The Hornless Rhino is back with his pregame take on todays epic matchup. His premise? Losing in seven games is not good enough, for a myriad of reasons, and that the Cavs better find a way to get it done today in Detroit. *Visit Vinny & The Hornless Rhino at ...*

http://www.vinnyandthehornlessrhino.blogspot.com/

I'm probably going to make a lot of people angry with this post. So, if you want to feel good regardless of the outcome of today's Cavs game, skip this and just read Brian Windhorst's latest blog entry . He'll tell you that no matter what happens today, the Cavs are likely to embark on a run that will make them the NBA's next dynasty.

Me? I think the Cavs damn well better figure out a way to get the job done today, because there are no guaranteed tomorrows for any team in Cleveland.

Windhorst's happy view of the future is premised on the assumption that the Cavs will quietly re-sign LeBron, and that The Q will then mysteriously be transformed into the NBA's "field of dreams." The current core group of Cavs will just keep getting better and better. Every disgruntled free agent superstar will come to Cleveland--at a discount--to be part of King James' court. The Q will become the toughest place to play in the NBA. Championship banners will follow, etc.

Sorry, but I'm not drinking the Kool-Aid. First, while a lot of people are saying that LeBron's a cinch to be in Cleveland for a while, others

aren't so sure
. Second, even if James does hang around, it's incredibly difficult to manage one superstar's ego, much less a team full of them like the one Windhorst assumes the Cavs will build. (They didn't call Phil Jackson the "Zen Master" for nothing.)

Finally, there's the Cleveland factor. Look, I like it here, and you probably like it here, but the simple fact is that we've been a national joke for more than a generation--and there aren't a lot of superstars who would jump at the chance to play the role of Scottie Pippen in what most people view as a depressed and crumbling backwater. If you think otherwise, you're smoking crack.

It's Game 7, and they say that there's no tomorrow for the loser. If you're a Cleveland fan and you let anybody tell you that's just a cliche, you've got only yourself to blame.