As I write this, I am about to begin watching the AFC Championship game between the Pittsburgh Steelers and the New York Jets, also known as "the worst possible AFC Championship Game match up in the history of the world". I absolutely hate this game. This game is the definition of no win situation.

Most of the week I've been telling myself that I'd rather see the Steelers win. As much as it pains me, I think I've become kind of numb to their success. But, the thought of Braylon Edwards actually playing in the Super Bowl is enough to make me want to go hunting with dick Cheney. Braylon is everything that is wrong with professional athletes and I never want anything good to ever happen to him. Ever. Never ever.

But, now that I have the game on, I just can't make myself do it. It goes against everything I've come to believe in my 36 years of existence. I hate the Steelers. Those Yinzers suck, almost as much as their ignorant, insufferably arrogant bandwagon fan base. I hate Polamalu's hair. I hate Ward's face. I hate Roethlisberger's continued freedom, and his face. I hate James Harrison's...I just hate that guy.

I cannot root for Pittsburgh. Besides, a good point was recently brought to my attention. Braylon Edwards isn't even worth thinking about. Who gives a crap about that guy? He's not even the best receiver on his own team.

So, as I sit here watching the game, I am free to pull for the Jets. This can only mean one thing.

Call your bookies; lay it all on Pittsburgh in two weeks. Never mind the spread, it's a lock.

An Awkward Glance Ahead At The Browns

The Head coaching search is over, and now so is the defensive coordinator. It went to Dick Jauron, the guy that everyone figured it would be from the beginning. Dick is experienced and makes sense for this team. He'll probably be installing a 4-3 defense, meaning a lot of turnover. This would concern me if we currently had anyone that could play the 3-4 effectively. But for the most part we don't. And the players we do have should be able to adapt.

Ahtyba Rubin and Shaun Rogers (if he's still around) should be able to fill the interior pretty well. The outside is a mess, but it's a mess anyway, so no sweat, right?

The truth of it is we are a long way from having much of an idea what the makeup of our defense is going to look like. Things will change greatly once free agency starts and the draft happens. And none of that is happening this week.

What is happening this week is hopefully the hiring of an offensive coordinator. Whoever gets hired, it isn't going to be a guy that gets people running to the ticket office to buy season tickets. It's going to be a guy who very few people have heard of, who is familiar with the west coast offense, doesn't mind not calling plays, is represented by Bob LaMonte, and is willing to wear four different pagers:

One each for coffee, Yoohoo, jelly donut, and glazed donut. And he has to be able to get it to Holmgren's office in less time than it takes a Steelers fan from Medina to explain why he's not a front runner.

Anyway, as far as I can tell, those are by far going to be the most important responsibilities given to the new offensive coordinator.

And, he will still be a more valuable coach than Brian Daboll.

Good luck Miami.

**I'd like to once again remind everyone that Miami is the franchise that Bill Parcells straightened out. The exact same thing that Cleveland hired Mike Holmgren to do. And, a lot of people only wanted Holmgren because we couldn't get Parcells. Remember a little over a year ago when Cleveland's collective heads exploded because there was a plane at Burk with the Dolphins logo on it? Everyone thought that Parcells was meeting with Lerner. Turns out Wayne Huizenga was having a tattoo removed or hernia surgery or something. The point is, any one of us would have gladly accepted an escort to bathroom at Pinkys by one of Roethlisberger's policeman buddies if it meant a meeting between Lerner and Parcells. And that team just had a college coach NOT take $7 mil a year AND they hired Brian Daboll to be their offensive coordinator. And the guy we have running our franchise is the fallback option to the guy that was running theirs.*

I don't know what any of that means, but it means something.

Oh yeah, and, we need a new special teams coach.

I nominate Chris Fedor. Then maybe he'll be busy and I won't accidentally ever hear him again when I'm changing podcasts.

An Awkward Glance Ahead At The Cavs

The Cavs have 5 more chances to win a game in January, 4 of them coming next week. They've now lost 298 games in a row. This is not only the worst, but it's also the most boring team I've ever seen. Now that Anderson Varejao is done for the season there isn't anyone remotely interesting left on the team. This team is so lost that Byron Scott keeps dumbing down the playbook, and they still don't get it. It is hopeless. There are 39 games left. I honestly have no idea where the next win comes from.

The trade deadline is Feb 24. The only thing to look forward to is the Cavs moving some Players like Antawn Jamison and Mo Williams, and using to trade exception to acquire draft picks or someone with potential. Because this season is brutal. Who knew it could be this bad?

Coming up:

Mon 24 - @ Jersey

Tues 25 - @ Boston

Fri 28 – v. Denver

Sun 30 - @ Orlando

Do yourself a favor. Go buy the complete series of The Wire. Watch that instead. I'm in the middle of season 4 right now and it's astoundingly good. It's just as good as everyone says.

Catch up with the Twe-Caps to find out what happened during the games. If you see a faint orange glow above the city around 10:00 PM on a game night, lock the door and fill the tub with water because that means the Cavs won, the city is on fire and the world is coming to an end.

An Awkward Glance Ahead At The Indians

Only about 3 more weeks until pitchers and catchers report. Looks like we're going to make it.

Actor In My Movie

Richard Tyson

With a masters of theater art from Cornell University, Richard Tyson might be my most highly educated cast member. He's had a long career and continues to pop up in movies. One movie that a lot of you might remember him from is There's Something About Mary. He played the cop that questioned Ben Stiller, lost his cool, and slammed Bens head onto the table about a half dozen times.

Richard somehow became a favorite of the Farrelly brothers, also appearing in Kingpin as well as Me, Myself, and Irene. During his career he also landed parts in Black Hawk Down and he was the main bad guy in Kindergarten Cop.

There's probably a segment of you that will recognize him as Mr. VIP from the straight to video movie Stripper Academy (Hey, don't judge. Like Chris Bosh, we all have families to feed.) although, of course, I've never seen it.

Now, I liked Kindergarten Cop as much as the next guy. And, watching him slam Ben Stiller's face onto a desk only to offer his hand a few moments later while saying "No harm no foul." Always makes me laugh. But those things don't get someone a part in my movie.

What does get someone a part in my movie is playing one of the scariest badasses of the 1980's as the character Buddy Revell in 3 O'clock High. Revell is a new kid who just transferred to a new school after allegedly killing someone at his last school. The wimpy, dorky guy has to show him around and winds up scheduled to fight him in the parking lot after school.

This movie really hit home for me because I was a wimpy dorky kid who lived in abject fear that this scenario would somehow play out for me. Looking back, I'll bet there's a lot of kids like me who worried about stuff like that, probably just about everyone except the Buddy Revells of the world.

Anyway, he was a great character and Richard Tyson played him brilliantly. I knew he was this week's character when I mentioned him on the TCF boards last week and nobody seemed to have any idea what I was talking about.

Youtube Of The Week

Guess which one is me!