

The Doggity Chiefs report
Week 8
Chiefs vs Faders at the Head

Overview – On a rainy, cold Sunday before Halloween, an intertwined mix of breath cloud and barbeque smoke domes Arrowhead. You can hear the Philly-skewed baritone of John Facenda growling, “The autumn wind is like a Raidah...” And thus, we finish the first half of the season with a sight for sore eyes. Al Davis’ facial contortions peeking out between the flying-nun-looking shirt collar and that Squiggy-inspired pompadour were as heart-warming as running into an old friend you hadn’t seen since November 28, 1999. This was a good win, in a good way at a good time, but don’t start polishing up the old bandwagon just yet. Make no mistake; this was more about the imploding, incontinent old Raiders than it was about the miraculous resurrection of Dr. Evil’s defense. The officials were equally terrible on both sides. The horrid call on Marc Boerigter that took a TD of the board was balanced by an equally rancid call for “defensive false start?” against Tory James that kept the KC TD drive alive. While I shouldn’t whiz in the Wheaties on this day, a dog must mark his territory. Still, any beating of the Convicts is cathartic.

Offense – Today was that hypothetical day that Coach Dick talked about. You know, the one where the offense was not clicking, but the defense saves the day. Well sort of. Trent Green couldn’t resist giving us all arrhythmias just before the bye week by getting his 2001 suit out of the closet. He was an unimpressive 15 of 30 for 208, with 2 INTs and one TD. Both picks coming in the red zone, negating almost guaranteed points. He was also sacked three times for 18 yards. I did like Green’s 23-yard scramble, dragged kicking and screaming by Priest. Holmes was his usual unbelievable self. He nearly broke 100 yards in rushing AND receiving. Gonzalez had another big day, Eddie Kennison managed to hold on to more than he dropped. The big offensive question for the first semester is “Where’s Johnnie?” Johnnie Morton is Claude Raines. He had zero catches and six RUSHING yards. If he shows up on a milk carton in your neighborhood, please call 1-800-JOHNIE. Fullback T-Rich had more catches than Morton, and the game-icing TD. It was nice to see the final drive put points on the board, unlike the last two weeks. Am I the only one concerned that we were playing against a team with both starting corners out of the game, but we couldn’t find an open wide out?

Defense – Calm down everybody. Just to put things into perspective, Rich Gannon and Tim Brown finished the day with the most passing and receiving yards in the NFL this week. On a rainy, muddy afternoon, Gannon’s white jersey looked like it had just come from the cleaners until the fourth quarter. The defense did not register a single sack on a guy who has spent the last three weeks running for his life. The soft underbelly of the Chiefs’ zone was exposed all day. Mini Me Cadrez served the Raiders their sole touchdown on a silver platter with all the trimmings when he spiked Charlie Garner two yards out of bounds. That would get a rookie benched in most systems and is totally inexcusable for a veteran, unless you are performing services off the field for the coordinator. Thank goodness the Convicts’ new offensive coordinator, Tim Brown’s ego, was doing the play calling. Garner ran all over the Chiefs, but Oakland only gave him the rock ten times – despite a 4.7 yard-per-carry average. Those touches needed to go to little Timmy this week, or his mommy would have to talk to the coach with her teeth. Callahan has totally lost control of this team (as if he ever had control). In defense of the defense, Shaunard Harts has developed a real nose for the ball. Eric and William were respectable against arguably the best tandem of receivers to ever play on the same team. Mr. Bartee even batted a pass to Marcus Patton to create a crucial fourth-quarter pick. It seems his college volleyball training is paying off. Mr. Warfield’s participation in the Deion Sanders’ off-season tackling program just doesn’t seem to be panning out the way we had hoped. Linebacker play improves every week. Marcus and Maz teamed up to strip THE Jerry Rice of THE ball. A play made sweeter by the red-hanky-waving Callahan costing the men in black a crucial timeout. It was nice to see Lew Bush in streets. Now, if we can just get Glen Cadrez out of the pads for the SF game.

Special Teams – A solid effort by the special kids. The first quarter blocked field goal set the tone for the game. Mr. Janikowski, meet Mr. Ransom. Sebastian, you would be wise to heed the words of the great Dean Vernon Wormer; “Fat, drunk and stupid is no way to go through life, son.”

The AFC West –

#1 (6-1) San Diego Chargers – Took the week off to re-charge. (sorry)

#2 (4-4) KC Chiefs – In the words of Mr. Blowfish – it is good to win.

#3 (6-2) Donkeys are the latest to b-slap the defending champs.

#4 (4-3) East Bay Convicts have reverted to their old, charming, self-destructive ways. Heart warming, isn't it?

Throw Him A Bone Award –

The ugly truth is, Priest deserves it, again. However, if you have won in the past month, sit on your hands and let someone else have a chance for a change. I will give the boner to Marcus Patton. He was involved in both key turnovers, and six tackles. Besides, we may never get another chance to award a linebacker.

The Doggity Dog of the Game –

I shouldn't but it's too tempting. The rolled up Star sports section upside the nose today goes to that fashion fatality (thanks Willie) Al Davis. The warden of the East Bay Convicts set the tone for the Halloween festivities by coming in costume. His attire could best be described as “Elvis meets Liberace”, or “Gay '70's disco owner.” The reading glasses on the jeweled chain makes one wonder if he has a matching leash for his toy poodle. Someone should tell him that white shoes should not be worn after Labor Day – 1978!

Next week we have a bye week and all of our cardiologists can get caught up. Next up is J Garcia and the 9er's at the 'Schtick. Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.

Your faithful scribe,
Mr. Doggity