Never before have I been so conflicted watching the Browns play.

On one hand, they are playing the detestable, odious Pittstown Steelers, being cheered on by a fell rabble of dish towel-wavers. I am powerless to ever root in my team's best interest when the Steelers are involved, my hatred for them and everything about them is too immense. So the Browns are teetering on the edge of a huge upset, and my soul wants it in the worst way, no matter the consequences of a mostly meaningless win.

On the other hand, draft position is vital this year, perhaps like never before. You see, I am hoping against hope that the Powers Who Kind Of Be (you'll have to convince me that Holmgren is even in the state) will select the Super Awesome Franchise QB Of Badass-ness this year, and they'll probably need to be in the Top 5 to do it. My brain tells me a win all but knocks them out of that Top 5 range, and the 10 days of joy the victory would bring would not make up for the Lost Years ahead if we maintain QB Status Quo.

What to do, what to do? The duality of man and what not. Embrace the light, embrace the dark.

I decided that the best case scenario would be for the Browns to play them tough, lose in the end, but knock POS out for the season, thus ending the threat of any Postseason Steeler success. And I would've gotten away with it too if it wasn't for you meddling kids.

POS, after having his leg bent in two near the end of the 1st Half, had a bionic ankle attached at Halftime and returned (thanks to about 17 percocet), destroying my evil plan to have him 86'd for the year (for now). But the offensive ineptitude of the Browns - a thing that cannot be underestimated - secured the second part of my manifesto. They floundered, Colt McCoy got knocked the F out then somehow re-inserted a few plays later (to my general incredulity) and threw a dizzy pick in the end zone to kill Cleveland's threat to take the lead with only about 3.5 minutes left in the game.

For good measure, Antonio Brown made Joe Haden look like a massive tool (maybe a giant fork) on a 79 yard TD 2 plays later, and Pittstown once again stuck a Haden in the Browns.

4-9. Boat's takin' on water fast, cap'n.

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Stats

Time of Possession: CLE - 32:18, PIT - 27:42

Total Yards: PIT - 416, CLE - 304

Yards Passing: PIT - 269, CLE - 206

Yards Rushing: PIT - 147, CLE - 98

First Downs: PIT - 20, CLE - 19

Turnovers Forced: CLE - 3, PIT - 2

Sacks: PIT - 3, CLE - 2

Final Score: Bandwagon Fan Haven 14, Cleveland 3

Laud the Defense if you will - they allowed over 400 yards of Offense again and gave up about 150 yards to a poor rushing team. Not only that, they allowed a clearly hobbled POS enough time to actually be effective. When they saw him come into the game all gimpy, Dick Jauron should've unleased Hell on the guy. Guess Dick don't know Hell.

Pittsburgh had plenty of long drives. Red zone drives ended in fumbles twice and a goal line stand on a third. Those easily could've been cashed in for points to put the Browns away long before they did.

Another stat that I saw that really underlines the Offensive problems is this: Pittstown - 53 plays, 416 yards, 7.85 yards per play. Cleveland - 69 plays, 304 yards, 4.4 yards per play.

Rather impressive that the Browns were able to hang in it as long as they did with a 3.5 yard per play disparity.

Game Balls

Phil Taylor - For hitting POS in the head. Let 'im know you're there, Phil.

Scott Paxson and Brian Schaefering - For turning POS into a pretzel and almost ending his day. Let 'im know you're there, boys.

Chris Gocong - I don't know who that dude wearing Gocong's number was during that 4th Quarter Goal Line Stand, stuffing the running plays left and right, but he was awesome. Feel free to invite him to take over more plays for you.

Honorable Mention

Carlton Mitchell - He got his name mentioned in a real live NFL broadcast!

D'Qwell Jackson - 13 tackles, a sack, and integral on Kaluka Maiava's forced fumble.

Brad Nessler and Mike Mayock - Mainly because they're not Jon Gruden or Cris Collinsworth.

The Sheldons

Sheldon Brown - Congrats on successfully re-naming the Wall of Shame.

Montario Hardesty - Maybe he'll come back next year bigger, stronger, faster, less lame.

Maybe an offseason without injury will galvanize his running style. Good Tebow, I hope so - 2nd Round RB's are supposed to be Starters, and this guy ain't a Starter right now.

The Giant Fork - That was real good Defense on Antonio Brown, there, Joe. Your team was still in the game... and then they were not. Take a bow.

Alex Smith - For getting embarrassingly blown up on his blocking attempt on 3rd and Goal in the 1st Quarter. Needless to say, the run did not succeed.

Greglon Littlewards - Get some stick-um, bro. Fun-tack, chewing gum, half-dried snot, I don't care. Catch the damn ball.

Paddy O'Shurmur - You might be the first to receive a Year-End Sheldon.

Regarding The Concussed

When in doubt, sit out !! [redacted]

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