Whale love. Exposing Sweetest Day for what it is. Annoying habits of Indians fans. Oddities of the English language. And what you would pick if you could have any three wishes. Yes, that's right, it's Moot Points time again here at The Cleveland Fan. The stream of conciousness weekly column from our talented Browns writer Hiko.

OR

A Whale Tale

***Do you remember Shamu, the playful killer whale ? He used to flop around the underwater arenas of all the multiple Sea Worlds, including Sea World-Ohio before Sea World-Ohio was bought up by Geauga Lake and turned into a big waterpark/toilet.

(Yes, I know that Shamu was a female. Work with me, people!)

Let's say, for the sake of argument, that Shamu once was married, but, after a disharmonious union, swam away. His ex-whale, Namu, never forgave him, even though years had passed, and she had since joined a new herd (or whatever).

So, Namu would often send off sonar signals to Shamu, especially after she had downed too much octopus ink. And, if these sonar signals were not received in the manner which she had hoped, then she would send back angry sonar signals insulting and belittling Shamu's new sea-partner, Ramu.

Little did Namu know that Ramu was right there when the sonar signals were coming in, and she could hear them. Ramu remained calm for quite some time, but, finally, one night, she jumped in front of Shamu and intercepted the signals, sending back strong angry signals announcing that she knew of all the slander Namu was perpetrating, and she was sick of it, and proceeded to make verbal chum out of poor bloated Namu. Namu, of course, was horrified that Ramu knew about her insults, and apologized and lied and wheedled to the best of her sonic abilities. And she was so embarrassed by the event that she wouldn't even show her snout in the waters where Shamu and Ramu swam any longer.

And Shamu just laughed and laughed and laughed. And laughed.

***How many of you guys out there are buying the lady (or lord) of your life a present for Sweetest Day? Come on, don't be shy. Let's see a show of hands. Which of you out there are caring and thoughtful enough to show that special person in your world how much you care about him or her?

Suckers.

They already had a day for this, and it's called Valentine's Day. Not to mention his or her birthday. And your Anniversary.

But a bunch of Greeting Cards shops and Florists get together and set up some random holiday to boost their 4th Quarter sales - *and they guilt you into it?*

Fortunately, my girlfriend is very cool about this subject and agrees with me completely. Sweetest Day does not exist in our household, nor shall it ever exist. Just like all the other made-up holidays concocted by corporate America in some pathetic attempt to steal more of your hard earned cash. Like Second Mortgage Day. Or Frivolous Lawsuit Day. Or Overpriced SUV Day (known in Idaho simply as $50,000 Glorified Minivan Day). Or my personal favorite, Double Your Taxes Day.

If he/she cares, make it up to him/her by buying them some flowers next week and telling them "*See? I don't need a pre-fabricated holiday to treat you special."*

But don't you dare empower Sweetest Day. It's like scratching an eyeball full of poison oak.

***The Indians are getting enticingly close to the World Series (in case you haven't heard), and the city of Cleveland is agog with joy. As we anticipate each game, there is hardly a thing in the world to complain about.

Or is there?

I can safely say that I have enjoyed Indians baseball more in the last month than I've ever enjoyed it before. But three things are irking the living crap out of me:

1. The Towel Waving. The Tribe gets to the playoffs, and suddenly it's towel waving time? Towel waving isn't a Cleveland thing. It's for hilljack fans of a putrid and unclean franchise located in the armpit of Western PA. Those fans and their practices are not to be emulated. They are to be eradicated.

2. ***It's Tribe Time Now.*** What marketing genius came up with this slogan? Why do we need a slogan? Especially a lame one such as that clunker? To quote Jean Girard
, "
Is that a catchphrase, or is that epilepsy?
"

"Hello, and welcome to the Cleveland Indians' postseason run, brought to you by Lowe's and Pizza Hut. And by Bausch & Lomb - Proud sponsor of the two out hits! Bausch & Lomb - It's 2 out RBI Time Now!"

Seriously... did we need a slogan? I mean, the excitement wasn't really there until the masses had a cute little saying to latch on to (and wave around their heads)?

Bob: *Hey, Joe. You watching the game tonight?*

Joe: *I dunno. I'm not that excited about it.*

Bob: *C'mon, Joe. It's Tribe Time Now!*

Joe: *Why, so it is! You're right! GO TRIBE!*

3. Clap clap clap-clap-clap clap-clap-clap-clap GO TRIBE!
I hate this song. I loathe it. I don't care what it's about - it's awful. It sucks. It could be clap clap clap GO BROWNS or clap clap clap GO BUCKEYES or clap clap clap GO SCARLETT JOHANSSEN NAKED ON MY BED.....

Uhhhhh, what? I lost focus there. Ahem. Yes. Back to the song.

Just because there's a song out there about the Tribe doesn't mean you have to play it if it blows chipmunks. Especially if it's created just to further exacerbate the tired *It's Tribe Time Now*

aphorism.

Geezus, I'd rather listen to Disco Polka.

***I was having a discussion the other day with one of my co-workers, and it came to our attention that there are many words out there that contain a prefix and then the main word, but are not considered words when you take away the prefix.

What the hell is he talking about?, you ask. Well, let me show you.

Let's take the word *unhappy*. *Unhappy* is a word created by taking the prefix " *u n* " and the main word " *happy* " and combining them. The prefix basically reverses the meaning of the word. *Unhappy* is the opposite of *happy* . *Disproportionate* is the opposite of *proportionate*

.
Nondenominational
is the opposite of
denominational
.

But then there are words like *nonchalant*. *Nonchalant* means to be relaxed, indifferent, unexcited. Thus, it stands to reason that *non chalant* is the opposite of *chalant*, as " *non* " is a prefix. But there is no *chalant*. It doesn't exist. Somewhere along the line, a word was created to be the opposite of *chalant*, and then poor *chalant* was thrown to the wolves, whilst its opposite still remains today.

I like the word *chalant*. Assuming it means the opposite of *non chalant*
,

chalant
is to be intense, focused, and excited. When I am dealing with a work-related emergency, I am
chalant
. When I'm having sex, I'm very
chalant
(unless perhaps I've had a few too many adult beverages). When I'm watching football, I'm about as
chalant
as a person can be.

How about *gruntled*? It means to be happy and content. It's always better to be *gruntled* than *disgruntle d* .

I prefer to go through life *combobulated*. And I would much rather have people find me
gusting
than the converse.

If the Word Police could somehow get together and right these grievous wrongs, I would be most *appointed*.

***So, OSU ripped up Michigan State on their way to a 24-0

lead, but then went into a peyote haze and gave up 2 Defensive TD's in less than a minute. What was really a blowout became a close game, and the national pundits (who didn't watch the game) got to fabricate how Ohio State struggled.

Good.

The 2006 Ohio State Buckeyes demolished their regular season schedule. They were not battle tested. They were overconfident. So they got to the National Championship Game and got slaughtered.

The 2002 Ohio State Buckeyes didn't have it nearly so easy during the regular season. They struggled. They were discounted. And then they got to the National Championship Game and laid a beatdown on the poor, sad, crybaby Miami Hurricanes.

(That one's for you, G.)

The 2002 Buckeyes were battle tested. The 2006 version was not.

Struggle is good.

***My daughter was playing a game the other day with her friend where she had to name her three wishes, and you couldn't wish for more wishes.

Inevitably, it came to me to name my three. I had to think about it momentarily.

I could wish for world peace, but do you realize how overcrowded this planet would get if people stopped killing each other? We'd all be so cramped, world peace wouldn't last more than a week.

How about wishing that we wouldn't die? See above. People would get so angry that they'd start shooting each other into outer space so they could float around for eternity. Earth would soon have a ring of bodies circling about it.

So I wished for:

1. **The power to start and stop time at will.** Imagine the possibilities. So many fun things you could do. Such as

stopping time during a Browns-Ravens game. Taking off Ray Lewis' helmet. Putting it back on his head backwards. Then dropping his drawers and supergluing his balls to his leg. Wait 2 hours. Then - viola! - start time again.

Ah, the frivolity.

2. **A billion dollars.** It's really hard to blow a billion dollars. But I'd try.

3. **The Browns to win a Superbowl in my lifetime.** Because they need the help. And I probably won't live all that long.

***There has been a rumor patrolling the internet surrounding the possible move of the Buffalo Bills to Toronto .

The rumor is that once Bills owner Ralph Wilson dies (and the dude is 88 years old), that the team will be sold, and Buffalo doesn't have the kind of capital to keep the Bills in the Home of Wings.

But Toronto... well, it's nearby, and Torontonians already help fill Ralph Wilson Stadium each week. So perhaps the Bills move just north of the border (which isn't that big a move, considering it's only 1 hour 47 minutes between Toronto and

Buffalo). Buffalo has a population of about 292,000. Toronto has a population of about 2.5 million. Toronto has a ton more money and racial diversity and nightlife and... c'mon, you get the picture.

Buffalo is the #46 market in the US, only just above Dayton, OH. For perspective, Ohio alone has 3 markets well ahead of Buffalo, including Cleveland at #16 , which is just ahead of Miami/Ft. Lauderdale.

This move makes all kinds of sense.

But, seriously, as a Cleveland Browns fan, how can I possibly endorse this move?

I can't. I won't.

If the NFL can successfully keep a franchise in Green Bay (the #69 market), then they can successfully keep a franchise in poor decrepit Buffalo.

Go Bills.

Except when you play Cleveland.

***I was watching the NFL Network the other night, and they referred to the Pittsburgh Steelers as the "Black and Gold".

This annoys me to no end.

The New Orleans Saints wear black and gold. The Steelers wear black and YELLA.

You have to have your vision incredibly clouded by inbreeding and syphilis to believe for just one second that that dehydrated-hungover-piss color is gold.