For the past couple years I've been putting up a Thanksgiving Day column for the readers of TheClevelandFan. Just a little something to keep the avid fans of the site busy on Thanksgiving Day.

And then I thought, "It's selfish to do that myself". Which, loosely translated, means, "It'd be a lot easier for me and more entertaining for the readers if other TCF writers helped write this pig."

So, I'm thankful for the fact that many of our writers actually chose not to ignore my email and contributed a lot or a little (*cough* Mansfield Lucas *cough) to the effort. I'm also thankful for walking boots in Berea, Brady Quinn and Derek Anderson being nowhere near Berea and for the fact that the Miami Heat have become the running joke of the NBA.

Mostly I'm thankful for my family, friends (including the guy who makes this place possible, Rich Swerbinsky) and that so many of you make TheClevelandFan a regular landing spot on your

internet journey each day.

And, it goes without saying, I'm extremely thankful that the sweet swing of Lou Marson is on display in our town.

Actually, mostly I'm thankful that I had to write only a couple brief paragraphs and that these other guys bailed me out.

Happy Thanksgiving.

Brian McPeek (The Weekend Wrap)

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Mitch Cyrus (Crystal Ball and more)

I am thankful this year for the Cleveland Indians. Their third consecutive year of not even making an effort to compete in MLB convinced me to use the time previously devoted to watching their putridness in more constructive endeavors. Instead of spending 20 – 30 hours a week watching some of the worst baseball seen on the North Coast since the 70s, I was instead able to advance my real career by studying important trade documentation, as well as finally winning the backyard Battle Against the Weeds. The latter is an amazing feat unto itself, given that in the past several years, The Weeds have acted the part of Jim Tressel while I assumed the role of [Insert pathetic Michigan Head Coach Here]. Bless you, Mr. Dolan.

Erik Cassano (Does it all)

When you have to sit at your computer and spend about 15 minutes thinking about what you're

really thankful for in Cleveland sports, well, that's not a good sign, is it?

Anything I can be truly thankful for this year is in the details, buying on spec or born out of spite. But that's what I have to go on. So let's proceed.

I'm thankful that LeBron cured me of ESPN, whose website I seldom visit anymore. I'm thankful we now see him for the selfish, spoiled brat the rest of the country saw him as. I'm not thankful that we don't get to see him play in the home team's colors anymore, but I'm thankful that the ruse is over, that he can no longer pay us lip service to the microphone while he resents playing here in private.

Im thankful that the Heat are going to be exposed as a group of self-indulgent divas who don't even come close to having the mental or physical toughness needed to win an NBA title. I'm thankful that ESPN is going to have egg on its face for shacking up so completely with Miami's rich kids.

I'm thankful for Byron Scott, who I truly believe will help expedite the rebuilding process if he sticks around long enough. Now, whether Chris Grant can get him the talent he'll need? That remains to be seen.

I'm thankful for an Indians pitching staff -- the bullpen in particular -- which might be blossoming into one of the better units in the AL. I'm thankful the Indians still play in one of the weakest divisions in baseball. Those two factors could make the Tribe a surprise team in the AL next year.

I'm thankful that Shin-Soo Choo won't have to wear a South Korean military uniform. If you've been following world events this week, you'll know that's as much for Choo's well being as it is for his status as the Tribe's best outfielder.

I'm thankful for the guiding hand of Mike Holmgren. He might only stick around for a year or two, but if that year brought the Browns a franchise quarterback, experienced GM and refocused coach who ultimately lead the Browns out of the doldrums once and for all, it will be the best gift

this franchise has received in decades.

But mostly, I'm thankful for the opportunity to write columns for this site, have a forum to express my opinions and for the people who keep coming back to read what I write. It's an honor and a privilege that I have thoroughly enjoyed for the past four years, and hopefully many more to come.

Gary Benz (Browns and a whole lot of everything else)

There are the usual litany of things for which we all can and should be thankful for--family, health, Bruce Springsteen, and that the phrase "President Palin" still doesn't exist. But given that this is a sports forum, particularly one devoted to Cleveland Sports, let's just say I'm thankful for the simple fact that we have professional sports teams that we can complain about. This really has been one of the worst years in Cleveland sports history for all the reasons that everyone knows.

2011 isn't shaping up to be much better, either, but it still beats having to live somewhere that doesn't have teams. If I really have to be more specific, then I'll add that I'm thankful that Randy Lerner finally made a decision that advanced the cause of the franchise he seemed hell bent on destroying; that Mark Shapiro will have less to do with baseball's amateur draft; that eventually Travis Hafner's contract will expire; that given their current trajectory the Cavs will eventually have the chance to land the next LeBron in the draft and we can start that cycle of worry all over again; that Eric Mangini has been reduced to mostly a spectator on draft day; that Dan Gilbert owns the Cavs; and that we have The Cleveland Fan, a place where we can all debate the minutiae of every aspect of every game in every sport until our brains explode.

Mansfield Lucas (Rare but occasional football piece)

I am thankful for the Miami Heat being an overrated collection of me-first putzes who are so screwed up that they feel Sam Dalembert is 'The Answer.'

Chris Hutchison (The Browns Outsider & future reality TV star)

I am thankful for my girlfriend, because she doesn't annoy me, my kids, because, although they annoy me sometimes, they make me happier than not, my family, because we have history and my friends, for the same reason. And a special shout out to El Phoenix Hot Salsa - I could (and often do) drink you straight out of the jar. Oh, and beer. I am thankful for beer.

Jesse Lamovsky (College football and TCF historian)

I'm thankful for my health, my lovely bride-to-be, my family and my friends.

I'm also thankful that Peyton Hillis is on my fantasy team, that the Cavaliers are already 41 percent of the way toward fulfilling Kelly Dwyer's twelve-win prediction, that the Heat are already 60 percent of the way toward matching the loss total of the 1995-96 Bulls, that the Browns beat the hell out of New England if nothing else, that Jordan Kovacs starts in the Michigan secondary, that in a few days I'll be watching the Game at high noon on a chill Saturday, and that Kent Roosevelt made the playoffs (although my Rough Riders are still looking for their first-ever playoff victory.)

I'm also thankful to you, my fellow Cleveland Fans. Have a nice, gut-busting Thanksgiving.

Dan Wismar (All things Ohio State)

I'm thankful these days that the college football program I follow isn't buying players with six-figure checks. I'm thankful for the Brady Quinn trade. I'm thankful too for the Indians' stockpile of quality young pitching. I'm thankful for Byron Scott and a Cavs owner who gives a damn about winning. Also T.J. Ward. And every year I'm thankful I live in a major pro sports market, and can see the greats of professional sport in person when they come to my town. It's been a pretty good half-century.

Adam Burke (TCF hockey analyst and card shark)

I'm thankful to be lucky enough to live in a city where I have a team to call my own. I watch the Browns on Sunday, the Buckeyes on Saturday, and the Cavs when they're on at the bar, but I live, breathe, and bleed my Cleveland Indians. No matter the financial state of baseball, no matter the team's win-loss record, no matter the snow flying or the rain falling, the happiest times of my life are on the Home Run Porch with my fiancée, scorebook in her hands and me muttering obscenities about Manny Acta. Warm summer nights, rain delays thanks to a pop up thunderstorm, 40-degree Home Openers, and games where it's us and 1400 of our closest friends, I wouldn't trade any of it for those three or so hours of pure bliss with the team I love and the woman I adore.

Happy Thanksgiving to my Cleveland Fan brethren, the readers of this great site, my family, friends, and all of our current and former military personnel, especially those away from their families this holiday season.

Michael Kramer ('Awkward Glance Ahead' and general satire)

The time of year is upon us to take stock of the things that are good in our lives. I have so much to be thankful for that it's kind of hard to shave it down to one short, concise paragraph. The obvious ones are my wife (Katie) and my son (Grady), and yeah, I guess they're alright. Katie didn't even bat an eye when she came home last week to find 5 cases of Christmas Ale stacked up in the garage. Grady sleeps a lot and seems to be getting over his fear of the remote control Lightening McQueen car I bought him a few weeks ago (I'm serious. The kid was legitimately freaked out by a remote control car.) But, he can hardly throw a ball straight, even if I'm standing right in front of him. Frankly, I'm not sure what his problem is. I mean, we've all seen those pictures of Tiger Woods hitting golf balls when he was two. How does Grady expect to turn all of my past failures into successes and have me live vicariously through him if he can't even decide which leg he kicks better with?

Wow. I'm kind of getting away from the spirit of this thing. Sorry about that. OK, here's what I AM thankful for:

My Ipod – Without my Ipod I would be forced to listen to WKNR sports talk during the 1.5 hours I spend in the car each day.

My DVR – I don't know how I lived without it. I rarely am able to see the Buckeyes or the Browns in real time, no matter how hard I try.

South Beach – Without South Beach, LeBron would still be in Cleveland keeping JJ Hickson and Jamario Moon from realizing their full potential.

John St. Clair – Without John, I would never have had any reason to imagine a giant mound of refried beans that weighs 320 lb. And that's a pretty funny thing to imagine.

Rob Neyer's Vacation – If Rob didn't go on vacation, I may have never read Steve Buffum. If I never read Steve Buffum filling in for Rob, I never would have had the opportunity to follow him back to The Cleveland Fan.

The Cleveland Fan – Without TCF, I would have no choice but to turn to Grossi, Boyer, Cabot, and Manloaf for my Cleveland sports news.

Yvonne Strohovski – Because...have you seen her?

Seriously now: We are lucky to have Cleveland Sports. As depressing as it may seem sometimes, I believe our lives are better for it. It feels good to care about something, anything, as passionately as we all care about our teams. Most people don't get to care about something so trivial so deeply. And we are lucky to have this website, my new interweb home, full of brand new funny and interesting friends who are there every day to laugh, cry, and cheer with. It's a good thing.

Oh, did I mention my wife and kid? Yeah, they're pretty cool too.

Jonathan Knight (Brownie Bits and Kardiac Kids series)

Of all the things I am thankful for on this most thoughtful of holidays – Don Draper, breasts, and Denny's immediately come to mind – one that stands out is the ability of our Cleveland teams to continually ensure that we remain grounded, humble, productive human beings. By making any victory, on the field or off, a reason for genuine celebration (usually by sandwiching it around pain and bitterness – Cleveland's true condiments), the Browns, Indians, and Cavs help us constantly keep things in perspective and teach us that the purpose of life isn't solely to win. It's to be loyal to ourselves and our heritage, to cherish each moment, and most importantly, to endure. And, along the way, to hate the f*cking Yankees.

Peace, love, and cranberries, my brothers and sisters.