It's Monday afternoon, which means it's time for "Moot Points" here on The Blurbs. In this edition, Hiko rants on his girlfriends cat, how aging makes the holidays a lot less funner, QB controversies between guys that both have no business being in one, and the Browns injury report. Hiko also delivers his wildy popular weekly feature "A Haiku About Someone I Hate". If there's a funnier weekly Cleveland sports column on the web, please alert me so I can blackmail the author into writing for me.

Sympathy For The Grinch

***I will try not to epitomize Bah Humbug, but I now wince as Christmas rolls around. With the number of children now in my family (mine, nephews, nieces, adopted Chinese émigré), I must take out a 3rd mortgage on the house in order to afford all these stinkin' presents.

I have no idea what to buy any of these damn people, so this year everyone is getting gift cards. Hopefully, my girls will enjoy their Lowe's gift cards. I've heard that's a very popular present for children under 7.

And then there's that one strand of icicle lights that went out – the one at the highest point of the roof where it is very difficult to get at – the one that I had to strap on my crampons and use pick-axes to reach - the one that was the perfect length for that spot, and now must be replaced by a strand 3 times as long.

Not to mention my girlfriend's cat, which has decided the Xmas tree is her personal padded cell. From time to time, you'll just hear the shatter of ornaments and the shaking of the tree. By the time I get in there with my machete, the little bitch has hidden behind the couch. Let me catch you one time, Socks, and I'll make Chow Mein out of you.

And where is the goddam snow? It feels about as Christmas-y as the Sahara. I bought some new sleds about a month ago. Have yet to use the suckers. Perhaps I'll make a bobsled track out of sticks in the back yard. And what's more fun than throwing a few wet leafballs right after you made Stanky the Mudman?

Obviously, I enjoyed Christmas as a child. As a teen, it was OK. In college, it was a chance to come back home from New York, have sex with some old girlfriends, visit my buddy at OSU, and generally just stay drunk for 2 weeks straight. So that wasn't so bad.

But now my friends have gotten old and boring, the old girlfriends have gotten married and fat,

and my buddy from OSU is less fun than pouring tarantulas down my boxers. I have to watch what I eat or apparently my cholesterol will make my heart spontaneously implode. I just quit smoking, which was something I really enjoyed. And I couldn't possibly drink for 2 weeks straight due to my parental responsibilities. Time has made a mockery of Christmas vacation.

And topping all the fun off would be my potentially delusional girlfriend getting insulted by my parents' present – a handi-vac. She somehow has decided that my parents are sending her the message that *"she is a spot that needs cleaned up"*. It's as if I stepped through a wormhole into an alternate dimension where everyone is FUCKING CRAZY.

Sure – that period of time from Christmas Eve to when the presents have been opened on Christmas Day is nice, because the kids are young and they still have the "joy" of Santa's arrival. But it's over so quickly – it's fleeting. And then you're left with the sobering reality – Thank Fucking Buddha That Fucking Christmas Is Fucking Over.

***The new and inevitable QB debate has me yawning. Maybe I just don't have enough energy to care about the debate about which of these 2 mediocre QB's is better. We did this a couple years ago with the *Great Holcomb/Couch Subcommittee To Determine Who Sucks Less* . At that time, I was personally done with weak-armed stupid overpaid Couch, and ready to jump at any QB that
wasn't
him. But, in the end, there was no improvement with the move to Holcomb.

And there was no improvement with Jeff Garcia. Or Trent Dilfer.

All's we've had here in Cleveland is one long parade of craptastic QB play.

Since it is my job, I will give this analysis of the current QB debate: Charlie's got mobility, Derek's got the arm. Derek's got better size, Charlie's got more experience. I will admit that Anderson's ceiling is higher, but that doesn't mean he will be a better QB. I am a little more interested in watching DA, since I've seen a good dose of Frye so far this year, and I am massively underwhelmed. That being said, I also think it's too early to put the nails in Charlie's coffin (although it's probably time to read him last rites).

I have serious questions about both Derek Anderson and Charlie Frye's decision making, accuracy, and intelligence. And they both look like hicks.

In the end, I don't give a shit whom the QB is. They can take the number and the name off the jersey for all I care. It could be the Dali Lama or Henry Kissinger – I just want better production from whatever asshole plays that position for the Cleveland Browns.

***Like all Cleveland QB's since the return, Derek Anderson gets worse the more games he plays. It's as if, after a few starts, they realize that they are *supposed to/destined to* suck, and they give in to their fate.

***I informed a friend this week that if Phil Savage drafts Brady Quinn, I'm driving to Berea and

taking a big Taco Bell crap on his windshield.

***If it's 3rd and 14 for Tampa, that must mean they're going to easily get a first down.

***Genius call, having Phil Dawson pooch punt into the end zone. Brilliant.

***Since Braylon Edwards wasn't starting, Kellen Winslow apparently felt the need to "represent" by knocking the slant pass up in the air for the easy interception.

***Who the hell were those announcers? Since we only have two home games a year against NFC teams, we don't get the pleasure of hearing Fox's bottom of the barrel stooges very often. Usually it's Ian Eagle or Brent Jones (CBS' bottom of the barrel).

They obviously have never been to Cleveland before, marveling at Big Dawg and the Bone Lady as if they were nuns with three tits. They must have just come here from the NFL Europe Announcer Exchange Program.

***I decided I'd finally had enough after DA's 4th interception and turned to another game. Magically, the Browns score a TD instantly after I turn the channel. It never fails. It reinforces my theory that I am the problem.

***That game was an absolutely pitiful effort by the Browns – probably the worst of the year. But it's difficult to even muster the effort to be enraged.

***I think Romeo's yelling at K2 was too little, too late. I still have no particular strong feelings on Romeo's fate, but my hunch is that losing badly at home to a 3-11 team sealed RAC's trip to the gallows.

***I decided that The Curse must wear jersey 00, and was verily upset with LeCharles Bentley for trying to steal it away. The Curse made an example out of poor LeChuck.

***The Cleveland Browns always seem to lead the league in one category: Players on IR. Once again, many positions are manned by backups, several by backups of backups.

Here is the celebrated IR list (heading into the game) – many entrants of the recent variety:

Gary Baxter (look for him to soon own a car dealership near you)

LeCharles Bentley (this one was like chewing glass, and the rumors of him missing next year as well makes it so much worse)

Kelly Butler (our backup RT, just this week)

Andrew Hoffman (uh…)

D'Qwell Jackson (all promising rookies must succumb to major injury)

Ethan Kelley (we don't need no stinkin' DL depth)

Jeremy Lesueur (I didn't realize he played for us)

Daylon McCutcheon (why Ralph Brown made the damn team)

Orpheus Roye (we don't need no stinkin' DL starters)

Brian Russell (another recent addition)

Jason Wright (just when he was starting to look good, his career gets KO'd)

Not to mention DeMario Minter, who has been resting comfortably on PUP all season, and Ryan Tucker, who had to retire due to Julius Peppers nightmares.

Which made him the 3rd OL this season to retire because of mental derailment.

Soon to be appearing! Derek Anderson and Charlie Frye!

And, looking at the Injury Report, it appears that every remaining member of the Cleveland Browns is Questionable.

I am seriously starting to warm up to the idea that every single Browns player be equipped with a full body brace before training camp even starts. Fuse it to their bones, if necessary. Make them all half-metal cyborgs. Slow and rusty, yes. But at least they'll be on the field.

***Talking to my Grandfather yesterday, I likened being a Cleveland Browns fan to getting a venereal disease from Pamela Anderson just from kissing her once back in the late '80's. And despite the fact that you're stuck with Hepatitis B for the rest of your life, you have no idea if you'll EVER get to finally bang that bimbo.

***The Bears are henceforth renamed the Paper Bears. Team is looking muy weak.

***Watching the Jets-Fins game last night, 10-10 tie, the Jets get a long screen pass down to the Miami 15 with about 1:40 left. The Fins only have one timeout. So, the Jets just have to run the ball, get Miami to use their last time out, run it two more times to milk the clock, then kick the easy field goal.

Which is exactly what they did.

Am I the only one that thought it was a good idea for Miami to just have all their defenders fall flat on their faces on the first run with 1:40 left and let the Jets RB score? That way they have the ball with about 1:30 left, one timeout, and some semblance of hope of driving down the field for the tying TD. Just praying for a professional kicker to miss a 32 yarder seems to be pretty

shitty odds to me.

Haiku About Someone I Hate

Ugh, Brian Billick

Smirking Face Shows Huge Ego

Baseball Bat To Teeth

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

Derek Anderson. You seemed to have very little idea what colors your teammates were wearing.

The Fugly Five:

28: Arizona – despite winning, because there's only a few REALLY pitiful teams.

29: Washington – despite playing well recently, because I feel like Tampa would beat them right now.

30: Detroit – playing with pride, but they are truly awful.

31: Cleveland – the first of the REALLY pitiful teams, only up here due to the fact that they beat Oakland head to head.

32: Oakland – uglier than a Pittsburgh prostitute

Countdown to the merciful end of the season:

5 Days.