One of the naturally funniest people I know, Hiko has been a part time contributor to this website since its inception. After months of teasing me with occasional, hysterical, and sobering columns ... he's agreed to take his "Moot Points" column and make it a regular Monday feature here on the Blurbs. In today's installment, he takes an amusing look at the Shitcan Romeo Debate, child support payments, quitting smoking, and pumping his liver full of Jaeger Bombs to ease the pain that all these things cause him.

Or

How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love Jaeger Bombs

***The topic du jour in the Browns world has been the supposedly imminent firing of one Romeo Crennel.

I too would like to sound off on this subject. Ready? Here it comes. And, I'd like to add, I'm very passionate about this viewpoint.

I don't care.

This team is really depressing to watch. It appears they have no fire, no guts, as Paul Hilton Davis would say. I would agree that Romeo probably deserves to be fired by how poorly the team has played in this, his second year, and for his seeming lack of control over the team.

Then again, it could all be part of a building process, and he could conceivably turn it around next season and make this team into a contender. It's not likely, but who knows?

Firing Romeo then means that we have to find another coach, probably some new coordinators, possibly implementing a completely new offensive and defensive scheme which does not fit the abilities of the players that we have been acquiring over the last couple years (see: defense, 3-4). And of course there's the start-up year, where the new staff evaluates the talent on the team and decides who's worth keeping and who needs trashed.

So a new coach would mean next year would be *yet another* year of "rebuilding". I'm sick of fucking "rebuilding". We've been "rebuilding" since Hurricane Art went through here.

Then again, if Romeo is not the answer (and it certainly seems he isn't), waiting to make a change just sets this team back *yet another* year.

In the end, to me, it seems like there is really no great answer (unless we could somehow get Jeff Fisher, but that just ain't gonna happen, goddammit). And last I checked, I have no official position within the Browns organization, Phil Savage hasn't been reading my e-mails, and Randy Lerner won't return my phone calls. Thus – I have no power over this situation anyway, so I refuse to get my sphincter in a knot over it.

I'll just let it play out and try to look forward to whatever future the Browns brass deems

appropriate. That's the definition of fan (especially Browns, Cleveland): to keep coming back year after year even when your team has seemingly beaten hope to death.

***Nothing scares me so much as the Browns having their opponent in 3rd and long. This is supposed to be a good thing, but with the Brownies, I just cringe and wait for inevitable disaster. It happened against Pittsburgh, and it happened against Baltimore. The second the Browns gave up the 3rd and long TD pass, the game was over. I knew it, you knew it, my dentist knew it, my mother's canary knew it.

***So it's 4th and 14, and you try and throw the 5 yard out? Were you drinking Iron City Beer last night?

***I'll never be the kind of person that can root for their team to lose just so they can get a better draft pick. High draft picks are very expensive, and if they don't pan out (which ours never seem to do), then they set the franchise back. Plus, I just can't root against the Browns.

***I can identify with Bears fans. Their team is 12-2 and looking at home field advantage throughout the playoffs – and they boo their team mercilessly for letting Tampa Bay come back from 21 down at home. Good for them. If a team is fucking up – no matter how good they've played previously or what their records is – they need to be told that it's not OK.

Now throw a couple bottles at the underperforming players.

***Chicago is destined for yet another early round playoff exit. So is Indy.

***As good as I think the Ravens ain't, I'm mortally afraid of them making a playoff run. I don't think I can stand Purple Fever twice in one decade. That, and I really can't abide the visage of Brian Billick. If I were God, I'd have his head in my urinal. I would just stand in front of it, chugging large, watered down beers, daring him to speak.

***I moved into a new house a little over a month ago, and just got around to filing my important paperwork last night. I came across a folder that I received right after my final divorce hearing. It is entitled " *Welcome to Child Support*". Knowing the huge-ass chunk of dough that makes its way from each of my paychecks to my ex's Macy's account, I find the title ironic. It's like receiving a folder entitled "
Welcome to Chronic Hemorrhoids
".

***I quit smoking 10 days ago. Despite the fact that I am indeed ready to quit, I must admit there are aspects of smoking that I will miss. I can't speak for you, but I have always found (hoped that) smoking to be cool/mysterious/dark. You can sit by yourself at a bar, and you just look like a loser. But if you sit there by yourself – *smoking* – then you're *doing something*. So you look – what? – deep?

(Laugh if you will – this got me laid so much in college that I'm thinking about writing a How-To book.)

I had a geeky friend that wrote comic books. He never smoked in his life (nor had much experience with drugs, alcohol, women, or reality), yet every one of protagonists smoked. Every one. Why? It personified what he wished he could be, if he weren't a health-freak vegan destined to jerk off to animated porn and crawl into bed at 8:30 to fall asleep watching re-runs of Battlestar Gallactica.

***Having DirecTV's NFL Package, I get to watch any game I want. There were several

games with playoff implications this Sunday, and to hear the intensity of the fans and watch the competitiveness of the teams… I want that for my team. I am distraught that the Browns have become lumped in with the Arizonas and the Detroits of the league.

***Speaking of the NFL Package, I'd also like to mention that I really hate it when the Browns play in prime time, because then there's no other game to flip to when I'm so frustrated with watching the Browns, I could rip my lips off.

***I don't follow baseball at all, so I'm wondering what the hey is up with lat week's ESPN 24 hour a day coverage of this Daihatsu Mazdasuzuki that signed with the Red Sox. This dude must be like the Japanese Jesus to be getting this much pub. Fortunately, he is a pitcher, because if we learned anything from *Major League*, it's that Jesus can't hit a curveball.

But, then again, since I got DirecTV, I have the NFL Network, so ESPN and baseball have basically ceased to exist.

Even basketball, which is a sport I *actually like*, doesn't exist until after the NFL season is over.

***I could've picked LaDainian Tomlinson with the first overall pick in my fantasy league draft. Instead, I picked Shaun Alexander.

Yes, the 41st ranked fantasy RB.

Which brings me to my first ever weekly segments…

Haiku About Someone I Hate

Shaun Alexander

You Make Reuben Droughns Look Good

Drink A Strychnine Shake.

Browns Player Whose Intestines I'd Most Like To Feed To Rabid Hyenas This Week:

Dennis Northcutt. You get this trophy mainly because of last week. But since you won't see much of the field from here on out, figured I'd throw you under the bus while I still can.

The Fugly Five:

28: Tampa Bay – gets moved up just for courageous effort in Chicago

29: Cleveland – prove me wrong and win next week, at home, versus Tampa.

30: Detroit – they suck, but have played tough the last couple weeks.

31: Houston – circling the toilet fast.

32: Oakland – worst offense of all time.

Countdown to the merciful end of the season:

13 Days.