Ok, we get it. It's a new era in sports. Great players dictate their own destinations and everybody's heroes have an expiration date. We've accepted these grim truths. But is it asking too much to let us keep our silly, childish sports *nostalgia* untarnished? After all, the only athletes we can put our unyielding faith in these days are the retired ones, right? What I'm really trying to say is, why the hell is Mark Price in a Warriors uniform on basketball-reference.com?

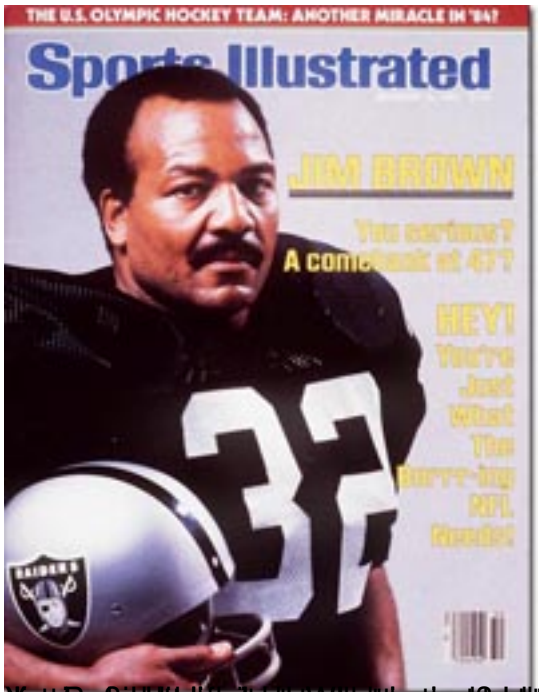
Jonathan Knight already wrote a fine piece on the love affair between #25 and the awkward, young Caucasian boys of greater Cleveland (totally platonic, mind you), so I needn't regurgitate that tale. This is merely a rant about two abstract concepts—memory and legacy. To take the snarky philosopher's approach, "If Mark Price plays nine years with the Cavaliers, but history records him as a Warrior, was Mark Price ever really a Cavalier?" The answer is yes, he was. But that's not the point. The point is that basketball-reference.com had a choice to make when they selected a player profile photograph for Mark Price—the Cleveland Cavaliers' all-time leader in 3-point field goals-- and they chose this picture:
Mark Price evading a defender in mid-dribble… as a Golden State f'ing Warrior
.

I know, I know. Big deal, who cares? It's just a picture on a stupid website. But it's a slippery slope, my friends. Consider the images we've already been forced to accept as part of our current everyday sports reality: Jim Thome and Victor Martinez in the jerseys of division rivals. Ozzie Newsome proudly presiding over the ratbird nest in Baltimore. Our beloved Lithuanian lad Zydrunas Ilgauskas draping his Jack Skellington torso in a Heat jersey-- creating a sort of grotesque DeVito-Scwarzenegger *Twins* gimmick with his good buddy, the self-fellating egosaurus of Akron.

In times like this, the Cleveland sports fan's only consolation can be found in the deep recesses of our dusty memory banks—the place where irrational sports fandom is born. It's nostalgia that allows us to recall Municipal Stadium as a warm, delightful old place; or to know Clay Matthews not as the stud draft pick we passed on two years ago, but as the All-Pro workhorse who spent his entire 18-year career as a proud Cleveland Brown.

What the hell?! What is that? Is that Clay Matthews as an Atlanta Falcon? Holy shit, I forgot we cut him loose in like 1993 or something. Great. Now do you see what's happening? The whole fabric of our nostalgic Cleveland sports fan faux-reality is starting to collapse. Thanks a lot, basketball-reference.com!

It's one thing to see Manny Ramirez in another uniform. He took the money, we booed him a bit, it's done with. But we've always been able to unconsciously counter our buried pain over those sorts of betrayals by harping on the select few superstars who belonged to Cleveland sports to the very end. Icons like Bob Feller, Otto Graham, Jim Brown…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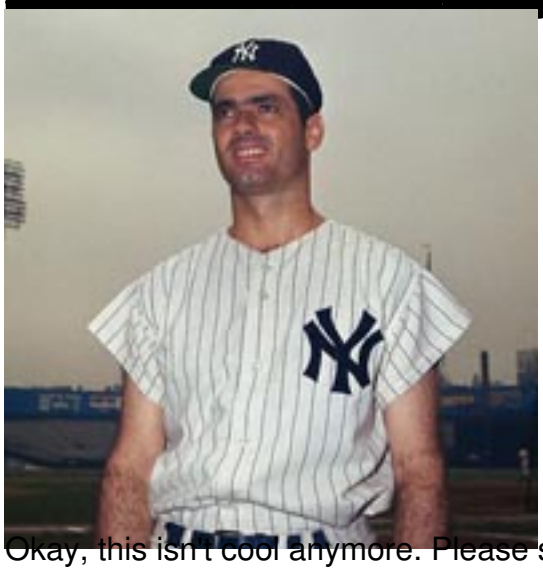

Okay, this isn't cool anymore. Please stop.