

You just never really know which direction Hiko is going to take "Moot Points", and this week is no exception. In his latest edition of Moot, Hiko talks about some of the nuances of being a father of two girls aged four and seven, Michael Vick, Travis Henry and his nine illegitimate kids, teen smoking, Michigan losing, the Big Ten network, and the Brent Musberger drinking game. "It's a foot race!"



OR

Happily Ever After

Every once in a while, my daughters, ages 4 and 7, will corral me and force me to watch some play that they just invented. Generally, this entails them dressing up in princess clothing and dancing and ordering their servants around (obviously getting ready for marriage).

These "plays" start off with a coherent plot, but soon wander and downgrade into my girls arguing with each other about what they're supposed to do next. After about 15 minutes of this, I have to tell them to wrap up the event, because as much as Daddy loves watching these works of unparalleled artistry, he doesn't know what the play is about, and he is hungry and needs a beer.

So my girls felt that it was important to come up with a planned story from beginning to end so that they didn't end in bitter dispute over the fate of the characters halfway through the presentation.

They asked me to attend yet another play a few nights ago, and as much as I wanted to avoid yet another leap into the void of girlish fancies, I agreed - as long as it was short.

This play was markedly different from the rest. Two princess sisters argued over a prince ("*Hold me back*" the older princess told her servant). But then a dragon appeared and carried the younger sister off. Forgetting their quarrel, the older sister grabbed her magic flaming sword, and got in her space ship and went to the planet of the unicorns, where she gave them chocolate milk and sushi, and they told her where the dragon lived: Pittsburgh (I kid you not).

Meanwhile, the younger sister and the dragon were passing the time by playing tic tac toe. The princess won, and the dragon became so angry that he ate her.

So when the older princess arrived on the back of a large hummingbird (I have no idea how that came into play) and found her sister devoured, she decided to fight the dragon to the death. There was a great sword fight, but then the dragon stabbed the princess in the heart, and she died.

The End.

I felt a tear of pride well up in my eye. That was beautiful, my girls. Just beautiful.

***Apparently, Michael Vick is in some trouble. Yeah - it's true! It seems that he was involved in some kind of dog-fighting/gambling ring. And he might go to jail! I can't believe you haven't heard about this!

So how do we get this story to stop dominating what is supposed to be sports news? "*How do we move past all this?*"; mused one sports radio host.

I've got an answer: STOP FRICKIN' TALKING ABOUT IT ALL THE FRICKIN' TIME!

Look at me. Do you see me talking about Michael Vick? Well, other than right now?

Mikey Vick thought he was above the law and got busted and all his boys turned on him and he was forced to take the plea. He be goin' to jail for a while, then he'll get some *Don't Bother Coming In To Work* time after that. Most likely, it'll be '09 or '10 before we see Mr. Vick sprinting around in the backfield again.

I don't know a lot of the specifics of the case, because, well, shortly after it became a 24 hour a day discussion topic, I got incredibly bored and stopped paying attention. Now, I'm just annoyed.

If you don't like it, just change the channel! whines the populace. Ah,

but, in the past, the channel that I always changed it to was a Sports channel. Now this crap has taken over not only the sensationalist mainstream coverage, but it's subverted my sports-based escape as well!

It's not that I turn an uncaring eye to the whole dog fighting thing. It's just that it's too overdone. They might as well start a new cable channel called *Michael Vick Dogwatch*. I'm sick of it already. I was sick of it weeks ago. Just like with the OJ case, the media beat the metaphorical dog to death and just kept beating it until it was unrecognizable.

I am supremely uninterested.

"How can you not care?" my girlfriend Elektra asked me whilst she and her friend Persephone (you might remember her from [this episode of Moot](#)) were in conversation regarding the topic. Persephone and I share much the same twisted sense of humor.

"It's not that I don't care - I just don't want to hear about it any more," I responded.

"That's the same as not caring!" she replied.

"Whatever," I yawned.

Turning to Persephone, Elektra continued. "It's terrible what they did, killing the dogs. And they didn't just kill them! They drowned them and hung them!"

"Well," Persephone reasoned, "the dogs were all wet, so they had to hang them out to dry."

It seems that Persephone and I are "horrible horrible" people for both thinking that was funny. If you found that amusing - even just a little - know that Elektra thinks you too are horrible squared.

Anyway, to put this dog to bed, this is the last you will see of *Michael Vick Dogwatch* in Moot Points, and here's hoping that the rest of the media can follow my lead in making our airwaves a Vick-free zone.

As for Mike himself? To sum up his situation, I think I'll paraphrase Norm from *Cheers*:

It's a dog eat dog world out there, and Michael Vick's wearing milkbone underwear.

***Sing this to the Oscar Meyer bologna song:

Oh, my daddy has a first name

It's T-R-A-V-I-S.

My daddy has a second name

It's H-E-N-R-Y.

I don't see him 'round this way

And if you ask me why I'll sayyyyyyyyy...

Travis Henry seems to have a way

Of spreading 'round his DNA.

***Hey, have you heard the Debunkify.com commercial about dating?

Debunkify.com is an anti-smoking website aimed at high school and college aged individuals. They have a commercial running on the radio, where a girl starts talking about how much she loves her cell phone,

and how it is the greatest invention ever, and how she loves her high school team, the Cougars (" *roar*" she says with a giggle), but she doesn't date smokers. In fact, she tells us, nearly 75% of high school seniors prefer to date non-smokers.

So, seniors, if you want to date someone like this bubble headed bimbo cheerleader who's always on her cell phone, you better not smoke.

Good reason to go buy yourself a carton, kids.

***** Ha!**

Michigan lost 34-32 to Division 1-AA Appalachian State on Saturday.

Ha Ha!

At home.

Ha Ha!

It's too bad. Really.

***I watched the Buckeyes on Saturday. Did you?

If you don't have DirecTV, and you didn't go to the game, then the answer is most likely NO.

Let's see... the NFL Network... the Big Ten Network... the NFL Package...

Why do you still have cable?

***Another day, another instance of Tiki Barber whining about the Giants. Today, Tiki's saying that [he would still be playing football if not for Tom Coughlin](#)

Anyone else think it's time for Tiki to watch this nice instructional video I made called *Shut The F**k Up?*

It takes quite a prick to make Tom Coughlin sympathetic.

***A friend of mine sent this to me, so I thought I'd share it with all y'all.

Personally, I feel it involves far too much thought for a drinking game, especially once the inebriation begins. But it would be fun to watch...

Brent Musberger Drinking Game

<http://forums.hornfans.com/php/wwwthreads/printthread.php?Cat=&p;Board=classics&main=590437&type=thread>

Play at your own risk. It is conceivable your whole party will be shitfaced with 8 mins remaining in the 1st quarter.

*Note: Partner is spelled "Pardner," because that's the way Brent says it.

Rule #1: "The Pardner" A person is picked to be the Pardner at the beginning of the game. The first time Brent says "Pardner," the Pardner has to take 1 drink, and then picks someone else to be the Pardner. The next time Brent says it, the new Pardner has to take 2 drinks, and then pick a new Pardner, and so on and so on. The Pardner must wear a special "Pardner" hat.

Rule #2: "Folks" Everyone drinks 1 when Brent says "Folks." However, if Brent says "Hold on Folks", everyone must drink once but the first person to drink has to finish their drink for not holding on.

Rule #3: "It's a foot race!"; Whenever Brent says "It's a foot race"; everyone has to finish their drink. The first one done becomes "That Man"; and gets to punch the Pardner in the arm.

Rule #4: "There's that man again";. After someone becomes "That Man," they get to give away 3 drinks to someone of their choosing the next time Brent says "That Man." That person then becomes "That Man." If Brent says "That Man" before "It's a footrace," The Pardner becomes That Man. If The Pardner becomes That Man first, he gets to punch the new That Man in the arm twice after giving away the 3 drinks. There must also be a special hat for "That Man."

Rule #5: "Dr. Pepper";. Every time Brent says "Dr. Pepper"; everyone has to yell out "I'M A PEPPER!"; and take 2 drinks. Afterwards, each person must give out a satisfied "AAAAAAHHHHH!";, as if in a Dr. Pepper commercial. Anyone who fails to do so must drink again.

Rule #6: "Jack Arute";. Whenever Brent says "Our ol' buddy Jack Arute"; everyone has to say "AROOOOOOT!"; Last one to do it has to do a shot. If everyone does it simultaneously, the Pardner must do a shot.

Rule #7: "In the college game";. Whenever Brent says this little gem, everyone must say "Shut the f**k up Brent";, drink 2, and punch the Pardner in the arm.

Rule #8: Mentioning a Big 10 school during a Big 12 game. Whenever Brent does this, the first person who names the Big 10 school's mascot gets to make somebody drink for 11 seconds, since there's 11 schools in the Big 10.

Rule #9: Calling a touchdown before the player actually scores. For example, during an interception return, Brent says "It's a touchdown!" before the player actually scores. In this case, everyone must start drinking and continue to drink until the player actually does score. If by some odd event, the player does NOT score, everyone must finish their drink.

Rule #10: "Gary, my man". Whenever Brent says "Gary, my man", the Pardner gets to choose someone to be Gary. From that point on, that person must be referred to as "Gary, my man" until the game is over. "Gary, my man" gets to give away 5 drinks the rest of the game any time Brent says "Gary, my man". If someone talks to "Gary, my man" without calling him that, they have to do a shot. If there is someone playing the game actually named Gary, that person is automatically "Gary, my man".

Rule #11: "The Major". If Brent has a pet nickname for one of the players during the game, for example calling Major Applewhite "The Major", everyone must drink 5 anytime Brent uses this nickname. However, "Gary, my man" does not drink but gets to give away 5 drinks since this person already has a nickname of their own.

Rule #12: "John Saunders". The first time Brent quips with John Saunders, everyone must drink 1. The next time, everyone must drink 2, and so on and so on.

Rule #13: In the booth. Whenever there's a camera shot of Brent in the booth, the Pardner must make a toast to Brent. After the toast, everyone must drink 1

Rule #14: "My Friend". Every Pardner gets to choose a "Friend." The friend must always get up to get the Pardner another drink (since the Pardner will be doing quite a bit of that). However, when Brent utters "My Friend" the friend gets to punch the Pardner in the arm for making him get up so much.