

You knew it was only a matter of time before Hiko chimed in on the writers strike. And with several friends in the Writer's Guild, Hiko seriously considered going on strike as well as a show of solidarity for his disgruntled bretheren. But fret not Hiko fans, instead of striking his writing, he's decided to go on strike against Hollywood in general. Hiko hits on that, as well as a number of other topics in this week's version of "Moot Points".



OR

Hikos Unite!

As many of you know, the Writer's Guild of America [has gone on strike](#)

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They are seeking greater revenue sharing from media such as DVD sales and Internet downloads.

Their absence has already meant a halt to nightly variety shows, and will certainly threaten upcoming movies and TV series. Instead of

quality TV programming, you'll get hours upon mindless hours of Reality TV. Yep, endless nights of *The Biggest Multiple Personality Disorder*, or

Survivor: Detroit

, or

Pseudo-Celebrity Big Brother

starring Alice from the

Brady Bunch

and Ricky Schroeder's 2

nd

Cousin's ex-boyfriend.

I have several friends in the Writer's Guild, so I sympathize with their plight due to association. And I never begrudge anyone the opportunity to kick The Man in the balls.

But, honestly, it's a battle between people with a lot more money than me and people with a LOT more money than me. The WGA members that are in a similar financial situation to myself probably just want to work, will be the most hurt by the situation, and will most likely see diddly-poo in the way of DVD and Internet revenue regardless.

In a show of solidarity, I considered going on strike as well. My plan was not to write again until I received a dime for every hit on each Moot Points article. I abandoned this course of action when it was pointed out to me that - should I actually get that

deal - it would mean I would make \$1.30 a week.

Then I thought about holding out for my own advertising rights. I made some calls, opened some inquiries, and came up with 3 offers, all of which are offering \$.98 cents per month. My options are:

Hiko - Brought To You By Beano

Spam Presents: Hiko

Kamchatka - Official Vodka of Hiko

So much for internet revenue.

Instead of striking my writing, I shall go on strike against Hollywood in general. Until the Writers and the Mega-Millionaire Money Men come to a peaceful solution, I will no longer watch any TV that isn't sports related. This includes major sacrifices like MTV (Moron TV)... and QVC... and Oxygen... and Fox News.

Along with this ban, I shall add stupid movies with bad actors. And sequels. And bad movies with stupid actors. And movies without nudity.

And all commercials. Even beer commercials. (OK - not beer commercials.)

How will you manage this?, you ask. I'll find a way.

I've been doing it for years now.

I see about two new movies each month, of which one is consistently terrible. And the list of TV shows that I've never seen spans almost every show on TV.

My apologies to all my friends that work in the entertainment business, but give me Sports any day of the week.

There's more drama than a Drama. It's real, and the outcome isn't always predictable or pre-ordained.

There's more comedy than a Comedy. You ever see Brian Billick throw a fit, or watch Michigan fans cry as they lose yet again? That, my friends, is funny shit.

There's more reality than a Reality Show. Which is an obvious statement that could be made about anything from *Knight Rider* to *Harry Potter*

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There's more horror than a Horror Film. Root for Cleveland teams for a while - you'll know what I'm talking about.

Sports have more than their fair share of issues. They fall prey to many of the pitfalls that snare the entertainment biz, as well as any other high-profile, high-profit industry. And I can - obviously - only speak for myself. I don't feel that anyone is wrong for their own personal preferences.

(Except those of you that watch the E! Channel.)

But if not for the fate of those of my friends who may or may not be affected, I wouldn't care if the Writer's Strike could last from

now until the end of time.

***This weekend, the Buckeyes beat the Wolverines, the Browns beat the Ravens, I emerged victorious in my fantasy league, and won a couple hundred bucks in my office pool.

Ahhhhhhhhh... I love football.

Until the next time I get sporked without jello, at least...

***According to an article on [Yahoo last week](#), Fake Santas in Sydney, Australia were asked to say "Ha ha ha" rather than "Ho ho ho", in an effort not to offend women. Well, not all women. Just those women of questionable moral fortitude, especially in regards to their sexual conduct.

This story is why I hate people.

(Except you, dear readers. If you have persevered with me to this point, you are obviously individuals of great intellectual

intensity, most likely blessed with above-average attractiveness.)

Back to Santa and the Ho Ban.

So we've gotten a point in society where we're tiptoeing around what Ho's sensitivities?, I ask myself incredulously. They're Ho's. Who cares what they think?

Their plight is a simple one. If Ho's would prefer not to be referred to as "Ho's", then perhaps they should stop being Ho's. This way, the slang term "Ho" would no longer hold an offensive connotation.

How do I do that?, asks a Ho.

Geeeeee, how can you stop being a Ho? Oh, I've got it! Don't be a Ho!

And if you don't *want* to stop being a Ho - or *can't* stop being a

Ho - then it must be because you
like being a Ho

. So embrace your Ho-ness. There ain't a damn thing wrong with it. Frankly, the world could use more Ho's.

So the next time you're walking down the street, and some jolly fellow dressed in red lets loose a joyous "Ho ho ho!", you give him a wink and a smile, and show him that bullseye tattoo that you have on your lower back. You know, the one right above your leopard-print thong.

As I've learned from numerous magazine spreads over the years, Santa wouldn't mind.

***Insert Paris Hilton joke here.

***I've also read a couple articles that claim that Santa is too fat, and that he's a bad role model because his appearance tells children that it's OK to be overweight.

If that's the message children are getting, then those are some dumbass children, and the world would probably be better off if they were euthanized now before they grow up to be Steelers

fans.

***This goes hand in hand with the Post-Birth Abortion statute that I'm trying to push through Congress. It simply gives parents the right to abort their children for up to 18 years after their birth.

Rare would be the child that makes it through his/her teens.

***The following is dedicated to loneliness:

Ah Achmed, dear Achmed.

You've gone and shocked us all.

You're returning to your doom.

It's hard to watch you fall.

It's your life; it's your choice.

We wish you the best of luck.

We know you feel you have your reasons.

*Yet we still say "WHAT THE ****?"*

We, your friends and family

Love you more than we hate certain others

So accepting your decision

Is what it takes to remain brothers.

However, you should know that

Her I do not forgive.

I'll not shed a single tear

If I don't see her as long as I live.

I'm sure her sentiments are similar.

Our false niceties are done.

Spending hours staring at each other in hatred.

Is what neither her nor I would call "fun";.

I know you're tortured; I know you're distraught.

I'm not here to add to your pain.

So this is the last I'll discuss it with you.

Bitching about it brings no gain.

So, may life bring you fortune, my friend.

Be it here, the south, or the east.

Think long and hard about the rest of your life.

And may you finally find some peace.