The gift I'd truly like to give Clevelanders is to buy LeBron James passage on a booze-cruise that ends tragically with the Whore of Akron shipwrecked on a sun-soaked island without a hat.

But short of that, I'd settle for the Browns doing the right thing and bringing back Eric Mangini for one more season. I know the guy came in like a douche bag and botched a draft like he was Dwight Clark, but once he was limited to doing what he knows best his teams responded. Look at the roster he runs out there every week and tell me which guy on this squad that other teams fear. Which guys on the Browns offense makes opposing defensive coordinators sit up and take notice? Which offensive linemen in the league get scared shit-less or request double team help when they know they'll be staring down Brian Schaefring?

Come on. I know we're the same people who cheered when Charlie Frye was banished from the field and traded just one half into the first game of the season and I know we're the town where the guy we've got in any spot isn't as good as someone else might be.

But damn y'all. Let's look at this rationally and give it up for a team that's a couple bounces and breaks from a wild card spot with that middle school talent. Yes, they wet the bed against Buffalo and Cincy or we wouldn't be having this discussion. But the team plays hard and Mangini has them in every game. If dude can't get it done next season after another Heckert/Holmgren draft then I'll gas up the car hauling him out of here myself. But don't set us back for no reason.

Eric Mangini may not be what you want to see under your tree, but that's what I'm giving you. Hey, I promise he'll have clothes on so as not to scare the wife or kids when they wake up Christmas morning.

Merry Christmas, Happy Holidays and a safe and prosperous New Year to you all.

Brian McPeek

Gary Benz

It's the season for giving and not necessarily receiving, which fits in perfectly with what it means to be a Cleveland sports fan. We give our dollars, our time, our attention. In return we receive a collection of teams at the moment that are historically bad as they've ever been and it doesn't look to change any time soon. With that as the backdrop in a town they should just rename Potterville, it's time to think big and I don't mean Austin Kearns big. I mean BIG, ok maybe just Big. It's too much to wish for a championship at the moment because that's just delusional. Thus the next best gift the fans of this town could get would be a season to look forward to, in any sport.

It's never been this bad nor has a gift of this magnitude been needed more. In the "old" days and by that I mean, say, the 1980s, once the Indians began their annual swoon we at least had the Browns season to distract us from the moment camp started in mid July until the moment they broke our hearts. The Cavs back then, at least for a good portion of the 1980s, were like the Cavs now, except they had World B. Free. It was at least enough of a distraction, a bridge of sorts to get us right back into the Indians season which got us back to the Browns. And so it went.

These days the Indians take themselves out of it before the equipment truck even leaves for Arizona. The Cavs have a collection of players that stand around as if they think that LeBron James will be returning to the lineup at any moment. The Browns? They've been interesting, certainly, but not necessarily in the kind of way you'd like your teams to be interesting. One season no longer begets the next begets the next.

Of course we all know that the gift we need most we'll never get so if we downsize our expectations, as we're required to do in this town, then the next best gift would be cold beer at reasonable prices at all the sporting venues. There's nothing worse than getting peeled for a

16 ounce beer at an event with the entertainment value of an Emergency Broadcast System test.

Al Ciammaichella

For Cleveland Indians fans this year, I'd like to give the gift of low expectations. Not what you were hoping for? Bear with me.

There's no doubt that this team is not built to contend for a world championship in 2011. Blame the economic situation in major league baseball, blame the GM, blame the team President...Hell, even blame Eric Wedge if you want. But the chances of the Cleveland Indians winning the 2011 World Series are slightly higher than Kim Jong Il admitting he didn't get a hole-in-one on the golf course this spring.

I don't like it any more than you do, but facts are facts. So I'm going into 2011 with no goals when it comes to the win/loss record. I'm treating the Indians like a minor league team (which some would argue is exactly what they are). I want to see the continued development of Carlos Santana. I want to see if Carlos Carrasco can overcome the voices in his head and become a consistent starter. I want to see if Fausto! v2007 is still lurking in there somewhere. I want to watch Michael Brantley turn into Kenny Lofton. I want to see Matt LaPorta hit the ball like he's in AAA, but at the corner of Carnegie and Ontario. I want to see Justin Masterson get lefties out. I want to see Grady and Asdrubal get healthy and effective. I desperately want Pronk back. I want to see Chris Perez coming in from the bullpen to nail down a save. I want to see Trevor Crowe spitting sunflower seeds in the dugout.

Don't want to go pay major league prices to see your low expectations at work? Fine, I can't say I blame you. Watch the big club on TV. But go pay $6 for a general admission ticket to the Aeros, Clippers or Captains and watch the future of the team develop. Watch Jason Kipnis complete the transformation from collegiate OF to major league 2B. Show your son Lonnie Chisenhall's swing, and see if he can copy it because that is one sweet stroke. Watch Jason Knapp throw a fastball so hard that if it hits you, it would leave a two-foot hole coming out (thanks Jake Taylor). Appreciate Alex White's polish, and watch how he fearlessly attacks hitters.

Low expectations are not what I want for the Indians. But for 2011, that's about as good of a gift as a Tribe fan can ask for. It will allow you to watch and appreciate a team as it grows up together. Don't get hung up on wins and losses this year. Don't throw your remote when Hafner strikes out, Talbot gives up a 'tater, or as Raffie Perez trots in from the bullpen. Just watch for and appreciate development, and wait till next year. As Cleveland fans, that's what we do best anyhow, right?

Jesse Lamovsky

This gift requires no navigation of packed stores, endless lines and limited budgets. It's sure to please every right-thinking fan on your list from three to eighty-three, including the guy or gal making it and checking it twice. This gift is sure and secure. And if the best gifts are the ones you can actually use, well- this gift can very much be used right about now. Or some undetermined time in the future, as the case always seems to be.

I want the people of this sports town to receive the gift of winning football. Especially the kids- and isn't it the kids who enjoy Christmas the most? (And no wonder; they don't have to buy anything.) If you're under the age of thirty you have no memory of a good Browns team. You have the counterfeit 2002 team and that's it. And that's just wrong. At least we got to watch Bernie and the boys. We watched our team in big games, meaningful games, memorable games. Yeah, they lost almost all of them, but to experience the Browns just getting there, just competing at that level, in truly great games with everything riding on them, the city living and dying on every snap... it was powerful stuff.

There would be nothing like a good Browns team to re-awaken the passions of this cold, shrinking city. It would be a happening, the way the '94 and '95 Indians were a happening, the way Pittsburgh in 1972 and Denver in 1977 were happenings. The fans have been waiting so long to see the Browns succeed, and they want it so badly. Look at how excited people were after the New England curb-stomping, and the Browns were 3-5 at the time. Can you imagine what this town would be feeling if they were 11-3 going into the final two weeks, at home, against the Amelek from Cities Charm and Steel?

It would be magical.

Put that gift under the tree, wrapped in Brown & Orange paper. Put it there next year. Or the year after that, or ever. Whether it's the first time in a long time or the first time ever, it'll a gift worth waiting for.

Nino Colla

What do you get the fan base that has everything?

You get them more of everything, of course. That's what the Yankees do.

For us as fans of the Cleveland Indians, what do you get us on a limited budget? Austin Kearns, Paul Phillips and Jack Hannahan? Thanks!

I'm not telling you anything you don't already know in regards to baseball. If you follow this team, you know this whole situation. You may not like it, none of us do, but you know what this is all about.

This leads me to the gift that Cleveland Indians fans are getting this holiday season. I know it may equate to socks or another tie for dad, but it is one of those necessary gifts. Additionally, you may not appreciate it now, but over time you'll grow to understand the purpose.

Patience.

Oh how lame, you'd probably settle for another tie, right?

Have some patience, please. I know it doesn't sound fun and another year of losing is agonizing to think of. Why go through all of this just for the hope of contention down the road? What's even the point? Can't we just beam Lonnie Chisenhall and Alex White up to the team

and win now?

The point is the journey. Just think of how sweet it would be when that day comes. The day we can see whoever it is hold that trophy up in the name of the Cleveland Indians. You'll look back and reflect and all of the pain and agony will be worth it. All the pain and agony will make it that much better.

All the years of Alex Escobar, Chris Magruder, David Riske, Jason Michaels, Jeremy Sowers and countless others. All of it will make us appreciate the winning combination a lot more.

That day is coming. I don't know when and neither do you. But mark my words that day will come. And when it does it will be amazing. But in order for it to be amazing you need to have patience.

So take it, practice it, enjoy it, you can even hate it. But please realize that patience is the key. We aren't the Yankees and quite frankly, I wouldn't want us to be anyway.

Erik Cassano

The best kind of gift is the gift that keeps on giving. With that in mind, I have the perfect gift for a town that has seen way too much losing over the years:

I want three teams that draft well, year after year. I want the Browns to morph into (sigh) the Steelers, the Indians to channel the Twins, and the Cavs to realize the vision of former GM Danny Ferry and transform into Spurs 2.0.

Years of poor draft selections are the biggest reason why the Indians are a small-market welfare state instead of a small-market success story. Why the Browns need an extra helping of pluck each Sunday to compensate for their overall lack of talent. Why the Cavs were bad enough to need a franchise savior like LeBron, and in turn, why LeBron had a reason to leave.

There are other factors at work, too, so it's not nearly as simple as it sounds. But if the teams in this town would hit on their draft picks every year, chances are we'd be watching a lot more good football, baseball and basketball than bad.

That's an undeniable truth, and it becomes even more undeniable to me with each passing year. If I had one more chance to sit on Santa's lap at the age of 31, and the only gift I could ask for was sports-related, there is not a question in my mind anymore than I would ask for keen talent evaluation abilities to filter into the minds of the leaders of the Browns, Indians and Cavs.

Then, and only then, will the seeds be planted for a new golden age in Cleveland sports.

Chris Hutchison

On the twelfth day of Christmas Mike Holmgren gave to me,

The Browns playin' like it's the playoffs.

Massaquoi-a leapin'.

Joe Thomas blockin.

Rubin a-whackin'.

Team finally winning.

Haden interceptin'.

Watson a-catchin'.

Peyton Hillis' moves.

TJ Ward attackin'.

Colt McCoy a-passin'.

Phil Dawson kickin'.

On a beat the Steelers for the love of God team.

David Regimbal

If I could give Cleveland fans one gift, it would be a gift they deserve more than any other fan base in the country. I would give them a break.

Seriously, can't we catch a freaking break? I don't need to get into whether our city is "cursed" or not, and I definitely don't need to retell horror stories like The Drive, The Fumble, The Doucheision (get it?), etc...

These stories are forced down the throats of Cleveland fans any time the opportunity presents

itslef by national media outlets. It's like a mother bird chewing up 50 years of horror, pain and sorrow before feeding it to her little baby bird. Then that baby bird chews it up and spits it into our mouths. I know that analogy lost itself a little, but that's what happens when I think about Cleveland's misfortune. My jokes lose themselves.

Now, hot of the presses -- Terrelle Pryor, DeVier Posey and three other Ohio State football players go and get themselves suspended for the first five games of the 2011 football season. Many of them will likely forego their senior seasons and enter the NFL draft. What should have been a top five team in the country coming into the 2011 season will be lucky to reach top 10 status. The hits just keep on coming.

So if I could give all of you one gift, it would be a break from the pain. And you know what, I might have one. Opening this link is like opening a present .

Dan Wismar

I learned very early in my time here at TCF that just about every writer had, at one point in his past, written his own version of the "long-suffering Cleveland fan" column. The other thing I found we had in common was that no one was particularly interested in reading anyone else's version. I guess the risk in doing so was that the other guy might prove to have suffered more...or longer...or something...thereby robbing us of some of our own well-earned angst.

What we feel when our pro sports teams win a big game is a certain exhilaration...but not quite "joy". That unbridled, ecstatic joy...of the "Now I Can Die in Peace" variety that Bill Simmons wrote about after his Red Sox finally ended their hex, is only experienced, we imagine, when our team wins a championship. (The joy of 1964, on the occasion of my 12th birthday, has faded beyond recall.)

Much as I crave that fist-pumping ecstasy for myself and for all the fans of my beloved sports teams in this city, I also realize, on the back nine of my life, how fleeting and temporal that joy would
will be when it finally arrives. In this season of celebration of great "joy to the world", it is my wish for Cleveland fans that they look for, and find that real joy elsewhere in their lives...in family...or faith...or friends...in other words, in lasting and important things.

That, and a win over the Ratbirds this Sunday.