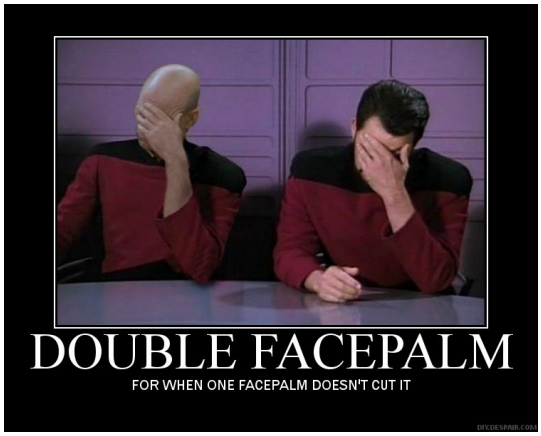

When LeBron James left for Miami back in July I was amongst those who thought the Cleveland Cavaliers would be dull, uninteresting and mediocre.

I was wrong.

Instead we have a team here that is anything but mediocre and anything but uninteresting. In fact, I'm not sure how much more we could ask from the Cavaliers. They have the opportunity to go out every night and set a new NBA record.

How many of you expected a record-setting performance from this team?

I think it's great. Look, many of us said back in the aftermath of The Whore of Akron leaving for South Beach that the one thing we didn't want out of this Cavs team was mediocrity. Mediocrity is the NBA version of purgatory. You're stuck in the same place between elite and pathetic year after year if you're mediocre. That's not entertaining and that provides no hope for the future.

So you were 44-38 and earned a 6th seed and a 2nd round playoff exit? Tremendous. Oh, and you have the 18th pick in the draft while your roster is full of glue guys and less than elite NBA players? Awesome. Good luck getting your Blake Griffin, Dwyane Wade or LeBron with that 18th pick.

No thanks. Give me bad. Give me terrible. Give me pathetic. And if it has to be bad, terrible and pathetic then hell yes, give me NBA ignominy. Make it record-setting bad. Make really sure that the franchise I root for is so vile that a couple of late season wins against teams that have either clinched or quit do not cost me a single ping pong ball.

And yeah, I appreciate the fact that while this team is the Washington Generals of the NBA I also appreciate the fact that the games are worth watching every night. It's not the Heat who can set an NBA record Saturday night and then break it again Monday. It's not the Lakers or the Celtics who have that opportunity. Nope, that glory is reserved for but one franchise and we're the ones who get to see it happen (and I might add that no announcing duo in history fits a team like Fred McLeod and Austin Carr).

I love the people who scold me for these thoughts. I love the people who tell me, "This city has been through enough embarrassment".

Bullshit.

This isn't embarrassment. This is make believe crap that means nothing. Embarrassment is looking at the underdeveloped lake front or watching the brain drain take educated kids from this area and deposit them where there are more employment opportunities. Embarrassment is a drive through downtime Cleveland after 6pm on any night of the week (or at 2pm for that matter).

The Cavaliers will survive this season. Whether they are here or in Vegas or in Seattle they will survive this. In fact, the only way to get out of this morass is for complete and utter destruction this season. And they're giving us that.

Right up there with the people complaining about the shame of the city are the people who tell me that these guys on this team are hard working professionals who bring their lunch pails and hard hats to practice every day and that they ***deserve*** a win.

Again, bullshit.

These are the same guys who did everything but literally, wash LeBron's feet and kiss LeBron's ass when he came to Cleveland December 2nd of last year. No, I didn't have to look that date up. It sits right there at the very top of embarrassing and shameful memories I have of this team. It is etched in my mind. Those are the same guys that let him run to the rack and have his way with them after he threw his powder in the air and in our faces. The same guys that gave him pre-tip off hugs and handshakes while we sat there stunned and sick that not one of them gave enough of a shit about us to put that man on the deck. Not one of them had the balls to lay him out after he laid us out and gutted this city like a fish on national television.

The guys who played Jim Gray on December 2, 2010 are the guys you want me to root for against NBA history? Those guys who haven't ever actually worn a hard hat and wouldn't know where to go for a lunch pail are the guys I need to feel sorry for?

Screw those guys. And screw anybody else who doesn't remember back to that night when they gave us up like the cowering bitches they are.

They'll win a game at some point. They'll catch another crappy team napping and get their win. But I won't be rooting for it. And if you're dumb enough to think it means anything such as the long nightmare of losing finally ending then I suggest you don't watch the next night when they start on another double-digit losing streak.

Screw them. If you're going to be bad be really, really bad. Because it's the one thing this group of suckling pigs can actually do that will ultimately benefit us. The fact that almost none of them will be around when things turn for this franchise is just an added benefit.

Wear that record proudly girls. Your losing streak started December 2nd regardless of what the standings say. Own it.

While the Heart Rate is Dangerously High

I got a threshold, Jules. I got a threshold for the abuse that I will take. Now, right now, I'm a @#$!in' race car, right, and you got me in the red. And I'm just sayin', I'm just sayin' that it's @#$#!in' dangerous to have a race car in the @#$!in' red. That's all. I could blow.

Pulp Fiction

Those who like an angry 'Wrap' are in for a good day because talking about that despicable group wearing wine and gold has me in a pissed off mood. I'm a race car in the red.

Putting me firmly in the red was a trip to the store I made this Super Bowl Sunday morning with my wife and my 10-year old daughter. I should have just gone without the items I needed because the number band-wagoning, inbred, hill-jack Steelers fans in said store was staggering.

Now, pay attention here. Because I have the requisite amount of respect for the many dyed in the wool Steelers fans that are no different than Browns fans other than the fact that they're unquestionably going to hell. I'm not talking about these legitimate fans and poor souls doomed to damnation.

I'm talking about the tool boxes that are so lacking in self confidence that they feel the need to compensate for that by wearing the gear of (and cheering for) a team that's winning.

Anyway, the young one and I separated from the wife to get through the hell more quickly. The band wagon display was so bad that the 10-year old was appalled and she's just a baby in terms of her fan hood. After 20 minutes of watching these black and gold-clad hillbillies exhaust the store of frozen pizzas, generic cigarettes and Pabst pounder cans I couldn't take much more. Neither could the 10-year old. And when she asked why there were so many Steelers fans in the store and nothing in the way of Packer fans I said, so that anyone in the store could probably hear:

“Because there are far more band wagon fans of the Steelers who have nothing better to feel good about in their lives and who live through a team that they know little about even though they can’t name five players after Ben, Hines and Troy. And because their government checks arrived this past Monday and they have enough cash in the bank to put five in the tank and get their smokes. That’s why the NFL moved this game to the first week of February instead of the last week in January.”

It wasn’t until that soliloquy was over that I noticed more than just my 10-year old was looking at me. Most probably thought I was a bit unstable so they gave me a relatively wide berth but one woman walked away while telling her son to “Pray for that little girl”. Which I thought was nice after I calmed down and my daughter walked me through my blinding anger and back to my truck.

It’s disgusting though. It really is. And while I exaggerate some about the people I’m really not taking it too far. It was noon and these people in jerseys bearing the name of a known sexual predator had emptied the frozen pizza section and were killing the Pabst and the Stroh’s cases.

I didn’t even know *they still made Stroh’s* and these people were buying it like their lives and their trailers/meth labs were depending on it.

And the gear? God it’s disgusting. In NE Ohio when I was growing up the Inbred fans dared not publicly wear their gear. A kid wouldn’t get stomped for it but their parents were put on watch lists that were then given to social services.

Now? You’re as likely to find Steelers shit hanging on the racks as you are Browns gear. It’s depressing. A whole generation of sports fans in this area has grown up without roots in the Browns because of the franchising moving then sucking.

Thankfully the same band wagon douche bags wearing their Hines Ward jerseys will switch allegiances and be wearing TJ Ward jerseys when (if) the worm turns and the Browns are running off consistent winning seasons and Super Bowl appearances. That doesn’t mean I will find them any less reprehensible than I do now because band wagon is bandwagon and signifies only that something is missing in their lives or that they weren’t hugged enough or told they were loved as kids. Nope, it means only that the colors on their jerseys will be more

soothing to me when I'm doing my shopping.

And by the way, you'll know the band wagon fans Monday because they'll go about their day not feeling the 31-25 Super Bowl loss and shaking it off like nothing happened or taunting Browns fans that at least they got there.

For real Steelers fans that won't be enough and it won't make them feel any better.

Still Too Early

I'm not going to talk about the Indians. Not yet and not until I need to. Suffice it to say they are trying to decide between Kevin Millwood and Jeremy Bonderman as their veteran innings-eater for this season.

Honesty, that's like deciding between Shingles and Gout. I really don't want either of them. I guess if you put a gun to my head I'd prefer Bonderman. He's 28 years old and his numbers are comparable to Millwood's from last season. And while Bonderman underwent shoulder surgery and has lost velocity that he'll never regain he could conceivably re-invent himself in the form of a guy like Frank Tanana did.

On the other hand I think Millwood was teammates with Tanana. Alright, that too is an exaggeration, but Millwood has already resurrected his career here and then left for huge contract elsewhere the year afterward.

You don't get twosies on doing that to us.

It's simply Bonderman's turn to use us and then leave for a better deal next season.

Next Week: My all-time Buckeye Basketball starting five to celebrate the tournament season getting one week closer.

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