



Dave Eifert

About the Author: Dave Eifert, [Cleveland Curse](#)

I was one of the weird ones at engineering school who got a lot out of the lone pair of required liberal arts classes: Great Ideas in Western Culture I & II (GFI for short). One professor, Lewis P. Hinchman, even nominated me to study at a summer writing program where tuition would be covered, and I would receive a stipend for living expenses. Foolishly, I turned this chance of a lifetime down.

Decades later, I couldn't stand the futility of the Browns of the mid 2010s. This restlessness compelled me to start writing this, my debut book, in all the hours I could steal from my evenings and weekends, all while working a real job. Had I known it would take over nine years, I may not have set figurative pen to paper. But, once I did, I had a way to channel this overwhelming frustration - and let people know of this curse so that it might finally be broken.

I grew up in upstate New York, where my dad and I were the only Browns fans for hundreds of miles. In 1993, I moved to Cleveland for a technical sales job and to be closer to my finance', whom I'd met in enemy territory in Pittsburgh. The Browns moved to Baltimore two years later.

My dad's affiliation immediately transferred to the Ravens. He cheered on a consistently strong team that has won two Super Bowls, while I've been stuck with an undying passion - that he instilled in me - for the Cleveland Browns.

At least writing is cheaper than therapy.