Hiko died. He didn't die saving children from a burning building or hang gliding or mountain climbing as he had always imagined… no, he died from a massive heart attack due to the fact that he was just incapable of laying off bratwurst. When he arrived at the Pearly Gates, what happened next should be a no-brainer to any regular readers of this column. Our favorite sinner goes yard in his latest effort ...

OR

Hiko Goes To Hell

Hiko died.

He didn't die saving children from a burning building or hang gliding or mountain climbing as he had always imagined… no, he died from a massive heart attack due to the fact that he was just incapable of laying off bratwurst.

One second, he was grabbing his chest, sinking to his knees, wondering *Is This It* ? The next, he was standing in complete blackness. No walls. No ceiling. No stars. No lights. Yet he could see his body clearly, as if illuminated from within – he was dressed in his favorite sweatshirt and jeans.

Yep – This Is It. So now what do I do?

Glancing to his right, he saw a figure making its way towards him. It was a man… unshaven, sunburnt, wearing a poncho and a hat, chewing on a small cigar. The man continued on, finally stopping about six feet away from Hiko, regarding him thoughtfully.

Hiko: God?

The man nodded.

Hiko: *The Man With No Name* is God?

God: I am all things to all men. I appear differently to everyone. I have only taken the form of your paltry idea of God, although, I must admit that *The Man With No Name* is rather apropos.

Hiko: So I'm dead.

God: Yep.

Hiko: That's just frickin' great. I had playoff tickets.

God: Life's tough all over.

Hiko: Is this Heaven?

God (laughing): Hardly. That too is different for all people. I imagine your Heaven would involve fountains of beer.

Hiko: And endless sushi.

God: And probably some naked women.

Hiko: And cigarettes. Can you smoke in Heaven?

God: You can… if you were to go to Heaven.

Hiko: Ahhhhh, I see. There's a question about whether I'm appropriate for Heaven, like it's a country club. So you're here to – what? – judge me?

God: You could say that.

Hiko: Well, I'm probably sporked then, because, up until about 10 minutes ago, I didn't believe in you, and last time I checked, that was a quick way to get one's self into Hell.

God: Yes, you are probably – as you say – sporked.

Hiko: Even if I lived a good life?

God: You didn't live *that* good a life.

Hiko: What are you talking about? I was a good father. I… was nice to old people… I gave $10 to the homeless one time… I…

God: …divulged in excess, stole, used my name in vain, had lustful thoughts about your neighbor's wife…

Hiko: Who wouldn't? She was spectacular!

God: …didn't come to a complete stop at stop signs, experimented with illegal substances, had children out of wedlock, tried to set your girlfriend's cat on fire…

Hiko: I was just trying to scare it!

God: …cheated on your taxes, cheated on several college girlfriends, farted in elevators, lied, masturbated far more than any normal human is entitled to…

Hiko: ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! Christ, you sound like my ex-wife. Fine, send me to Hell, since you're so frickin' perfect!

God: Of course I'm perfect. I'm God.

Hiko: Really? Have you been to Earth lately?

God: I am all places at all times.

Hiko: OK. Then explain Detroit.

God: What do you mean "*explain Detroit*"?

Hiko: I'm just sayin' that for someone that's supposed to be perfect, you're sure lettin' the world fall into disrepair.

God: That's not my doing. That's the doing of mankind.

Hiko: You created mankind in your image.

God: Yep.

Hiko: Well, my friend, in case you hadn't noticed, mankind is F**KED UP.

God: That's not my doing either. I gave mankind free will. How they live their lives is up to them.

Hiko: For a being that's all powerful, you sure seem to be saying "*It's not my fault* " quite a bit.

God: What's that supposed to mean?

Hiko: It means you gotta be a cruel-ass bastard if you're cool with all the suffering that goes on in the world. The strong take advantage of the weak. The rich take advantage of the poor.

God: And all get what's coming to them on Judgment Day.

Hiko: Whatever. I'm not a big fan of your system. It's not a system at all, really. It's a clusterf**k. That's why I didn't believe in you in the first place – no reasonable all-powerful being would let things get to such a state of suckitude.

God (irritated): Oh, really? This job looks that easy to you?

Hiko: It should be. You're all powerful – you said so yourself…

God: Oh, Jesus, here we go again. Give some people a soap box… You ever try watching everyone on the Earth at once? It's like trying to watch 7 billion football games all at the same time. It gives you a freakin' headache! And the bitching! Holy shit, am I sick of hearing people bitch! You'd never believe the shit that people pray for. Back in the day, it was only important stuff, but now, people frickin' pray for I-Pods and for sales at Macy's and for their girlfriend to put on that black teddy and for DVD's to come out on widescreen… It'll drive you freakin' nuts! And every Tom, Dick, and Hiko thinks they can do a better job than you! Tell me, o wise one, what would you do differently? What would you do if you were God?

Hiko: I don't know… I'd definitely change some things.

God: OK – like what? Dazzle me, dickhead.

Hiko: Well… OK, the population thing is way out of control.

God (sarcastic): Fine. Wipe ‘em out with a plague. That’ll endear you to the masses.

Hiko: I didn’t say wipe ‘em out. Control ‘em. No one can have kids until they’re 30 years old. Women don’t produce eggs until they’re 30, men don’t produce sperm until they’re 30. And women only produce two eggs in their entire lives, so two kids is the max. And you can’t get pregnant until both parents undergo training and obtain a license.

God: So we’ve got a big time stoppage in children. That’ll go over well in underdeveloped countries and Utah.

Hiko: Men and women reach physical maturity at the age of 22, and then they cease to age after that. Disease is gone. Barring accident, everyone lives to the age of 100. On their 100th birthday, they die. Everyone gathers and they have a big party the night before.

God: ‘Cause nothing’s more fun than the death of a loved one.

Hiko: Money is obsolete. People only work if they want to.

God: What are you, a freakin' hippie? Who grows the food, who brews your beer if no one works?

Hiko: Robots do all the work that people don't feel like doing. You can walk into a store, choose what you want, and just take it home, because there's plenty. There are no countries – the world is ruled by a single elected government.

God: Dude, you are so high.

Hiko: People are physically unable to purposely hurt each other. Nuclear weapons cease to exist.

God: OK – I'm getting bored. How do you expect to make all this shit fly?

Hiko: I'm God. I can do anything I want. What's your damn excuse?

God stared blankly at Hiko for a moment, then pulled a small

walkie-talkie out of his pocket.

God (into walkie): Billy? Got another one coming down.

God pointed the walkie at Hiko's feet and pressed a red button. The floor beneath Hiko's feet gave way, and he fell with a blood-curdling scream into oblivion.

God: Jesus Christ, I thought that guy would never shut up.

***5/21 – Cavs vs. Pistons Game 1 "Thoughts":** At home, go for the tie. On the road, go for the win.

This is the general rule of thumb of NBA Playoff games.

So why is there this great debate about whether or not LeBron should've kicked the ball out to a wide open Donyell Marshall for the three?

Maybe LeBron could've scored that bucket to tie the game. Maybe it wouldn't have gone in. The refs were letting the boys play, so he very well could've gotten hacked and it wouldn't have been called.

Maybe Mike Brown told LeBron during the timeout that if there were a guy wide open for three, that he should pass the ball and go for the win.

It's a manufactured debate. Welcome to the world of modern sports journalism - *Controversy for the sake of controversy; bitching to hear themselves bitch.* LeBron made a choice – the right choice – and it didn't go in. Life's tough all over. But there's no way Marshall could've been more open, and if he puts that ball down there's no discussion.

I am very surprised at the amount of negativity regarding this one small decision. It's frustrating to even hear since it's so unwarranted. Even a guy from a local sports talk radio station – let's call him Lenny Moda – was whining prolifically about *The Pass*.

Now, certainly, Mr. Moda is not only totally without talent, but he is almost always wrong. If I am unfortunate enough to listen to him, I will inevitably be moved to scream at my car radio in irritation. Vegas often sets its lines taking into account the absolute opposite of Moda's

opinions. So I don't know why I should be confounded by him spouting a notion that I can only describe as extensively ignorant.

However, lots of other sports people that *aren't* complete hacks have also proclaimed that LeBron should've gone for the tie, that he was wrong to make *The Pass* .
It's time for the Second Guessing Olympics! Blah blah blah.
Controversy for the sake of controversy; bitching to hear themselves bitch.

***5/24 – Cavs vs. Pistons Game 2 "Thoughts":** This game was played on Thursday instead of Wednesday because THE NBA DIDN'T WANT TO GO UP AGAINST THE FINALE OF
AMERICAN IDOL
???

That is flippin' sad.

Game 1 was on at the same time as the season finale of *24*, and yet I somehow managed to watch both. Most of the people that I know that would actually watch the game would probably not be heartbroken that they had to tape/Tivo America's favorite little talent competition. Hell, most of them, like myself, probably wouldn't watch it at all.

Now for the game…

It's been a long time since I've been this pissed off after a sporting event – most likely since the BCS Title Debacle. The sequence of events at the end of the game made me beat my daughter's stuffed monkey against the wall in sheer frustration (no, this is not a metaphor).

First, there's the no-call on Rasheed Wallace's forearm shove to Varejao that allowed him to get open for the go ahead shot. Certainly, Andy is prone to the flop, but it was a marginal no-call nonetheless.

Second, there's the no-call on Rip Hamilton as he raked his spindly arm down LeBron's much thicker appendage as Mr. James took what could have potentially been the game winning shot. That was **not** a marginal no-call. The refs must've hallucinated in unison. I thought I was watching
Deliverance
again with the anal attack job the Cavs got on that no-call.
LeBron, you sure got purdy eyes.

Third, there's Larry Freakin' Hughes missing what can only be described as a short jumper for a 10 year old girl in a wheelchair. You know the one, the wide open – what? – 6 footer that Larry clanked after

he got the rebound from LeBron's miss. That may have been the last straw for you, Larry. I want you on the first bus to Schmucksville. Too bad that your Gaudy Freakin' Contract will keep you stuck with us.

Is there any truth to the rumor that Mike Brown is begging the NBA to eliminate the 3rd quarter from all remaining playoff games? Good luck with that, coach.

Down 0-2 after two very very very winnable games. If I *were* to die, and if God
were
to exist, and if I
were
to meet him, I'd ask him what the hell Cleveland Sports did to piss him off so. Because he's acting like Cleveland Sports slept with his daughter.

***5/27 – Cavs vs. Pistons Game 3 "Thoughts":** Missed the first half driving back from Columbus. I refused to listen to it on the radio – I figured either the Cavs would have a halftime lead that they would subsequently blow in the 3
rd

Quarter, or they'd be down, and then they'd be toast – panicking at the prospect of going down 0-3 and jacking up

shots from all over the globe.

There's really not too much to say about LeBron in the 4th that hasn't already been expounded upon. I didn't like some of his shot selections (translation: Step back, fall away threes), but they went in, and he hit what was essentially the game winning shot.

As happy as I am that they won the game, I'm still frustrated that the Cavs are down 1-2 in this series. They had every chance to take *at least* one in Detroit, and the fact that they didn't gives them very little wiggle room. If they lose tonight's game, then it completely negates the win in Game 3, so I'm putting my excitement on layaway until after this evening.

***This is my 7 year old's last week of school, and, frankly, I'm relieved. Like her father, my daughter isn't a morning person, and it often was a mighty pain in the rump to get Her Grumpiness up and clothed and fed and groomed and out the door in time to meet her bus.

To make it more fun, over 10 times this year, the bus driver would just drive on by. Yes, she would just forget that my daughter existed, standing there, waiting to be picked up.

It's true that driving a school bus isn't Rocket Surgery, but if you've been picking up the same girl from the same stop for an entire sporking year, you'd think it might be something that one would remember after a while.

My favorite instance was the time that the bus driver forgot to drop her off. It apparently slipped her mind that my daughter was still sitting on the bus, and drove all the way back to the school before – *whoops! – there's still a kid on here! How did that happen?*

I'm not one to complain, but perhaps it's time for Ms. Bus Driver to apply for early retirement. Or run for political office.

***It has come to my attention that I may or may not discuss the D-word incredibly often in my articles. I henceforth swear not to use said word in any edition for the rest of May (I know – big promises). During that time, I shall instead refer to it as Sorrowful Hellish Event Involving Spouses Separating Amidst Turmoil And Negativity. Or it's acronym - SHEISSATAN.

Ladies, feel free to drop the Sorrowful part.

***Quote of the Week: "*You're going so far down that even Dante won't be able to find you."* –
My Girlfriend