

He pulls no punches and calls it as he sees it. He hates his ex-wife. He's lived in NY, in LA, toured Europe, attended film school before coming full circle back to C-Town. He's Hiko. In this week's Moot Points, he talks about driving behind slow drivers, dreaming about ESPN's Mike Greenberg, the first two games of the Cavs/Spurs series, and Eva Longoria.



OR

Have Some Courtesy And Respect

So there I was at a four way stop. A van and I pulled up at about the same moment. Being the soul of courtesy that I am, I waved to him that he could go first. He turned and began traveling in the direction that I was destined to go, and I followed him.

After a certain distance, it became clear that he was not prepared to reach the posted speed limit of 45 mph. No, he felt that his own personal speed limit of around 30 was sufficient.

Cursing myself for allowing this putz to go before me, I perused the writing on the back of the van. It seemed that he worked for some type of lawn care company, and, down near the bottom, there was a little sign that said: *Am I Driving*

Courteously?
then a phone number to call.

And

So I pulled out my cell phone and called it. A man answered the phone.

Man: *Hello?*

Hiko: *You are NOT driving courteously.*

Man: *Excuse me?*

Hiko: *I let you go in front of me, and now you are traveling at the speed of erosion. That is not courteous.*

Man: *This is a service, sir. I'm not actually the person driving the vehicle in front of you.*

Hiko: *It asks on the back of your van if you're driving courteously. I don't call 30 in a 45 courteous. Not at all. Speed up.*

Man: *Once again, this is a service, sir. We take the report and then forward it to the company for which the driver ahead of you works. Can you tell me the name of the company on the vehicle?*

Hiko: *I'm not a fool. I know it's you. It sounds like you – you and your beady little eyes... Curses! I rue the day I was courteous to you!*

Man: *Sir, I don't know how I can explain this...*

Hiko: *I have a machete.*

Man: *Excuse me?*

Hiko: *I have a machete. Well, not on me. It's at home. But at the speed you're driving, I could probably drive home, get it, and get back on your tail before we hit the next stop light.*

Man: *Sir, this is really inappropriate behavior...*

Hiko: *You ever been chopped up by a machete?*

Man: *Uh... no.*

Hiko: *I didn't think so. It hurts, let me tell you. I've never personally been chopped up, but I've talked to people who have, and they never seem to think it's much fun.*

Man: *Sir, I'm going to have to terminate this call...*

Hiko: *Don't you dare! Machete machete machete!*

Dead air. The son of a whore hung up on me. Foam dripping from my mouth, I called the number back. This time, a woman answered.

Woman: *Hello?*

Hiko: *Don't you ever hang up on me again!*

Woman: *Pardon me?*

Hiko: *You can try to disguise your voice as a woman, Mr. Completely*

Un-Courteous, but I already drove home and got my machete while you were driving 15 miles under the speed limit, and now there's foam dripping from my mouth, which means I'm both angry and slightly irrational. Now speed up before chop-chop!

Woman: *Sir, I believe you have the wrong number...*

Hiko: *Oooooooooo! You make me so mad! I'm so angry right now that I'm literally ripping the flesh off my face! See! I'm holding it out the window. Look in your side mirror! Face flesh. Whoa! Awwwwwww... Dammit! YOU MADE ME DROP MY FACE FLESH!*

Just then, the van in front of me courteously turned on a road to the right.

Hiko: *About time! Finally some courtesy. Good day to you, sir.*

I sped up, now unabated, to the legal speed limit plus 10. And they say calling those numbers accomplishes nothing.

***I do wish I had a sign on my car. It would be an electrical sign that could be changed simply by typing a message on a keyboard which would be attached to my dashboard.

There are many messages that I would like to type, but here would be my Top Three:

1. *My Cruise Control Is On – What’s Your Excuse?* This would be for those annoying people that speed up on your ass, so you get over to let them by, then they pull alongside you and maintain your speed, and eventually slow down or force you to take your cruise off because you’re coming up behind a slow moving truck.

1. *I’ve Had My Blinker On For Half A Mile – Let Me In Or I’m Cutting You Off.* It’s just a fair warning for those courteous drivers that don’t understand turn signals and are actually surprised that you force your way over when you need to either make a turn or exit the freeway.

1. *I’m Not Wearing Any Pants.* I just want to see who would look.

***I had a dream the other night that myself, my buddy Blue, [Mike Greenberg](#)

from

Mike and Mike In The Morning

, and

[Hurley](#)

from the show

Lost

were all suddenly bachelors and looking to share an apartment in New York City. We looked at several, but few had 4 bedrooms. Finally we found one that was perfect – well, perfect to everyone but me.

I found it strange that the apartment was furnished with cleverly placed mirrors and windows so that – no matter where you were in the apartment – you could see the toilet.

I may be alone on this, but there are certain things in life I prefer to accomplish under the shelter of privacy.

Apparently Blue, Greenie, and Hurley don't have that issue.

*****6/07 – Cavs vs. Spurs Game 1 “Thoughts”:** As many of you know, I do not regularly overflow with optimism. And certainly this game had every opportunity for me to break out a big fat case of the Cleveland Sports Blues.

But for some reason - perhaps the weather, perhaps the two Red Bulls I had this morning – I am actually prepared to embrace the few positives that can be taken from this experience.

Cleveland, the far more inexperienced and less talented team, was playing on the road in its first ever NBA Finals Game. And they played like crap. And the Spurs played well. And despite all that – if LeBron hits the three pointer with about 2 minutes left, they are only down 5 points.

There is much that can be learned from this loss. I do not have all the faith in the world in Mike Brown's coaching abilities – especially his ability to adapt to changing circumstances. But with a tweak here or there, some better play, and perhaps some refs that aren't Western Conference jumpy, the Cavaliers could be in this series.

It's hard to be encouraged by a loss – even more so when the game wasn't even as close as the final score – but I am hoping the young Cavs have taken San Antonio's best shot and are now prepared to face them.

After watching the game, there is no doubt that San Antonio is the superior team. But the better team doesn't always win, and if we can just get the big puncher down on the ground, perhaps we can outwrestle him and eventually submit him via chokehold.

I have identified two players as my *Players To Really Hate This Series* TM: Oscar Award

Winning Actor Manu Ginobili and Tony Parker.
How The Spork Did You Ever Get Eva Longoria?
Parker. I fart in their general direction.

Why Manu? Because he's uglier than sin and he plays the game in a way that only a bee-yotch can. True, he is a very talented individual. But look at him the wrong way and he'll go sprawling. When Drew Gooden got the flagrant foul, replays showed him grazing Manu's shoulder, which, of course, caused Manu to fly out of control into the stands like he'd just been shot by a hollow point. Manu drives, and if he can't make the circus shot, he'll throw himself into someone and then flop about as if 7000 angry wasps just stung him in the genitalia. And did I mention that he makes [Gheorghe Mureșan](#) look devastatingly handsome?

Why Tony? Because he's killing us and because he's kind of goofy looking and yet he's about to get married to Eva Longoria, which of course conveniently cuts me out of the picture (because as we all know, if not for Mr. Parker, Eva would be on my front lawn begging me for some attention). And did I mention that he's killing us?

Now, back to the game coverage... ah, hell, what's the use? The Cavs didn't play very well. They don't *have* to win Game 2, but they have to look a lot more competent than they did in Game 1 if they're going to cause me to believe that they have a legitimate chance to win this series. Good luck, gentlemen.

*****6/10 – Cavs vs. Spurs Game 2 “Thoughts”:** 20 minutes after Game 1, I was eager for this game to begin. 20 minutes before Game 2, I was dreading it. Somehow, in the 69-something hours between games, I lost my faith.

What's there really to say? The game was embarrassing.

Here's a crazy idea... when the Spurs shoot the ball and miss, REBOUND IT.

Halfway through the 2nd quarter, my girlfriend and I starting discussing movie options. We decided on

Die Hard

, since ABC was promoting the horrible, awful previews for

Live Free and Die Hard

, and I felt it necessary to defend the nobility of the original

Die Hard

despite the fact that I hadn't seen it in somewhere near 10 years and she had never seen it (one of the three people, apparently).

After the end of the 1st half, and the Cavs down by 25, we put it on. Sure, call me a bad fan if you must, but I am not gonna sit and willingly watch one of my favorite teams get REAMED. It's not fun. Quite the opposite. I'm not the beat writer for any of these teams – I don't need to rack my brains for critical analysis. You want critical analysis? They BLEW. And they used their teeth.

Of course, soon after turning *Die Hard* on, I sat there wondering if I was missing *The Greatest Comeback Of All Time*[™]. So I paused the movie and put the game back on midway through the 3rd

. Cavs down by 21.

Oooooooooo! I thought. *They've clawed within almost 20!*

And since that's called *Bitter Sarcasm*[™], I turned the movie back on, but soon once again found myself curious to know where the game was. Let's see – oh, end of the 3rd

, Cavs down by 27. Click! – back off again.

I will not turn this game back on for any reason whatsoever. Ever. Ever.

Well, I made myself a liar shortly after a scene in which Sgt. Al Powell buys his Twinkies and stood at the gas station looking up at Nakatomi Plaza. Why? Because the price for gas at that station read **77 freakin' cents** – in LA! – making me disturbed that only 19 years ago gasoline was a reasonable commodity. I figured that nothing was

more depressing than that, so I might as well turn on the game to see...

Hark! Can it be? They're only down by 9! What happened? What kind of devilry is this?

Oh wait. Duncan just scored again. And then the Cavs missed another shot. And now the clock is under a minute. Yes – obviously the Cavs made some kind of run whilst I was away, but it was too little too late, and I really don't feel like hearing a boring victorious

post-game interview with either Tony *How The Spork Did You Ever Get Eva Longoria?*

Parker or Tim Duncan. So back to the movie again.

I once thought that the Cavs would learn from the first experience. *Learn? What, me learn?*

Fool me once, shame on you. I'll not allow a second opportunity.

By the way, *Die Hard* is still quite enjoyable. If John McClane were the

Game 2 Cavs, he would've died by tripping over a hangnail and falling into an elevator shaft long before he ever uttered *Yippee Ki Yay Muddafukka*!

All that being said – I still look forward to Tuesday's night's game at the Q more than I've looked forward to a game in a long long time. Gentlemen, I implore you: **Make this a series.**

***Quote of the Week: *"They're gonna*

need some more FBI guys, I guess.

” – Deputy Chief Dwayne T. Robinson,
on the fiery FBI helicopter plunging to
the ground.