A column that may or may not be recurring, composed of brief items on topics sporting, or at least close....

-- Well, I've sent my ticket money to Randy Lerner and promised to show up on the lakefront in my customary spot in Section 129 for the Browns opener. What the owners and the players union have promised *me* is a summer full of litigation and posturing in the media....in other words, contempt for me, the fan...and no guarantee that I'll have a game to watch on September 11. They can't be dumb enough to jeopardize my season, can they? Or did I lose track of things somewhere, and this is no longer all about me?

Meanwhile, the Browns draft reinforced my belief that we finally have grown-ups in charge of selecting the players for this team. Heckert is proving to be the anti-Mangini, showing a preference for pure talent over choir boys and academic all-stars. Seemed like a checkered past and a nasty attitude were requirements rather than disqualifiers to be selected early by the Browns this year. It's refreshing, in a Turkey Jones kind of way.

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-- Fandom is unpredictable....it looks like events are conspiring in a way that may soon have me rooting for Carlos Boozer.

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-- ESPN can be tiresome and lame and full of itself, but the Family of Networks knows how to give documentary. The “30 for 30” series is great television, (and E:60 is always well done too). I caught the show on the 2004 ALCS with the Yankees and the Red Sox the other night, and got caught up in the memories of that incredible comeback by Boston from down 3 games to none. The postseason motto of the then long-suffering Red Sox had special resonance for me in light of recent events at Carnegie and Ontario.....”Why Not Us?” If you’re a baseball fan, don’t miss that show...even if, like me, you hate both teams.

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-- I saw Milton Bradley was cut loose by the Mariners. Poor kid can’t catch a break. (The Alex Johnson
of his day?)

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-- The other day on the golf course, I knocked a putt way too hard, completely unnecessarily, and ran it downhill fifteen feet past the cup. It occurred to me that I had “Tresseled” the shot. That’s the new catch-all name for anything you do with some kind of plan in mind, but after which you ask yourself, “What the f*** was I thinking about?”

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