

Suck It Trebek: An Open Letter To The Cleveland Browns

Written by {ga=jb}

Sunday, August 24 2008 7:00 PM -

If you want measured, polish on a turd, Pollyanna takes ... Mansfield Lucas is not going to be your guy. If you want heart of the fan, raw emotion and passion, and someone giving you wholly unfiltered thoughts on the Cleveland Browns he's your guy. As evidenced by the 47 text messages he sent me Saturday night, Mansfield was disgusted with what he saw from the Browns this Saturday night. And he shares that disgust with us and our readers in his latest column.



If it isn't too much to ask, you think you big-headed, contract whining, under-hitting sorry assed excuses for players might look at the calendar and figure out its football season? Knowing that you get absolutely no motivation from your alleged head coach, I realize that you have to do this on your own. In about two weeks, you play the Dallas Cowboys on national television. All of your family and friends will be watching. Do you really just want to barely show up for the ass kicking that awaits your wussy asses? Now seriously, I don't care about you ass clowns humiliating yourselves and your people against Amuhkuh's team. You family and friends can just shed your gear in their hometowns for Roca wear or whatever and put their Patriots crap back on. All I care about is you humiliating us because I care so much that I'm stuck with my Browns. And right now you suck.

"Cleveland Clowns."

Do you even know how sick I am of hearing that? And you give me nothing to return. In about three weeks the Appalachian Dill holes arrive. Those toothless, bearded, [FUPA](#) flappin', rag waving inbred idiots will descend upon our fair city en mass. Some of their men may arrive as well. *"Lookie dere an at. Dat's a big river an at! Yinz could fish an at and make a big catfish primanti an at to go with da Ahrn an at."*

"Lookie dere an at. Dat's a big river an at! Yinz could fish an at and make a big catfish primanti an at to go with da Ahrn an at."

I'm being serious here. If you want to bring what you've brought so far, just forfeit. Don't even bother. Don't rip my soul apart AGAIN. Toothlessburger will hang 500 on you Eazy E. But hell, you can high step your one good play down by 40 after

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you done half stepped like a buster when it mattered. Don't drag me out to support your silly sorry asses if what you've shown so far as an "effort" will give me another 43 - 0 beat down. Or another Eve of Destruction when Lou Merletti lectures and intimidates like the dang Chinee commies just so the bitch of an usher in section 523 can cheer openly for her Sucklers while her minimum wage paycheck is signed by Randolph Lerner. Yeah, let's make sure its shiny happy fans having fun paying \$8 for a lite beer, just so long as you don't let the alcohol effect you, because that and hideous new uniform design disgracing what's left of our once proud heritage is what this organization apparently concentrates on. It sure as hell is not football. I just want to go

[Pacino in](#)

[Scent of a Woman](#)

on everyone from the ball boys to Phil the Shill and his Dwight Clark drafting. I'd like to take a flamethrower to 76 Groza Boulevard. I'm just getting warmed up.

I'm telling all y'all; don't even talk to me if from your cakehole springs the following:

"It's just preseason."

"They are playing vanilla. Just wait until they game plan."

"Get off the ledge."

If any of those come out of your mouth, you don't know football. Stop talking to me. You have nothing to add. You are polluting my sound waves.

The exhibition season matters. The outcome of the game doesn't matter. The scores don't matter. But what you see from the starters matters, and it matters a great deal. The cohesion matters. The execution matters. The talent level matters. This team is in no way ready to play NFL football. What did they do all offseason at all those OTA's and mini-camps, circle jerk? Romeo is now in year four. He's

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been head coach for FOUR years. As of today, they cannot play a coherent defensive scheme. Freakin' Donatos eatin' jewelry remora can't put a defense together in four years. Not that he has the Giants' linebackers of the late 80's or anything. Phil, what the freak? Four years and you're still trotting out Andrea Davis, and Alex Hall arguably looks like our best linebacker. Kouhrtney Wimbley is mastering the fine art of playing passively with speed and making tackles seven yards downfield. Nice pick, Phil. Take a Tampa 2 end and project him at outside backer. Best scouting job since Jamal Reynolds, but at least he was left at his natural position. I have no idea why D'Qyell Jackson plays football other than money. I don't even care enough about him in return to spell check his name. And we're capped out with these clowns?

Moo.

That's what they said on Saturday. The legacy of the Dawgs of Minnie and Hanford and Eddie and Clay? Bitches please. Moo. That's all you can say. You have exactly two weeks left. Two weeks. If you don't get it together you are going to humiliate yourselves, the town, the fans and all of Browns' Nation. I can't even handle the thought of dealing with those arrogant rag waving morons after you losers sleepwalk through another two game series. If I have to look at those stupid fat jowls shaking spewing out pabulum at one more "interview" while a talking head lobs softballs I am bricking the TV. Can we please get a coaching staff that can prep a team, motivate them and make them work instead of wasting six weeks at Camp Snoopy singing Barney songs? Can we please get a real head coach commanding even a minimum of respect and discipline so his star player wears shoes on the practice field so he isn't injured by getting cleated? I couldn't even watch the second half Saturday. It was so bad, so unwatchable; I carried my girlfriend's freaking shopping bags around instead by choice. *"Don't you want to stay here and have another Guinness, honey? It's only half-time. And I'd love for you to enjoy some more trans fat laded foods. You're really far too sober and I love when you get all tipsy and excited and shout at the big screen TV in public. It's so cute when everyone stares and thinks "what the hell is that guy's issue"? An you have been getting too thin around the waistline and I don't want you looking all gross like Michael Phelps there"*;

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she said, trying to cheer me up in what has now become a weekly ritual.

"Nahh, let's go back to Ann Taylor.";

I replied.

"You may have missed one clearance rack in the petites. Maybe we can go through both levels of Crate and Barrel and look at every last piece of stemware if there's time after Z Gallery. And you really don't have enough shoes, do you?";

This is what you no heart, unprepared, disinterested stumblebums have done to me. And I'm guessing I'm not alone. Northeast Ohio had the nicest yards of any major Midwestern region from 1996 - 1998. 2008 so far shows the promise of bringing that back. It'll be a bad year for you, but none of y'all care about anything except renegotiating your contracts. It'll be a much worse year for us fans as you'll continue to humiliate Browns' Nation. But it will be one hell of a year for garden gnomes.

Seriously. If this is the best you got; quit. Spare me the empty words and the coach and player-speak. It is obvious from your actions you don't care. So just quit. Play the Kent State rugby team in their places, Randy. At least there will be a bangin' kegger afterwards.

You deserve those brown pants. What you don't deserve is the rest of the uniform to pose as the Cleveland Browns. At least when we had no talent, or Butch Davis and Pete Garcia were idiots, you had an excuse. But you have some talent there. You have some gaping holes, too, to be sure. But you have enough talent to play with the Detroit Freaking Pussycats and not make Jon Kitna look like Bobby Lane for Christ's sake. You have enough talent to not make some rookie named Smith look like Barry Sanders. What you don't have is a damn to give and a head coach who demands you give it.

If anyone wants to haul off and pull my card as a fan, pack a lunch. And a dinner. Pack a month's supply of that [soylent green](#) Golic and Marino try to sell you. And

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why is Scott Conover on that commercial as if he someone? And can Jillian Barberie look any trashier? Whatever you want to eat, eat it. Hell yes I'm a fan. Hell no I'm never leaving. I'll be a fan years after Hank Fraley is done laughing at how he played these so-called talent evaluators for extending his contract and giving him a raise after Philly ran him. I'll be cheering when they decide to give a damn decades from now while we ask questions like "Rex Hadnot, Kevin Robbins, or Freddie Childress? Who blew worse?"

But if you want to try the Pollyanna crap on me about this being early, exhibition season meaning nada, or how real fans don't criticize, then feel free to [click this link here](#)

You're Trebek, and I'm Sean.

It goes out like that.

I digress; back to addressing the team in this letter. You may stop sucking at anytime Browns. Feel free. You have our permission.