‘Twas the game before Christmas, and all thru the roster, no one could believe their quarterback's an imposter. The fans watched from home, or maybe sports bars instead, as visions of playoffs danced in their heads. Mansfield Lucas has some fun with last week's crushing loss in Cincinnati by creating his own custom rendition of the popular Christmas poem.

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No one could believe their quarterback's an imposter.

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As visions of playoffs danced in their heads.

The presents arrived and the stockings were stuffed,

E'ry one had been good, no one got cuffed.

Some Kevlar for Kellen, a pro bowl for Josh,

A second for Braylon, and for Coach a huge nosh.

A Donatos large pizza, topped edge to edge,

With no talk of "playoffs", so he wouldn't ledge.

And last but not least, in a box not from Nike, came a present for Derek; it was his psyche.

It was carefully packed, and likely from Italy.

I know this because the box said "fragile".

And so the game started to wrap up the playoffs, a prize much awaited through hardship and layoffs.

A stiff wind blew in the house of Paul's son, but Browns' fans were hopeful the game would be won.

The Bengals had just lost nine of thirteen, winning a paltry three games in between.

They couldn't even beat the lame Forty-Niners, and in the weeks' hype, the Bengals were whiners.

We'd ruined their season in game number two, their chance to be spoilers, would not be eschewed.

The game it did start, and Chud chose to throw, forgetting Jamal and his game in the snow.

And what in DA's wandering eyes should appear, but three Bengal d-backs, and

big-game fear.

And so much like Santa, he just gave it away.

A season's worth of success, gone in a day.

Here Leon, here Jon, here Chinedum Ndukwe.

Just take this game, I'll give it away.

Sorry Braylon and Kellen, I'm not on today.

I'll throw it behind you, I can't even hit JJ.

Coach Romeo told me to ignore all the hype,

But I just couldn't help it, I clogged my windpipe.

So the present he gave was that of fate to the Titans.

And many good reasons for a controversy to heighten.

Meanwhile Phil was off to his workshop,

To craft another off season, and a new rookie crop.

As he left he exclaimed, because he wanted a win.

"Dammit Romeo, next year you play Quinn!"