Exploding septic tanks. New Years Day hangovers. The Fugly Five and The Haiku About Somebody I Hate. It's Moot Points time on The Blurbs. Hiko chimes in with his thoughts on all of those topics, the Browns final game, Daven Holly and Josh Cribbs, Vince Young and JaMarcus Russell, Jay Cutler's ugliness, Dick Clark, and Boise State/Oklahoma in his most recent effort.

2007 – A Crappy Year

I've had a fantastic start to the New Year. My septic tank backed up around 3 am New Year's morning, exploding feces and used toilet paper all over the downstairs shower. It was like a Port-o-john got dumped onto the floor of the poor thing.

Try cleaning up piles of soggy shit with a hangover. Combine the odor of sewage with that of stewed sauerkraut. My gag reflex tingles just thinking about it again.

Since today was the earliest we could get Mr. Septic out here, we got to enjoy an entire day yesterday without running water (for fear of more flooding). When one pisses in a toilet perhaps 7 or 8 times during the course of a day, and it just sits there – brewing – it causes quite a pungent phenomenon.

And then you get to hold onto your shit like it was money (props to *Unforgiven* for one of my favorite quotables).

Mr. Septic did come today and investigated the situation. After perhaps 15 minutes of staring into the septic tank (What could possibly be that interesting in there? Trying to determine our fiber intake?), he came into the house and tested the toilet.

Yep – it floods the downstairs shower, just like I told ya! I can understand why you needed to see it for yourself, though.

At which point he felt it best to plunge and plunge and plunge the shower drain. He was so eager in his endeavors that he managed to spray liquid poo onto the floor and even the walls. I was unfortunate enough to be in the direct path of one of the streams. I feel violated.

After making a colossal mess of the downstairs shower which I had so joyously cleaned yesterday, he announced “that’s not working”.

Yep – but at least the room has some color now! We’ll call it the “Dalmatian Room”

So he pulled his 350 lb machine down the stairs, leaving a nice dark trail on the carpet, and finally snaked the line from the house to the septic tank. Miracle! Apparently all that plunging wasn’t necessary after all!

Not that it wasn't fun…

And the price tag for all this ecstasy? Only $200. Plus the added bonus of getting to clean up shit all over again.

I think I'll try to flush a towel just to get the pleasure of repeating the whole shebang.

***I did manage to watch the entire Browns game against Houston. What I did was pretend that it was a playoff game between two evenly matched, very good football teams.

And I drank a lot.

To sum up the Browns season: *Thank god for the Buckeyes.*

***The Browns dominated the first half, yet came away with a 3-0 lead. They were pretty much toast at that point. The only way the Browns win this year is if they build a BIG lead and then barely hold onto it. Or come from 14 or more points down. Close games – they're a shoo-in for the L.

***One bright spot – Daven Holly. He has been playing like this year's Leigh Bodden.

***Cribbs did a much better job returning punts than earlier this season. Which doesn't

necessarily mean he was any good, but I figured that I should say something nice.

***I was happy to see Charlie Frye starting. I want to think that it's because I haven't lost faith in him. In reality, it was probably because I was just happy that Ken Dorsey WASN'T starting. Dorsey has that rare trifecta that you so rarely see in the NFL these days: immobility, weak-arm, and poor decision making.

***Do the Browns have any plays in their book that involve a pass more than 10 yards down the field? Or do they just refer to those as "Trick Plays"?

***I'm starting to hear Jamarcus Russell's name bandied about as a potential Top10 pick – even a potential pick for the Browns. I haven't seen much of him, so all I can do is be intrigued by his measurables, and the fact that he *isn't* Brady Quinn (which is a big bonus in my book).

I will most certainly be watching Mr. Russell in the Sugar Bowl tomorrow. If he's even worth a pint of piss, he and LSU will easily trounce Quinn & the Irish. And watching Notre Dame get bent over a log in yet another bowl game is always a hoot.

***The Steelers ended the Bengals season for the second year in a row. In Cincinnati. With thousands of obnoxious, barely literate Pittsburgh fans in attendance.

We may soon be second in the *We Hate Everything Steelers Olympics.*

Perhaps if we make a pact with Cincinnati, we can combine all the best players from both

teams, and spend the next several seasons beating Pittsburgh so badly that Steelers fans won't even have the nerve to show their faces outside of their trailers and outhouses.

***I really like Vince Young. It would be so nice to have a player as talented, as competitive, and as passionate as he is. He simply cannot stand to lose.

Most of the Browns players can lose standing, sitting, or lying down.

***Jay Cutler is one ugly MoFo. He reminds me quite a bit of the semi-retarded kid from my 3rd grade class that pissed on the floor during recess, then licked it up.

***Can you imagine being a KC Chief on Sunday, watching the Broncos-49'ers game? Talk about a yo-yo between heaven and hell…

***It must be nice to be a fan of San Fran, or Tennessee, or New Orleans, or the New York Jets… you know, teams that sucked last year, and then turned it around and have much to look forward to?

***For those of you, like myself, who were lucky enough to have stayed up until 1 am EST watching the Boise St./Oklahoma game, you were witness to one of the best bowl games ever played. If you didn't watch it, I'm sure you've heard about it/seen it on Sportscenter, so there is no need to rehash the drama.

The reason that I mention it is that – right before the 4th and 18, I was calling for the hook

and ladder. I said it out loud (although my only conscious witness was my girlfriend's cat). Sure enough, on cue, they ran the hook and ladder to perfection, got the TD, and eventually won the game.

Unfortunately, this is not a sign that I have foreknowledge, or that I have finally achieved deity-status. I ALWAYS call for the hook and ladder in such situations. I call for the hook and ladder 3 or 4 times every game. I cannot understand why the play isn't run more often. You have player sit down in the zone – he catches the ball, and all the defensive players rush at him. A simple flip from the receiver to another runner moving quickly in an opposite direction… the defense has no chance. They can't stop and change directions quickly enough to prevent a serious gain.

***What a touching moment when Ian Johnson of Boise State proposed to his cheerleader girlfriend on national TV right after the game.

I'm probably the only one cynical enough to have immediately thought: *I give it two years.*

***I watched Dick Clark's Rockin' New Year's Eve show, and – ugh – I felt like a graverobber. He was a giant puppet of Dick Clark that sounded a little like him, but you knew it wasn't really human because there was absolutely no life in its eyes.

If I ever get to that point, I'm going to get myself to Mt. McKinley, climb as high as I can before I collapse with exhaustion, and freeze to death.

You can't live forever – not even if you're Dick Clark.

Haiku About Someone I Hate

Mister Shanahan

Screws with Fantasy Football

Loss to Niners? Ha!

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

I've decided to retire this segment. Generally, they're all fuck-ups, but as long as they wear the Browns colors, I love them. Even the ones that, as people, make me want to vomit… like Kellen Winslow.

The Fugly Five:

28: Detroit – they win and blow their shot at Brady Quinn. Lucky them.

29: Arizona – Farewell to thee, Dennis Green. Thou gavest a nice press conference.

30: Washington – only slightly more exciting than a garlic-flavored icicle.

31: Cleveland – Such a joy it is to find my favorite team yet again here in the dregs.

32: Oakland – Brady Quinn in silver and black, although he might be too metro to pull it off.

Countdown to the merciful end of the season:

It be over. Start getting excited for next year.

WOOO-HOOO! WAIT 'TIL NEXT YEAR, BABY! YEAH!