As if one fuming, bug-eyed Hansbrough weren't enough, the Cavs got to play against a pair of 'em tonight, as Tyler's diminutive brother Ben took a Tristan Thompson elbow to the face in the fourth quarter—the only bright spot in a pathetic second half collapse: Indiana 96, Cleveland 81.

Fresh off a feel-good win over the Lakers in Kyrie Irving's return, the Cavaliers (5-18) headed to Indiana (11-11) with a wee bit of momentum, as evidenced— most conspicuously—by the improbable re-emergence of C.J. Miles. A couple weeks ago, the former Utah guard was so ice cold his label had turned blue. But after dropping a season high 28 points on the Lake Show Tuesday, Mr. Miles came out like a man possessed again tonight, dropping four triples and 16 points *in the first quarter alone*. What in the sam hill has gotten into Calvin Andre Miles? And how does a guy named "Calvin Andre" wind up being a "C.J."? So many questions piling up! Anyway, Miles' hot hand helped send the Cavaliers out to a 29-25 lead after quarter number one, and it was only more of the same in the second frame.

Despite taking on the NBA's #3 ranked defense, Cleveland racked up 29 points in both of the first two quarters, as Miles—fresh off a visit to the crossroads—just kept on swishing jumpers, adding seven points to his total and helping the Cavs stretch their lead to as much as 16 with less than four minutes to play in the first half. It was at that point that the Pacers shrewdly began trudging a path to the foul line, pulling to within six at 58-52 at the intermission. Looks like we got a good ballgame on our hands!

Nope.

What commenced was the Cavs' most atrocious shooting half of what has been a fairly atrocious shooting season. After Indiana started the third quarter on a 9-0 run to take the lead, C.J. Miles donned the cape again to drain another three and tie things at 61. From that point forward, things got more visually nauseating than watching The Hobbit aboard the Good Time II on a windy day. After Miles' three at the 9:30 mark, Cleveland made exactly THREE more field goals for the remainder of the third quarter, as Indiana opened up an 80-70 advantage.

A 12-point quarter is pretty awful. It was, however, superior to scoring just 11 points, which is what the Cavs did in the following quarter. Yup, Byron Scott's boys made EIGHT SHOTS TOTAL in the entire second half. I mean, Kyrie is, in fact, back, right?

Well, yes. But even a new car can stall out when it hasn't been driven in a month or so. And that's what happened tonight, as Irving followed up his 28-point night against L.A. by shooting just 4-of-12 for 9 points in 28 minutes. The Cavs' other player that people outside of Cleveland could pick out of a lineup—Anderson Varejao—was similarly off his game, managing just 4 points and a rather pedestrian (for him) 12 rebounds. Andy and Alonzo Gee combined to shoot a snazzy 0-for-16 from the field. And outside of **C.J. Miles' second consecutive 28-point game** , only a dusted-off Samardo Samuels (10 points) managed to reach double figures.

I suppose the Pacers deserve some credit for realizing at halftime that they could completely impose their will defensively. Because even with center Roy Hibbert having an awful offensive game (1-for-7, 4 points), things never got interesting again down the stretch.

A suddenly red hot Paul George paced the way for the Pacers, putting up 27 points and 6 boards. Longtime Cav killer David West added 18 and 9, and George Hill posted 17 points and

7 rebounds from the point guard spot. All told, Indiana wound up outshooting Cleveland by a 41% to 33% margin, and winning the glass battle 48-40. The scoreboard would thus light up its digits accordingly.

As discussed long ago in that awesome teaser of an opening paragraph, the only fireworks in a mostly entertainment-free second half came courtesy of Tristan Thompson—not for anything of a basketball nature, mind you—but for “accidentally” clobbering mini-Hansbrough (Benjamin) in the noggin with a swinging ‘bow late in the contest. This was the Hansbrough brothers' fourth game playing together at the NBA level, and when that good ole Tar Heel Tyler saw what T.T. did to his lil bro, he was none too pleased. Making his best chest thumping frat boy face, Tyler raced up to Thompson as the Cavs forward raised his arms up to signal his lack of malicious intent. Huffing and puffing, Tyler was restrained by his Pacer teammates while Tristan’s own mates just kinda stood around, wondering if some fisticuffs might wake them from the depths of their slumber. No such luck. There would be no fight between the girlishly named warriors Tyler and Tristan on this night.

In a clever move, however, the Cavs did have their own Caucasian basketball brother tandem in the house to counter the Flying Hansbroughs, as Cody Zeller— star at Indiana U and lil bro of Cleveland center Tyler Zeller—was in attendance. Word was that if Tyler H and Tyler Z were to come to blows, Cody would rush the court and take out Ben-- Metta World Peace style. But yeah. No such luck. The slow slog to Draft Day carries on. The Bucks are next on Friday. If that’s getting penciled into your weekend plans, I can only assume you’re the guy writing the recap for TheClevelandFan that night.