Written by Michael Woods
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Here's a little nugget, a little tidbit for you to ponder as you settle in for a long winter's nap, or get the cookies ready for the jolly fatman, as you cross your fingers that he won't get stuck in the chimney, or get mistaken for a cat burglar as he makes his way into your apartment via the fire escape.

I'm hearing, from someone who heard it from someone, that a Roy Jones-Evander Holyfield fight is in the discussion stage.

Evander of course is in Atlanta pondering that loss in Switzerland, and no doubt racking his brain determining which gifts and which cards go out to which addresses, so he might not be making up his mind what direction he's going in for a little while. But Jones is thinking that he's got something left to give, or maybe get, in the sport, and a fight at around 210 pounds against a 215 pound Holyfield, seems like a moneymaker to him. Would it be a compelling matchup for the fans? That's sort of secondary, no?

While I'm on the subject, I'm thinking next year I'm gonna get an X-Mas card from one Pierluigi Poppi, that judge who saw Valuev a 116-112 winner on Saturday. Because I forced myself, with great effort, to spend 50 minutes watching the whole exercise in ultra-tedium, and I saw the fight the same way. Don't get me wrong—I have to give forceful props to the Real Deal, who at age 46 showed he should've won Dancing With the Stars Season 1. He went left, he went right, he went all night. Unfortunately, all that movement, and throwing three combos a round, doesn't do it for me. That isn't effective aggression. That "Circle And Stare" strategy was the right idea, but he needed to add another twenty punches per round, if possible, to take the title. A draw was fine for me, as neither man truly sent a consistent message that they wanted, needed, demanded to win. But Valuev was willing to trade, even if his immobility hurt him in much the same way as it did against his "win" against Larry Donald in 2005.

SPEEDBAG I'm also hearing, on the grapevine, from a source who heard it from a source, that there are those that want to see Oscar do it one more time. They think his drastic weight loss, and the fact that he was at 147 for too long, drained him. So, a fight at junior middleweight, against 38-0 Julio Cesar Chavez Jr, age 22, would be a fine farewell tussle. They say it makes sense for Chavez too. That's the best payday he can grab, and if he loses, hey, he's 22, and the 35-year-old Oscar doesn't figure to have enough to damage him physically. Makes sense to me.