

In the 17 months we've been up and running, there have been a handful of columns that have developed strong followings ... really helping put us on the map. The B-List. The Good, The Bad, & The Summary. Minor Happenings. The Crystal Ball. And Moot Points has clearly evolved to that status. This week's column is one of Hiko's best efforts yet as he ponders poor decisions he's made in life, and hits on the Cavs/Pistons series.



OR

Choose Your Own Indifference

For the longest of times, my friend Blue had been touting to me a certain popular drama series which plays on one of the major networks. I'd never seen it, so he brought over Season One on DVD.

And as I sat watching the pilot episode, I saw a name. I won't get into this person's real name - I'll just call him Ferris.

Ferris is a Writer and Executive Producer on this series. He also graduated from Film School with me.

Lots of people graduated from Film School with me, but him I knew well. He was in the same dorm as me the first two years. We worked on some student films together. He frequently had parties, and I smoked a shitload of his... I drank a lot of his wine. I once passed out and vomited all over his floor.

But even though we hung in the same circle for several years, I was really only friends with him on a cursory basis, mainly because I never really liked the guy. He was more than a bit of a slimebag - the kind of guy that would screw his friends at the drop of a hat if there were any advantage to him, the kind of guy that wouldn't show up to work on a shoot for which he promised his help, the kind of guy that gives *himself* a nickname (Ferris, since he claimed he looked like Ferris Buehler, which he didn't).

He was Hollywood - in the bad connotation of the word.

After graduation, he moved directly out to LA. One of his first acts was to royally screw my roommate and one of my closest friends, who was also in transit to the West Coast and was supposed to crash at Ferris' place. I wasn't a big fan of the guy before that, but now I had a valid excuse to stand outside his apartment at 4 am wasted on tequila yelling for him to come down and fight me. Which he didn't do.

(It would've been interesting - I had a decided size advantage, but found standing highly challenging at that moment and would've probably made a fine punching bag.)

Anyway, I never heard of the guy again - until Wednesday. There was his name in bold letters on my television screen - Writer and Executive Producer. Talk about a buzz kill.

I looked him up online. He's won 2 Emmy's. That's just fantastic. I'm so very happy for him. Really.

*Although... Ferris, gotta admit that I'm very much enjoying your show.□
Good stuff, you moldy dildo.*

Of course, it's probably unfair for me to assume that he's still a slimebag. All the time, you hear about people going out to Hollywood and getting rich and famous and becoming really humble and down to earth. There's so many examples that I can't think of any right now.

Now, I know what you're thinking - *I don't need to hear this guy cry about the failures in his life* . I agree. That's not what I'm doing. I do not regret the choices I did or did not make, and I do not begrudge Ferris his success. People like him are the people that always succeed in The Wood. You have to sell a certain amount of your soul, and he was certainly willing to do that, and he obviously has some talent to boot. The only reason I rag on him is that he's such a maggot and I can't resist.

Nay, the reason I decided to bring up this topic is that seeing Ferris' name got me to wondering - idly - what my life would be like had I made a couple of key decisions differently.

Do you remember the [Choose Your Own Adventure Books](#) from the '80's? They were kids' adventure books that had the reader as the main character. It would go on for a couple pages - maybe you're a gladiator looking for a way home for Arbor Day, maybe you're a space scientist that has been kidnapped by alien hillbillies, maybe you're a paranormal investigator that discovered clues to the whereabouts of an epileptic vampire - and after about 5 pages or so the book gives you a choice:

If you open the coffin and confront the vampire, turn to Page 22.

If you decide to call it a day and head to the nearest inn for some mead and a toothless prostitute, turn to Page 31.

Life is like a *Choose Your Own Adventure Book*, except for the fact that, in life, you don't get to turn back and read what would've happened to you had you made the other choice. Wouldn't be interesting if you could? You don't live the life, but you at least get to see what would've happened to you had you made the choice.

Let's see... I think I'll start with:

You are 22 years old and just graduated from Film School. Sitting in an Italian restaurant in Greenwich Village, you are facing an ex-girlfriend who has flown into town to visit you. There were certainly reasons that you broke up with her, but she seems to have turned over a new leaf, and, hey, she's your only source for sex right now. You are tempted to start dating her again, but you are moving to Los Angeles, and she is not willing to get her own place in LA just for the opportunity to date you.

If you ask her to move to Los Angeles with you and live together, turn to Page 12.

If you decide that you are a 22 year old moving to a new city and you don't need to be living with some girl that you're not even sure you like that much, turn to Page 24.

Well, I already know what happens on Page

12, so I'm gonna check out Page 24.

You tell the girl that she will always have a place in your heart, but you don't see a future in your relationship. She grows angry and throws veal piccata at your head.

You move to the West Coast, become fantastically successful, and currently live in a house in Malibu with Scarlett Johansson.

Ah, but am I happy? Just because I'm wealthy and dating a beautiful

intelligent woman doesn't mean I'm not miserable. I turn the page.

And you are deliriously happy.□ The end.

D'oh! Well, delirious happiness breeds complacency, or at least that's what I tell myself, since I only know delirious happiness 3 or 4 times a week, and that only lasts a couple seconds before I realize I've got to pee.

All right, let's try this thing again:

You are 30 years old, on vacation in Prague with your girlfriend for 9 days.□ Most days, you don't really like her.□ Hell, you stopped liking her shortly after moving in with her.

But she seemed to get pregnant every time you resolved to break up with her, and now you have two children together.

You've been drinking delicious

Czech beer for a week straight, and maybe sampling some of the Vicodin that your girlfriend got for her recent oral surgery, when it occurs to you that if you were ever to ask this girl to marry you, you'd be hard pressed to find a more romantic spot than this.

If you decide "What the hell - I'm stuck with the broad anyway" and propose even though you don't really want to and you don't have a

ring, turn to Page 35.

If you sober up a little and tell your girlfriend "Hey baby, we had some laughs, but when we get back to California, I'm getting the spork out of this dead-end relationship," turn to Page 63.

Once again, I know what
Page 35 is like. Expensive.
So to Page 63...

*You get your own apartment
in Los Angeles, and after
reaching a suitable shared
parenting arrangement with
your ex, you get a big break
in software development,
become fantastically
successful, and currently*

*live in a house in London
with Beyonce.*

Shit. I'm afraid to look at
the next page...

*And you are deliriously
happy. □ The end.*

Well, this is as fun as
gargling boiling snot.
One more shot...

*You are 32 years old,
married, with two kids,
and you recently moved
from California back to
Ohio. Your office is in
Independence, but your*

house is in Canton. And that house has become your Hell. Previously, whenever your relationship made you miserable, you would move. But you feel like you can't run anymore, and coming home each day to a stressed-out moody stupid petty shallow violent wife is

*finally finally becoming
too much to bear.*

*If you leave her, giving
her everything but the
children, and move into
your own apartment and
start a new life, turn to
Page 96.*

If you decide to stay together for the kids, bury your personal feelings deep down, and suck it up and stick it out, turn to Page 112.

Did Page 96, but I'm almost afraid to look at

Page 112. The way
my other decisions
have backfired, I
probably would've
ended up as Prince of
New Zealand
deliriously happily
married to Jessica
Alba.

*You stay with her a few more years until she really loses it one day and stabs you in the head with a fork.□
The resulting nerve damage causes you to be very sensitive to light, and computer monitors give you a blinding headache.□*

You lose your job, get addicted to monkey tranquilizers, contract genital warts, and end up unemployed in Greenland.□ Your children hate you, no one you used to know acknowledges your existence, and you finally end it all by

*harpooning yourself in
the heart.*

*Too bad it takes you
4 painful days to die.□
The end.*

*See? Life: It Could
Always Be Worse.*

*****5/29 - Cavs vs.
Pistons Game 4
"Thoughts&q
uot;: I did not
have the girls this**

night, and thusly concluded that there might be a slight possibility that I might over-imbibe whilst watching this sporting competition, so I decided to video tape my thoughts of this game as it

happened.

Here is a sampling of
the transcript of my
real-time thoughts as
Game 4 occurred:

Pass the ball! □

Move! □ Pass the

ball! □ No.... Yes! □

Yes! □ What? □ No! □

WHY???! □ You gotta

be kidding me! □ God

Dammit! □ OK, fine...

D! □ D! □ D! □ Get it....

□ NO!!! □ No no no! □

How can you let him

get that??!! *Damn!*
Get it... *Good.* *OK*
- now pass the ball!
Move the ball! *Get*
to the hoop!
Boobie! *Bend your*
knees! *Yes!*
Shooting's all in the
knees! *I love*
Boobie! *Yes!*

*What...? T HIM UP!
T HIM UP! Yeah,
baby, yeah you!
That's one,
Sheeeeed! Would
you like another??!!*

There is no reason

for you to read other descriptions of how this game transpired, as the above analysis clearly lays out an insightful [Cliff](#) ['s Notes](#) version of the Cavs' excellent Game 4 victory - a victory

which makes this a series again.

They blew Games 1 and 2, but by tying this series up, I actually am starting to feel like they *MIG*

HT

have a chance in this
thing.

Game 5 will be the
key to the whole
thing. Quoth
Confucius - *He who*

*wins the next game
wins the series.*

*****5/31 - Cavs vs.
Pistons Game 5
"Thoughts&q
uot;: Normally, I
shy away from**

massive superlatives
for one single player.

Normally, I shy away
from proclaiming
certain situations or
performances as

"*All Time
Greats* "
without the proper
clinical advantage of
passed time.

This just happened,
and it's obviously

forefront in my mind.
Also, well, I might be
a bit biased.
Regardless...

The Greatest
Individual
Performance Ever In

The Playoffs? It's
the best one I've
ever seen.

The only one that I
can think of that
would be close
would be Jordan's

performance in the Finals against Utah, the game where he was sick and dehydrated and still managed to score 38 and hit the game winner.

I will tell you why I think this is better: That was also a Game 5, and that series was also tied at 2, but the Bulls were considered the better team in that series, and Games 6 and 7 were to be

played in Chicago,
so even had they
lost, they weren't
dead.

Despite the fact that
they're on the cusp
of the NBA Finals

themselves, there's little doubt this Cavs team is not as good as the 1997 Bulls. The Cavs are not considered the better team in this series, and if they would've lost this game, they *were*

dead.

It was the most amazing thing I've ever seen. Every shot, easy or contested, was going in. At a certain point

it went from comical
to just flat-out
awe-inspiring.

Even Chupacabra
(aka Chanucey
Billups) thought so.
“We threw

everything we had at
him, " El
Chupacabra said.
" We just
couldn't stop
him. "

Right now, David

Stern is finishing off what can only be described as a 30 minute orgasm. I wish I could have a 30 minute orgasm - but, shit, this game was close.

(That's actually a lie, since orgasms aren't usually so stressful. Unless you're really drunk and your companion is starting to complain about chafing.)

I am now assaulted
by a feeling that I
rarely have - *optimis*
m . I
want to say that I
actually feel fairly
confident that we'll
win Game 6 and
advance on to the...
hack! Cough! Sorry,

something caught in
my throat. Oh, yes,
it's my words. I
should know better
than to get excited
about a Game 6 win
until the clock reads
0:00 left in the 4
th

, and the Cavs have

more points than the
Pistons.

For now, I'll just
enjoy one of the
best games I've
ever seen.

*****6/02 - Cavs vs.
Pistons Game 6
"Thoughts&
quot;: A friend
of mine, who, yes,
does live here in
Ohio, and who, yes,
does know I write
for a Cleveland**

sports website,
called me on
Sunday and asked
me if I had watched
the game.

Game? *What*
game? *Did the*

*Cavs play this
weekend? Who
won?*

I think I'm still hung
over.

My girlfriend and I
and some of her
friends went to [Put-I
n-Bay](#)
for the weekend, so
we saw the game
on the island. I was
excited to be
amongst a big party

crowd for the game,
but we went to
several bars trying
to find one that had
a big screen TV and
good seats, and we
ended up getting
stuck at some bar
that only had 25

inch TV's. Oh well, we thought, we'll sit right here at the bar, right in front of the TV's, and enjoy the game and the crowd regardless.

Then the bartender informed us that he couldn't turn on the sound, so we'd have to listen to the jukebox while the game was on. Then some guy who could only be

described as a mild
to lukewarm Pistons
fan sat next to me,
and I just can't
abide fans of other
teams being right
around me when I'm
watching a game
that I really care

about. They are a
blight on my
happiness.

The game began at
the same time as
some fair lady's
bachelorette party,

which apparently
consisted of some
"crazy"
drinking game
involving blowing a
ref's whistle every
36 seconds, which,
as you can imagine,
isn't *at all annoying*

while you're trying to figure out what happened to the clock in the game and you can't hear a thing and hardly anyone around you is even paying attention to the

game anyway.

*And if you blow that
sporking whistle one
more sporking time
I'm gonna shove it
up your sporking
ass!*

No, no, my Spaz level had peaked, and I was outta there. Hopped in a cab, went back to the house we rented (which was stocked with the lots of beer and tequila and food

that we brought),
cranked the volume
on the TV up to
where I couldn't
hear a space shuttle
take off from the
backyard, and
watched the game
by myself.

The rest of the gang came back to the house at the start of the 4th quarter.

After I had left, they had apparently found a good sports bar at which to watch the game -

proving yet again
that *I am too
impatient*

. I had no time for
regret. The 4
th

quarter was about
to begin, and this
game - like all the

rest - was bound to
come down to the
last second. Right?

No. We kicked
their ass. Boobie
was nailing 3's like

Free Throws, and
Sheed wigged out
and got tossed.

I don't know about
you, but the last 7
or 8 minutes of that

game wouldn't tick
off fast enough.

The Cavs had a
consistently
comfortable lead
for the latter half of
the 4th, *but that
friggin' clock was
taking forev*

er

.

I was all over the
place, pacing,
yelling at the TV,
jumping, flashing
smiles to everyone

else with us (who, I believe, were more entertained by me than the game). Got a couple text messages... to which I had to respond: *NO!*☐

*Don't Say It's Over
Until The Clock
Reads 0:00.*

And then it did.

Holy shit - they did
it. This is

happening. This is
really happening.

TNT showed the
shot of the crowd
outside the Q, a
writhing

celebratory mass,
and I pointed at
the TV and said,
"***That's***
where we should
be. □ ***Screw***
Put-In-Bay - that's
where the party is!
"

I was gonna go briefly into the Finals and the match-up with the Spurs, but I think that I'll just leave it here. Like the Indians at the end of *Major League*,

the Cavs have won something significant, but they still have work left to do.

However, as in *Major League*

, we'll leave them, for now, with this

moment of
accomplishment,
celebration, and
joy.

Remember it: This
doesn't happen

around these parts
too often.

***Quote of the
Week: "We'r
e in shape. □ *We're*
(basketball

players) the best athletes in the world, along with other sports.

” - Chris Webber, when asked at halftime of Game 5 if the Pistons were going

to be tired.