Moot Points is our Monday night dose of levity here at The Cleveland Fan, and the column has developed a cult following over the last couple of months. In this week's piece, Hiko talks about how he would use his powers if he was a superhero and also chronicles his recent run in with a state trooper after getting pulled over for speeding. He also hits on the Cavs playoff run and reading in the shower. Don't ask. Just read.

OR

Hiko I – Hiko Eats A Burger

Spider Man 3 smashed box office records this past weekend , sucking in over $148 million dollars.

I've never been a huge fan of the *Spider Man* movies. To me, they're ah-ight. Not terrible, but nothing to go gaga over. The first one really turned me off with its' cheesy special effects, and the fight scenes right out of *Power Rangers*. The second one was better, but I find myself not giving even half a shit about the whole Peter Parker-Mary Jane romance crap, so there you go.

But, since Venom is in *SM3* – and Venom is cool – I will most likely find myself at the theater at some point… probably when it hits the Dollar Cinema.

The whole Superhero phenomenon has made me consider what I would do with superhuman powers.

If I had to choose, I'd take Superman's powers. Mainly because he can fly, but it also wouldn't be all bad to be able to lift meteors, shoot lasers from my eyes, and see through shit.

Then, of course, would come the question: Do I use my powers for good, or evil? Or just to get laid?

I think I would be Good – for a price. Need a good deed done? I'm you're man. Just fill out these forms and I'll put you on an easy payment plan (credit check pending). Cats in trees - $59.99. Catching damsels in distress that have fallen out of hot air balloons - $1199.99. Saving the world from evil geniuses with dreams of mass destruction – Market Price.

And since I *AM* the market… well, it's whatever I say it is.

Sadly, I don't have these superpowers. My "powers" are more traditional.

Hiko! Faster than a speeding glacier! More powerful than a duck! Able to leap small children in a single bound! Can down a beer in less than 3 seconds! Capable of shattering multiple TV tubes during Browns games! Master of sleeping in!

Bravely, Hiko strives to defeat his enemies: Mr. Money, Dr. Decorum, and Captain Success.

Tune in next time as Hiko frantically searches for "Something Worth Watching" whilst trying to avoid his nemesis: Commercials.

***I do read a lot. My favorite place to read is in the shower. I turn the shower on, sit down in the tub, pull the curtain between the water and my book, and read. Snicker if you will, but you should try it. It's the most relaxing and comfortable place in the world to read (until the water turns cold). I've told many many people to try my reading method, but, to my knowledge, most find the idea too ludicrous to even consider.

Judge not lest ye walk a mile in another man's shoes.

***I was talking to a guy the other day that was gonna tape the name "Quinn" over the name "Holcomb" on his Browns #10 jersey.

To which I queried: *Why did you have a Holcomb jersey in the first place?*

"Cause I thought he was gonna be good," he responded.

For $50 or $60 bucks a pop for a nice jersey – you better be damn sure he's gonna be good! And even if he *is* good, what's to say that he won't leave via Free Agency, or rape his agent, or drop some acid

and run naked down Ontario screaming "
I am Pinocchio! I'm a wooden boy!
"

I would never ever ever go get myself a Brady Quinn jersey at this point, because:

1. Brady Quinn could suck copious amounts of ass, and then you're stuck with a jersey of someone you despise.
2. I'm pretty sure I'd jinx the kid into tearing his ACL climbing out of the hot tub.

Frankly, I'm loathe to buy a jersey of *any* individual because I don't care about the individual. When it comes to football, I am a Communist. The fate of the team is the only thing that matters to me. Individual players matter only in how they can help the whole. So why would I want to buy the jersey of some rookie who may or may not play this year?

If I'm gonna shell out the dough to get a jersey, I may just put "*Browns*" or "*Cleveland*" across the back. That's who I'm there to root for – not Brady Quinn. Brady Quinn could be gone in 3 years. But the Browns will still be here (knock on wood).

If you have to honor the individual, then you should honor those players that *deserve* to be honored, legends of the team whose careers are done, such as Jim Brown, Otto Graham, Bernie Kosar, or Mike Junkin.

Or honor yourself as a fan (and the dude that shelled out $60 for the apparel) by getting your own name on the back of the jersey.

***4/30 – Cavs vs. Wizards Game 4 "Thoughts":** This was by far the best game of the series. I didn't feel like the Cavs played down to the Wizz – I felt like Washington spent every ounce of energy they had to win the game. They threw the kitchen sink and the dishwasher at Cleveland. They were desperate.

And the Cavs weathered their storm, took control late, and finished the game strong.

Co-Series MVP's go to Zydrunas Ilgauskas and Larry Hughes.

Z was bigger than the *Stay Puft Marshmallow Man* in this game. 20 and 19. He was everywhere. He was epic, omniscient, ethereal. And he was good.

Larry Hughes certainly had a helluva series as well. It was nice to see him driving, making the pull-up jump shots and the occasional three. And his defense was astounding, flawless, mesmerizing. And it was good.

So the valiant Wizz have been put out of their misery. Tough luck for them – they would've been a very difficult opponent if Gilbert Arenas was still in the lineup.

Enough of the pleasantries – the Cavaliers will have to improve if they want to beat whomever they play in the next round. The Nets won't be without Vince Carter and Jason Kidd. The Raptors won't be without Chris Bosh and TJ Ford. Either of those teams won't be intimidated or outmanned, so the Cavs will actually have to outplay them.

***5/06 – Cavs vs. Nets Game 1 "Thoughts":** X had a solid game and was a huge part of

the reason the Cavs won.

Who is X?

X is Larry Hughes. LeBron James. Zydrunas Ilgauskas. Sasha Pavlovic. Drew Gooden.

X is the starting five, and, in this rare occasion, the five that finished the game.

Every one of those guys had great plays, from Sasha's hounding D on Vince (I didn't know you had it in ya, Sash), to Drew's timely shots in the post, to Larry's jumpers, to Z's determined offensive boards, to LeBron's game clinching bank shot.

There has been a certain amount of trepidation regarding the Cavs offense and shot selection. And while this is certainly true, I'm not going to be one to jump on the Red Alert Bandwagon. New Jersey will be a tough out. They have loads of talent, and they're starting to hit their stride. This is the second round of the playoffs. Any win is a good win.

This was a *great* win. I had a fear that the Nets could steal Game 1 due to the Cavs previous inactivity. They didn't.

Goddam, this is fun.

***There's an old saying – Confucius, I believe - that goes: *He who drive minivan is not hassled by highway patrol.*

Obviously, Confucius has never been blasting *Slipknot*, all hopped up on Mountain Dew, going 70 in a 35. It apparently doesn't matter what you're driving then.

This didn't happen to me – it happened to my friend Hiko. He was just cruising along, enjoying the afternoon sunshine, when horrifying flashing lights appeared in his rearview mirror. *Argh!*, he cried internally.
Not again
. He pulled to the side.

Now Hiko is most assuredly not a smart individual, but he was able to quickly surmise, due mostly to prior experience, that he was likely to receive a speeding ticket regardless of his excuse. It wasn't worth it to wheedle and whine. It was best to accept his fate and move on.

Hiko: What seems to be the problem, Officer?

Cop: Have you been drinking this evening?

Hiko: Not yet. That's why I was in such a hurry.

Cop: Did you realize that you were doing 70 in a 35?

Hiko: Uhhhh… No?

Cop: You were driving at double the posted limit.

Hiko: And for that I am truly sorry.

Cop: Did you realize you're driving a minivan?

Hiko: Well… yes.

Cop: A minivan is a pretty pussy vehicle.

Hiko: Yes, it is. I must concur.

Cop: Then why are you driving it?

Hiko: Because I'm poor and I bought it off my parents for $300 bucks. And I don't need to explain myself to you. And why do all y'all have mustaches?

Cop: Because it filters out pollutants. And I don't need to explain myself to you either.

Hiko: Touché, Monsieur Assbag.

Cop: What did you just call me?

Hiko: Monsieur Assbag. It's a French term of respect.

Cop: Are you sure? Cause it just sounded like you called me an Assbag.

Hiko: Ah, but in French, Assbag means Noble Peacekeeper.

Cop: You sure?

Hiko: As far as you know.

Cop: Huh… OK. Well, I've looked at your record, and, well, shit, I can't let you go. So I have to give you a ticket.

Hiko: I thought you might. Ticket away.

The cop wrote out the ticket.

Cop: You can either appear in court on the day circled on the back, or you can plead guilty and pay by mail at the address below.

Hiko: Will do.

Cop: Now you slow down, and don't drive like such an asshole. It confuses people, since you're driving a minivan and all.

Hiko: You can count on me.

Cop: You have a good day.

Hiko: You too, Monsieur Assbag.

The cop gave a flattered smile and sauntered away.

***To address my speeding issues… uh, if you work for Allstate, please stop reading now.

Look! A ten car pile up! Uninsured motorists with severed limbs everywhere! Little Johnny will be in a body cast for 8 weeks, and Mr. Halliburton sprained his Vas Deferens! Look away! Look away!

Now then, where were we… oh yes. Going through my file folder marked "*Tickets*", I have deduced that I have accumulated 23 speeding tickets in 9 states in 18 years of driving. I had my license for a week when I got my first. The last one I received was… uh, quite recent.

It has been suggested in some quarters that you have to be a moron to get nabbed for speeding that many times. I do not argue that. Those who do not learn from their mistakes are doomed to throw stones at glass houses.

In this society, it's the price one must pay to assure that driving remains an enjoyable experience. I drive at a speed which I find comfortable. Unfortunately, that speed always seems to be somewhat above the posted number. I've always considered speed limits as more of a suggestion than a law. *It'd be nice if you could go this speed, but, if you can't, we got yer back, dawg.*

Truthfully enough, it can get somewhat expensive in both the fine and resulting rate hike to drive the way I want. But – lucky me – I've never learned my lesson.

***Quote of the Week: "*You want fries with that?"* – Mike Junkin.