It's a hard process -- losing someone. You share so many experiences over the years, forming a bond that's broken in a matter of seconds. All it takes is 14 words...

"With the 31st pick in the 2011 draft, the Pittsburgh Steelers select... Cameron Heyward."

I sat in my chair just ten picks earlier, stunned and disoriented by the trade Cleveland made. They were in a perfect position to snag Heyward at No. 27, then all of a sudden we trade up six spots to get someone I've never heard of. On top of that, we selected a guy who might not even fit our defensive scheme. But that's aside from the point -- another headache for another day.

All I could do was hope. There were teams selecting before Pittsburgh that needed a defensive end, and every time Roger walked to the podium and made his announcement, my anxiety grew stronger and stronger.

I've seen this happen before. It happened twice just last year. In the fourth round, one of my favorite Buckeyes (Thad Gibson) was taken by Pittsburgh. Three rounds later, they snatched up Doug Worthington like a predator in a playground.

To a lesser extent, the same thing happened to Troy Smith in '07. Ohio State's most recent Heisman winner was drafted by the Ravens, so it's not like he "ceased to exist" like the others. It's more like he ran away from home to spend three years in Baltimore with a girl he met at a bar the week before. He realized the error of his ways recently, but was too ashamed to return home to Cleveland/Ohio -- so he went to San Fransisco and suffered a mental breakdown . It was probably the horror of being coached by Mike Singletary that pushed him over the edge,

but I'd like to think it was because he just missed Cleveland.

There were others. There's always other. Santonio Holmes... Rodney Bailey... Mike Vrabel. All lost. It all happens so suddenly and without explanation. Understanding it is about as easy as wrapping your mind around the logic of "Steelers fans" who were born and raised in Ohio. *Right, yeah, I can see why you cheer for the Steelers now that you've told me the wife of your uncle's best friend had a daughter who was killed by a Brown car -- and cheering for the Browns brings up too many bad memories*
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The wounds had hardly healed from last year's draft before Roger Goodell ripped them open again.

You know how they say you see your life flash before your eyes before you pass away? The same thing happens when the Pittsburgh Steelers draft someone from Ohio State. Only instead of your life flashing before your eyes, you see all your shared experiences with that player in an instant.

"With the 31st pick in the 2011 draft, the Pittsburgh Steelers select... Cameron..."

Everything goes white. You see the good times. You see Cam blossom under the mature wings of Nader Abdallah in 2008. You see him take over and become a steady defensive lineman alongside Thad Gibson in 2009. You see him single-handily destroy USC and Penn State that same year. You remember when he said he loved being a Buckeye and that he was returning for his senior season. You remember the last night with him in a Buckeyes jersey, turning Arkansas' offensive line into a personal pool that he willingly dove into without resistance.

Then you see the bad times. Like the final drive of the USC game when the Trojans silenced 100,000+ at the 'Shoe because the line was too gassed to put up a fight. You remember that October night when you saw Cam and Co. bull-rushed by those freaking cows in Wisconsin. Then reality starts to stretch its way back into your vision and you imagine Cameron Heyward in a Pittsburgh Steelers jersey.

"Heyward."

At that moment, he's gone forever. It was nice knowing you, Cameron Heyward.

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