Or, as we like to say here in The US of A, "I am tired". Hiko is tired. He's angry. He's ashamed. He's embarrassed. He's disgruntled. He's irritated. He's _____ (insert any and all other words synonomous with "tired of the Browns sucking"). He perfectly sums up the collective frustration of The Brownie Nation in this column.

The first two Browns games of 2006 could've easily been stolen directly from 1999. Or 2000. Or 2003. Or 2004. Or even points of 2005.

It doesn't matter the coaching staff, the owner, the front office, the players – the Browns always look the same.

It's exhausting.

I want to get angry – but I find it difficult to find the energy any more. You can only stay angry so long before you wear yourself out.

Unlike 1999 or 2000, however, I don't watch each game expecting them to lose, but interested to see their progression. I just expect them to lose. And I expect them to not progress.

I'm tired of it.

I'm tired of not being able to run the ball.

I'm weary of not being able to stop the run.

I'm fatigued of watching our QB hassled and unable to have enough time to throw.

I'm tuckered out of watching our QB make bad decisions and/or throws when he does have the time.

I'm fed up with our Offensive and Defensive lines being treated like a blow-up doll in a frat house.

I'm drained from our inability to convert 3rd and 1.

I'm exasperated at our inability to stop 3rd and 9.

I'm overtaxed from our receivers dropping the ball.

I'm run-down from linebackers missing tackles.

I'm beat from 3 and outs.

I'm narcoleptic about getting little to no pressure on the opposing QB.

I'm enervated from opposing defenders in the backfield so fast they can almost take the handoff.

I'm worn-down from the seemingly endless parade of underwhelming draft picks.

I'm irritated with dink and dunk, with draw plays on 3rd and 12, with 6 yard passes on 3rd and 8, with sacks on 3rd and 3.

I'm played out on watching the opposition easily run out the last 6 minutes of the clock.

I'm distressed from starting to discuss the draft in September.

I'm spent.

I'm haggard.

I'm pooped.

No longer am I spazzing out 10 minutes before game time like I just got a Clorox enema. No longer am I cheering and applauding for each 2 yard run or 4 yard screen. No longer am I excited that we're only down by 16 going into the 4th quarter, and that's only 2 TD's and 2 conversions from a tie (whoopedee-fucking-doo).

As a fan of this team since birth (or at least as long as I can remember), I will obediently watch each week, hoping that this will be the week that they will suddenly and inexplicably play like an actual professional franchise. I keep watching, looking for hope for the future, looking for development, looking for something to believe in.

9 times out of 10 I find myself in the middle of the 3rd quarter, flipping through the channels, trying to find out how my fantasy players are doing.

Lunacy is doing the same thing over and over and expecting a different result? We are all lunatics.

I can't swear them off. I love them unconditionally. But, like my friend's wife (who defies the

theory that every person has a redeeming quality), they make love so hard.

I'm going to the game this Sunday, and the only thing that has me interested is in trying to figure out how much I can drink before the game and when I should stop in order to be able to drive home. Which presents the unsavory idea that I will be sobering up just in time for the 4th quarter.

On purpose!

It might be less painful if I could see some progress, but, in fact, all I see is digress. Of course, this makes the painful toil seem completely fruitless. It's like working a terrible job and receiving a 3% pay ***decrease*** every year.

I'm so tired of this team that I just want to ship them off to Los Angeles and get another expansion franchise and hope they don't royally fuck it up this time. Imagine if this happened and our front office made all the right decisions this time. How nice it would be to have equivalent of Donovan McNabb, Brian Urlacher, LaDainian Tomlinson, Chad Johnson, and Ed Reed on our team, instead of the likes of (respectively) Tim Couch, Courtney Brown, Gerard Warren, Quincy Morgan, and William Green?

All Browns fans know there is no use crying over the past (which is all one really could do since there is so little to savor).

And we will always look forward to the future.

It would just be a nice change of pace if the present was something worth opening our eyes for.