Come November, a young man's fancy turns from the frustrating losses of the present and dreams of April.

Football is not supposed to work this way - where your playoff hopes don't outlast the Fall leaves and the Spring's NFL Draft is truly the Gateway to Better Days, days which ceaselessly turn to gray as yet another dreary November rolls in.

But this is not another Ode to Misery, another nod to the Circle Jerk of Despair, standing around their Cookie of Righteous Indignation. No, this is merely the acknowledgment of what was likely inevitable this season. Losses stop hurting so much as they begin to cement better draft position, and the next 7 games will go a long way to answering some pressing question (whether or not those answers are that, yes, we have additional holes, that's another story).

Yes, that is if you can stomach meaningless late season beatdowns by the Steelers and Ravens. Not an easy task, I agree.

So I'm not as torqued about this loss as I probably should be. Yeah, Paddy Shurmur is making me shake my head, but I kind of like the fact that he's getting to experience getting grilled right off the bat, and that he seems to at least be learning from his mistakes (just sucks that he keeps making new and different ones). I'm stuck with him for I'd estimate 23 more games - at least - so I should at least be fair and watch to see if maybe he's not as hopeless as he seems.

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