When I first read this week's "Moot Points", I was laughing so hard I cried. I'm talking legitimate tears. I never thought the talented Hiko could ever top the infamous "Taco Bell" Moot column (Google 'Hiko Taco Bell') from last year ... but I think he has right here. I can't even do this column any justice with my little cheesy front page synopsis writeup. Just read it. It's our weekly dose of humor ... it's "Moot Points".

## OR

## I Shouldn't Have Taken The Blue Pill

There is an acquaintance of mine, Loredo, who, I learned from a mutual friend, has had some issues lately.

Being single, he is interested in attaining a lady friend, and she has shown like interest. But there have been challenges. You see, every time he and his potential lady friend decide to physically express their... whatever... it's after they have consumed many an adult beverage, thus

lowering both their inhibitions and their pants.

There's the rub. This gentleman isn't in the best shape, he's nearing 50, and he's normally inebriated when the two of them "go for it". The obvious result is, well, a non-result.

Once... well, no big deal. But it's happened to him 3 times now, tragically (really, there are things you should keep to yourself). My first thought pattern is "*So lay off the booze for once, chico!*" But since the influence seems to be a major part of the attraction for these two (a match made in heaven), that is unlikely to occur.

Thus, Loredo needs some assistance. There are many pills that advertise assistance in this area. They work. How do I know? Let me impart this tale.

When I was living in Miami, I was hanging out AT a friend's apartment, and his roommate came in and started raving about the wonders of Viagra. "*I just got some yesterday*," he told us. "*You've got to try this stuff! It's amazing! You'll go all night, just like you're 21 again!*
"

"*I'm 23,*" I told him. "*And that's really not a problem.*"

"*Oh, it's not a problem for me either!*" he was quick to protest. " *But I just wanted to see what they did, and - wow! I can't describe it!* "

This dude was really excited. He made them sound like the best thing since Cinnamon Toast Crunch, and now my friend's and my curiosity was piqued, so we each accepted a pill from this neo-hippie.

That night, shortly before my girlfriend at that time got home from work, I popped the pill in my mouth and washed it down with beer. I sat around, wondering about the effect, waiting to feel strange. But nothing. So I shrugged and kind of forgot about it.

When my girlfriend finally did arrive home, I naturally accosted her almost immediately. Placating me, we went to the bedroom and did what 23 year old adults do pretty much every day. And there were no bangs or whistles. No fireworks, no Gregorian chants. Nope, it was just the normal: foreplay 1, foreplay 2, position 1, position 2, and finish. Maybe my pill was a dud.

It took about 5 minutes for me to realize that it was not. Normally, after a male of the species has achieved orgasm, there is a short window of time where his sexual organ will remain at attention. When that window has closed, the deflation process begins, and is very difficult to halt.

Ah, but this time, there was no deflation process. None whatsoever. I

was walking around the room with what felt like a pipe attached to me, bouncing, causing an unpleasant sensation. It was very awkward; always this strange fleshy thing moving ahead of me in my peripheral vision no matter where I turned.

"*What's wrong with you?*" my girlfriend asked.

"*Wrong?*" I replied (this question baffled me). "*Nothin g.*  *Still excited, I guess*
."

"*Well, I've got to get up in 6 hours, so don't be looking at me.*&quo t;

As individuals often have to do after intercourse, I had to pee. So I went in the bathroom and shut the door. Then the real quandary began: how to get the urine into the toilet. There isn't a male reading this that hasn't gotten up early with morning wood and found urinating to be a difficult challenge. But there are different states of erection, and morning erection is generally a somewhat malleable erection, especially after it hits the cold morning air.

This, however, was not malleable. I tried squatting and leaning to get the thing in the right position, but, at best, I would've been hitting the back of the toilet. I put my hand on the wall and one foot on the edge of the bathtub. No, that seemed like a bad idea as well, as I was pretty sure I would do nothing more than succeed in pissing in the trash can.

It began to occur to me that the only solution was to do a handstand in front of the toilet, rest my feet on the wall, and hope that my aim was true. As I'm sure you can see, there were many faults with this course of action, ranging from drenching myself in urine to my inability to really do a handstand.

So I took the only course available: I hopped in the shower, turned on the water, and created my own giant toilet.

After sweet relief, I turned the water as cold as it would go. But - alas! - even the threat of freezing did not deter the stiffness in my joint. It was no longer amusing or interesting; this was becoming a problem. " *Go away* !" I told it, which is something males generally do not tell their erections. But it was starting to throb, and would make getting dressed extremely challenging. I had told my friends I would meet them for some drinks later - this would certainly be an unacceptable way to show up.

Drinks! Yes, that's it! Knowing of the bottle of vodka in the freezer, I decided to drink the sucker down. Wrapping a towel around my torso uncomfortably high, I proceeded out of the bathroom, past my now-snoring girlfriend, and down the hall. We lived with two other guys, and, unfortunately, one of them was home, sitting on the futon, eating a burrito and watching basketball.

"*Hey*," he said, not looking up.

"*Hey*," I replied, opening the door to the freezer, grabbing the vodka. I poured a big glass in our only clean receptacle - a coffee mug - and then put it back away. And, while I was in there, I grabbed a handful of ice and put it in a dishtowel. This bastard's going down - one way or the other.

"*What are you doing*?" my roommate asked as he watched me chug vodka from a coffee cup with my towel wrapped around my torso way too high.

"*Don't ask*," was my advice.

Back in the bathroom, I applied my newly formed ice pack to the purple unit. "*Go... Down...!*" I muttered. Nope. Nothing was working. The damn thing was invincible.

I started to think of things that bored or disgusted me: *my friend's grandmother, tadpoles, winter on Mars, Art Modell, baseball.* Nothing.

What other options did I have? I jabbed it with a needle, thinking perhaps pain would cause it to evaporate. Nope. It just hurt like hell, like squeezing a zit that's just about to pop, but won't quite explode. One more time, and... OUCH! OK then, my lighter idea was *definitely* o ut.

Time was flying (it had been about an hour and half since we had finished), and since my erection showed no signs of ceasing and desisting, I was forced to choose: either stay home for the night, or go out anyway. The logical choice was to ditch, but my friends were all meeting at Fox's, and they have the best frickin' dirty martinis in the world there, so that wasn't really an option at all.

OK, either go with the tentpole, or tuck it in the belt. I chose the latter. I just lowered my belt a bit and let it out a couple notches and continued to get dressed, which is more difficult when you can't bend at the waist.

It wasn't until I was trying to tie my shoes with my toes that I realized that it had bent a bit. I froze. *Do not think of anything sexy!*, I told myself. *Squash! Hangnails! Hitler! Ms. Pac Man! NO! Not Ms. Pac Man!!! Uh... Asteroids. Hemorrhoids. Yeah, focus on Hemorrhoids! Focus!*

And then it was gone. I think it was the belt that did it, cutting off the circulation. And once it shrunk down past the belt level, then the hard part was over (pardon the pun).

That stuff is dangerous, boys and girls. Mainly boys.

Anyway, to make a long story even longer, this is my advice to you, Loredo: If you're having any issues with not *rising to the occasion*, go to your local Viagra-Mart and get you a couple of those bad boys. Your problems will be over.

At least, until you're done.

*** *The following was written directly after the game. I have not yet heard any explanations or other.*

I had another mildly humorous tale of my past to tell (at least, ‘twas humorous to me). But I took pause to watch the Buckeyes game today, and now my mood has changed.

Humor is dead. It has been dethroned by King Anger.

I will not bother to review this game. It was frustrating all the way through, sans the opening drive, of course. I'm not sure if Ohio State played like shit or if Illinois played lights out; and I don't care. The Buckeyes deserved to lose that game. But teams win every week that deserve to lose, and I was hoping that OSU would be one of those teams. Alack! ‘Twas not to be.

Best Defense in the nation my ass. How many runs up the middle by Juice Williams do you have to surrender for 1st downs before you get the hint that maybe he *might* be doing that the next time it's 3rd down?

But nothing makes me more appreciate the heights of Mt. Anger than the play on the final drive where OSU held Illinois to 4th and inches. The orange people brought out their punt team, and Tressel *called Time Out*.

My nephew and I both remarked immediately how stupid a Time Out that was, and how it would give Illinois time to get the cajones to come up with a play that they felt comfortable running on 4th down. Sure enough, that's exactly what happened. Illinois converted, and were able to salt the game away from there.

It's not like my nephew and I are football geniuses ( *No Shit* !, shouts the masses). Everyone knew that that Time Out would result in a change of heart from Illinois. And everyone knew that would be a BAD thing, seeing as Ohio State had been unable to stop a DAMN thing all DAMN day. You knew it. I knew it. My cat knew it. My dentist knew it. My dead grandfather knew it.

Jim Tressel is a fine football coach, and he's done almost everything right during his time with the Buckeyes. But a mistake like that... it makes me want to squeeze his throat until my fingerprints look like neck tattoos.

Perhaps the Buckeyes were confused. Perhaps they had too many men on the field. Perhaps something that I don't know about forced Tressel's hand in calling that Time Out. I don't care. That error is on his head.

Ohio State still plays for the Big 10 Championship next week. And I don't give a good Goddam.

When you're undefeated going into today's game, and you lose, I find almost no solace in beating a crappy Michigan team for the Championship of a highly questionable Big 10. *Whoopedee frickin' doo! We're Lords of Craptown! Break out the*

*kegs!*

At least it will be a lot easier to find a seat at Panini's next week.

Yay.