

Appeasing our readers who have been asking for "more Hiko", I've convinced the man of Moot Points genius to do a Monday Browns column for the next 5-6 months for us. Fret not, Moot isn't going anywhere - it's just moving to Fridays starting next week. In this week's column Hiko is all over the board ... hitting on Nickelback, John Mayer, the Pronk extension, Harry Potter, Peter King, and the Browns QB situation.



OR

Long After The Thrill

Little ditty about Hiko and Ursula. Two American kids trying to stay out of the hearse (ula).

Hiko wants to be a filmmaking star. Ursula debutante back seat of Hiko's car.

Hiko says "Hey Ursula, let's run off to the city." He had no idea if that would be good or shitty.

Ursula says "Hey, whatever you say." It wasn't the life she'd thought – she'd make him pay and pay.

Oh yeah, Life Goes On. Long after the thrill of living is gone. Oh yeah, I said, Life Goes On. Long after the thrill of living is gone.

Ten years later, their time was shot and done. Hiko knew all along Ursula wasn't the one.

He'd agreed to pay her more than he needed. He wanted the quickest way to live unimpeded.

But now Ursula decided to move the children's school. She wanted things her way to prove that she was cool.

Hiko said "Screw this" and got an attorney. Ursula screamed at him "Wish you were on a gurney."

Oh yeah, Life Goes On. Long after the thrill of living is gone. Oh yeah, I said, Life Goes On. Long after the thrill of living is gone.

Let it rock. Let it roll. Let the Bible Belt come down and save my

soul. Hold on to Sixteen as long as you can. Changes come around real soon make us women and men.

Oh yeah, Life Goes On. Long after the thrill of living is gone. Oh yeah, I said, Life Goes On. Long after the thrill of living is gone.

Little ditty about Hiko and Ursula. Two American kids to whom each other's a curse (ula).

***I detest Nickelback. Yes, yes, I am well aware that the band is very popular amongst the ladies, but I can't stand them. Every song sounds the same, and it's a pretty goddam boring song. Their lyrics are – how shall I say? – mind-numbing? And their musical talents are – how shall I say? – questionable at best.

However, I must admit that their vocal stylings are much preferred to that of a few other artists whom are very popular amongst the female demographic, and this would certainly include a singer named John Mayer.

I don't know if you've ever heard John Mayer, but his music is the opposite of “rousing” and “good”.

In fact, I have come up with a new term that trumps the term “*gay*” that I often use to mean “

lame

”. This new term is “

Gayer than John Mayer

”, which indicates “

Lame Beyond Human Comprehension

”
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***My boy Blue called our friend Hector the other day. Hector comes with Blue and I to every Indians Home Opener – he has for the last 6 or 7 years.

When Blue called Hector, they discussed the Indians’ fortunes, and Blue said “*Did you hear they signed Travis Hafner to an extension?*”

“*Yeah,*” Hector replied. “*And I heard they signed Pronk to an extension too.*”

Now, as a self-proclaimed Indians fan, Hector should know that Travis Hafner and *Pronk* are one and the same. But, for some reason, this was news to him. At least until he figured out that he might look like an ass.

“*Ha ha,*” he said. “*I knew that. Ha ha. I was just kidding. Ha ha.*”

Sorry, Hector. But you’ve gotta understand that you *have* to get your chops busted for that one. The shelf-life for chops busting is exactly one year, but we’ll cut your sentence down to from-now-until-next-opening-day.

***I’m gonna catch shit from y’all on this one, but I don’t care.

I, for one, am glad to see that the Indians signed Travis Hafner to an extension. Certainly, he’s not having the kind of year to which we are accustomed, but I am still of the mind that he will raise his production in the second half, and emerge at season end with the kind of numbers which are the norm for him.

I can only hope that his new contract contains language banning what could possibly be the lamest nickname ever – *Pronk*.

Many people have nicknames. I myself have several. But it is hard to imagine a nickname that overflows with dorkosity more than *Pronk*. That particular nickname is *Gayer than John Mayer*

Former Indian Bill Selby gave Hafner that nickname during Spring Training of 2003, when he combined other nicknames for him, such as “*The Project*” and “*Donkey*” (for the way he ran the bases). So, of course, what could be more clever than to mix and match and – viola! – we have “*Pronk*”.

Thanks, Selby. I’m sending you a bottle of turpentine for Christmas. Make sure and drink the whole thing.

So, the media gets a hold of this “nickname”, and the media just looooooves to label. And after the media eases their carpal tunnel syndrome by shortening Travis Hafner to *Pronk*, the marketing people get a hold of it and – viola! – we have

Pronkville

and

Pronk Flakes

and

Pronk Brand Prophylactics

Why do I hate this nickname so, you ask? Well, first, its origin is – to me – *muy lamoso*. Why would you embrace a nickname that reminds

you that you run like a donkey? And then, well, it just sounds stupid, like Pauly Shore's Neanderthal cousin in some movie that really should go straight to video. " *Me Pronk. Me eat cat.*" Cue hilarity.

I know many of you like the nickname, and to that I reply "*You say tomato, I say asparagus.*"

" You like it – fine. But I must admit that, although I am glad that we re-signed Travis Hafner, I wish

Pronk

were long long long sporking gone.

***** Browns Spew – 7/16/07**

To Sit Or Not To Sit?

Ah, yes. The age old debate. When drafting a QB high – automatically anointing them as your *Franchise QB of the Future*[™] - do you let them sit a year and learn the NFL game, or do you throw them into the fire so they can get real game experience?

Examples of success of either method can be found. Peyton Manning

was thrown into the fire. Carson Palmer sat behind Jon Kitna for a year.

Let's turn this debate towards Brady Quinn. As I mentioned last week, if Quinn holds out, then this question will be rendered moot, as he will have effectively killed any chance of getting the starting job for at least the early part of the season. But let's say – (fat chance) – he makes it into Training Camp on time.

The usual theory behind sitting a year is for the rookie QB to learn from a grizzled veteran who will give them pointers and help them to make their reads and learn the playbook and their progressions and to assist with decision making and on and on.

However, on the current Browns roster, who is Mr. Quinn going to learn this from? Where is the grizzled veteran?

Charlie Frye? Hardly. He's a player in his 3rd year playing in a new offense – he doesn't know any more than Quinn does. As much as I like Charlie, I'd flinch at the idea of him teaching my nephew to be an NFL QB, much less our

ranchise QB of the Future

™. One does not need 18 credit hours to learn:

OK, what you do is drop back, look at the receiver you want to pass it

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to, and if he's not open, then panic, run around, and throw the ball back across your body into double coverage if it appears that maybe a guy might be open somewhere in the middle of the field.

Besides, I get the feeling that Frye welcomes Quinn's presence on the Browns about as much as he would welcome a nice staph infection.

How about Derek Anderson? Does he fit the bill of grizzled veteran, he who is also in just his 3rd year? Well, yes, he did play in those 4 games last season. So he has 4 games more NFL experience than Brady Quinn. That's huge. And, by "*huge*", I mean "*so close to nothing that it's nearly a black hole*".

So I guess – in this situation – I'm just not buying the sit-Quinn-and-he'll-learn thang.

My vote is to have all 3 QB's come into Training Camp on equal footing, and may the best player win.

If that happens to be Mr. Quinn, then so be it. Trial by fire.

Peter King had a Retard Sandwich for Breakfast

Normally, I don't mind Peter King that much. Certainly, he doesn't remotely have what one would refer to as a *keen football mind*, but then neither do most members of the media (myself included), and Mr. King's weekly column – [Monday Morning QB](#) – is very readable and occasionally insightful and/or amusing.

However, glancing at his column this week, I can only conclude that he was feeling immensely lazy as he lollygagged his way through the Dead Season, said “*Gall Darn Darn! What the hell am I gonna write about this week?*”, and felt he could take whatever he next found floating in the toilet, throw it against a wall, and call it art, a la Jackson Pollack.

So he did one of those NFL Power Polls, you know where the teams are ranked 1-32 by how good they are. Mind you, any Power Poll done by anyone at this time of year – a.k.a. *Before Training Camp Has Even Started* – has all the insight of a nun ranking orgasms. Generally, writers do them when they’ve run out of anything pertinent to discuss, and they pretty much just regurgitate the rankings from the previous season and call it a day – as if the offseason never happened. Sure, they might have insight into the inner-workings of the top 4 or 5 teams, but the boys at the bottom – well, let’s just say national

sportswriters don't get paid for being thorough.

Of course, we all know these Power Polls are complete bullocks, but we glance at them anyway, because we, out of morbid curiosity, want to see where our favorite team is ranked.

Mr. King has the Browns ranked 32.

In case you haven't been paying attention, that's Dead Last.

His review:

32. Cleveland: The Browns are beginning to draft their way out of the abyss. But it's a pretty deep abyss.

With insight like that, it's no wonder CNNSI is Number One!

Apparently, all the national sportswriters feel we'd save everyone a lot of time and trouble if we just went out and shot ourselves.

Let's see... Oakland and Detroit had a worse record than we did last season. Apparently, somehow, they jumped us on the list. Despite our solid Free Agency acquisitions and our generally lauded Draft, the Browns have managed to sink below Oakland and Detroit in Mr. King's eyes.

Based on... what?

Mr. King has Oakland ranked at... hmmm... 28. He gives no real reason for the jump. Now let's check Detroit. At... uh... 13? **13?!?!?** Why, you ask? Well, he doesn't really say. Just something about Kitna being a good fantasy QB.

And then there's Tampa Bay, who had the same record as the Browns at 4-12. They're up at 29, which isn't rarified air, but I guess I must have missed the fantabulous offseason which clearly separated the Buccaneers of West-Central Florida from the Browns of Northeast Ohio.

Now, obviously I know the danger of discounting other teams' ability to improve - the way the Browns'

ability to improve was discounted by Peter King. It is not outside the realm of reality that the Lions could be the 13th best team in the league. Teams go from top to bottom, bottom to top, every year.

I suppose what is annoying me is that the Browns stockpiling of talent has left them with what – barring inevitable injury plagues – should be a solid all around team. Look at the current roster, and here is where we are noticeably weak:

QB. DE. Backup RB.

That's it. How can this team not be improved?

And, as all y'all know, I'm no raving optimist.

My indignation is, of course, silly, considering it's just some stupid Power Poll, and it doesn't mean anything anyway, and respect is earned, yada yada yada.

I'd have to assume this is me just lashing out at the prospect of another 4-12 Cleveland Browns season. So... *Screw You Peter King!* *We're going all the way this year!*
Woooooo-frickety-hooooo!

***I will come right out and admit that I am a fan of Harry Potter. Love the books, love the

movies. There – I'm a geek. I care not.

JK Rowling is certainly no literary genius, but she does have solid skills in both storytelling and character development, and I'm for anyone that can get kids to anxiously read 800 page books.

I saw *Harry Potter 5* last week, and it is quite on par with the excellence of Number 3 (*Prisoner of Azkaban*) and Number 4 (*Goblet of Fire*). It is extremely streamlined, which might be a good thing because *Order of the Phoenix* was by far the slowest of the books.

And now, just 5 short days away, the 7th and final book,

The Deathly Hallows

, is set for release.

My predictions? (*Warning – if you do not follow Harry Potter, the following will be as intelligible as a book about neurophysics written in ancient Sanskrit*)

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Snape is still on the side of the Order of the Phoenix. Killing Dumbledore was necessary to truly win Voldemort over. No one could possibly tell Harry about it since Voldemort might be able to read Harry's

thoughts, as Harry is still not skilled at Occlumency. Snape will perform some sort of act at the end which will afford Harry the opportunity to face Voldemort.

Harry will be back to Hogwarts in some fashion. He won't just be spending his final year roaming the countryside, searching for Voldemort and his Horcruxes. I have a half-assed theory that Professor McGonagall – after taking over as Headmaster of Hogwarts - asks Harry to be the Defense Against The Dark Arts teacher, but even I think that theory is *Gayer Than John Mayer*.

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One of Hermione or Ron will die.

Harry Potter will kill Voldemort, probably because of the strength of conviction that the death of either Hermione or Ron will give him. Despite rampant rumors that Rowling plans on killing Harry at the end of the book, he will live, and eventually find happiness.

(Bout freakin' time, too. Poor kid's had a shit life.)

***I went into the video store the other night, and was shocked to see an ex-girlfriend working behind the counter.

Check that: I saw a girl that looked *just like* an ex-girlfriend when she and I were both 19... 15 years ago. I assume her present day visage reveals the passage of time. I know mine does.

Regardless, it was very difficult to refrain from staring at this poor Blockbuster employee. She was probably sufficiently creeped out by the 30-something guy watching her intently. But what was I to

do? There are few things more enticing in the world than ex-girlfriends, especially ex-girlfriends from long ago. What do they look like now? What are they doing with their lives? Where do they live? Ex's are very alluring.

Well, except for my ex-wife. She's about as enticing to me as a rust sandwich soaked in goat urine.

****Dear Mr. Hiko,*

I used to really like your article, but it seems to be more of the same over and over again, and you just seem to insult things and never present anything constructive yourself, so it has gotten old with me.□ Maybe you should just call it quits.

Yours truly,

Spiro – Ashville, North Carolina.

Thanks, Spiro. I have this uncanny ability –

may, compulsion – to purposely piss off/disappoint the people I should most be trying to impress. It has worked wonders in my life so far. I wouldn't be where I am today without that ability. My parents, my friends, even my fairy godmother have given up on me at some point or another. Stick around, and I can do the same for you.

Call it a gift.

Take care, you.

Hiko