Peeker spent the weekend in Manhattan visiting a buddy of his from high school, and got a firsthand look at the Brett Favre blitzkrieg that consumed The Big Apple this weekend. In The Weekend Wrap, Peeks talks Favre, New York and New Yorkers, Browns/Jets .... and much more.

Favre Favre Away

I spent the weekend in Manhattan visiting a buddy of mine from high school. I flew into Newark on Thursday, the morning that the Jets acquired Brett Favre in a trade with Green Bay. I bused my way to 42nd St. and 8th Ave by about 7 PM. I counted no fewer than six authentic Brett Favre NY Jets jersey outside the Port Authority doors.

There are a lot great things about New Yorkers. For the most part they're hard working people with a great sense of

community. I walked my ass off for the better part of three days and enjoyed every diverse neighborhood I stopped in. Whether it was Hell's Kitchen, the East Village, Midtown, wherever, each area has an identity and a pulse. What the people of NY are not so adept at is reserving opinions or letting the natural course of events play out before loudly predicting its success before hand.

Jet fans have already anointed Favre as the guy who will lead them to the playoffs this season and beyond. He's a first ballot HOFer with gas still in the tank who manipulated his way to Broadway to close out his career according to New Yorkers. This is in direct contrast to Favre being an over-rated cry baby a day before when it appeared he was headed to Tampa. But his value shot up overnight and Jets GM Mike Tannenbaum cleverly outwitted the people down in Tampa for Brett's service. It was the Jets rolling out the red carpet and wining and dining Brett and Deanna Favre that clinched the deal.

I was thrilled when I heard about the deal. Thrilled that the ridiculous media circus would finally end and we'd all go back to more mundane things like a collapsing economy, a war in Iraq and $4 a gallon gas prices.

It was another karmic kick in the crotch that the guy was traded to a team in the media capital of the world on a day I happened

to be going there. The next friend I visit had better reside in Montana.

View from Afarve...err Afar

I know it means the real stuff is coming but, my God, I can't stomach exhibition football. Clearly the best news from Thursday's pre season opener was that no one was carried off the field. The offense looked good, the defense....ehh...there's work to do. The fact that the Browns played the Jets afforded me the opportunity to watch what I could stand for as long as I could take it.

Not only did being in NYC afford me the opportunity to witness the New York-ization of Brett Favre but it also gave me an interesting perspective of how the Browns are perceived outside of Cleveland. And the verdict is the Browns are thought of very highly outside of town. Numerous personalities in NYC called the preseason opener a chance for the Jets to see where they ranked against one of the up and coming big boys in the AFC. Despite our inferiority complex and well-earned pessimism there is the thought, at least from the Eastern

seaboard, that Cleveland has turned the corner and is ready to step up and contend. It was interesting to hear people describe the Browns as a benchmark to their team's success as opposed to just another likely conference win.

When in Rome...

I see absolutely no reason to stop with the NYC references at this point. I'm writing this article at 10pm in the Newark airport despite the fact I was supposed to leave 3 hours ago. So I'm extremely annoyed still being here, I was around what most would regard as the most annoying and abrasive population of people on earth all weekend (and counting) and I don't give a rat's ass if the New York references annoy you.

I went to the Mets game Sunday to watch one of the final 30 or so games ever from Shea Stadium. I can watch baseball anywhere. I love visiting the parks in other cities. And despite that love of baseball and

love of taking in games all over the country I can think of only two words when I look back at the Shea Stadium experience: What a freakin' hole. No charm, no atmosphere and nothing resembling the newer parks in terms of fan friendly features. Hell, it doesn't even compare favorably with most of the older parks.

I'd been to Shea a couple years back and wasn't really thrilled to see it again. But if we Indians fans want to see a playoff race we have to now go to the end of the earth or, in this case, the first stop after the end of the earth (Queens, NY) to watch one.

The good news is I watched the scoreboard at the game and ‘saw' the Indians complete a weekend sweep of the Blue Jays. Thrilling me more was the Saturday night complete game masterpiece that Paul Byrd threw.

Note to contenders: All reasonable offers considered.

More good news, Citi Field is nearly complete right next to Shea Stadium and will be opening next season. Same desolate area of NYC, but at least the Mets fans will be able to enjoy the amenities that most of us already take for granted. Finally something works out for those people in New York.