You never quite know which direction Hiko is going to take *Moot Points* in each Monday, and this week is no different. Showing his versatility as a columnist ... Hiko manages to touch on women too old for bikinis, the Virginia Tech killer, and the Cavs being able to rally for the #2 seed. With a little reader mail thrown in as well.

OR

GILF

***Perhaps you have already seen this – it was sent to me via one of those e-mail chains that seems to make it to everyone on Earth's inbox within a 3 day span. But, in case you haven't, it is unlike me not to share. **Here are the pictures.**

My first reaction to these pics was: *Now there's something you don't see everyday.*

I loved her in *Dawn of the Dead*. Good to see she's enjoying life after death.

In all seriousness, I think we should applaud this woman. It takes balls to do what she did.

Well, not balls… it's pretty apparent she doesn't have those – that swimsuit doesn't leave a lot to the imagination (dammit).

Re-start… it takes *guts* to drag her 132 year old body out of mothballs and don the bikini and hit the beach. She obviously still feels she's sexy (everyone's entitled to an opinion). I think it's great that she still wants to flaunt what she got.

Either that, or I applaud the make-up effect artist that created her, furnished her with animatronics, and walked her down to the beach. That dude can work on my *Zombie Western* anytime.

Or perhaps I should be applauding the individual that dug that corpse up, garbed it in a thong, and wheeled it out to the beach. I'm not sure what he/she was trying to do, but it made for some interesting pics.

It's not as bad as it looks. Just grab a hunk of excess skin on her back, pull really hard so that the slack is taken up everywhere else, and then tie it off. Sure, she'd have a flesh ponytail hanging from her spine, but the rest of her would look not a day over 98.

Just in case that's a real human being, I have this advice for all the kids out there: *Wear sunscreen, and don't smoke*
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***So here's the issue with a *weekly* article: Something might happen, you might react to it in a certain way, and then a few days will pass, perspective will set in, and your original reaction won't ring true any longer. The following section has probably been changed about 13 times:

***4/18/07 - So, there I was watching Cho Seung-Hui’s farewell video . I have always had a certain horrific fascination with the macabre, and I've always wondered about the psyche of mass murderers.

And there I sat, listening to his stupid last words, thinking *"Really? That's you're freakin' CREDO? You hate rich people? Who doesn't? Christ, you're such a dumbass."*

Here's a little excerpt from the Human Suppository's "manifesto":

"You have vandalized my heart, raped my soul and torched my conscience. You thought it was one pathetic boy's life you were extinguishing. Thanks to you, I die like Jesus Christ, to inspire generations of the weak and the defenseless people."

Boo frickin' hoo. Life's tough all over. *Wah! They made me do it!* Awwwww, you poor oppressed college student who doesn't need a job.

You are as transparent as a Hollywood executive. You don't have a "Grand Cause". What you are is a kid that got picked on and you couldn't handle it.

There's nothing to justify big (in the physical and social sense of the word) people picking on little people. But unless you were born Pope (and nobody was), **you're gonna get picked on at some point** . Some get picked on more than others. Life's tough all over.

In the end, no matter how golden and perfect and untouchable some people seem, *even they* get picked on in some way or another. No one – I repeat,
no one
– is above social indignation.

You're not special because you ain't "The Shit". Not even the people you think are "The Shit" are "The Shit". No one is "The Shit". This life ain't a bowl of cherries for any of us. We just deal with it better than you.

There's little doubt that you had mental health issues, but I cannot bring myself to muster an ounce of pity for you. Everyone's got their issues. They just don't make them their entire identity, you whiny ass Drama Queen.

Not even dumbass teenagers high on crack and turpentine think you're a hero. You rail against the rich, then you go and kill a bunch of people that you have **no idea about** – you don't know whether they're rich or privileged or spoiled or there on full scholarship because they've worked hard all their lives or there cleaning out the trash cans or just randomly masturbating in a vacant room.

The sad thing is that when you're so blatantly sporking stupid, you should at least have had the common decency to do all the world the convenience of offing yourself privately, thus ridding us of your dumbass existence and decreasing the surplus population at the same time.

But no! Due to the proliferation of media outlets, you figured your actions would give you a voice. It did. And what a laughable voice it was. Hopefully, you made such an unparalleled ass of yourself that even those idiots that would otherwise emulate you will think again.

But then, they're probably just as stupid as you.

Why can't the whole lot of ya get together and slurp down one great big Anna Nicole Smith prescription smoothie? I'd be more than glad to make it for you.

***My girlfriend read the above spew (which was somewhat angrier 5 days ago), and she responded that by reacting to hatred with hatred, I make myself no better than he is.

And while that point is valid, that's not what I am attempting to do. If we treat this jackass with the contempt that he deserves, hopefully we can expose him for the petty, crybaby joke that he was.

When people describe his video as "chilling" and "disturbing" and "scary", they are enabling his clones. I personally did not find it any of those things. I found it pathetic. Thank you, NBC, for showing the video, and thereby demystifying this dillhole. I laughed at him. And I want to mock him and his "cause" to the ends of time, because I don't want to empower the fools who might think like him.

These silly douche bags don't fear death. That won't deter them at all. It's the easy way out of their lame existences, because they're too dumb to come up with a purpose. But there is one thing scares the Bejeezus out of them, keeps them up at night, and makes them cuddle up with their blankies and suck their collective thumbs: *Embarrassment*.

***And since that's just a *fantastic* segue into sports…

***__4/17 – Cavs vs. 76'ers "Thoughts":__ It was hard to get motivated to watch this game. Win

it – and the Cavs are just doing what they're supposed to do. Lose it – and you've completely sporked whatever slim chance you had at #2.

Plus, the end of the game coincided with me putting my daughters to bed. After that 75 step process, the game was already in the books, so I just popped in *LA Confidential* for the 72nd time.

***4/18 – Cavs vs. Bucks "Thoughts":** I'll be damned! All the stars aligned. Karma finally came to fruition. Now we have a chance. Now we have a chance.

My girlfriend just wondered why I use the word "we" when I refer to my sports teams, as I do not play, coach, or work for the Cavaliers organization. *Do the Cavs really need a 34 year old 6'2 slow white guy with a bum knee and a highly questionable outside shot?*

Silly girl. I'm a fan. I watch their games on TV, thus watching the commercials that their advertisers paid for. I attend their stadium, drink the beer they have for sale, eat their food, and buy their merchandise.

I have a vested financial and emotional interest in this team. I'm a stockholder. All of us are.

Therefore, it's "we". Until they piss me off. Then it's "they".

The Second Season has begun. Every moment of every game matters. Sweeeeeet.

***4/22 – Cavs vs. Wizards Game 1 "Thoughts":** Larry Hughes is no longer allowed to wear the headband.

Somewhere in the 2nd quarter, there was a Cavs player on the floor really playing well. I said to Hiko: "*Hiko – who is that guy?*"

Squinting. Staring. Wondering. He drives to the hoop. He makes free throws and open jumpers. He's leading the team right now. It can't be Larry Hughes. He always wears the headband. This gentleman is not. Let's see… the jersey says… Hughes! Blimey! It *is* Larry Hughes! The headband has been holding him back all this time!

Z was huge. He will be the key to the series, since Washington has absolutely nothing with which to stop him.

Did LeBron play? I know he had 23 points, but it was the quietest 23 points I ever remember him having. His most notable play was getting hurt. Not that I have an issue with it. He doesn't have to be Kobe every game.

Fast Break Points: Cavs 21, Wizards 1. I don't know, I'm not what you'd call a basketball expert, but *maybe* that had something to do with the victory.

A minute and a half left in the game. Cavs up by 17. Why are LeBron and Z still in the game? Now is Shannon Brown/Damon Jones time.

The Cavs didn't play that well, and still they were up by double digits and really cruising for most of the 4th. Shows how much better they are than the Wizz.

I wasn't as up for this game as I should be for the first playoff game. Probably because I'm not even remotely scared of Washington. It's not even fun to beat up on them.

(Well, that's a lie. It's still fun.)

I was subdued most of the contest. I don't think I gave my first resounding barbaric yawp until after the game was over. But I'm still happy about this win. When you don't play all that well, and you still win going away in the playoffs, you've got a tough team.

***This week's Moot Points reads like a Fox 8 News broadcast: start off with the meaningless human interest story, perhaps mention the important national/international events, jump into sports, and then top it off with the weather.

What's the weather look like for the rest of the week? Partly sunny with a chance of clouds, wind, tornadoes, snow, and rain… and a high between 25 and 80.

****** Dear Mr. Hiko: Have you no shame, sir? Airing your dirty laundry in public is humiliating to you and disgusting to us. Where is your sense of decency? Each week that I read your article, your filthiness is amplified. I weep for your children.***

Zebulah, Parma

Dear Zeb,

Your e-mail, of course, begs the question: *So why do you continue to read it?* But that is neither here nor there.

As much as your opinion matters to me, I must admit that I am not humiliated. If people can't laugh *with* me, at least they can laugh *at* me. It's nice to have a purpose in life.

And, because I'm *very* concerned about what you might think of me, I will tell you that a significant portion of what I write is fiction. And that which is not fiction may or may not be highly embellished.

As I've told you before: You don't know me. Don't think you do.

You see, I work from home. I wake up, get my girls on the bus, log in to my company's VPN, and begin working. Most days, I don't speak directly to anyone except my girlfriend all day. Somehow, I doubt that the readers out there (all six of them) want to hear fascinating stories like:

"*Today, Bob sent me an e-mail that was kind of funny about Top 10 Things To Do With A Dead Cat, then I had a turkey sandwich for lunch (which was juicy, although it could've used a tomato), then I looked at some internet porn, then I argued with a guy online about Troy Smith, then I brewed some more coffee, and topped it all off by watching* LA Confidential *for the 73rd time.*
"

It's much more interesting if the story goes:

"*Today, Bob sent me an e-mail that was kind of funny about Top 10 Things To Do With A Dead Cat, then I had a turkey sandwich for lunch (which was juicy, although it could've used a tomato), then a disgruntled homicidal college student knocked on my door, so I invited him in, gave him a rat poison margarita, chopped him up with a butter knife and a pizza cutter, stuck his remains down my garbage disposal, fed his liver to the cat, burned his horrible plays , and topped it all off by watching*
LA Confidential
for the 73rd time.
"

If you just assume that I'm always full of shit, you're off to a good start.

Thanks for caring,

Hiko

*** ***Dear Mr. Hiko: Just last week, you guaranteed that the Bulls would win the Number Two seed. Who's wrong now, dipshit?***

Raul, Elyria

Dear Raul,

If you were to sit around and count the number of times I'm wrong, you'd run out of numbers. I offer my opinion, and many times I'm wrong. Frequently, I'm glad as hell to be wrong, because I'm a bitter and pessimistic bastard, and being wrong is usually a good thing.

I was wrong about my career, I was wrong about where I chose to live, and I was certainly wrong to believe that my ex-wife was taking her birth control pills. I've been much wronger than I've been right.

(Yeah, I don't give a spork that "wronger" ain't a word; I says it is)

Cordially,

Hiko

***Only 5 days 'til the draft, boys and girls. It's the National Holiday of football geekitude. WOO-FRICKITTY-HOO!

***Quote of the Week: "*The big trouble with dumb bastards is that they are too dumb to believe there is such a thing as being smart.* " – Kurt Vonnegut