With apologies to God's favorite Sportswriter ™, the Browns have me so schizophrenic already after just two games that I am chopping it up with myself, if indeed I am myself.

Hater: Two games and I've given up on this season. I was interested longer even last season and we know how the first 12 games went. Marvelous.

Pollyanna: You idiot. Didn't you just turn in a piece that slapped fans like me upside the head for wanting to be optimistic that this season could represent a significant stepping stone? Do you think they are crying like you in Dallas and Minnesota? No. They are bummed. They are disappointed. But they aren't throwing in the towel either. Maybe they are just better fans than you?

Hater: Maybe they don't have to watch Brian Daboll's game plan after halftime?

Pollyanna: You know that's not the point. Look at this rationally without all the "woe is me" crud. The Browns played two NFL teams within a score. Real NFL teams with paid players and coaches and everything. Clearly, they gave both games away with silly, correctable mistakes. They can turn this around any week. Then we can see what they are capable of in the remaining, um, FOURTEEN games.

H: I know what they are capable of this season. An offense that isn't coached well enough to make any halftime adjustments, slow and untalented "skilled" players, receivers that get as much separation as a prime steak from Coach Ryan's mouth, and an offensive line that looks shaky, even down to the two players who are supposed to be pro bowl quality. And I haven't even mentioned the two "veteran" quarterbacks who were supposed to "solidify" the position. They are as solid as hummus – if I actually ate that metro chick pea crap. I've seen more composure from a $ 1 wedding gown sale video in Filene's basement than I have from Jake and Seneca throwing late into the flat.

P: So let me get this right. We have two new quarterbacks with young receivers and a new running back and tight end. And the offense should look like the '84 Niners. Got it. Would you be rational for a minute?

H: I can't help it. It is the same BS every season. It's like those Mad Libs games. You just change the names. Same story. At some point you have to also fault the head coach – and Holmgren. Mike Holmgren decided to keep Eric Mangini and this is what you get. Same stuff different day. Nice guys finish last, Mike.

P: So Mangini and his staff are coaching running backs that have played some sort of football for 15 years to fumble and veteran quarterbacks to lob pick sixes. Got that, too.

H: Get this you smug dill-hole. Do you actually watch the games? Or do you just sit around on Sunday's manufacturing excuses while you passionlessly track all your geeky fantasy leagues? They would have kicked the crud out of your kind in old Muni. These guys can't execute a dang thing in the second half to resemble an NFL offense. The coaches can't decide on an offensive strategy or personality. Our nobody players look like nobodies. Mangini stands around all game long with this stupid, pouty look on his face and his arms crossed like doing this job is the last place in the world he wants to be. No emotion. It is the same stupid look I saw from Palmer and from Crennel. At least Butch had the good form to jump around and get a panic attack. It was like he actually cared.

P: Dude. You're ranting about wanting Butch's sideline gestures back. How far gone are you?

H: I dunno honestly. I'm just ticked. And I will fully admit that it is just from being beat down for so long, but there is one more thing: It is the opposition.

Let me tell you a story. A long, long time ago when I was significantly younger and more optimistic, the Browns had a season opener against an opponent that was always bad. The Browns had a ton of momentum that year having just missed their first trip to the Super Bowl. We all know how. But we were set to go, man. Ready to kick the door in with a great team. And what happened? We stumble out of the gate and lay an egg. I remember being about ten cans into a Schaeffer twelve going outside of my college ghetto house in Kent and smashing a bar stool to bits on the sidewalk screaming "we just lost to the (insert expletive) 'ain'ts!" Little did I know that those Saints were about to embark on a run that rivals only the Bills and Browns for a series of very good teams that couldn't win the big one in the last 25 years.

P: Caller, get to the point.

H: OK, so my point is that it is about the opposition expectations. Tampa and KC could rise up and shock the world and we could in theory look back after an 8 – 8 season and laugh about how we all fatalistically overreacted after just two games that were close losses to good teams, but I seriously freaking doubt it. Had we lost like this to quality opponents like New England and this year's Saints, I'd be all optimistic and ecstatic at 0 – 2. But again, I seriously doubt that these two teams win more than 10 games between them. That means we are really, really bad, and it is going to get worse.

P: Again, it is early. This team has so many new players, better players, from last year when we closed out with four straight wins. As much as Jake and Seneca made the single costly mistake, they are still better than what we had last season. This is all going to get better as the new players gel on both sides of the ball and elements of the new, more diverse, offense get more reps. You knew this was a rebuilding season. You knew that the Browns would lose more than they'd win. You knew that you had to just strap it on and enjoy the ride. So why so melty like a fourth meal staple just two games in?

H: Here's why : Baltimore, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, New England, New York Jets. That is a very realistic 0 – 9 scenario. And the last three games are division games

against teams likely playing for their playoff lives. So you like Mallet, Locker or Luck?

P: Wow, you have been a Cleveland fan too long. Many of those teams are beatable. Our quarterbacks are still outplaying Flacco, the Bengals are the Bengals, Atlanta isn't a great team, we beat Pittsburgh last year and Big Alleged Scumbag will be rusty, and the Jets and New England were up and down already this season. Why would you write off seven games before there is a snap. Any given Sunday and all that.

H: "The Bengals are the Bengals"? What's that supposed to mean? I am so tired of reading this nonsense on fan boards. Will you please understand they are the defending division champions? And I bet we can play Baltimore until Tuesday and not score more than 17 points. The Steelers are again looking like a dominating defense and running the ball while playing sandlot semi-pros at quarterback and stand at 2- 0. I don't have any hope until we hit the two 1993 expansion teams. And there is always Buffalo.

P: Take your meds, dude. That's why they play the games. So where we watching the game together Sunday?

H: At home. Let's pound a lasagna and some Miller Lites so we can be productive Monday.

P: Yep, we'll be delivering quite a few vortexes to Davey Jones' locker celebrating a win over Modell's Ratbirds. I still hate them. Not as much as I did a decade ago, but I still hate them.

H: You hate something? We'll need quite a few brewskis to cry in for sure. Every time I watch that team I can't help but think they should be us, right down to that 2000 Lombardi Trophy and signature tough, bad assed attitude. How does a franchise that has a coaching staff including Bill Bellichick, Nick Saban, and Kirk Ferentz, with Ozzie Newsome up and coming in the front office, manage to lose more than they win, alienate a fan base, and move?

P: Impatient fans like you?

H: You bring the beer, you schmuck. It’s Baltimore. Make it a case.