

It's so easy to get down on the state of world sometimes. Hey, we're Cleveland sports fans. We know all about down. But we don't like to be down. And we don't want you, the valued readers, to feel down. So let's take a break from LeCharles Bentley, Bob Hallen, and the fourth-place Indians. Let's cast our troubles aside and be thankful for what we have. It's better than what some other people have. With that in mind, Papa Cass brings you a list of 10 people in the world of sports that you can be glad you aren't.



Visit the Papa Cass weblog at <http://papacass.blogspot.com/>

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### **1. Eddie Johnson (the other Eddie Johnson)**

Fortunately, the Chicago Tribune ran a correction when they mistook the former Suns player for the former Hawks player of the same name when the latter Eddie Johnson was fingered on a child molestation charge.

To tell you the truth, I feel bad for anyone named Eddie Johnson right now. Granted, Eddie Johnson is a fairly common name, but right now, being "the other Eddie Johnson" is somewhere between being "the other John Wayne Bobbit" and "the other Jeffrey Dahmer" in a previous era.

Time for the Eddie Johnsons of the world to invoke the eternal wisdom of "Office Space" ... "You can just call me Mike."

### **2. Adam Morrison**

Oh, to be the man with the wispy mustache in NASCAR country. In Spokane, the Corey Feldman 'stache was different and interesting. It probably made him look earthy to hippie art-major coeds. In Charlotte, the 'stache will attract flabby, halter-top wearing 40-somethings who will openly ask if it's all right to pinch his ass. Or maybe they won't ask permission.

"If you win tonight, I'll show you my tattoo of Richard Petty," they'll tell him.  
"And it takes a very special man to get me to show my Richard."  
Brace yourself, Adam.

### **3. Alonzo Ephraim and Ross Tucker**

Vegas just increased the odds of a Browns center being abducted by aliens to 7-to-1.

### **4. Matt Leinart**

Weeks late to camp. No head from Paris Hilton. Playing for the Arizona Cardinals. No head from Paris Hilton. Will be witness to Edgerrin James' slow, horrifying realization that he signed with the Arizona-freaking-Cardinals. No head from Paris Hilton....

### **5. Johnny Damon**

Sure, you're rich. Sure, you're a Yankee. And, no, you don't have to apologize for either one. But how do you sleep at night?

Your fracture with Boston was probably the most dysfunctional I've ever seen. And this was from a fan base that watched Roger Clemens beat the crap out of them in pinstripes.

Boston fans love you to death for winning the World Series. And they hate your guts for defecting to the Yankees.

How do you sleep at night knowing that every woman in Boston would love to grab you in a bar, bust a liquor bottle over your head, drag you upstairs and spend the rest of the night banging you like a hyena? Seriously, how do you sleep?

### **6. Maurice Clarett**

Not to pick on someone when they're already down ... wait, he's a football player. Taunting someone when they're down is a time-honored tradition.

Mo, meet Mo. Not Maurice, or Morris, or Montgomery. Just Mo. He's 348 pounds, sweats like a hippo, smells like a trash dump and is proficient at fashioning extremely sharp blades out of paper clips and shirt buttons. He's also gone seven years without laying eyes on a woman.

Meet your new cellmate, Maurice.

## **7. Isiah Thomas**

He's already the first guy to put together a roster so bad that it actually exposed all of Larry Brown's flaws. Now he has to coach it for one season, which is like rubbing a dog's nose in the mess he made on the carpet.

Seems to me like an 82-game torture session so James Dolan can be sure Thomas has adequately suffered before he is unceremoniously drop-kicked out of New York at the end of next April.

Thomas has a great future as Joe Dumars' lackey in Detroit.

## **8. Floyd Landis**

How would you like to have half the civilized world analyzing in detail what does and does not come out of your testicles? Didn't think you would.

## **9. Al Michaels**

Once upon a time, he was the ruler of Monday night. Now, he has jumped networks and will have to compete for face time with Desperate Housewives on Sunday night.

Michaels doesn't know it yet, but he's unleashed a torrent of husband-wife remote control arguments upon this land.

## **10. Mike Tyson**

Obligatory mention. If "Being John Malkovich" was a disturbing, unwatchable horror movie instead of a disturbing, unwatchable comedy, it would have been called "Being Mike Tyson."