



Now that Cleveland has once again gone viral for the wrong reasons following Scott Entsminger's much-publicized dying wish, many of us have begun thinking about the same thing.

Granted, it's natural to think about death around the time the Browns' training camp begins, but Entsminger has us putting a little more emphasis on it this year.

In case you didn't catch it on *SportsCenter* or *The Tonight Show*, he requested that everybody at his funeral wear Browns-themed gear (which, admittedly, depicts grief far more effectively than a black suit) and [that six members of the team serve as his pallbearers](#) so the Browns could "let him down one more time."

Brilliant.

I, for one, now feel like we need to add some cheese to these nachos. Especially since we're going to have to endure the 2013 Browns season and Mr. Entsminger got out of it.

He got me thinking...could I use the magnitude of my own passing to make things a little better? Could I cash in on the guilt of my survivors to get some shit done?

But rest assured it's not all about what / want. It's also about sharing with those who remain on this mortal coil by bequeathing my personal effects.

So, to pay my respects to a fellow lifelong Browns fan with a sparkling sense of humor, I'd like to share my list of requests for after I'm gone:

- I'd like the Kardiak Kids to be adapted into an animated series on Cartoon Network.
- I'd like everyone who attends my funeral to dress like Marty Schottenheimer.
- I'd like the Browns to drop the brownie elf logo. At no time in human history has that thing been acceptable.
- I'd like Joe Tait and Bruce Drennan to go skydiving together.
- I'd like an annual 5K race to be organized in my memory with the sole intention of raising enough money to enable the Indians to sign a B-list free agent.
- I'd like Tom Hamilton to deliver my eulogy: *"Ah-waaaaay back....and he's gone!"*
- I'd like FEMA to offer disaster-recovery assistance to Browns season-ticket holders.

- For a half-hour once a month, I'd like Doug Dieken to come to my grave and read Shel Silverstein poems.
- I'd like the Indians to make a deal with their fans: if the team loses 90 games in a season, they have a 10-cent beer night the following year.
- And for the love of Jesus Christ, just retire Omar Vizquel's jersey already.
- I'd like to have plush figurines of each of the 28 original 1980s NFL "Huddles" mascots placed around my tombstone.
- I'd like John "Big Dawg" Thompson to eat a McRib sandwich in my memory.
- I'd like the Indians to take any and all of the merchandise they currently have in their team shops and warehouses depicting Chief Wahoo, stack it in a huge pile somewhere in Lakewood, and set it on fire. Then, after 15 minutes, take water from the once-aflame Cuyahoga River and douse the flames. And bam - curse broken.
- I request that Progressive Insurance rescind its naming rights and allow us to call it "Jacobs Field" again. Either that or drop Flo from your commercials. Your choice.
- I'd like Craig Ehlo to have my iPod.
- I want a banner hung in Progressive Field commemorating the Indians' fictional divisional title in *Major League*.
- I'd like Slider to hurl himself off the wall in left-center to a) make us think of the 1995 playoffs, and b) commemorate the only truly entertaining thing he's ever done.

- I'd like the Kevin Costner Browns movie not to suck.
- For one game each season, I'd like Katie Witham to be the Indians' third-base coach.
- I'd like the Vatican to officially recognize the Miracle of Richfield.
- I'd like Bernie Kosar to have all of my elbow, shoulder, and knee cartilage as an apology for the massive beatings he took for our entertainment.
- I'd like to be embalmed with Bertman's Ballpark Mustard.
- I'd like to use my untapped 401(k) funds to commission a statue of the Man in the Brown Suit to be placed outside the Browns Stadium. Or, if my retirement plan was a bit off, a garden gnome.
- I'd like my heart to be boxed up and placed beside Art Modell's grave. He ripped it out 18 years ago, so he might as well just have it.
- I'd like Michael Stanley to quick-whip up a song about the Indians akin to his "Tonight's the Night" Cavs anthem and his "Here We Go Again" Browns ballad. Right now it's like if J.K. Rowling had stopped the Harry Potter saga after six books.
- I leave my remote control to Jose Mesa. Because of what happened on October 26, 1997, I'm unable to leave my television on when the Indians have a lead in the late innings.
- I leave my homemade prisonyard shank to Jimmy Haslam, who will likely need it where he's

going much more than I will where I'm going.

- I'd like to walk out of the corn at the Field of Dreams, tomahawk a three-run homer off Bob Feller, save a little girl from choking on a hot dog, and then go to Chipotle with James Earl Jones.

- And finally, in an homage to Entsminger, I'd also like to request six Cleveland football players to be my pallbearers - though I'd prefer a half-dozen members of the Lingerie Football League's Cleveland Crush.

I think you'll agree that everything listed here is quite reasonable and that I'm really not asking all that much. More importantly, I'll bet you're already putting your list together.

Which is by design. In the closing of that now-famous obituary, the family suggests that something be planted in his memory.

Consider it done, Mr. Entsminger.

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