Call it a forgivable case of culture shock. Just one night after swishing a deluge of jump shots through the 18-inch wide hoops at the Q, the young Cavaliers were simply dumbfounded by the Air Canada Centre's strange, Canadian brand of rims, which measure what must be a considerably smaller 0.46 meters in diameter. The result: a completely understandable 30% team shooting percentage and a 92-77 setback to the Toronto Raptors.

Going into the game, it seemed logical that Cavs rookie and Brampton, Ontario, native Tristan Thompson would be more accustomed to these virtually microscopic Canuck baskets than his clueless Yankee teammates. But a few years of Stateside hoops seem to have screwed with his depth perception, too, as the rookie went 0-5 with just 1 point in his lukewarmly anticipated homecoming game.

Statistically speaking, it would be impossible to shoot the ball worse than Thompson's 0% success rate tonight. But the Cavaliers (3-3) were certainly not short on players willing to give it a try. By the evening's merciful end, Anderson Varejao (0-4) and Alonzo Gee (0-5) had equaled Tristan's accomplishment, while guards Kyrie Irving (3-13), Ramon Sessions (2-7), and Boobie Gibson (2-8) ably educated the children of Ontario on the age-old American art of brick masonry.

All in all, the game was a wire-to-wire reminder of the sad reality that is the 2012 Cleveland Cavaliers. As much as wins over Detroit and Charlotte seemed to showcase a energetic young team that could succeed beyond expectations, the Little Engine That Could proved it can just as

easily derail into a chaotic mess of ill-advised three-pointers, listless defense, and ball movement more suited to a bad pinball game.

On the other end of the floor, the Toronto Raptors (3-3) dismantled the Cavaliers in much the same fashion they had on opening night in Cleveland, with steady contributions from their underrated roster full of lost Tolkien characters, including Bargnani the Brave, Leandro the Lionheart, DeRozan the Daring, and their half-troll man-servant Rasual the Butler.

With both teams scuffling midway through the third quarter and the lifeless Cavs somehow trailing by just five (54-49), it was the shooting of Andrea Bargnani, in particular, that finally widened the gap for good. The 7-foot Italian (notably at ease with the metric system) converted a 4-point play after burying a triple with Varejao perched on his shoulder. Several more minimally contested jumpers fell in quick succession, and Bargnani was on his way to a game-high 31 points on 11-16 shooting.

The Raptor lead grew to 66-51 after three quarters, and Cleveland could get it no closer than 9 in the final period, as a 33-foot, ceiling-scraping three-pointer by Leandro Barbosa (with the shot clock expiring) sapped the last bits of life out of Byron Scott's boys halfway through the fourth.

Finding bright spots from a game like this is a bit like failing your driving test and celebrating the fact you didn't crash the car and kill your instructor. Antawn Jamison had a little bit of the hot hand leftover from the Bobcat game in the first half, but his junk tosses dropped with less

regularity as the night progressed. Still, he paced the Cavs again with 19 points on 8-19 shooting. Cleveland also got 10 from Omri Casspi and 12 from Irving, who looked more overmatched and out of rhythm than he has all season. Meanwhile, Luke Harangody fans got themselves a little treat in the final 2:23, as their man stroked a pair of jumpers and broke a light sweat.

It should also be noted that Cavs forward Samardo Samuels did not make the trip with the team, as—in an effort to help the Raptors in the rebounding battle—the Canadian government forbade Samuels' entrance into the country due to unspecified "visa and passport problems." If only the rest of the team had been so lucky.

This nasty 7-game road trip continues this Friday against yet another mediocre team, the Minnesota Timberwolves.