Here is Erik Cassano's mid-winter musing: If you went around the country, and showed the sports fans of various cities a sunny day, how would they interpret it? In his latest, Papa Cass attempts to put his pulse on the attitudes of the fan bases of all the major American sports cities by "showing them a sunny day", and then predicting their reaction. Another quality piece from the talented Cassano.

As sports fans, I think we're all delusional to some point. Emotion always seems to cloud our judgment.

After pulling off that blockbuster trade, your team can do no wrong. After disappointing you, your team can do no right. The truth probably lies somewhere in between, but compromise makes for lousy debating.

Here is my midwinter musing: If you went around the country, and showed the sports fans of various cities a sunny day, how would they interpret it? I think I have a pretty good idea.

Show a New York fan a sunny day, and he'll say, "That's because God is a Yankees fan."

Show a Boston fan a sunny day, and he'll say, "That's because George Steinbrenner is going to hell for buying the Yankees."

Show a Los Angeles fan a sunny day, and he'll probably worship it as part of the Scientological, neo-Kabbalist, Wicca-practicing Sun God Ra cult he recently founded in hopes of becoming a B-level celebrity.

Show a Pittsburgh fan a sunny day, and he'll wonder why the moon is so bright tonight.

Show a Seattle fan a sunny day, and he'll say "What is that extremely bright round thing in the sky? I've never seen it before! Is the world ending?"

Show a Buffalo fan a sunny day, and he'll see it ... as soon as he digs out of the 24-foot snow drift encasing his house. He'll likely blame the snowstorm on Scott Norwood, then recant out of guilt.

Show a San Francisco fan a sunny day, and he'll pop pills until the Sun becomes purple and starts conversing with him in Mandarin Chinese.

Show a Philadelphia fan a sunny day, and he'll say," "Too bad it's storming out."

Show a Cleveland fan a sunny day, and he'll say, "Too bad a tornado is coming and we're all going to die."

Show a Cincinnati fan a sunny day, and he'll take it as a sign that Pete Rose should be in the hall of fame.

Show a Detroit fan a sunny day, and he'll think it's residual glow from the 40,000 smoldering cigarette butts in Jim Leyland's ash tray as he tries to smoke away memories of the World Series.

Show a Miami fan a sunny day, and he'll pray that it's 30 degrees and snowing back home where his family lives.

Show an Atlanta fan a sunny day, and he'll be moved to tears because he knows it's Richard Petty smiling from beyond the grave. Then, he'll realize Richard Petty isn't dead. It's easy to get your dead NASCAR drivers mixed up with your live ones.

Show a Chicago fan a sunny day, and he'll say "That's Ditka ascending to sitteth at the right hand of the Father. Or Jay Mariotti exploding. Either one."

Show a Democrat D.C. fan a sunny day, and he'll say "That's because my boys in the solar energy lobby greased the palms of the cloud makers, who are ancient Tiki gods that control the clouds with magical hemp wands. Or that's what my professor at Berkeley told me. Oh, and go Redskins, or something."

Show a Republican D.C. fan a sunny day, and he'll say, in a menacing tone of voice not unlike The Brain from "Pinky and The Brain":
"Once our vast, powerful oil lobby has purchased the Sun and put it out of business, everyone will have to come to us for their energy needs. We'll suck every drop of oil out of the Earth! It will look like a giant prune when viewed from outer space! And I will be filthy, stinking rich! Then, maybe, I can finally give these damn Redskins PSLs away without bankrupting myself.

Show a Dallas fan a sunny day, and he'll say, "I already own the Sun. Bought it last month. And it looks like the city of Washington D.C. is behind on it's first solar energy payment. So unless you want your mosquito-infested swamp of a city shrouded in perpetual darkness, I suggest you pay up!"