Writer's block. Any of us that have written for assignment know that there are just certain times when the words don't flow from the brain to the keyboard. And as Mansfield puts it, when it comes to deciding what to write about, he's as lost as Kam-rahm Wimbley looking for a secondary pass rush move other than "The Speed Gumby". Ever the good soldier, Mansfield fights through it though, and gives our readers his predictions for Monday night in Buffalo.

So I've blown The Swerb off for a week or so, and I can dodge nary a day longer. I'm supposed to come to this site to write about the Browns from a fans' perspective, but jumpin' Jehovah on a pogo stick (sorry Phil), what is a cat supposed to do? Read my archives. What have I not told you that isn't a fowl that Popeye's would serve up all golden brown and tasty that hasn't come home to roost? What the freak is the point? This is how I approach watching every Browns game , and in a strange twist of fate, I'm "Phil" and the new Browns are Ned Ryerson. I remember the old Browns and how I LOVED them, but these mooks are some mutation of rudderless suck. Only the prospect of watching Brady Quinn develop and the potential of Romeo's alleged X weapons, or whatever the Germans were babbling about while we rolled them for the racist bitches they was, instills any interest in me. The super-secret changes that RAC may or may not make - they are simply too secret to share ahead of game time, like Colonel Flagg - simply have me riveted like an old school pair of Levi's five pockets. Who the hell am I kidding? I couldn't care less. I'll actually get to watch the game; thanks to the generosity of the dooshbag NFL actually putting it on a channel that cable will show rather than me seeing it from some internets' bootleg from a cat dropping F

Bombs on RAC via a server from Denmark, so I got that going for me, which is nice.

So here is pretty much what I expect:

The Browns are humiliated on national TV.

Josh Cribbs runs hard and gets many yards and takes away just as many on special teams. Want to play offense Josh? You need not apply. We got STEPTOE !!!!!!

Brady Quinn plays within himself, gets a 90 + QB rating, and Fat Guy still doesn't know his name out of petulance. I'd suggest "growing up", but you are over sixty*, Coach*.

Jamal Lewis "runs" like Bo Jangles after a Wednesday chillin' while the team practices in pads - and calls out the team for lack of heart. Oh well, he'll make it up to them with that organic turkey on Thanksgiving, so it's all good.

Andra Davis and Willie McGinest show great leadership. Buffalo hangs 30 on the Browns with over 400 yards.

Easy E and B-Mac are abandoned on an island because the lame linebackers can't generate pass rush or run stop without safety help. The ghosts of JFK and Cliff Robertson show up
and tell them to hang tough.

I am a healthy heterosexual male and at some point I think to myself "Dang,

were I a female, I'd say Brady Quinn is hot". My left nut for those biceps? Fair trade?

RAC looks lost as big plays and penalties happen. Huh? What? Where's my edge-to-edge toppings?

Shaun Rogers eats two or three Bills on the way to the QB. For naught.

Braylon Edwards drops more balls than a five year old flagpole on Times' Square at midnight.

The Souljah equates a routine first down with curing cancer.

Kam-rahn Wimbley peers up from a milk carton. As does Jerome Harrison. For different reasons.

So I ask all y'all, seriously, at this point, what do you want me to write about? What is left to actually say? What can be added? You have plenty of other writers.

Bob keeps rationalizing and staying positive. Gudot is coming.

Erik keeps explaining and questioning. He's good.

Gary keeps raking the muck making Lincoln Steffens proud.

Me? I'm just a Caveman. Their ways are disturbing to me. I just want to cheer for my team and break off run. How do I do that? Tell Mansfield what to do here , because I am as lost as Kam-rahm Wimbley looking for a secondary pass rush move other than "The Speed Gumby". I have more block in my writing than the right side of the OL starting with chubby, pimp-slapped Space Ace on down the line.

What's a Browns fan have to do to make it to the coaching / new GM search in January now that the failure of the Third Republic is as clear as when Guderian took the Ardennes without a sneeze (no links, let's see whose got bona fide historical skillz) ?

What's the point?

It is absurd.