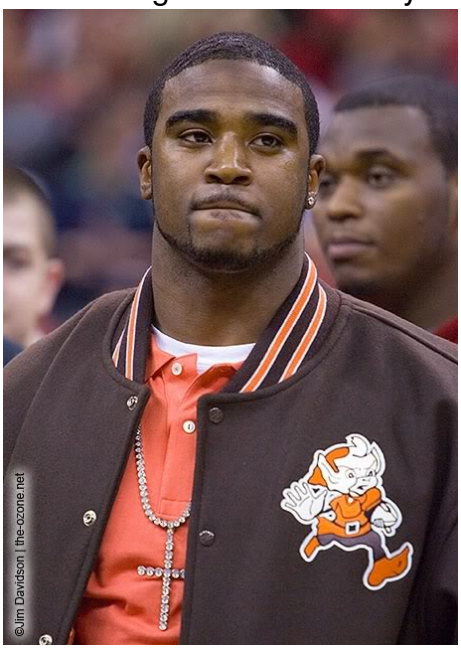
There's alot of things that Hiko is. Subtle is definitely not one of them, and his take this week on a sloppy Super Bowl and the Sheryl Crow shampoo commercials that accompanied is as hard as nails. In this week's "Moot Points", Hiko also rehashes the Buckeyes National Championship Game loss and takes a long hard look at Troy Smith as potentially the Browns next quarterback. RIP Aunt Ada.



Or

Pink Elephants On Parade

Apparently, the Super Bowl was played Sunday night. It seems rather blurry. We had a small get together at our house, and we stocked up on adult beverages. I was ready for the game at 5:00, and I am not a patient man. So, when trying to kill time at a Superbowl party, one might over-imbibe and have warped recollections.

For instance, it seemed like there were six turnovers in the first half. Of course, that is ridiculous – that was the Super Bowl. These are the best two teams in professional football – the pinnacle of the most powerful league in all of North America. No way could they combine in a comedy of errors that made for an interesting but badly played game.

And in the second half, it appeared that Rex Grossman was single-handedly losing the game for the Bears (it didn't seem like anyone was really trying to win it). Every other time he touched the ball, he looked like he was trying to handle an angry live eel that was coated in KY Jelly. But that must just have been the Molson XXX warping my perception.

Honestly, I was so drunk that I hallucinated that they played the game at the base of a waterfall. And that all the camera operators were stricken with paralyzing diseases which prevented them from wiping the residue of said waterfall from their camera lenses.

I'll have to re-watch it on the NFL Network this week to see what actually happened. No way was the premiere event in my favorite sport played like a preseason game between mentally retarded 6 year olds.

I also managed to miss the halftime show entirely (heard it was decent – don't care) and almost all the commercials (saved a couple brain cells in the process). I don't get all the hype on Super Bowl commercials. 9 times out of 10, they blow just as much as regular commercials, which are so bad that they seep into my mind and suck out my lifeforce, causing me to want to take a spoon and use it to ladle out my brain matter through my mangled eye sockets rather than endure another second of what some ass clown has deemed clever and original.

Prime example – one of the few commercials I did watch was tracking Sherly Crowe around the country on tour as she highlighted her hair for each stop. Not only was the idea uninteresting and uninspired, but the commercial lasted for approximately 17 minutes. I made quite a spectacle of myself yelling at the TV, cursing those responsible, from the advertising agency all the way down to the PA that bought the donuts for the craft service table.

Sigh… Further evidence that only stupid people are breeding.

***It is time for me to exorcise my Buckeye demons.

I do love the Buckeyes. Perhaps it has been their recent success, their sense of infallibility, that has led me to this point in space and time, a point where I am in permanent shock. Coming into the BCSCG, under Tressel, they were 4-1 in bowl games (4 straight). They had won one National Championship. They were 5-1 versus Michigan. They were tough, smart, and highly talented. They were perhaps the best Buckeye team ever assembled.

And then Florida happened.

I don't know whether or not to praise Florida or blame Ohio State. Probably a bit of both is appropriate.

Regardless, the Buckeyes will remain repugnant to me until the 2007 season starts and I can finally forget the horror that took place in Glendale.

Yeah yeah yeah, I know, the Buckeyes had a great season, blah fuckity blah. And I know that the horrible, atrocious, blinding buttfucking in the BCSCG should not completely diminish that fact. But I can't help it. The loss was too terrible. I can't wear my Ohio State sweatshirt because I am reminded of the game. Every time I see the Buckeye logo, I am reminded of the game.

And I can't look at Troy Smith – he reminds me of the game.

Mr. Smith came out this week and proclaimed his love of the Browns. Paraphrasing, he said that he grew up a Browns fan and it has been his lifelong dream to play for the Browns and he hopes the Browns draft him.

Then, suddenly, all of football playing Buckeye nation started salivating over the idea of becoming a Brown. It was an inexplicable show of love towards an organization that probably doesn't deserve it. It showed that, even though they've been in the system for years and years, and money has hollowed out their souls, deep down, those that grew up with the Browns sickness still cannot shake it. It is intrinsically part of their being, this disease.

And they want to be part of the cure.

It's almost heartening enough to be stupid enough to have hope again.

(Of course, I must be a drooling vegetable, because I'm stupid enough to have hope every year.)

Troy Smith… what should we think of thee? You've got a strong arm. You're mobile. You're accurate and you make good decisions. You're a good leader. And you always – uh… almost always – play your best in the big games.

You're also short and have a tendency to both hold the ball too long and to get throws batted down.

I've pondered this long and hard, and I have decided that I want Troy Smith to be a Browns.

Obviously, he is not a Top 5 pick. Really, I don't think he's a first round pick at all. Not after that anal-shellacking in early January.

Is he worthy of the 3rd or 4th pick in the 2nd round? Probably not. But I have the feeling he gets taken somewhere in the mid 2nd, so unless the Browns are able to trade back into the middle of the second stanza, they will most likely have to take him at 36/37 or forget about him.

I have… *yes, Hiko, you can say it… release your anger…* OK… deep breaths… I have forgiven Troy Smith for the debacle in Arizona.

I guess I'll have misgivings either way. It's just refreshing in this day and age to see a player that I like *really want* to play for the Cleveland Browns.

Perhaps that should make me question his intelligence…

***I have received a few e-mails which have brought to my attention that not everyone loves ol' Hiko. Some of the criticism is warranted. Some just don't appreciate the style. Or the sometimes salty language.

I respect your opinion (well – most of you). You don't have to like me. Lots of people don't.

However, remember that what I write is an, albeit weak, attempt at humor. Some of you have decided to speculate about my personal life and character due to my articles. You can do what you want – it's a semi-free country.

But remember: You don't know me. Don't think you do.

***My great-aunt Ada died on Tuesday. She was a tough old bird. She had lung cancer three times, yet she kept on smoking two packs a day and tending her pride and joy – her garden – without skipping a beat.

She never married and never had any kids. She lived in a house with her sister her whole life. I don't believe she ever left the state of West Virginia once in her 91 years. But she was always happy. She lived an uncomplicated life.

She beat the cancer twice. Third time's a charm.

RIP Aunt Ada. I'll see you in the family graveyard way too soon.

***Calvin Johnson is the best player in this year's draft. And he might be there when the Browns pick. Too bad he's probably the last thing we need at #3 overall.

***Quote of the Day: "*Men don't pay hookers to sleep with them. They pay hookers to leave.* " – Benjamin Franklin.

Haiku About Someone I Hate

Michael J. Irvin

Hall of Fame? Yeah, I Guess So.

But Please Just Shut Up.