



I find it exceptionally funny and sad at the same time that the very folks who once flayed a certain talented G-F (after he abandoned his home state and all his rabid local basketball fans) are now imploring him to return.

The situation is funny in the same way that Wile E. Coyote continues to pursue the Roadrunner, despite the fact that every cursed plan ends up with his mangy body flattened at the bottom of a canyon. He's so maniacally fixated on a dinner of roast bird that he has lost all perspective, his life devolving into nothing more than a series of failures. And we laugh about it.

The situation is sad in the same way that the poor bloke who finds the girl of his dreams in bed with another man still believes that she will one day return to him. He dedicates his life to winning her back, and when she doesn't respond, he is driven to suicide. Now, that's sad.

To those who long for the prodigal son to come back to his roots, I ask this: What have you become? Where is your pride? Is your desire for a championship in Cleveland so overwhelming that you would forgive the evil deed of aforesaid G-F? That you would again reward him with your loyalty after he shot an arrow into your heart and then skinned your lifeless carcass with a nationally televised cleaver before heading south?

That's crazy. Crazy, I say.

However, I can see why some fans around here might be so obsessed with a championship that they would forgive even treason. Heck, I've lived the past 49 years of my life hoping, pining, for a return to the days of Dr. Frank Ryan, Jimmy Brown, Lou Groza, Gary Collins and Vince Costello. But would I sell my soul for a championship? Uh...no. Make no mistake: If you're a true fan of Cleveland pro sports, dreaming about a homecoming parade for what's-his-name is, in reality, selling your soul.

Not that his return is even likely. While owner Dan Gilbert might actually consider reinstating him given the right circumstances, I get the feeling that there is no love lost between general manager Chris Grant and our least favorite All-Star, MVP G-F—not to mention how the Cavaliers' new head coach might feel about him. Mike Brown very likely lost his first NBA head coaching job due to our friend pictured above. Brown has not tasted a championship with a team that included two future Hall-of-Famers here, or with two future Hall-of-Famers in La-La Land. Hopefully, the Cavs' sorry effort against Boston three springs ago and the whining of some Laker primadonnas has taught him that immense egos may not be worth the trouble—and one of the things he doesn't have with the Cavaliers is an immense ego or two on the roster. (At least, not yet.)

Let's not forget, either, that there is such a thing as kismet—serendipity, if you please. We've seen it happen here many times in the past 49 years. The gambling quarterback who throws an interception in the end zone of a playoff game; the shut-down closer who makes a mistake pitch in Game 7 of the A.L. Championship; the great head coach who becomes a terrible team president—the list goes on and on. So somewhere in the back of our minds we realize that the G-F in question would no sooner put on the wine-and-gold than he'd break a leg in 15 places. Or Gilbert would decide to move the team to East Lansing. Or an earthquake would swallow Quicken Loans Arena. Or the sun would supernova.

On the other hand, the optimist (which most of us are—still) might believe that the Cavs don't really need any traitors on the roster, anyway. We might believe that we already have a good thing going: a young, ambitious team that lacks, most of all, experience. Another good draft, a few key free agents, the return to health of a couple key players, and this team could be in the playoffs in 2014. If you want to dream, then dream about Kyrie Irving, Dion Waiters, Tristan Thompson, Andy Varejao, Tyler Zeller and five to seven talented newcomers playing in the NBA Finals in 2015.

Actually, that's probably more likely than the wayward G-F ever wearing the wine-and-gold

again. Thankfully.