



Greetings from South Beach, FLA— sports capital of the world, Baby! It's only 72 degrees and a bit breezy down here, so rather than braving the elements, I'm finally getting around to updating my hugely popular "Heat Sheet" blog. Today, I've just got a simple message for Pat Riley on behalf of all of us true Miami Heat fans. Hey Pat, we're starving for a championship here, Bro! It's been like five years already. Sure, we all dug what you did over the summer and everything, and it's working out okay, I guess. But come on, you know the deal. We gotta get Carmelo Anthony up in this biznatch!

THE HEAT SHEET, Entry #4 (since 2005) by BimboColesFan1 - Read More Below...

Seriously, am I the only one who's starting to get kind of bored with the "Three Kings" or the "Heatles" or whatever we're calling them? I mean, yeah, the team's way better than last season. I think. We were bad last season, right? But still, it's been like six months now since those dudes pranced around in front of the smoke machines and lasers and promised us roughly 15 consecutive NBA championships. And what happened this month? Well, apparently, we lost a few games. I mean, what the hell is that about? Why are we *losing* games? I guess LeBron was hurt and D-Wade was hurt for a while, and maybe Bosh was hurt, too? I don't know. But it's still no excuse. We were promised 27 consecutive NBA championships, and I think it's about time this front office started putting their money where their mouths are. I'm talking to you now, Pat Riley. Why the hell do I keep hearing about the Nuggets trading Carmelo Anthony to New Jersey or New York or Chicago or some other cold-ass stupid city where they pay income taxes? Seems pretty obvious to me that the Heat wouldn't lose any more games if we went out and did what we should have done back in the summer—get Carmelo Anthony!

Let me drop some Google keywords on you, Pat. "Miami Heat Carmelo Anthony." "Carmelo Anthony to Heat." "Miami acquires Carmelo Anthony." "Melo Goes to Miami." Bam! That rumor is now trending, Son!

Okay, Pat. I can hear you already. "*But Carmelo plays the same position as LeBron.*" "*We don't have any money left whatsoever*

" "

*We have no one to trade*

" "

*It's completely and utterly impossible and a waste of print*

. "Bla bla bla. Just make it happen, Pat! If you expect 20,000 people to sit in that stupid beach-free arena for two full hours like 20 more times before the playoffs even start, you better just get Carmelo Anthony in here already.



The way I see it, adding Carmelo is just correcting an injustice from eight years ago anyway. Remember the 2003 NBA draft? Remember how LeBron, Carmelo, D-Wade, and Bosh all went in the top 5 picks? And remember how the only one we got was D-Wade? That's it! Five guys selected in a row, and Miami only got one of them? What the F@%# was that about? Fortunately, we finally went out and got two of the other dudes in July. And yeah, our collection is looking pretty tight, but it's not a complete set just yet. Carmelo is still out there, like that one episode of *Burn Notice* I somehow missed in season two. It really broke up the narrative. I hate that shit.

Hey, while I'm talking 2003 Draft, isn't Darko Milicic like halfway decent now? Where is he playing... Minnesota? Jesus Christ, they won't even notice if we just steal him away in the night and throw a Heat jersey on him. So yeah, bring in Darko, too, Pat. I want our starting line-up to be the top 5 picks from the 2003 draft, as it should have been in 2003.

Will these moves put more stress on our adolescent head coach, since he'll have to handle a group I am now dubbing "the Four Horsemen + Darko"? Yeah, I guess so. But look, when I was coaching my first basketball team in *NBA Live '95* for the Sega Genesis, I used "create-a-player" mode to make five 7-foot atomic supermen to fill out my starting line-up. They all had deadly outside range, blazing speed, and unstoppable post games. But did I ever worry about how their minutes were distributed? No, because I never needed to rest any of those dudes! They were friggin' atomic supermen-- they played the full 48 every game. Well, technically 20. I played 5 minute quarters, but I might be getting off the point here a bit. The point is that the only bench player I had on my video game version of the '95 Heat was Bimbo Coles. And Bimbo was just fine riding the pine so long as the soulless mutants in my starting five were doing their thing.

So here's my basic summary of the situation for you, Pat. Get on the phone to Denver and start talking trade. I don't care what they want. First round picks, eighth round picks, whatever. Send them some picks and Joel Anthony. We won't need him since we're kidnapping Darko, and Denver would still be able to sell jerseys with "Anthony" on them, so everyone wins. I would also ask that you not trade Mike Miller, however. We won't need him to actually play anymore once Carmelo gets here, but we should probably keep some white players around to appease the surprisingly substantial racist component of the Miami fanbase.

Well, that just about concludes this edition of the "Heat Sheet," but I did want to touch on some Dolphins news real quick before I go. Did y'all see who we scooped up to be our new offensive coordinator for next season? Well, let's just say Cleveland's ass is feeling sore again this morning. That's right, Brian Daboll is a Miami Dolphin, Baby! First LeBron, then Ilgauskas, and now Daboll! Ha, you sorry bastards just can't catch a break, can you? It's like we stole your girlfriend, then came back and whisked away your creepy pedophile neighbor, too, just for good measure! And yet Cleveland still tries to rag on us. They say, "*Miami's not a real sports town.*" "*Miami is full of moronic, bandwagoning windbags who don't even understand the most basic principles of the games they half-heartedly follow* ." Well guess what, Cleveland?! I saw some of the 1997 World Series. And I'm pretty sure we won. So suck on that! Go Heat! Go Fins! Go Canes! And go... baseball team!