Ali vs. Frazier? Samson vs. Goliath? Luke vs. Vader? Pffffftt! All pale in comparison to Hiko vs. Taco Bell. Classic stuff this week in Moot Points. Hiko also hits on the Cavs past three games and the Browns in free agency in this week's laugh out loud funny effort.

OR

Hiko vs. Taco Bell – Una Novella de Terror

Hiko drives home. He has spent the night drinking a few sudsy beverages with some friends at a sudsy beverage establishment, perhaps glaring at his smoker friend with undisguised envy, perhaps glancing occasionally at an unsatisfactory Cleveland sporting event, perhaps debating his logic for shelling out $40 for sudsy beverages, but finding $7 for a burger far too expensive.

Hunger drives him as much as his vehicle. The freeway exits burst with a veritable cornucopia of fast food options. One stands out to him more than the others – one that is always open, one that is always satisfying, one that is always cheap.

Taco Bell.

Hiko maneuvers his vehicle from the mean streets of I-77 and aims for the drive-thru. The menu is enticing – everything sort of sounds the same, but equally fantastic. Hiko has no choice – he orders at least three times as much food as he could possibly eat on his best day. And throw in about 70 packets of the Fire Sauce, if you please, Mr. Taco Bell man.

There is no waiting to eat. There is no better time to try and eat a hard-shelled taco with three packets of hot sauce than when you're driving 75 miles per hour on the freeway. Maybe a large portion of said taco ends up on Hiko's shirt and seat, but some of it ends up in his mouth. Hiko is happy again.

Where Hiko made his mistake is the multiple bean burritos (all of which, of course, are drenched in hot sauce). In his hunger, he does not stop to consider consequences. Consequences are for the moral, he reasons, stuffing half a burrito into his gullet.

By the time he arrives at home, Hiko is very full. He glances at the clock – 11:45 pm. Not that late, but probably late enough that his girlfriend has fallen asleep on the couch whilst watching Trading Places for the 8 millionth time.

Nay! She is awake. And, despite Hiko's rather sloppy appearance, seems to be in the mood for le amour. Hiko is delighted – what a superb evening.

But his delight is almost instantaneously negated by a rumbling from deep within his abdomen. Hark! What demon rears its foul head?

It happens again – this time a sharp, jabbing pain of such sensory volume as to make him bend over. Hiko wonders if he has contracted some kind of virus, or perhaps swallowed a wolverine.

No! The glorious horror of the true ailment dawns on Hiko's visage.

Taco Bell.

Thy food is tasty, Taco Bell, but thy magical arts are evil indeed. Laced in each delicious morsel is a seed of gastrointestinal discomfort. The poison pill in the otherwise perfect culinary creations.

Hiko debates his options. First option – head to the restroom where perhaps – just perhaps – he can quietly and quickly wrestle the demon from his innards, thus setting his digestive system free and allowing him to concentrate on the more important tasks at hand.

Second option – endure the demons' raging antics, and suck it up.

The first option would be optimal, if not for two problems: 1. there is no guarantee the demon is ready to be dislodged, and 2. Hiko's girlfriend is sure to know where he was and what he was doing in there, and that possibly could discourage her from doing certain things, thus exponentially decreasing Hiko's enjoyment of the whole romance process.

Hiko opts for option two.

But, as he undresses, Hiko is again subjected to the slings and arrows of the demonic army which has now conquered his colon. He is literally felled, tripping over the pant leg he is trying to remove. The pain is excruciating – how can he survive this torture?

Gritting his teeth, Hiko wills his body to adhere to his rule. But the revolt is in full force. The demons are no longer satisfied with just attacking his body, they have acquired battle-fury and have turned on each other, as well. From the trachea to the anus, nothing is safe. Nothing.

Sweating and cursing, Hiko crawls across the floor in his boxers. His girlfriend, worried, inquires about his intentions. This is definitely not normal Hiko behavior, especially once her clothes have been removed. She cannot know the bloody war that rages within Hiko. She thinks he must be suffering a brain hemorrhage.

The time for love has passed. Hiko mutters to himself that he could forgo adult activities for weeks on end if he could just be relieved of his suffering. His only goal is that bathroom door which is oh-so-far away.

Once inside, he shuts the door, locking despite the knowledge that it is very unlikely his girlfriend will want to come in. He turns on the fan – then is wracked by another attack. The bastards have acquired nuclear weaponry! Hiko cries blood as he turns the sink on full blast. It would be better if no one can hear his misery, and, especially, the deadly struggle that is about to begin.

The last thing Hiko mutters before the darkness takes him:

"*Damn thee, Taco Bell!*

Damn thee to Hell!"

*****2/27 - Cavs vs. Hornets "thoughts"**: The offense played much better. See what a little passing can do? They relaxed a bit too much in the 4th quarter, but still pulled out the win – and looked convincingly like the superior team, despite letting the Hornets hang around. LeBron sunk two 3 pointers late to seal the game (I begged him not to do it, but he *did* make them, so I can't say shit – *this time*). Defensive rebounding could've been better, but a win is a win, especially after that dog of a game versus the Heat on 2/25.

*****3/01 - Cavs vs. Mavericks "thoughts"**: LeBron played a hell of a game. I, amongst others, have criticized him this season, but he was the singular reason that the Cavaliers were able to somehow hang in this game. Especially with Sasha in foul trouble and Larry Hughes… ah hell, I barely notice when Larry Hughes is out. I've seen some criticism of him for missing the free throw and the two shots at 3 pointers in the final seconds. Criticism of him for missing free throws is valid. Criticism of him missing the 2 long attempts at 3 is not. He's not a natural jump shooter, and there'd still no one else on the team I'd rather be taking that shot. It didn't go – such is life.

I'm still having trouble deciding if the Cavs hanging with the Mavs is a sign that they can play with anybody, or that the Mavs just didn't put them away when they could/should have. I still contend that the Mavericks – as a TEAM – show us how far the Cavaliers – as a TEAM – still have to go.

*****3/03 – Cavs vs. Raptors "thoughts":** We had some people over on Saturday night, so I didn't watch most of this game due to constant imbibing of various adult beverages. I had the game on in the other room, but every time I checked, there was a commercial on. Once I saw they were up by a ton at the end of the 3rd, I relaxed

and focused on beer. So I will just refer to
John Hnat’s excellent Cavaliers coverage of this game
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***My girlfriend's friend's ex-boyfriend died this past Monday. RIP Todd.

Now, my girlfriend's friend – let's call her Persephone – broke up with this guy about a year ago, but they had dated for several years prior to that, so she was understandably upset at his passing. So my girlfriend went over to Persephone's apartment after work to console her. Of course, I got roped into coming over as well, since I'm such a soft-hearted guy that is always ready with a caring word of remorse and hope. And they needed someone to bring them beer.

When I arrived with my words of wisdom – and the beer – Persephone was giving my girlfriend shit for being insensitive. I didn't understand the controversy until it was made clear to me that my girlfriend had been sitting with Persephone, supposedly consoling her, then got out her cell phone and deleted the name of her ex-boyfriend from the memory, since she wouldn't need that any longer.

Of course, my girlfriend defended herself – that wasn't what she meant, yada yada yada. Personally, I thought it was kind of funny in a demented way.

"At least she didn't delete his name beforehand. Then she'd be responsible for his death," I told Persephone.

So we spent the next couple hours drinking beer and discussing the interesting situations that might arise if one had the power to " *rub people out*" simply by deleting their name from their cell phone.

Envision that you meet someone that you really dislike. I don't know about you, but it happens to me all the time. Could be at a meeting, at a game, at Taco Bell, etc. Someone whose existence you cannot possibly imagine anyone missing. You just swallow your anger, smile coldly at them, and calmly ask them for their name and phone number. "Why do you want it?" they might ask suspiciously.

"No reason," you reply.

***Later in the same conversation, for some reason that I cannot for the life of me recall, I brought up the Wonder Twins. I was under the false perception that every one around my age knew who the Wonder Twins were. My girlfriend and Persephone did not.

I now realize the utter futility of trying to describe the Wonder Twins to someone who has no idea what you're talking about.

"You know – the Wonder Twins. Zan and Jana. And their pet monkey, Gleek. They wore those purple skin tight suits, and then they'd put their fists together and say ' *Wonder Twin powers – activate!* '. And then Zan would take on some form of water – like a bucket of water – and Jana would take the form of some kind of animal – like an elephant, then she would suck up the water and spray it at the bad guys. They were pretty lame, because I always wondered why they didn't just say ' *Wonder Twin powers – activate! Form of Superman!* ', but maybe they were limited in their Wonder Twin powers…"

Blank stares.

"You're just making this up, right?" Persephone asked.

***The Free Agency period has begun. Steinbach was a great sign, and his contract is looking more and reasonable as other guards of lesser talent sign bigger deals as we go. Peek was also a very nice signing.

But perhaps the best signing is the one we didn't make.

Nate Clements. Pretty good cornerback. The best Free Agent available, certainly, but probably not in the Top 10 cornerbacks in the league. 8 years, $80 million. Highest paid defensive player in NFL history.

Wow. Just… wow.

He's better be able to blow shit up with his mind if he's gonna make that kind of money.

I'm also a big fan of Dennis Northcutt's nice fat contract with Jacksonville (a team that's been doling out insane money on marginal players all weekend). Fare thee well, Dennis. You have long topped my list of Browns players whose removal from the team causes me little to no pain. I can't count the number of times that I thought that cutting was too good for you – that the appropriate action was to cut you, delete you from my cell phone, then burn your house down.

Fortunately now I can save myself the annoying arson charges. Whew.

***Quote of the Day: "*If stupidity got us into this mess, why can't it get us out?"* – Romeo Crennel