just proves that my capacity for hatred is much greater than my capacity for love.

***I think a popular kids' toy would be the Carlos Boozer Batting Buddy. It's a baseball tee, with a ball shaped like Carlos Boozer's head resting upon the top. Instead of a regular bat, it comes with your choice of a mace or a spiked club.

You just set Carlos' little head in the tee, stare at his Cro-Magnon face for a moment, channel your inner Conan, then beat that little sporkwad into the dirt.

Act now and you also get a Rasheed Wallace urinal cake.

***I joined My Space not so long ago. I did it to reconnect with a couple old friends and check out some of the stuff they had done and posted online.

When you join, it asks you about your religious preference. So I put Atheist, because, well, I am.

So now I'm getting junk mail from Atheist groups pressuring me to join their association. I didn't even know Atheists had an association. Isn't that one of the main reasons why you become an Atheist in the first place, because you're tired of all the bullshit clubs? What the hell would one do at a meeting for this association? Reaffirm your belief in non-belief? Play Scrabble without the letters G, O, and D?

(As an aside, there was a women's club at my college that was called "Womyn" - thus spelled so that the word "Men" was no where in the name of their club.)

The American Atheist Society (pronounced by me as "AaaaaaSS") believes that religious groups are pressuring movie theaters and video stores to keep certain films with Atheistic themes out of circulation. *Don't let religious zealots rob Americans of their rights! Defeat the Thought Police by clicking here to watch our film!*

Translation: *Our film blows, but we can't accept that fact and would like to claim religious persecution as the enemy of our art (* instead of talent deficiency, which would be more accurate

). So fight the power, and watch our tremendous piece of crap on this random website!

We're supposed to believe that the hyper-religious censorship Nazis couldn't keep *The Last Temptation of Christ* out of the theaters, yet they somehow prevented the masses from being enlightened by your epic masterpiece? And they also somehow managed to keep it all out of the media, which I suppose is also completely controlled by the far right?

Boo-frickin'-hoo, people. Fools like you give normal Atheists a bad name. All y'all just need a nice BM.

Yeah, AAS, I think I'll pass on joining your little clique. Atheists with political agendas bore the piss out of me just as much as the religious folks with political agendas, and, to quote Woody Allen, *"I don't want to belong to any club that would have me as a member."*

***Quote of the Week (in honor of Mother's Day): *"All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his."* - Oscar Wilde