In this week's Moot Points, Hiko tackles prevalent life issues such as dog fighting, voodoo, and his favorite topic .... divorce. Hiko also hits on the just completed Cavs/Nets series, looks ahead to the Pistons series, and New Jersey's forward Mikki Moore's likeness to a certain rag doll.

**OR**

**Who Do That Voodoo That You Do So Well?**

A certain player on a certain team – let's call him Fifi - reminds my girlfriend of a certain doll
that she has had since she was little.

And while that doll is cute and kind and noble, Fifi is ugly, spastic, and annoying.

His visage on my television screen often causes me great dismay. His onerous presence must be vanquished. But how?

My glowering thoughts turn to the rag doll that looks a little like this individual. A kernel of a thought enters my mind (a kernel is the most I usually get): *perhaps this doll is imbued with Voodoo powers and can be used to control this player's fate!*

It's worth a shot.

I throw the doll across the room. Fifi flies across the court, slamming into a photographer. A confused look crosses his hideous mug. *That was odd*
, he thinks.

I stick the doll in the toilet and use it for target practice. Fifi sits on the bench, sweating profusely, a sickly, malodorous yellow sweat which causes the players around him to flinch and sit elsewhere. *What did I drink last night?*
, Fifi wonders.

I put the doll on my drill press and push a ¾" bit through its groin. Fifi, about to shoot a foul shot, screams and falls flat on his face. The other players look around, confused. *I'm asking that hooker for my 10 bucks back* , Fifi resolves, groveling on the floor.

Ah, well, as much fun as this has been, it's probably about time to stop torturing poor Fifi. *About* time – but not *exactly* time.

The doll gets a turpentine bath, and then, placing it in a dumpster, a lit match. Poof! Fifi is running up and down the court in flames! His – what?, dreds? – go up like a cotton ball in a furnace. Screeching, his arms waving wildly above his head, he runs in circles around the playing surface. Players, refs, and coaches leap away from the sprinting inferno that is Fifi. He bumps into a mascot. Oh no! Great Scott! Now there are two burning creatures running in circles, squealing! Oh, the humanity!

Of course, this is the part where my girlfriend scolds me. First, she is disappointed in me that I am laughing at another person's obvious pain. Second, she is discouraged by the fact that I am rapt with such emotional involvement in a simple sporting contest that I would willingly use Voodoo to set another human being on fire just to aid my team.

Break out your tiny violins.

*First, my dear, I am not laughing at his pain, I am laughing* ***with*** *his pain. And second… Voodoo? Nay. Such a thing does not exist! It is merely coincidence that he spontaneously combusted at that moment. Poor Fifi.*

***So… I was listening to *Mike and Mike* this morning, and they discussed the newest evidence that Clinton Portis is, in fact, missing a few chromosomes. This evidence is a quote by Portis regarding Vick's dog troubles during an interview with WAVY-TV

.

**Portis**: *"I don't know if he was fighting dogs or not, but it's his property, it's his dog. If that's what he wants to do, do it, you know? What people do behind closed doors…"*

**Interviewer**: *"But that's a felony. That's a crime."*

**Portis**: *"It can't be too bad of a crime."*

**Portis** (later): *"You want to hunt down Michael Vick over fighting some dogs, you know, uhhhhh… I think people should mind their business, you know?"*

**Interviewer**: *"There's been a lot of talk that this is prevalent in the NFL, the NBA…"*

**Portis**: *"I mean it's prevalent in life. . . . I'm from Laurel, Mississippi. I know a lot of back roads that got the dog fight if you want to go see it, you know?"*

Now, I must admit that I'm not the biggest fan of dogs. I had a dog when I was growing up, and he was an excellent pet. But I also had a neighbor in Miami that forever soured me on the animals, what with the barking all night. Now I can't stand the barking. I *hate* barking. No, I ***loathe*** barking. I'm also not a big fan of getting up at the crack of dawn to walk dogs, picking up their shit, finding someone to watch them if I need to leave town… it's like having another child. A hairy, slobbery, barky child.

But there's no way in hell that I'm down with dog fighting. It is sporked up how they treat those animals.

So if Clinton feels that whatever happens behind closed doors is their business, then perhaps someone should have him over, close their door, and sic about 8 rabid attack dogs on his ass.

That can't be too bad a crime, you know?

***5/14 – Cavs vs. Nets Game 4 "Thoughts":** It was an ugly game, it was a beautiful game. Truthfully, any win on the road in the playoffs is gorgeous, whether I've been drinking shots of tequila all night or not.

I can tell that I'm getting into this series now, as I found myself yelling at the TV and kicking various objects at about 3 minutes into the 1st quarter. "*How can you let them get the offensive rebound??!!* " I pleaded. Both my girlfriend and my friend Blue, with whom I watched the game, thought that perhaps I needed a sedative.

Moreover, I found myself hating on the Nets players

more than I have at any time yet in this series.

**Mikki Moore**: Mandi Moore annoys me more than any other player on New Jersey's team. Blue calls him Predator, but I feel that's giving dog-face too much respect. He reminds me a lot more of Lisa Leslie with splotchy facial hair. My girlfriend dubbed him simply *Raggedy Ann*
.

**Vince Carter**: Blue refers to him as *Penis With A Headband* . And, truly, if you squint your eyes just right, or take out your contacts, it's not difficult to imagine Vince as a whiny walking erection.

In true childish fashion, when *Penis With A Headband* coughed up the ball on the final potentially game-tying possession, thus losing the game for the Nets, I ran up to

the TV, pointed my finger right at him, and belted an immortal "
*Ha Ha!*
" a la Nelson of
*The Simpson's*
fame.

Couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. I believe I saw him going limp as he left the floor.

**Richard Jefferson**: I have yet to come up with a good nickname for Dicky J, but I promise, o faithful readers, that I shall slave day and night until this oversight is corrected.

**Jason Kidd**: Despite his playing for the enemy, I'm having trouble mustering up hatred for Mr. The Kidd. Probably because he plays the game hard and doesn't act like a complete bee-otch like *Penis With*

*A Headband*

.

**Bostjan Nachbar**: Every time the TV announcer says his name, it sounds to me like *Boe-Kee Nock-bar*. Which, for reasons unknown, strikes me as amusing. Perhaps because it seems that, with a name like Boke Nokbar, he would feel more at home at the Mos Eisley Cantina on Tatooine than on a basketball court.

Each occasion that I made my way to the lavatory for a refreshing urinary experience, I would call out "*Boke Nokbar!*". My girlfriend would ask me what the hell I was talking about. I would respond, "*Boke Nokbar!*". She would then shake her head and sadly wonder how she ended up in a relationship with a complete moron.

When I woke my daughter up for school the next morning, I greeted her with "*Boke Nokbar!*" She gave me the *When we get to school, please pretend you're not my father* look. Which is a common thing for children to do, although not usually with 4 year olds.

***5/16 – Cavs vs. Nets Game 5 "Thoughts":** That was about as much fun as dumping a gaggle of angry wasps down my boxers and doing jumping jacks.

I was so close to turning it off. I have better things to do than to watch a team I care about get buttsporked on national TV. As the 3rd quarter wound to a miserable close, I told Blue that if the Cavs were down by 20 or more at the end of the period, then I was turning the game off and watching a movie. I was almost disappointed when *Raggedy Ann* inexplicably fouled Donyell Marshall on the desperation 3 pointer, and the Cavs were
<u>only</u>
down 18 going into the 4

th

.

*Dammit! Now I have to watch the rest of this crap.*

I wish I hadn't. The 4th quarter was even more frustrating, because the Nets were giving the Cavs every damn chance to get back into the game, and the Cavs would have nothing of it. It was as if the Nets were standing at a doorway of a giant house called "*The Game*", and the Cavs were sort of lolly-gagging around on the porch.

**Nets**: *You wanna come in?*

**Cavs**: *Nah, that's OK.*

**Nets**: *You sure? We're not really doing anything right now.*

**Cavs**: *Ehhhhh… I don't think so.*

**Nets**: *There's cold beee-eeer in the friiii-idge!*

**Cavs**: *No thanks. Our shoes are dirty. I think we stepped in something.*

Yeah – it was your *performance*. You could have fertilized all the fields in Kansas with your effort.

Now is the time for our new mantra. Everybody say it with me now: ***Please be an aberration.*** ***Please be an aberration.*** ***Please be an aberration.***

***5/18 – Cavs vs. Nets Game 6 "Thoughts":** This game is now a new ride at Cedar Point. It's called *The Game Six*, and you have to sign a waiver before you get on, because several people have had serious spinal injuries due to the abrupt directional changes.

I am happy – very happy – that the Cavs won this game going away and have returned to the Eastern Conference Finals for the first time since 1992.

That being said…

This was a series they were supposed to win, so doing what you're *supposed* to do is hardly a cause for celebration. True, they could've lost to this Nets team, which is a very talented group, and the fact they didn't lose should be appreciated. But there's something about the *way*
they won that leaves me dissatisfied.

When the Cavs marched out to their 22 point lead, they were playing great basketball. They were scoring in transition, they were hitting their outside shots, and – most importantly – they were scoring at will in the paint. They were getting to the line, and they were playing solid defense.

Then, in the 3rd Quarter, LeBron got his fourth foul. It became apparent to the Cavs, the Nets, and everyone that decided to show up at Continental Airlines Arena that the Cleveland Cavaliers were going to have to sink or swim for the better part of that period sans their marquis player.

How would they perform?

Like an 80 year old man whose Viagra supply ran out.

This is what has me most nervous about the Cavs' chances against the Pistons – they don't play like a *Team*. There is no reliable second option. Sure, there are nights where Hughes, or Sasha, or Drew, or Z will be huge offensively. But you never know who and you never know when. Or if.

So they curled into fetal position and desperately waited for LeBron to come back in.

Even when he did, and the Cavs pushed the lead back up into double digits, it wasn't because they were playing *that* well. Certainly not as well as they were in the first half. Sure, Donyell Marshall was getting his birthday jollies early, but I can hardly believe that the Cavs expect DM to be making six 3 pointers on a regular basis. Only Daniel Gibson seemed to playing with poise, driving to the hoop, hitting some open shots.

It definitely helped that the Nets decided to forfeit the 4th Quarter – again. *Penis With A Headband*
was non-existent. Kidd's well had dried up. Dicky J (I have yet to come up with a suitable nickname for this guy, and I'm

exhausted from the effort)… did he even play in the 4th?

So… Cavs win. Cavs win.

Good luck against the Pistons. You'll need to play MUCH better basketball against that talented, veteran, motivated *Team* if you have any hope of advancing on. Unfortunately, my guess is that the Cavs will hang tough for a bit, but then rest on the laurels of having advanced a

round further than last season, and eventually submit in 5 or 6.

But I've been wrong before…

***I found out this morning that another one of my friends is getting a divorce. That makes 7 people that I know at least fairly well that have hopped on the Divorce Train in the last month (must be the weather). I feel badly for them all – it's not a fun process, even if it is necessary (in most of their cases).

What's the divorce rate up to these days? Over 50%? That's an incredible percentage of failure. Why bother getting married at all? Your relationship is almost safer just living with the person for the rest of your life.

And it's certainly incredibly cheaper! From the beginning (wedding), to the end (divorce attorneys), to everything in between – marriage is some expensive shit.

Good luck to everyone out there that

might be going through a divorce. I hope you find happiness. We all deserve to find happiness.

***Quote of the Week: "*Babe, baby, baby, I'm Gonna Leave You.* I said baby, you know I'm gonna leave you.* I'll leave you when the summertime, leave you when the summer comes a-rollin', leave you when the summer comes along.*" –
Led Zeppelin