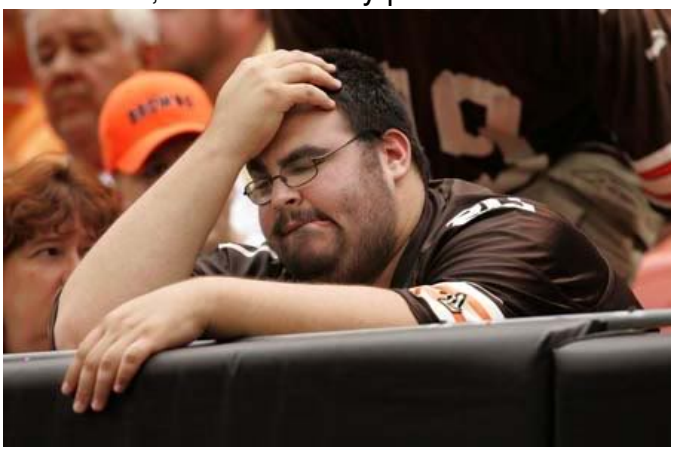
If you're looking for safe, manufactured, "ride the fence so you can always say you were right" takes ... this just in: you're not going to get those from Mansfield Lucas. You are going to get raw, passionate, voice of the fan type stuff from a guy that tailgates in the Muni Lot all day and then goes and sits in The Pound. He's not happy. Who can be? And says that Romeo is overmatched, and between he and DA, ruined a manly performance from an undermanned defense Sunday night.



Other than a coach who can't count and a quarterback who can't think or throw, last Sunday was an epic experience. Shout out to the Lake Erie Browns Backers who may have just figured out how to throw the perfect "all-you-can" tailgate experience. Incredible steaks and clams, clam chowder that would make a real Chowd cry, and all the brew and vodka you could put down from sunrise to kick off. Plus there was this killer girl-fight in Muni. It was like something out of The Kardashians, but it was real. At the tailgate, I got the chance to hang out with Oktane, Diminishing Skills, Peeker, and of course Swerb. Nothing on The Cleveland Fan boards does the General any justice at all; the sick freak. And FUDU was rumored to have been there, but made up some story about having to leave to go to a wake.

Well listen up, boss, so did I.

I have to hand it to the Browns' defense. They flat out manned up. A banged-up, overmatched unit did more than enough to hand the offense a chance to win, even though they didn't have a single big play in them. They couldn't get off the field when they had to. But the line played well, the linebackers improved greatly, and the elements made it an awful night for offensive football. Even as we speak, I still have no cable to watch or internets to click on. Hell of a windstorm. But the windstorm didn't blow nearly as much as Romeo or the Browns' offense.

There are times when it is hard to believe that RAC is from the Tuna / Simon Bar Sinister Coaching Tree. Then you see the characteristic a-hole stubbornness and arrogance that are the hallmark character defects, errrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, traits of those two, and you realize that yes, RAC is one of them. He is those guys with an

M&M ™ candy coating and far less coaching ability. Last week's nonsensical field goal wasn't enough. Nope. Nuh uh. After all the criticism, all the heat RAC took for his wussy decision to kick a trey when down six hundred points to Amuhkah's Team, RAC found out a way to top it and give the fan base and all his critics a great big middle finger salute. If you are reading this, you know what I'm talking about. There's not even a point to re-hashing. Helen Keller can see and explain to you why RAC isn't the man to coach a playoff winner, so I'm done. I'm sick of it, and you're sick of it, so why bother? Randy is the one who needs to be sick of it.

What is frustrating is trying to figure out is where did the offense go? When did Braylon go back to being a rookie, and has the real DA just stood up? The defense is injured and lacks enough talent. Paired with a rookie coordinator, you understand their ceiling of mediocrity. The special teamers are all obviously grossly underpaid and are preoccupied about being unable to "take care of their families" despite being multi-millionaires, so you can't blame them for being distracted by their impending poverty, right Josh and Phil? No excuses can be made for this offense. It is loaded with talent, mostly injury free except for Dante Stallworth's recurring yeast infection and Ryan Tucker being either injured or just feeling a little blue from poor self-esteem, and has coaching continuity. Now I know there were times Sunday night when the wind and rain made it extremely ugly, and the Appalachians didn't set the world on fire, but what the hell is the deal with the offensive line? What was Jay-Lew's line, 39 yards on 18 carries? Bitches please. Can you move someone? But the biggest goat two weeks running was DA. For the second week in a row he looked like the guy who stumbled through the last half of the season.

So I'm watching DA suck and thinking about his suckitude. Did he just suck a little or was he sucking like he had his lips around his favorite binkie? After his pick inside the ten, which I later learned wasn't really his fault because a new receiver who shouldn't be playing except the starting millionaire free agent was bagging another game for not-feeling-so-fresh ran the wrong route, I opined somewhat audibly that DA may indeed inhale vigorously enough to take the chrome off of a bumper hitch. This dude is sitting next to me and is a dead ringer for the Sean Astin hobbit in Lord of the Rings. He's got this stupid fat face and is rocking this lame Edwards' pro bowl jersey and is a huge DA-bot. And he busts out in his squeaky little voice, "You're not a real Browns' fan." So I resist the urge to start talking to him in a voice imitating Smeegle and I just said, "Say what?" And the same thing comes out of his chubby little Karl Rove jowls again. Now, you have to understand. I got to Muni late because I had this

responsibility called "parenting"; I know, lame excuse. I saw babies and even toddlers in Muni. It's such a fine family environment, so I'm not a real fan to begin with because my seven year old daughter wasn't with me drinking and swearing, but I digress. But I did get in five hours of pounding and I'm lit up like a blast furnace, thanks to the Lake Erie Browns Backers. I like to get super Joe-Namath-drunk when I go to games against the Inbred. It makes ten straight losses to those wankers easier to tolerate when they get all wanna-be Appalachian. But I'm a friendly, peaceable drunk, not a fightin' drunk. I'm much more of an "I love you, Man" rager. So it was out of character when I heard the words "So because I'd like to see what Brady can do when DA is having one of his crappy streaky games and the weather means the deep passing game is out of the question, I'm not a real Browns' fan?" He said something in his punk-bitch little squirrelly voice but I didn't hear. I was into rant mode now. "F - You (except I didn't say "F"). I was here at my first Browns' Sucklers' game when Ozzie Newsome caught the fade from Sipe and we actually used to beat these idiots once a half-decade (thanks Romeo, you loser) while you were swimming around in your Daddy's left nad. So you can't tell me squat (except I didn't say "squat")." Then I reminded him to shut the freak up (except I didn't say "freak") even though he'd stopped talking already. He did, and we eventually reconciled and high fived when the Browns made one of their four good plays that night, in between letting fumble recoveries for touchdowns roll out of their hands, making dumb penalties, not run blocking, and throwing picks. Why didn't I hold a grudge? Because I'm a Browns' fan and so is he. It's bigger than us.

And that's about what you're getting this week, folks. Because that's about as much as I can talk about it. I'm so disgusted at RAC and his loser, unable to beat Pittsburgh, front-butt Donatos ™ shilling self. Even Dadgummit Cooper went 1-8-1 versus Meatchicken. Even he stumbled into one and a tie. I can't even talk about it anymore; ten straight losses and the death of a once-great rivalry. It hurts too damn much.

It hurts too much because see here, you little chubby faced Bobby Hill looking dooshbag, I AM a real Browns fan.

The good news is that after playing two real NFL teams, we get to play against two quad-A minor league squads the next two games, not unlike ourselves. I am not expecting playoffs, but as much as I want to make train tracks on my wrists for losing AGAIN to the damn Inbred and having to exist with their moron front

running Ohio fan base, and having to watch RAC and DA do their thing, and having to listen to Phil Savage tell me that we are too negative in this town after he runs his five year leadership record to oh for the hillbillies, I expect two straight wins and a 2 - 2 record heading into the bye week. By then they will have had the equivalent of training camp with real hitting and football work and we can then see if this team can improve or we're in for another season of letdowns in the wake of the Tribe's slow start. It is still early for the Tribe to right themselves, right Shap?

Sometimes as a Cleveland fan, it's tough to be a grinder. But it's a hell of a tailgate, and the Ratbirds are coming. And there's always the Bengals who suck worse than us.

Cleveland fan, yah gotta be tough.