Once again this offseason, Phil Savage struck early and often in free agency. However, in doing so, Opie dealt away our second and third round picks, and was already without our first from the Brady Quinn trade last spring. Draft day has always been a day of celebration for Browns fans. And in his latest, Mansfield Lucas sheds some light on how we as Browns fans can spend draft day after years of using it as an excuse to get together and drink beer at 10 AM.

Congratulations Browns' Fan.

Thanks to the deft dealings of Opie creatively filling the holes at defensive line that were fixing to wreck the upcoming season, as well as last year's acquisition of the soon-to-be starting quarterback of the Browns for many playoff seasons to come, **YOU**
have a free day on Saturday, April 26th. That's right, instead of pounding on this site for draftnik updates, obsessively hitting refresh on
scout.com,
great blue north,
kffl
or - gack - actually paying

helmet head
himself and the
boys in Bristol
for that "Insider" information that
Chicken Little
gives away on broadcast anyway, you get hours and hours of a semi-productive life back this spring. Flippin' sweet.

As always, we at STO want to help you help yourself. That's because we care a lot. It's been quite a while since 1998 when you had to have a life away from the NFL being your gravitational pull. I realize that you may have lost certain social skills in the last decade as you eagerly awaited the annual arrivals of our future building blocks such as Rahim Abdullah, JuJuan Dawson, Travis Prentice, Gerard Warren and Travis Wilson. Fret not. Before you dive into the scintillating enjoyment that is Day Two*, ("Dang Phil! Who the F^%$ is he ?!?! So-and-so is still on the dang board!!")* , hoping for another impact pick like Jeremiah Pharms, here are some things to enjoy instead of twelve non-stop hours of Mel, Mort and company.

## Dumb

Watch the draft anyway. Who cares? It's about eating chicken wings and drinking beer anyway. The event is and will always be an excuse, like how red necks do with hunting. So what if the less than an hour's cumulative minutes of the Browns' on the clock is gone? There's eleven solid hours left to account for that you would have sat through anyway. And *maybe* Phil will trade back up into day one...

The Tribe plays the Yankees at 4PM and it's the national game on Fox . What is better than watching Joe Buck and those Farce Sports Network dill weeds cheer openly for the Yankees and then cry when they lose? What will be excuse be this year for another "SHOCKING UPSET !!"? That the Yankees are just playing themselves into shape? That they had expected muffle heads and were distracted by the odor of dead shad instead?

## Dumber

I don't golf. I've always thought of it as a good walk spoiled and wondered why anyone would WANT to wait for the 19th hole when they could just get a cooler of Nati Light
TM
and go about their business. Plus it is righteous bucks and you have to dress like a middle aged white man. But my boi Swerb does golf, so it can't be all bad.

Here are some courses
he might recommend.

If there is a freakishly warm day at hand, there is nothing quite like the first barley pop or gin and juice savored outside in the sun. Go somewhere good with a view and sit on a deck. There's a great view of interstate crap at the Blue Canyon in Twinsburg . You still can't go too

wrong on the west bank watching an ore carrier come down the river even if it is no longer 1990

.

Gotta love the urban feel around The Jake TM

and the patios there.

Yeah, that's right. The Jake TM

. Especially with the crowd energy of the big Yankees' series happening. Or any given fireworks' night... Who knows, the back deck of your own crib or the stoop of your front porch may be where it's at. Get your cooler of Nati Light or St. Ives and enjoy. If you hit a scratch and win at the rip off deli and smokes store some

Great Lakes' Holy Moses Ales

may be in the offering, but the 26th

is pretty late in the month.

Hit a quality draft site at 9:00 PM to see who

is still available in day two. Who dropped? Who is the head scratcher still left who fell from being projected as a second rounder? Who reached up like ole Plastic Man himself, Butch Davis ? Then come here and talk about it.

Get your riding mower tuned up. Riding mowers rock.
Not those effeminate little ones where you sit in front that don't move like army tanks and cost less than $ 3 K, but those tractor types. Change the sludge you call oil, put in new plugs and a filter and add some 93 octane and take it out on the open Strongsville cul-de-sac like the Dockers' cargo shorts and polo shirt wearing, Velveeta eating, Miller Lite swillin' Kerouac you know your silly ass really is. Feel the

open wind on your balding dome as you hit 5 MPH. get crazy and turn your cap backwards. Whooo wheeeee, you is dee Intimidator back from the beyond!

## Dumbest

Do some maintenance work around the house. Like paint. Or garden. Or use a push mover to cut the grass. Or trim some shrubbery. Yeah. Here's a helpful guide.
You deserved that.

Take a romantic walk as you enjoy a

break from football to maintain your relationship. Talk about something else on draft day besides football. Wear teal. And tie your sweater arms around your waist. Candy ass.

As geeked up as I am about seeing a real defensive line led by Shaun Rogers and Corey Williams this season, along with Shaun Smith. And as much as I think Brady Quinn is head and shoulders above Matt Ryan and that Derek Anderson has fatal flaws that will expose themselves eventually, I'm really going to miss draft day. I'm going to miss man hugging strangers over great picks. I'm going to miss overreacting to bad picks. All while living and dying over my own

perceptions in my less than lucid state about cats that have never played a down on Sunday. I'm going to miss pouring through the pages of scouting reports and knowing who inspired the middle name for the sleeper strong safety from West Central New Mexico A & T University. But mostly, I'm gonna miss the camaraderie. I'm gonna miss the good times of being with other morons who give up a beautiful spring day because they understand how important this day is to the future fortunes of their favorite team.

You done good this year, Phil. Just don't take me by surprise while I'm away on Day One and mortgage the future any

more. Next year, I want a shiny new inside linebacker and pass rusher in my stocking. Ho. Ho. Ho. This year? There's always training camp.