This was really the mother of all awful weekends here in Cleveland. We sat here and watched our professional football organization embarrass themselves and us on national television in front of millions of viewers all over the world. And the incubation period between Sunday and right now has made Brian McPeek violently sick and ready to spew all the bile built up over 10 years. Being a Cleveland fan isn't easy folks. But it builds character.

Its days like this when I'm glad I don't work for a mainstream media outlet in this city. And not only because they pay like crap and it's hard to find a single newspaper or radio station worth a spit in the upper third of this state.

It's because writing for this site allows me to actually express opinions that are unpopular in the front offices of our major sports teams without professional retribution. See, those of us privileged enough to write for this site don't have to suckle at the teats of the Cleveland Browns, Cleveland Indians or Cleveland Cavaliers.

This was really the mother of all awful weekends here in Cleveland. We sat here and watched an abortion of a professional football organization embarrass themselves and us on national television in front of millions of viewers all over the world. And the incubation period between Sunday and right now has made me violently sick and ready to spew all the bile built up over 10 years. I'm hot and feverish, I'm sick to my stomach and I'm going to force a proverbial finger down my throat so that if nothing else I feel better having purged the toxins from my system.

So let's get to spewing that bile:

- I am sick of watching a 4th year head coach in the National Football League handle the clock like it was a ticking bomb and not a time-keeping apparatus. This is a man who went decades in his coaching career without holding a top job. You know why? Because he's not equipped to be a head coach. Plainly and simply, Romeo Crennel is in way over his head.

This is a man who made a mockery of his starting quarterback position last season. So much so that instead of manning up and naming a starter by way of executive decision or ‘gut instinct' he cavalierly flipped a coin to decide who would start the first preseason game. His starter, Charlie Frye, responded by being so God-awful in the season opener that he was benched by halftime and was sent packing two days later. Yes, it was historical in that it had never, ever happened before, but we're kind of set on a different type of history being made with this team. Romeo was bailed out when the guy who was too awful to actually start the season ahead of Frye put together a decent season against a schedule softer than pudding.

But, "Romeo's a player coach and the guys really like him and they want to play hard for him and he's respected in every locker room across the NFL." Who gives a damn if the players like him? Who gives a damn if he's a father figure? My father was a father figure and a hell of a guy. I loved my father. And I wouldn't want him anywhere near a flipping headset on game day because he wasn't qualified to be a leader of football players and a head football coach.

Tom Coughlin, by all accounts, is a Grade-A prick. Give me the prick with the Lombardi Trophy as opposed to Ward Cleaver any damn day of the week.

You front office types in Berea have to be able to see this. Seriously, if you can't see it this franchise is in worse shape than we think. Are you mistaking Romeo's expressionless expression on the sidelines as a poker face or as a man who's deep in thought? And let's put to bed any hint of this being a racial issue. I'll take Mike Tomlin right now for Romeo Crennel and I'll throw in a year's worth of kicking balls.

- I'm sick to my stomach when watching this sorry excuse for a linebacking corps. Has-beens and never-weres have a home here in Cleveland. Usually 5-7 yards behind the line of scrimmage. Spare me the load of crap about Willie McGinest and his leadership ability. There are plenty of leaders out there, many of them linebackers, who can actually still play the game and the position the way it needs to be played. Brian Urlacher is a leader. Lance Briggs and DeMarcus Ware are leaders. Lofa Tatupu and Julian Peterson are leaders. And they aren't always two steps away from the action on the field. They aren't there just to counsel the young

and the talent-less. And for all this counseling and teaching that a guy who can't contribute on the field is supposed to be doing, is McGinest just skipping past Kamerion Wimbley's locker every damn day and seeking out Shantee Orr and Kris Griffin? Because I haven't seen Wimbley in camera view since 2006. And Orr and Griffin still can't get past Andra Davis and D'Qwell Jackson (who are never confused with Urlacher and Tatupu by the way) on the depth chart. Who the hell is McGinest counseling and leading and just when might that lucky recipient of knowledge and wisdom make a difference or at least make a damn play?

- I'm extremely sick and extremely tired of Braylon Edwards. If he ran his routes like he ran his mouth he'd be All-NFL. Instead he's cocking around in his bare feet and gashing his heel in training camp and then playing Edward Scissorhands with every ball thrown his way. Jesus, he's lucky he didn't step in one of the steaming puddles of staph that lie around the training facility. And his clock-bungling coach is apparently okay with these barefoot Olympics? Maybe it's due to the fact that the hit to Edward's heel was the only contact in 3 weeks of training camp and, after all, "Boys will be boys."

Edwards has more drops than catches thus far in two games. I know the guy is a gifted athlete because he tells us that much every time he talks, but maybe he should stop jerking around and unscrew the frying pans from the end of his arms and go back to some hands when he's out there on the field. Just until he can actually hold on to consecutive throws.

- I'm sick of the lack of accountability from the front office. You guys in the ivory towers in Berea have a hell of a mess on your hands right about now. You lack talent and discipline on the field and we don't hear a damn thing acknowledging any of it. You gentlemen are okay with what you're watching? Do you think the 72,000 people who fill your stadium 8 times every year and are forced to pay for the two meaningless preseason games are all drunken lemmings? There are a few fans that actually have a clear enough head to be disgusted by the product you've put on the field for the better part of 10 years now. Do you think clear-thinking football fans are going to brush all of that under the rug if and when you beat up Baltimore and Cincinnati to get back to .500? Is squeaking out a couple wins going to make Willie McGinest any younger and faster or make Romeo Crennel better equipped to do simple math when determining when to call a freaking timeout? Are a couple victories against more sorry-assed teams than our own, neither of which is a given after watching this team play, going to suddenly make Nick Sorensen a legitimate option as a starting defensive back?

Unquestionably your marketing people are doing something right. People suck up your tickets and your $7 beers every damn Sunday when they fill that stadium. Unquestionably you deal with the softest, most disinterested media outlets in the country that give you basically a free pass and hail your acquisition of Travis Daniel as a step in the right direction toward fixing your leaky secondary. Maybe someone in marketing can coach or acquire talent?

Nobody who pays for tickets or invests emotionally in this crap you put on the field wants to start over again with a new coach and a different system. But it sure beats watching this coach and his ‘system'.

- I'm sick of the pampering of Derek Anderson and his fragile psyche. Screw Derek Anderson's psyche. He just wet the bed again in a late game/two-minute drill situation by making a mistake high school QBs avoid. When does someone take off the kid gloves with this 25 year-old man, explain to him what is expected and then hold him accountable to those expectations? He's making the same mistakes time and again whether they are mismanaging the game and clock (a recurring theme with this organization) or making the wrong read and throw in crucial times. That's either a guy who doesn't get it and never will or a guy who isn't being held accountable to any expectations. I don't want to see Derek Anderson beat up on the Bengals or the Ravens. I want Derek Anderson to step up against quality teams in games that mean something. What in DA's history suggests that this is going to happen? Do you have a timetable you're working under or is that decision just being left to the guy who ordered up a meaningless 4th quarter field goal when he was down by 21 points in the opener?

I'm sick and tired of this organization breaching a sacred trust with Browns-crazy fans. We fans do our part every single year. We pay for tickets even when they increase 25% in a year. We fill your stadium; buy your overpriced food and beverages and support this team year in and year out. We pay up to 25 freaking dollars to park in stinking, debris-ridden parking lots and tail-gate while wearing NFL-licensed Joe Jurevicius and Bernie Kosar authentic game jerseys.

Only to have this organization hand us a crap sandwich like Sunday night as our reward.

Only to have guys like Kellen Winslow, Josh Cribbs and the goddamn kicker squawk about getting paid. (Side Note to these tools: Kellen, we love your heart, ability and your desire brother. But more money? For what? You think if you take your Evel Knievel-loving ass to Denver or Miami or anywhere else that we're that much worse off? Come on. Are we going miss out on the playoffs or lose to Pittsburgh twice every damn year if you leave? Please no, don't go. We'd hate to experience any of those things. As to Cribbs and kicker, you two need to shut the hell up and play your 5 plays a game. One of you is eminently replaceable and nearly irrelevant and the other one returns kicks. Check yourselves for chrissake).

Only to watch your expensive new wide receiving toy and noted China Doll, Donte' Stallworth, come up mysteriously lame before the opener. Only to hope Stallworth doesn't strain a damn ovary the next time he actually takes the field and be lost for another three games.

So sick and tired of 10 years of generally terrible talent acquisitions and 10 years of those acquisitions being defended by the terrible acquirers of that ‘talent'.

Enough.

People have had it. We understand the hand this regime was dealt when they came in and that it takes time to undo year's worth of mistakes. We understand and appreciate the fact there are only so many dollars to spend and this past off-season that money was spent refurbishing a pathetic defensive line. We get it. It's a process and it's on-going. We're still right here. Waiting....waiting...waiting.

But we can't stomach the fact that we seem to care more about the process and more about the results than the organization does. We hate that you think we're stupid enough to actually buy the excuses and rhetoric you hand us. All we ask is that you look at the shit we are watching and make it better. Whatever that takes you need to get it done.

But do not piss down our legs and tell us it's raining. No amount of $7 beer hides what we're watching out there right now.

And, quite frankly, we're sick and damn tired of it.