If the column title looks familiar, that's cause it is. Mansfield just decided to go with the same title for this weeks column, but with a totally different inflection in his voice this week. Mansfield is downright giddy in his latest effort for us, triumphing the Browns dominant offensive line play, the most stellar performance by a Browns RB in many moons, and very promising stuff from DA, BE, KWII, Joe J and the passing attack. What a performance ...

It’s all in the inflection.

Last week, the emphasis was on “hell” as in “What da HEYYAL!” That’s not so much a question as it is a statement of contempt and disgust. This week, after the offensive performance that still has me in a state of shock and awe, the way you say that is with your voice going to a rising, higher pitch with each word in the form of a question, as in “What the hell”? You know sorta like you’d turn to a broham who just said something utterly ridiculous like the hot female at the bar wants him and you exclaim disbelievingly “Cracka Puh-leaze?!”

What the hell? Who knew?

What we saw on Sunday was beyond surreal. It had a video game quality to it, except it was the Browns. And we didn't suck. In fact, we were magnificent.

There was Braylon Edwards, who many of us dissed more than Robbie Van Winkle, the hitherto troublesome underachiever who looked more bust than third pick overall playmaker doing everything right. Braylon played the game with passion, concentration, and consummate athletic skill as if he were playing against Michigan State.

There was Kellen Winslow, soldiering up and getting the Browns started like the straw that stirs the drink. You can bust on Butch Davis' draft record and maybe rightly so, but in his last draft he struck pure gold with this kid, as well as Sean Jones. Very soon, if his knee can only hold up, the NFL will crown him as the successor to Tony Gonzales.

There was Jamal Lewis looking like a Jim Brown highlight film at times. The Ratbirds seriously let this guy walk for whatchutalkinbout Willis Magahee? Are you serious? What an absolute stud that looked like his gas tank is still in the midrange area, not on the running on fumes level. First 200 yard rusher we've had since Gerald Ford was president? That, my homies, is one long-assed minute.

There was, at long last, a real offensive line. There was Eric Steinbach holding the REAL Gene Hickerson Appreciation Day, pulling out in front

like nothing I've seen here since Joe D . There was Joe Thomas, who looked bewildered and somewhat handled last week turning into a very impressive shut down left tackle faster than you could say "Oh Lord, I hope he's not Robert Gallery".

Most importantly, there was a young quarterback with the physical skills to use the entire field, not just the isolated pieces parts his limited arm and acumen would allow, making it easy for a defense to choke an offense. You could see the confidence grow in Derek Anderson play by play, pass by pass.

At long last in the new era, except for those isolated wonderful moments, mostly with Kelly Holcomb's smoke and mirrors, the Browns' offense came alive. All the talent on paper I started to disbelieve was here in reality gelled. They played with heart, passion, skill and a pride we haven't seen before. It was a thing of absolute beauty.

I don't know if what I saw Sunday was "real". And you know what? I don't give a rat's ass. Today, I believe we are going 15 – 1, maybe 14 – 2 at worst on the way to an improbable Super Bowl win that will shock the world because that was the best offense I've seen since Dan Fouts and Winslow's daddy were

getting it done with a running back who wore glasses. Stay classy San Diego
!

OK, so I know there's a lot of peeps out there talkin' about a D that gave up 40 plus points. That was about what I expected against the second best quarterback and offense in the NFL. This just in: the Bengals are good on offense. But much like Sasha, the Browns' offense was their defense, and when you score 51 and keep piling it on, you do not lose. I still don't see how Todd Grantham is so beloved, and the defense has to play better particularly at inside linebacker, but today is not that day to fixate and bring it down. Today is the day to celebrate the birth of a division contender and the sum of all the parts on paper actually coming together.

Lastly, onto Phil. What can I or any of his detractors say about the apple pie faced Keyser Soze? I don't understand the prolonged Frye experiment, and I bemoaned Charlie's scape-goating as irrational, but damn if he wasn't right and we do have talent. I and many others are thoroughly enjoying a nice big plate of crow, and I'll gladly have seconds with buffalo sauce on it. My jury is out on Romeo until I see the D cowboy up, however.

All in all, let me explain the importance of this past Sunday. Heading in after the latest Sucklers' debacle was bad, cats. Very bad. I believe that we were on the verge of seeing an organization blown up once again

and the re-boot button hit. The wheels were very much coming off the wagon. I believe that if this Sunday were like last Sunday we'd be seeing Romeo walking the plank by the bye week with Phil not far behind at season's end. We'd be rushing in Brady Quinn. We'd see another new coaching staff, another new set of systems and schemes, and massive roster changes resulting in the dreaded three to five year plan for contention. 1999 meet 2001 meet 2005. Ack. Maybe that's not the case. Maybe some karmic corner has been turned as if the Bron ping pong ball came up. Maybe Browns TNG past is not prologue. Maybe there is hope.

I got a feelin', Browns be goin' to the

Super Bowl!

One note of negativity and controversy… you knew it had to come. Memo to medium big boned fan formerly known as Big Dawg and those who would “represent” us. I know from those who have met you briefly, including myself that you are essentially a good dude who isn’t into himself. But stop fraternizing with the enemy. Cracka please! Next to the word “contrived” in Webster’s is you and dude with over the top dawg bone lid scheming to pat Chad on the back after he did us. Stop it. You’re embarrassing me. Proppers to one finger salute cats and those who went to the mat sacrificing their watered down fo’ fihty light swill to make it

right. Was a day that Chad coulda jumped up there all right. ‘Cept you and others would have pulled his butt in and beat him down like the punk he was for bringing that crap into our house. I still remember Bengal fan in the urinal passed out back in the day of the real pound. Do you? *“Here kitty kitty kitty.”* Yah know truth be told, Chad cracks me up, too and I don’t hate him all the time. But he DOES play for the evil spawn of Paul gone bad, you know. He’s trying to beat YOUR team and just scored on US. So I sure hated him Sunday as if he’s Lynn Swann. So maybe think about leaving that made for TV moment alone and remembering who you are, mmmm kay? As always, I’m just sayin’.