



*Change it had to come.
We knew it all along.
We were liberated from the fall that's all.[]
But the world looks just the same.[]
And history ain't changed.
'Cause the banners, they all flown in the last war.[]*

-The Who

I think the Browns got it right.

If the point of Saturday's scrimmage at Cleveland Browns Stadium was to perfectly summarize the last decade of Cleveland Browns football, this regime nailed it: the food and beer was ridiculously priced, Browns QBs threw three first half interceptions, there was no tackling whatsoever (forget it was by rule of the scrimmage) and most of the crowd left at halftime.

I mean, that's pretty much dead-nuts perfect in describing 1999-2009, no?

The only thing different from, say, last December, was the tickets were free as opposed to costing about \$10 from a 'broker' on E. 9th Street in December. Of course, you could have eschewed the brokers and found tickets tacked to telephone poles for nothing if you had looked.



There is really nothing, nothing and nothing I can tell you about individual players based on Saturday's scrimmage other than Colt McCoy and Brett Ratliff both threw the ball late and into coverage on multiple occasions. That's not good in a regular NFL game, a meaningless scrimmage or if they're playing 'Madden 2010' against each other in the clubhouse.

I will say I saw more catches than drops from the receiving corps before and during the scrimmage. That's progress from last season in and of itself.

But man, there's just not much opportunity to judge the running game or the interior line work from that scrimmage. Which is fine. It was more to get guys accustomed to a game day scenario while also having them get their work on a nice day in front of an appreciative crowd.

It was also a way for the organization to check the scoreboards, sound systems and game day operations (and to make about an 800% profit on every hot dog or nachos sold).

You know what was telling? The fact that 23,000 people walked through the gates to watch a controlled game of two hand touch played by guys they've never heard of before and a large number guys who have no chance of ever playing a down in the NFL. Compare that to the fact that Indians drew just a couple thousand more fans than the Browns did on Friday and Saturday

nights on beautiful nights for baseball and on nights that featured fireworks and/or the induction of Kenny Lofton into the Indians Hall of Fame.

Any questions where allegiance and interest lies in terms of Cleveland sports loyalty?

Again y'all, I'm not dousing your eternal orange flame with hatred or doubt. This team is already better than this time last season. But ease up on the accelerator a bit as you speed down Expectation Avenue. Because from what I remember that dead-ends into Bitter Disappointment Boulevard.

Of Course That Happened

Nothing beats watching a bad baseball team with what looks to be one huge major league prospect with talent like Carlos Santana and [seeing this](#) (and don't watch it if you're stomach is weak) happen to that kid that looks to be special.



Ground ball base hit, strong-armed outfielder and inexperienced Red Sox runner all got together last Monday night to turn into a six month rehab for Carlos Santana after surgery to repair his leg on Thursday.

They say given the impact and the initial hit that it actually wasn't all that bad.

Great. Terrific. It wasn't a reconstruction that will keep Santana out until next March but rather a tear severe enough to require surgery. That makes me feel better.

They also say it was a successful surgery. Are there really any other kind if the patient lives? I'd really love someone to find me the time the surgeon (perhaps the only people on earth more conceited and arrogant than your basic, everyday professional athlete) came out of the operating room and said, "Shit, I really blew that PCL repair. I just wasn't expecting what the surgery threw at me and I completely screwed the pooch in there. Hope that poor bastard makes it back to the big leagues."

No. When moving ball and runner met stationary catcher with leg locked and exposed you almost could see what was going to happen. Ryan Kalish didn't mean to obliterate Santana's knee with a half roll- half slide Monday night but it happened anyway.

Well, the good news, I guess, is that Santana doesn't play a position that is demanding on the knees.

What?

Shit.

Well, maybe he'll be fine. In fact, here's hoping the kid does what all young Cleveland stars seem to do and has some really productive years here before leaving in free agency and enjoying a superstar career in New York or Boston.

Come on. You know that countdown clock is already ticking.....

Okay, I Get it Now

I can see clearly now, the rain is gone
I can see all obstacles in my way
Gone are the dark clouds that had me blind
It's gonna be a bright (bright), bright (bright)
Sun shiny day

Just disregard those last couple lines. It's not going to be a bright, sunny day for the Cleveland Cavaliers or their fans for quite a long time.

In fact, that song barely applies other than I see clearly where the Cavaliers are headed in the near future.

It wasn't immediately clear after the artillery attack from LeBron James and his advisers launched from Greenwich, CT which led to Dan Gilbert returning fire with 'The Letter'. But now all the smoke and all the debris has drifted away. My expert battle damage assessment is that James pretty much Pearl Harbored the Cavaliers and the city with actual death and destruction while Gilbert, well, umm..., wrote a letter that called James a jerk.

So James was Isoroku Yamamoto and Gilbert was Franklin D. Roosevelt. Roosevelt's side ultimately won the war but Roosevelt was dead before it happened and there was tremendous misery, suffering and losses before WWII actually ended with Gilbert holding the Larry O'Brien Trophy....err the United States victorious and most of the world at peace.

Wait a second here...What the hell was I talking about?

Ah yes. LeBron dropped the Miami Bomb on Cleveland, Gilbert responded with a mean letter, Mike Brown and Danny Ferry were freed from employment with the Cavaliers to seek opportunities elsewhere, the entire front office was pretty much firebombed leaving Chris Grant as the main man standing and Grant hasn't led anyone anywhere before.

Not to mention Shaq, Z, LBJ, Delonte, etc, et al are gone and the Cavs haven't utilized the big dollar trade exception to bring in a big talent guy.

That's the summary as I recall.

What's all of that mean?

The Cavaliers will suck in 2010/2011.

That's clear. The rain is gone.

They will suck in 2010/2011 and they will likely deal Mo Williams, Antawn Jamison and any other threat to 'Not Sucking' by February's trade deadline. If you can play you will be dealt. Jamario Moon and Anthony Parker? Gone. Daniel Gibson? Probably gone too. The most valuable piece the Cavs have left, Anderson Varejao, would probably fetch a pretty penny in a deadline deal. There's a good chance Varejao could be sent packing to a contender looking for a 6'10" bundle of playoff energy.

That will hopefully allow the Cavs to suck some more, to the point that they can potentially return to the Draft Lottery one day, where happy memories of magic ping-pong balls still live.

Does anyone see it any other way? Am I missing out on an obvious plan to re-tool the Cavaliers this summer for a spirited race with LeBron and Miami to get that Larry O'Brien trophy before LeBron does?

Maybe I'm underestimating Ramon Sessions and Ryan Hollins?

Just telling you what it looks like to me. It's not a pretty picture and it puts the long term future of the franchise in this city in a precarious position if that's the way it goes down.

(Thanks to Lori Pasalaqua for use of her STO cover photo from Saturday's Brown & White Scrimmage)

Follow me on Twitter by going to <http://www.twitter.com/Peeker643>