

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 41

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: February 5, 2019
Location: Golden 1 Center — Sacramento, CA

Results

I'm Just Here For The Meat

Match

CWF cameras begin Evolution 41 in the loading dock area. We watch a few hard-hands wheel things in, and out, for a split second before turning the camera to find a man. A big man. He stands with a watchful eye on the happenings about before turning toward the camera.

???: Hey man, what's with the Royal Guard?

The camera swings to find another, much smaller, man wearing a CWF polo. He hits vape like a little twit before answering because, well, who can be interrupted using their fancy little Jul pen?

Twit: What?

???: Those guys, guarding the door.

Twit: That's just security, man...

???: Are they gonna take my nuggets?

The young, smaller, and much more confused man squints his eyes. He nods his head, clearly trying to find a logical path to explain what's going on.

???: I mean, it's legal here, so why would they, right? It's mine and I have rights, right, bro?

The big man straightens his posture, seemingly ready to do his patriotic duty and defend his rights – and yours – before letting some Rent-A-Cops shake him down over a few Js and an eight ball. Wait, what?

???: Nobody's touchin' Baby's bottom bits!

Twit: Wait, aren't you Mike Munson?

The big man stops in his tracks. His eyes shift to the side. He's not sure whether to reply or march on in his quest for American glory, defending rights and all. He elects the former.

Mike Munson: Look, dude. I told you guys I'm broke. I just came here to snag some free burgers when the concession stands shut down. I-

Twit: Yeah, I thought so. You're in the Paramount Grand Prix Entrant match tonight.

Munson seems to let his guard down. He never does that. What's going on here?

Mike Munson: Damn right, kid. I'm sure these fans don't want to see some has-been curtain jerker but, hey, here I am. Truth be told, I'm hopin' to find some groupies and split this...

Munson pats his breast, his smile a mile wide, before realizing he's the only one who knows he has a bag of blow on him. Oh shit.

Mike Munson: And, of course, catch them burgers when they come out.

Twit: Dude, you gotta get in there. You're up in like...

The camera swings to view the kid, checking his phone, as a huge snorting sound comes from off camera.

Twit: Eight minutes, Mike!

The camera swings back to find our new friend, Mike Munson, with wide eyes and a newfound vigor about his presence. What could have caused that? So many questions, already!

Mike Munson: OOOHH SHIT! GOOOTTA GOOOOO, BROOOOO!

Munson charges the arena entrance with a roar. We're not sure whether to follow or watch but, before the cameraman can grow a set of nuts, Munson barges through two black-shirt-wearing bozos and off into his quest for CWF glory. And the burgers. Golden 1 Center has some pretty fuckin' tits burgers, gang.

This Sacred Hour

Match

The picture cuts to the sold out Golden 1 Center in Sacramento, California. The fans are ready to go and the opening segment with the new guy Mike Munson has just intensified this feeling. They have the wave running through the arena, while people are holding up signs.

"We want MJF!"

"Ataxia is War!"

"Malice in Wonderland"

"Max, wir haben Bier!" (Max, we have beer!)

The lights dim and the tron and all other screens go camouflage. The marching drums of "A Sound Beating" by Wardog set off and as the song kicks in fully, some fog starts to waft across the stage. Two shadowy figures emerge from the fog and as the lights come back on, are revealed as our dynamic duo Blake Church and Charles State.

Blake Church: Welcome Sacramento, welcome to War, chapter 3.

Charles State: And I have returned!

Blake Church: Indeed, they let him back out and it is good to have him back, because this will be one intense affair tonight!

Charles State: The quarter finals are here and who will manage to progress into the semis at our Modern Warfare PPV one week from now in Oakland?

The two are walking down the ramp as they talk, slapping hands with fans as they go.

Blake Church: But that's not all, the Hostility Aversion championship also is on the line tonight, when Autumn Raven meets up with the mysterious Nina, plus we have three brand new faces battling it out for a spot in our upcoming Paramount Grand Prix for the title that The Shadow is still holding at the moment, with August Frost, Mad Dog Murphy and Mike Munson handing us all their business cards, so to say.

The have reached the announce table and producing two camouflage helmets plant them on Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, our trusted ringside personalities.

Charles State: So Mike, who do you think is going to get through to the semis?

Mike is eyeing the helmet with clear distrust, but decides to answer the posed question.

Mike Rolash: My money is on Jack Michaels vs. Dan Ryan and Impulse vs. Jimmy Allen.

Blake Church: I sense a theme here, against Ataxia, Zach, Cheshire and The Shadow by any chance?

Mike Rolash: Uh, well, if you want to look at it like that...

Jim Gunt: Well, two Forsaken, one associate of the Forsaken and a former Forsaken, who on top of it took his Loki and with that his protection away, I think there is no way to deny that, Mikey.

Charles State: Ooh, busted! So Jim, how about you?

Jim Gunt: Hard, very hard. Ataxia, because he has been on a roll and he has gone very personal in the last few weeks since he has returned, then Dan Ryan, who has really surprised me a lot. On the other side Cheshire is so unpredictable, but Impulse has been very impressive as well, so it's a toss up, I'm going with Impulse and then I have faith that The Shadow can continue to show that it is not a fluke that he is holding that title.

Helping A Fellow Man

Match

The cuts backstage as we see Jace LeRose walking down the back hall of the arena. He is wearing a white tee shirt that says "Believe to Achieve!" As he walks backstage he sees a young man in a striped referee shirt sitting against a wall with his hands in his face, crying. Jace LeRose stops and kneels down and then begins to speak to him.

Jace LeRose: Hey man, what's wrong?

The referee looks up from his seated position.

Referee: It's my first day here on the job as a referee and I am so nervous for tonight. I've never refereed for a show this big. It's what I have been dreaming of ever since I started in this business. I am too nervous to go out there. I am afraid man, I am really afraid.

Jace leans down beside him and then pats him on the shoulder.

Jace LeRose: Dude, I can help you. It's just what I do. What's your name?

Referee: Nick. Nick McArthur.

Jace LeRose: OK Nick. First man, you have to change your breathing. Slow it down. Take a big breath and slowly let it out. Do that a few times.

Nick starts to change his breathing as Jace suggested.

Jace LeRose: Then realize that the fans out there, they are here to have fun. They aren't here to pick apart what you do. How long have you been a referee?

Nick McArthur: About four years.

Jace LeRose: So this isn't your first rodeo, you've done this dance before. You just need to trust and believe in yourself that you can do this. It really is that simple. Just keep taking deep breaths and reassure yourself that you can handle this.

Nick McArthur: Okay thank you! I feel better now!

Jace LeRose: No worries, it's just what I do.

The scene then cuts back to ringside as Jace smiles at Nick heading towards the stage entrance.

August Frost vs. Mad Dog Murphy vs. Mike Munson

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, who would have known that Jace would be able to help a referee overcome his insecurities!

Mike Rolash: Who knew that we have a new referee?

Jim Gunt: It was in our notes for the show!

Mike Rolash: There are notes?

Jim Gunt: What do you think that stack of paper you have in your inbox before every show?

Mike Rolash: Oh, I always mark that as spam and delete it.

Jim Gunt: Ugh, I know I've said it before, but how can you still be employed with this company?

But before Mike can respond the lights fade to black as drums begin pounding out. With the rhythm, blue lights begin flickering in time to the beat. On the titantron, we see a silhouette of a man walking in place to the beat. The drums get louder and more rambunctious as the lights flicker faster. The lights flicker to an almost maniac pace as the tension builds until we hear the yell of Roger Daltrey of The Who:

"YEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHHH!"

As "Won't Get Fooled Again" explodes, the word FROST appears on the titantron. The lights come on the stage and we see August Frost come out onto the ramp. He raises his arms in the air and walks slowly down the ramp, chewing gum with a smirk on his face. He slaps some hands on the way down to the ring. August jumps into the ring and hops on to the turnbuckle. He stretches his arms out on basks in the bright lights and big crowd.

Ray Douglas: The following match is a Triple Threat match for the final spot in the Paramount Grand Prix. First to the ring, hailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, he is the Chocolate & Vanilla Thrilla....AUGUST FROST!!

Jim Gunt: Another Haligonian in the federation.

Mike Rolash: What? Another halibut? Did we turn into a fishing show?

Jim facepalms.

Jim Gunt: Haligonian. Person from Halifax.

Mike Rolash: Oh! Jarvis King is from there, too!

Jim Gunt: Yes, that's why I said "another", for Pete's sakes!

Mike Rolash: Who's Pete?

Before Jim has a chance to throttle Mike, the opening bars of "R U Mine" by Arctic Monkeys ring round the arena bringing the fans to their feet and signalling the arrival of Mad Dog Murphy.

As the drums kick in he makes his way out to the stage, nodding as he looks out across the fans in attendance. Mad Dog holds his left fist in the air while pounding his right fist against his chest and letting out a howl.

He swiftly makes his way down the ramp and rolls into the ring. Once inside he makes begins climbing each turnbuckle one by one, holding his left fist aloft each time he does.

Ray Douglas: The second contender, from Glasgow, Scotland, the Scottish Stray....MAD DOG MURPHY!!

Mike Rolash: What is it with all these new people here?

Jim Gunt: It just means that CWF is continuing to grow, new talent is good!

Mike Rolash: If you say so.

The arena lights pulse on and off and on and off, and so on and so forth as the stage is set for the next match. Quick to follow, a metal riff starts up and pure, uncensored, unadulterated hard rock floods the arena airwaves. Flashing strobe lights surround the entryway, changing colors with rapid succession. Orange. Blue. Yellow. Red. White. Darkness.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Yellow and blues flares pop off right as Saliva's "Survival of the Sickest" brings the crowd to life. Amidst the neon clusterfuck happening at the entryway, a massive silhouette appears with a fist raised overhead.

The lights break, flashing on as that potty-mouth slogan 'FUCKIN' SURVIVOR' cuts over the PA, giving everyone a good glimpse of the shadow's owner and his BAD ASS MUSTACHE. The Buffalo Brawler steps forward and pumps his fists into the air repeatedly, once again, for bonding purposes with all the itty bitty best friends in attendance. That's his cue to sprint down to the ring, leaping onto the apron and swinging his massive leg over the top rope as the music fades out and things return to normal around the arena.

Ray Douglas: And the final contender, hailing from Buffalo, New York, he is the Buffalo Brawler....MIKE MUNSON!!

Mike Rolash: Ooh, he's a big boy, look at him!

As the three contenders come together in the middle of the ring, Munson stands eight inches over Mad Dog and August and with an added 80 lb weight advantage as well. And referee Nick McArthur signals for the bell to start.

Jim Gunt: An early cooperation between August and Mad Dog to work on the big man! And Nick McArthur is the brand-new referee tonight, we're not sure yet, if he is going to be on CWF or maybe be part of Hostility in the future, but let's see how he is doing tonight.

Mike is pushed back into the corner with the two smaller men taking turns, but with a mighty bellow Munson charges forward, sending both men sprawling on the mat with a double lariat!

Mike Rolash: Oh nice, this is a man cut from my cloth!

Jim Gunt: You really have a thing for these big guys, I'm starting to worry!

Mike Rolash: What? Can't a man appreciate another one without any prejudice?

Jim Gunt: There is a difference between appreciation and literally drooling, look at your notes!

Mike Rolash: What? Oh damn...

Meanwhile Mike has taken August and tossed him through the ropes onto the floor below and has Mad Dog in a full nelson, the Scot flailing, trying to grab a hold of the New Yorker, but he has the hold locked in well.

Jim Gunt: I think that this is going to be a problem for both Frost and Mad Dog, Munson really knows how to use his height and weight to his fullest advantage!

Mike Rolash: Guess the "mad" dog is not so mighty?

Jim Gunt: Whoa! I think you might want to rethink that, because he did find a way out of this!

In a desperate move to break the nelson Mad Dog jumps up and uses his full weight to pull Munson forward and turns the move into a chin breaker, causing the big man to let go and going down to the mat hard holding his jaw. While Mad Dog is still massaging his neck from the hold and impact, August Frost is back in action and is coming down with a leg drop off the top rope right onto Munson.

Jim Gunt: All three of these men have something to prove to the CWF brass and fans alike and so far I think they are on a pretty good way here.

Mike Rolash: Yes, also the fact that the winner will be entered into the Paramount Grand Prix round robin should give them an extra motivation.

Getting up after the leg drop, August turns to Mad Dog, but the wily Scot is on guard and goes for a running clothesline that brings Frost to the mat.

Jim Gunt: Looks like he is looking to end this early, he has August to his knees and it looks like a straitjacket suplex he is going for!

Mike Rolash: Oh wow, this is the Strait to Hell, his finishing move!

ONE!

TW-

Jim Gunt: That must have hurt, Mike Munson coming in with an axe handleblow right to the base of the neck of Mad Dog Murphy, breaking that cover with authority and it does not look like he is stopping there!

Mike pulls Mad Dog back to his feet and lifts him up into a chokeslam - ONTO AUGUST!

"Holy Shit! Holy Shit!"

Mike Rolash: These guys are really showing us why they were signed by CWF, hats off to Jack Berardi, he has really been reeling in a lot of great new talent of late!

And Mike with an elbow drop onto Mad Dog, who is still lying across August!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Jim Gunt: A last moment kick out here by August, Mike is arguing with McArthur that it should have been three, but here, the replay shows that it was a matter of inches, but August somehow did manage to get his shoulder of the mat just long enough to break the count!

Mike Rolash: Come on Mike, don't argue, you have to stay on them!

Jim Gunt: A common mistake and given his experience he should know better! Another team effort by August and Mad Dog with both of them attacking Mike's knees from behind, bringing him down!

Mike Rolash: They almost took out the referee with this move, but what is happening now?

Jim Gunt: They are fighting about who should pin Mike now, is this going to be the match of missed opportunities here?

The two are trading blows after pulling each other off the cover, not wanting to give the other one the win. Mike is still on the mat, pulling himself into one of the corner, while the other two men are relentless in their brawl. Finally August gains the upper hand with a forearm swing and goes for the ropes. He comes in with a flying forearm, but Mad Dog has the wherewithal to let himself fall backwards and bring up one knee that connects directly with August's temple.

Jim Gunt: We have some non stop action here to kick off our go-home show for Modern Warfare and Mad Dog has August now in a rear-chin lock.

Mike Rolash: But here comes Mike, GO MIKE!

Still limping somewhat from the dual assault to the knees, Mike Munson is coming out of the corner, unbeknownst to Mad Dog and a massive boot to the back of the head breaks the lock and probably the Scot's consciousness at least for a moment.

Jim Gunt: Munson with a heavy elbow drop to the back of August, who seems to be barely able to stand as he drags him to his feet. He picks him up for a choke slam, but Mad Dog with a kick to the gut of Mike and both men go down again!

Mike Rolash: That was a low blow!

Jim Gunt: Seriously? Are we going to have to give you some anatomy lessons here?

Mike Rolash: I was just saying...

Jim Gunt: Mad Dog with another pin attempt on August!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Mike Rolash: Another kickout at the last moment! And now he is arguing with the ref!

Mad Dog seems to be losing his temper a bit as he gets into Nick McArthur's face. August is rolling himself out of the ring, falling off the apron in his attempt to get away from the attacks.

Jim Gunt: Our new referee is holding his own nicely, not many would hold their ground against a mad Scot like this! And Mike is back and he is going for a reverse DDT on Mad Dog, but Murphy twists himself around, using Mike's hold for

leverage and a heavy knee to the temple of Munson, the Scotsman really uses his knees well today!

Mike Rolash: Him and Duce would go well together with that!

Jim Gunt: And cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Mike managed to get his foot on the rope, but Mad Dog did not see it!

The Scot is celebrating, but Nick McArthur is signaling to him that the match is not over yet, which infuriates Mad Dog even more. He gets into McArthur's face, but clearly has forgotten about the hulking 6'6" man getting to his feet behind him. As he turns back to his opponent he barely has the time to see the colossus running his way and turning him inside out with a thunderous running forearm lariat!

Mike Rolash: The Chump Buster! Lights out for the Mad Dog!

Mike lets himself drop to the mat right away and hooks Murphy's leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall....MIKE MUNSON!!

Jim Gunt: This was an exciting opener and all three of these gentlemen could have a bright future in CWF given what they showed tonight!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, sure, but who cares, Mike won, and how could he not with a name like that!

Jim Gunt: You weren't as enthusiastic about the name, when Mikey Unlikely sent that lawyer after you.

Mike Rolash: Mikey who? I don't know the guy!

A Frosty Reception

Match

Jim Gunt: Looks like we are not quite done here, yet, Mike!

In the ring Mad Dog is getting really mad at referee Nick McArthur now, blaming him for his loss and starting to push him. August Frost has recovered enough to pull himself back onto the apron and seeing the Scot lose his temper, decides to intervene. He walks across and pulls Mad Dog back from the ref trying to calm him down, but Murphy has none of it. Letting go of the referee, who makes sure to exit the ring as fast as he can, he gets into August's face, his face red with anger. He pushes August while berating him to keep his nose out of his matters, but with every push August's face begins to match the colour of Mad Dog's. Finally the Canadian explodes and pushes Mad Dog back.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, we are getting an encore performance!

This obviously does not sit well with Mad Dog Murphy, who rushes August and pushes him back into the ring corner, where he starts to rain down fists upon his opponent, who tries to defend himself with kicks of his own, trying to get the Scot to let off.

Jim Gunt: And here comes the cavalry!

A group of security personnel comes rushing down the ramp, trying to separate the two combatants, but it takes several of them to hold back Mad Dog, who tries his best to escape them and get back at August, who is bleeding from the corner of his mouth. Flipping off Mad Dog he rolls himself out of the ring and walks up the ramp, while two more men have to hold back Mad Dog, who looks like he is ready to kill at this point and only when August has disappeared through the curtain, he seems to calm down.

Jim Gunt: I don't think that we have seen the last of this.

Mike Rolash: No, especially because Mad Dog is now running up the ramp to catch up with Frost!

Jim Gunt: Surely an explosive match-up, we will keep you updated, if there is going to be any more developments in this matter.

Welcome To CWF!

Match

We see in pre-recorded footage, that we're in some sort of studio, with what looks to be a classic sitcom living room set, complete with a big comfy couch and a matte painting in the background of San Francisco. There, sitting in the center of the couch is our hero, the Crimson Ghost, with a beautiful woman on either side of him, though each woman looks like they've had quite a bit of work done. Ghost, for his part, looks like he's wearing an old timey director's costume, complete with beret, and a fake Errol Flynn mustache pencilled on to the front of his mask. Soon, the girls start talking, while Ghost just sits there grinning at us.

Thing1: Hi, I'm Nicolette Shea.

Thing2: I'm August Taylor.

Cat InTheHat: And I'm everyone's third favorite wrestler, the Crimson Ghost.

All: And you're watching,

C! W! F!

They all yell, then they all cheer and laugh merrily...before Nicolette, the blonde, looks over quizzically.

Nicolette Shea: Wait...what's a CWF?

At this, Ghost turns, puts his hands on his hips, and rolls his eyes in a super obvious manner for the cameras to pick up, before shaking his head in a 'tsk tsk' sort of manner.

The Crimson Ghost: Ohhhh, Nicolette! What are we going to do with you?!

At this, Ghost looks right at the camera, as the entire studio audience erupts in heavy laughter and then thunderous applause and swanky saxophone music plays over a freeze frame, credits going up super quickly. And with that, we cut right to the show proper!

Protest and Conflict

Match

In the backstage corridor, we open up to what appears to be a picket line with a protest in full effect. This isn't a generic battle cry though. No sir. This one involves The Glass Ceiling - effectively transforming a hunger strike into a wrestling strike - with Jarvis King, Freddie Styles, and Byson Kaliban holding up signs attached to giant popsicle sticks.

"NO FAIR SHAKE? NO WRESTLING."

"WHAT ABOUT US, JIMMY?"

"EQUALITY OR REBEL!"

The signs make it clear. Believing that they weren't given the equal opportunity that they don't deserve, in light of Jimmy Allen's recent second chance at Modern Warfare, these boys aren't happy.

Freddie Styles: They aren't listening to us.

Byson Kaliban: They will.

Freddie Styles: They're walking right by us. Nobody cares about The Glass Ceiling - and I'm tired of it!

Jarvis King: You know what? They're gonna have to listen to us.

Suddenly, Jarvis grabs one of the metal barrier gates that's leaning against the corridor wall and drags it in front of them. He places his hands on his hips and nods his head in approval.

Jarvis King: Now the bastards will have no choice but to take us seriously. This is a crime against our liberties - and they're all going to pay the price.

They raise their protest signs up high again.

Byson Kaliban: Once they realize what you guys absence does to their ratings, they'll be on their knees begging for y'all to get back in the ring. But we won't budge...

Freddie Styles: No we won't!

Byson Kaliban: We aren't going to budge until you get what y'all deserve, damn it.

Then, from across the hall, one of the garage doors opens up. This is followed by the rev of an engine, a beep, beep, beep, and - at last - a semi-truck parked backwards. The crowd inside the Golden 1 Center can be heard going absolutely nuts over what's going on. And then, the back hatch of the truck opens up.

Jarvis King: Now who in the hell are these jackasses?

Both Byson and Freddie shrug their shoulders, visibly frustrated about the disturbance this was causing to their protest. Alas, it's the boys from the swamp - Oklahoma's very own Fifth-Wheel Boys and - none other than - Big Rig himself, Clyde Walker. Before leaping off of the truck, Clyde simply stares down Byson and The Glass Ceiling, puzzled by the fact that they had this area seemingly quarantined off.

He hops off of the truck, as does his boys, and he starts to slowly walk toward them. The Glass Ceiling fires off at the mouth - specifically Styles.

Freddie Styles: Off limits. Nobody's comin' in, and nobody's comin' out. If The Glass Ceiling is barred from getting a fair deal, then nobody is. We'll tear this entire show down to the ground if we have to!

Clyde Walker: Is that so?

The Fifth-Wheel boys continue to move towards The Glass Ceiling, calling them on their bluff.

Clyde Walker: And what's this static all about, hoss?

Clyde and his boys reach the barrier, but don't proceed around it - yet. Instead, Mule, Rollins, and the rest of the family simply place their hands on the metal bar and stare back at The Glass Ceiling.

Jarvis King: CWF is rigged. They don't play the game fair, so go back to where you came from.

Freddie Styles: Or else.

Clyde turns toward Freddie and cocks his head.

Clyde Walker: Oh come on, friend. We can all play nice. Yall' know us - and we would like to eventually know you. In order for that to happen though, you best believe we gon' get through yall'. I got a match that you ain't gon' interrupt. Mule, move the barrier.

Mule starts to slide the barrier to the side, but Byron decides to drop his sign and hold it in place. Mule looks down at Byron's hands and then back up Byron with a snarl. Clyde giggles under his breath and then pats Mule's chest.

Clyde Walker: Yall' gon' have to excuse my friend here. He has some - control issues. The boys' a rabid pitbull and bull mastiff mix, I'll tell you what. He smells blood - and he hunts for it. He also don't like to be stared at.

Byson Kaliban: Oh yeah? Well we don't eitha. How bout the gang of you turn around and head back the way---

Now Clyde pushes the barrier towards The Glass Ceiling - his joking manner all but a faded memory.

Clyde Walker: Ya'see, that just ain't gon' happen. We a civil bunch - us here. Well, we can be, until the antagonizers antagonize far beyond our level of tolerance. Now we ain't got no part in this bullshit, and we don't need no part in it, but you're eliminating the - how you say it - judicial aspect of this, ya'heard?

Jarvis King: I've heard enough. Take your backwoods dialect, swing it over your shoulder, and get the hell out of here. We have a protest in action and until we get what we deserve, we aren't letting anyone through. That's all there is to it.

Clyde nods his head, sliding his fingers through his beard. He turns toward his boys and shrugs his shoulders.

Clyde Walker: Then I guess yall' got a conflict on your hands.

And with that, a massive brawl breaks out. Clyde and his Fifth-Wheel Boys bring every bit of Snake Nation to The Glass Ceiling, blasting through the metal barrier wall and throwing punches like every bit of their lives count on it. The Glass Ceiling doesn't slouch away from the fight though, as they continue to bring it back to Clyde and his friends. Mule, the girthiest of the bunch, grabs the backs of the necks of both Byron and Freddie - the individuals who were attacking Clyde - and lifts up until their feet are no longer touching the ground. This gives Clyde an opportunity to get back up and dive on top of Jarvis, who was giving every bit of it to Rollins.

As Mule tosses Byron and Freddie back onto the concrete, security starts to appear. They get in the middle of everything that's going on and Clyde walks - back-first - further into the arena, much to The Glass Ceiling's chagrin. In Clyde's hand is one of the protest signs. He points the sign at Freddie, nods his head with a shit-eating grin, and then breaks the sign in half over his kneecap.

Clyde Walker: Ya'know what? Something tells me that we're gon' see all of you again very, very soon.

And with that, Clyde and his boys laugh it up as they walk into the arena with The Glass Ceiling still being half-restrained by security.

Max Becker vs. "Big Rig" Clyde Walker

Match

Jim Gunt: These guys are scheduled for a match right now! And they just got here?

Mike Rolash: That's what I call efficient. No need to be here for any longer than they have to.

Jim Gunt: They better get here quick, otherwise he might forfeit this match!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

The backwater, lo-fi guitar breaks and enters through the speakers as the lights die down. As soon as this happens, the crowd becomes illuminated by cell phones lights.

And then, Big Rig and his Fifth Wheel boys appear - with the boys carrying the Osage-nation buffalo skin themed state flag of Oklahoma proudly. Rig holds onto a can of beer and stops at the end of the stage to gaze out toward the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Being accompanied by the Fifth Wheel Boys! From Broken Arrow, Oklahoma...“BIG RIG” CLYDE WALKER!

Jim Gunt: Oh good, phew, that was a close one!

He nods his head to the music, takes a sip of his beer, and then stretches his arms outward. He looks up toward the ceiling and screams:

Clyde Walker: GET OUT THE WAY - THE BOYS ARE HERE!

With that, Rig departs from his chaingang and heads toward the ring, remaining focused on the ring and the ring only. Once he reaches it, Clyde slides underneath the bottom rope, lays there for a second with a tongue-exposed grin, before getting back up and raising his hands in the air before the music dies down.

Mike Rolash: Here comes the redneck and his drinking buddies for what should be another fine losing effort.

Jim Gunt: Have you actually thought about who you're talking about? This guy can catch a win any time!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, whatever. I'll believe it when I see it.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

The opening, almost angelic introduction of 'NWO' by Kollegah springs the crowd to their feet. Red, yellow and black spotlights hastily transition to each section of the arena, resembling the colours of Germany. As the rap begins, Max Becker emerges from behind the curtain to red, black and yellow smoke machines polluting the stage. Becker strolls to the ring at a reasonable pace, miming the song's vocals at times he isn't attending to the front row fans.

Ray Douglas: From Cologne, Germany...he is The Backbone of Cologne, MAX...BEEEEEECKER!

Rolling under the bottom rope and on to his feet, Becker basks in the moment before hopping onto the nearest middle turnbuckle. With closed fists; Max raises his arms horizontally, the cue for a yellow, red and black smoke burst from the three unoccupied corners of the ring. The theme fades as Becker drops and prepares for action.

Jim Gunt: The big man from Germany damn near captured the World Championship last week, now looking to rebuild some momentum after such a tough loss.

Mike Rolash: You know he wants that momentum back when he's not even meant to be competing medically but he's here anyway.

The bell sounds and we are underway! The two monstrous men meet mid ring and stare each other down. They finally lock up, and Max is backed into the ropes. Clyde attempts an Irish whip, but its blocked. Max reverses the position and tries one as well, with the same result. Finally, Clyde breaks the stalemate with a stiff right hand, which he makes a trio. Finally the whip is successful, and the two meet for a shoulder block with neither budging.

Jim Gunt: The irresistible force and the immovable object on full display here, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I know who I think will eventually take over, but there's no doubt that early on these monsters are evenly matched.

The pair hit the ropes opposite each other and meet in the middle again with the same result. A third attempt with no change causes both to back up slightly and regroup. Finally it's Clyde taking over with some more haymaker shots to the face. This time he whips Max and nails him with a nasty clothesline. He quickly drops an elbow and covers for a quick one count before blatantly choking the massive German.

ONE...TWO...THREE...FOUR...

Jim Gunt: Big Rig is clearly on a mission tonight! We know he's not afraid to fight dirty if needed, but he's pulling out all the stops right away!

Mike Rolash: That's what he's going to have to do to break this slump of his. Especially against someone who matches power and size with him.

Clyde applies the choke again, before laying some ground and pound for another quick kick out. He quickly picks Max up and shoves him hard into the closest corner, unleashing his devastating Hammer Derby elbow combination. As the German stumbles out of the corner, he's hit with a massive Bull City Breakdown that looks like it could have broken the ring! Clyde with a quick cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kick out!

Jim Gunt: Clyde is a man possessed tonight! He's been in total control so far and already landed two of his biggest moves!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but to his credit the German goliath still kicked out with relative ease. Uh oh, looking for it again here Jim!

Sure enough, Clyde whips Max off the ropes and starts to execute another BCB, but it's countered with an INCREDIBLE flying head scissors from the giant German! The crowd goes wild for the seemingly impossible display they've just seen!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: What the hell!?! I've seen Max do some athletic things for his size but that was ridiculous!

Mike Rolash: No kidding! And more importantly, it bought him some much needed time to get back in this thing!

As everyone recovers from what they've just seen, Clyde gets to his feet slightly dizzy and walks right into a HUGE belly to belly overhead suplex! Max then sends him into the ropes for an unreal snap powerslam! Clyde rolls over to the corner to pull himself up, and stands up into a stinger splash in the corner! As Clyde stumbles out of the corner, he gets BLISTERED with a spinning heel kick from out of nowhere! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Shoulder up!

Not wasting time, Max hits the ropes and nails a huge jumping leg drop, and then a standing frog splash for another two count! As Clyde tries to roll away, Max grabs him while on his stomach and deadlifts him.

GUTWRENCH POWERBOMB! Max with another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Good god, is there anything Max Becker CAN'T do!?

Mike Rolash: This man is one of the most insane athletes I've ever seen!

Max grabs Clyde's near arm and leg and rolls through, powering the big Oklahoman onto his shoulders. He then

launches Clyde off his shoulders into the air, right into a massive GTS like elbow that sends what we hope was only spit flying! Clyde manages to stay on his feet but stumbles into the corner. Max runs from the other corner, but gets DRILLED with the 18 Wheeler from BEYOND out of nowhere!

Jim Gunt: How in the hell did Clyde pull that off!? I thought he was out on his feet!

Mike Rolash: Based on his inability to follow up, I don't think you were wrong Jim! Both of these beasts are down for the first time! Whoever gets up first may just win this thing!

The referee begins the ten count as both men are down. He makes it to seven before the two both reach their feet using the ropes. As they turn to each other, Clyde pulls off another 18 Wheeler! Max Becker is out and Clyde drops down for he cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Walker calls for the Snake Nation Revival, but Max shoves him into the ropes, and hits a pop up spinebuster! This time it's Max calling for the end, as he tries to lock in the Cologne Clutch, only to be countered with a back headbutt that bloodies and possibly breaks his nose!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap what a shot that was!

Mike Rolash: If that noise ain't broken it's not from lack of effort, that's for sure!

With Max reeling, Clyde tries again to set up the Snake Nation Revival. He scoops Max up, but Max is somehow able to wriggle down his back, and hit the Becker Check That! Both men are down and exhausted as Max used everything he had reserved hit the BCT! The referee begins another ten count as both men look completely drained from this war of attrition!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

Jim Gunt: They both just BARELY beat the count!

Mike Rolash: Whoever pulls this one out will have more than earned it! What a match!

The two exhausted warriors meet in the middle of the ring and trade heavy but clearly not their normal strength punches. Max appears to get the upper hand and shoves Clyde into the ropes. In what can only be described as a moment of super humanity, he gets Clyde up for the Beckerbuster! He quickly follows up and locks in the Cologne Clutch in the middle of the ring!

Jim Gunt: There it is, Cologne Clutch! This is gonna do it Mike!

Mike Rolash: A better outing than I thought from Big Rig, but the result we all expected let's be honest.

Clyde looks like he's starting to fade, although he's desperately clawing at the arm as best he can to break the hold. After about 30 seconds, he seems to go out and the referee begins the arm checks. One drop...two drops...the arm stops on the third check! Clyde tries to power his way out by getting to his feet, but he doesn't have the strength and now has Max crushing him as well! Clyde's able finally pulls a bar fighter move and reaches up to dig his thumb in Max's left eye!

Mike Rolash: That's one way to escape a submission hold!

Jim Gunt: It isn't pretty, but Big Rig does what he has to do to survive!

As Max rolls off of Clyde's back grasping at his left eye, Clyde struggles to get his wind back. The two stumble to their feet, Max still clutching his eye. This allows Clyde to hit the ropes to Max's left without being seen and completely blind side him with a VICIOUS running boot to the face! The third time's the charm as Clyde finally pulls off the Snake Nation Revival! That took all he had left in the tank as he barely gets an arm over the German goliath, but it's enough to begin the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: He's done it! Big Rig has put an end to his losing streak, and in spectacular fashion!

Mike Rolash: I'll admit it, I was wrong. That big SOB went in there and fought his ass off, and he's got his first win!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by pinfall...."Big Rig" Clyde Walker!!

Walker celebrates his victory with the Snake Nation as his theme hits, immediately taking a beer from one of his boys and cracking it open, pouring it down his gullet and down his chest, before dropping the rest of it all over Becker and smacking him in the face with it.

One Vision

Match

After the two titans of Max Becker and Clyde Walker have their big brawl, the camera cuts to the backstage area, where Crimson Ghost is standing with super-agent JT Barrett, and standing across from JT, is the Samoan Suplex Machine himself, Kendo. The masked man opposite is offering a hand that JT shakes, Kendo, after a moment, shakes it as well, but seems a bit more reluctant.

Kendo: Why are we here, instead of preparing for our match? Jace LeRose and Pandalike want pain, and I wanna give them what they want.

The Crimson Ghost!: Boy howdy, that is great energy, that's why I like you, Kendo. But listen, Jace has a great idea, did you see him talking about this? Vision Board, you take it and write your goals, then you make them real!

JT: I mean...I guess, but-

The Crimson Ghost!: No no, look! You see here, I've made a chart. 'CWF Tag-Team Champions' here at the top, followed by 'Hot Chicks' as per Jace's idea, always a great idea, that kid's sharp as a whip! And then, down here, these lines here point to this question mark with a little frowny face for the dot part? This is the part we need to work on, we need to turn this into something. It's basic alchemy, we got lead and we need gold, how do we do this-

As Ghost rambles on, Kendo and JT slowly look at each other, Kendo raising an eyebrow as if to say, 'why did you bring me here to this madness?' And JT has no answer but shame. Finally, when the big man cannot stand it anymore, he springs to his feet, gives a loud 'KIAI' yell, and throws a standing roundhouse right into the vision board that the

Crimson Ghost was holding, causing to fly across the room violently. Ghost's expression is very difficult to read given the mask and hood, but he's looking from his hand to where the board used to be...it seems he is still processing this.

Kendo: Now I am angry, and have sharpie marks on my kicking foot. My vision is simple: We go out, we deliver devastation upon the doorstep of our enemies, and then when the time is right, we destroy Sanctioned Violence. Now are you going to stop this foolishness?

The Crimson Ghost!: ...Of course I am. Lead the way, I just have to wash my hands real quick.

Kendo: The vision board stays here on the floor, where it belongs.

The Crimson Ghost!: Anything you want, ol' buddy ol' pal!

Kendo inhales deeply through his nose, nods in satisfaction after a few moments, and he and JT leave the backstage area. Ghost is standing there for a while, but when the camera starts to back away, Ghost instead seems to look right at us, and waggles his eyebrows somehow, impossibly even through his mask.

The Crimson Ghost!: And technically, I ain't lyin'. Technically.

His left hand reaches off camera, and he pulls forward...another vision board, holding it beside his head and holding a finger to his lips, requesting that we the viewer keep this a secret. And on the board, as the camera pulls closer?

KENDO & CRIMSON GHOST MERCH, COMING SOON!

The Real Work Begins

Match

The Tron shows the backstage interview set with Tara Robinson sitting patiently awaiting the subject of her interview. Jimmy Allen walks into the shot to a mixed reaction to the Sacramento audience. Tara and Jimmy shake hands as he takes a seat next to her.

Tara Robinson: Welcome everyone Jimmy Allen

She pauses briefly to allow the crowd to settle down.

Jimmy Allen: Thank you, Tara, I appreciate you giving me some time here tonight.

Tara gives him the obligatory smile.

Tara Robinson: You asked for this time, so please go ahead and tell the CWF Universe what's on your mind.

Jimmy returns the obligatory smile, He leans back in his chair and steepled his fingers in front of his face.

Jimmy Allen: There was some commentary directed at Cheshire this week and this really hit home with me. When anyone associated with Hostility says they are fighting for CWF, why should any of the fans believe that?

He looks meaningfully at Tara Robinson who motions for him to continue.

Jimmy Allen: Tara, I know of your personal friendship with MJF.

Tara Robinson: It's public knowledge but sure.

Jimmy nods his agreement with her statement.

Jimmy Allen: What Impulse said to Cheshire hit home with me, it struck a nerve you could say. I think that unless you are a member of The Forsaken or your name is MJF.

The crowd starts to get loud at the mention of their hero's name. A "please come back" chant echoes throughout the

crowd. This, of course, causes Jimmy to smile.

Tara Robinson: I see you smiling but I know that you had issues with her.

Jimmy Allen: That's fair, my point is that unless you are one of those people, no one is going to believe a word you say. Whether I like someone or not has little bearing on the amount of respect I have for them.

Tara Robinson: Is there a reason for booking this time with me?

Jimmy Allen: There is, to make sure that what I say is heard. Not only by the fans but by the men and women who got put on the shelf. Either by me or by my former associates. I have a long road ahead of me, Tara. I want to make certain that my goals are clear. Whether I win or lose against Shadow. I'll shake the man's hand before and after that match. I want to make sure that people understand that.

He pauses for a moment seemingly to gather his thoughts or his courage to continue.

Tara Robinson: Understand what exactly?

Jimmy Allen: That without actions, words mean nothing. Also, because of your friendship with MJF, I'm hoping you would be willing to extend an olive branch on my behalf. I know she probably won't trust it or accept it. I'm just trying to make things right with the people who were affected by my actions.

Tara seems to consider what he is saying and again smiles.

Tara Robinson: I'll see what I can do.

Jimmy Allen: That's all I can ask, thank you for your time.

With that, the Tron goes dark and we are back at ringside.

Kendo & The Crimson Ghost! Vs. Pandalike & Jace LeRose

Match

Jim Gunt: Well it seems that Jimmy Allen is trying to turnover a new leaf these days, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Sounds like he's gone soft to me.

Jim Gunt: Well tonight we're going to see just how soft he's gotten as he challenges The Shadow later on tonight for the CWF World Championship.

Mike Rolash: Something just dawned on me. If The Shadow wins tonight, he's only two wins from pulling the clean sweep. Nah, Jimmy best to be on his A-game here tonight.

Jim Gunt: Especially if he plans on leaving Sacramento with that World Championship draped over his shoulder. However up next, we have some tag team action lined up as Jace LeRose and Pandalike squared off against the newly deemed, number one contenders for the Tag Team titles, The Crimson Ghost and Kendo.

Mike Rolash: Ahh yes the Crimson Samoan Connection...

Jim Gunt: That's not an official name.

Mike Rolash: Give it time... Let's send it to Ray.

Ray Douglas: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

"Virus" by KMFDM hits as Kendo steps out and stands on the entrance ramp with super agent JT Barrett right behind him. Looking back at JT, his agent nods his head as a fearless Kendo makes his way down towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by JT Barrett! Weighing two hundred eighty pounds, from the Samoan Islands! He is the "Samoan Suplex Machine" KENDO!!

Reaching the steps, Kendo takes a moment to say his routine prayer, before storming up the steps and into the ring. With a shuffle, he makes it to his team's corner, coming to a halt but continues to bounce as JT hypes him up.

Jim Gunt: Kendo looks ready for a fight here tonight. Last week, Kendo along with his partner in this match, The Crimson Ghost were able to come out on top of what many would call a chaotic war to earn a shot at Sanctioned Violence for the CWF Tag Team Championships.

Mike Rolash: Bodies were flying everywhere in that match and these two men weren't the odds on favorite to win that match. But the CWF is a place where opportunities are a plenty and Kendo along with Bonehead were able to come out standing tall.

The lights black out, only to be replaced by frantic blood-red strobe lights as the fast paced punk of "The Crimson Ghost" by The Misfits starts up.

Ray Douglas: His partner.. From Where The Buffalo Roams, weighing in at two hundred thirty five pounds! THE CRIMSON GHOST!

The Crimson Ghost sprints from behind the curtain at full speed, slowing down to a jog. The Crimson Ghost reaches in the back of his outfit and pulls out a vision board. Pulling out a sharpie he scribbles on it and places the board for everyone to see.

Mike Rolash (obviously reading): Next... Tag.. Champs.. Back.. On.. It...

Jim Gunt: Mike, you alright?

Mike Rolash: I seem to have lost my glasses. But yeah, Kendo should've waited around to destroy that vision.

Jim Gunt: Why are you so upset?

Mike Rolash: Is that Seal?

"Kiss From a Rose" by Seal hits the arena and the fans get on their feet. The camera goes onto the entranceway where we see Jace LeRose come through the curtain, he stops at the top of the stage as his music cuts off and "Clozee-Koto" starts up and Pandalike steps out joining LeRose.

Ray Douglas: Team number two.... Making their way to the ring! They are the team of JACE LEROSE AND PANDALIKE!

Both men make their way down towards the ring, they both climb inside and begin to talk strategy.

Jim Gunt: Well here's the originator of the idea which is the vision board. Saying that anything you want to achieve can be achieved.

Mike Rolash: He should be a motivational speaker or some crap.

Jim Gunt: Actually, he already is, even inspired The Crimson Ghost to bring his own vision board.

Mike Rolash: Damn that guy is good.

Gunt shakes his head at a dumbfounded Rolash as The Crimson Ghost is set to start things off, Jace LeRose is the man to step up for his team. Both men begin to circle around the ring looking for the early advantage for their team. As Jace nears his corner, Pandy slaps him on the back, immediately forcing the tag.

Jim Gunt: Well I guess there's no love lost between these two men. Pandy forcing the tag to start things off.

Mike Rolash: Pandy may be still a bit upset about that slap last week.

A small argument begins as Pandy tells Jace that he got things handled. "Big" Denny Davidson is on the scene, informing both men that the tag was made and one of them has to leave the ring. With an annoyed look on his face,

Jace steps out to the apron as The Crimson Ghost sneaks up behind Pandy. Spinning him around, the Ghost connects with a hard slap to the Panda King's face! An angered Pandy quickly leaps up and applies a side headlock. Cranking on the hold, Pandy is backed into the ropes and shot off across the ring towards the opposite set. Upon Pandy's return, he drops Ghost with a shoulder tackle. Looking towards Jace, Pandy ensures him that everything is under control.

Jim Gunt: Pandalike using his short stature and size to knock the taller Crimson Ghost to the canvas. Bouncing off the ropes, Pandy is dropped by The Crimson Ghost who connects with a dropkick!

Mike Rolash: Seems he got ahead himself there, but these two really need to get on the same page if they plan on winning this match.

Backing up into a corner, a kneeling Pandalike rubs his jaw as Jace holds his hand out for a tag. Making it to a vertical base, the Ghost charges in at Pandy but receives a boot to the face for his troubles. Now grabbing TCG by the back of his mask, Pandalike slams him face first into the top turnbuckle. With Bonehead in the corner, Pandalike unleashes an assault of palm strikes into the body of his opponent. The Crimson Ghost is left slumped in the corner after Pandalike's patented Paw Print as Jace continues to scream for a tag.

Jim Gunt: LeRose wants in this match in a bad way, however Pandalike seems content on controlling the pace of this match.

Mike Rolash: These two right now are in different books, let alone the same page right now.

Ignoring Jace, Pandy goes back on the attack, swinging a right hand that's blocked by The Crimson Ghost. Two solid right hands have Panda King reeling as TCG whips his opponent towards the ropes. Rebounding, Pandalike is dropped down to the mat with another standing dropkick. On the apron an upset LeRose watches on as the Ghost brings Pandalike upright, with hand full of blue hair, the Ghost slams him face first into his team's corner top turnbuckle, now tagging out to Kendo. Entering the ring, Kendo goes mad as he connects with headbutt after headbutt, forcing Pandy to slump in the corner. Relentless with his assault, the Samoan Suplex Machine begins to violently stomp on his opponent as Davidson is there trying to get Kendo to back off.

Jim Gunt: "Big" Denny over to get Kendo off of the vicious assault with the mandatory five count. And it seems The Crimson Ghost has an idea as he's writing on that vision board.

Mike Rolash: Look, he's holding it up! Wanna... see... something... cool? Hell yeah I do!

The crowd cheers as The Crimson Ghost reaches out of for a tag. Obliging, Kendo tags back out to the Bonehead. Once back inside of the ring, The Crimson Ghost points towards the back and suddenly some music begins to play.

Mike Rolash: Is that Morris Day and The Time?

Indeed it is as their hit song "777-9311" picks up and Mike sings along with the lyrics as The Crimson Ghost stomps Pandy to the melody of the beat.

Mike Rolash: Baby, (Stomp!) what's your phone number? (Stomp!) Girl, I have to ask 'cause you're so fine (Stomp!) 7 (Stomp!) 7 (Stomp!) 7-93 (Stomp, Stomp!) 11 (Stomp, Stomp, Stomp!), I want to spend the night with you if that's alright

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: Classic.

Done dancing and stomping on Pandalike, The Crimson Ghost tags back out to a confused Kendo, who enters back into the ring. Bringing Pandalike to his feet out of the corner, Kendo quickly snapmares him back to the mat, hitting the ropes as Pandy sits up, the Samoan Suplex Machine blast him with a boot to the face! Making a tag to The Crimson Ghost who slingshots himself over the ropes with a tope atomico, driving all of his body weight into the midsection of

Pandalike!

Jim Gunt: This is what, their second week teaming together and the two of them look like a well oiled machine.

Mike Rolash: They might be my new favorite tag team.

The Crimson Ghost brings Pandy to an upright position and whips him off towards the ropes, however the Panda King slides under the bottom ropes to try and regroup. At his team's corner, LeRose looks visibly frustrated as he tells Pandalike to just enter the ring and tag him. No deal as Pandy continues to pace as Davidson is up to five on his count.

Jim Gunt: Pandalike must've heard Jace's comments before this contest because I do not see any other reason for him to be trying to do things all by himself.

Mike Rolash: I'm telling ya, Jimbo it was the slap that did it.

Climbing onto the apron, Pandalike catches a rushing Bonehead by surprise as he drops him throat first across the top rope! Sliding under the bottom ropes and back into the ring, Pandy takes The Crimson Ghost down with his own dropkick. Making it back to his feet Pandalike brings TCG up and sends him crashing hard into a neutral corner with an irish whip. As The Crimson Ghost hits the mat, Pandy goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Crimson Ghost is able to get his shoulder up! Going back on the attack, Pandalike brings TCG back up, hooking him for a suplex and connects floating over into the cover as "Big" Denny makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Bonehead is able to kick out again. Quickly rolling TCG over, Pandalike locks him in his Death Grip crossface submission!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike seems to be doing well for his team as he has that crossface locked on tight.

Mike Rolash: He's got it cinched in deep too, The Crimson Ghost needs to find a way out of this.

If the mask wasn't hiding his emotions, it would probably be one of agony as Pandy continues to yank back on his face. Finally seeing enough, Kendo enters the ring and sends a stiff kick into the face of Pandalike, forcing him to break his hold. Returning to the corner, he slaps the top turnbuckle as Barrett pounds the apron. Pandy slowly rises to his feet, holding his head in pain as The Crimson Ghost quickly crawls over towards his corner to tag in Kendo. However Pandy is near his corner and refuses the tag as Jace LeRose is now livid!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike still refusing to tag in Jace!

Mike Rolash: That's gonna cost him as Kendo has in the air and just murders him with a Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex!

Quickly scooping Pandalike off the mat, he hooks him once more and drills him into canvas with a Backdrop Driver! Clutching at the back of his neck, Pandy crawls towards Jace who drops off the apron. Kendo tags The Crimson Ghost back in, as he quickly goes back and grabs Pandy from behind around the head and throat and sends him crashing into the mat head first with a Sleeper Suplex! Bonehead is quickly on Pandy, bringing him back up with an inverted facelock and quickly spins him down into the mat!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike is Seeing Red as The Crimson Ghost goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Jace didn't even try to help him..

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners by pinfall.. KENDO AND THE CRIMSON GHOST!

"The Crimson Ghost" by The Misfits starts back up as TCG rolls out of the ring to celebrate the victory with Kendo and JT Barrett. Meanwhile, Jace LeRose slides back into the ring and stalks a recovering Pandalike.

Jim Gunt: This doesn't look good.

Mike Rolash: Well he warned Pand...y...

Jace grabs Pand...y by the hair bringing him up to his feet, but quickly hooks Pandalike's head between his legs. Lifting him up, he holds the shorter Pand...y in the air in a crucifix position. Taking a running start, Jace falls to the canvas, using his built up momentum to throw Pand...y neck first into the second turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: KISS FROM A ROSE INTO THE MIDDLE TURNBUCKLE! PANDY COULD BE INJURED!

Mike Rolash: Yeah he's grabbing at his neck like something went terribly wrong.

Pandy continues to kick his legs and grab at his neck in pain as LeRose calmly rolls out of the ring and makes his way towards the back.

Mike Rolash: He warned Pand...y, but I didn't think he would go to these lengths.

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, we'll try and keep you updated on Pandalike's condition. But right now we have to go to the back.

The Perfect Date

Match

Tara Robinson: Thanks Jim! I'm standing here on the outside of the office of Christopher St. James, current owner of the CWF and according to him he has some ground breaking news!

The lead interviewer for the CWF knocks on the door and a curt voice promptly answers inviting her in. Behind a rich, mahogany desk sits C\$J, decked out in his most expensive looking suit with his designer sunglasses covering those crystal blue eyes. His faux hawk stands at attention, a growing symbol among his fanbase.

C\$J: Thank you for coming on such short notice Tara! Please, take a seat and I will keep this brief as I'm sure you have other ventures to go explore.

She sits tentatively. The only other person that has treated her this sickly sweet has been Silas Artoria. Can you blame the girl for being nervous?

C\$J: Now then, I wanted to make an official announcement in regards to Hostility. 2019 thus far has brought us a lot. A kicking Modern Warfare tournament. A new World and Paramount Champion. Attendance has hit record numbers and as owner of this establishment, I couldn't be happier. So, I've decided to share the mirth and show my generosity. I'm putting it on the books, mark down the date and cancel your reservations. Hostility's inaugural show will be taking place on the most perfect date of the year to show your loved ones just how "hostile" you can be.

Hostility kicks things off with a bang on V-Day, February 14th. How's that for news?

For those who want a bonus, well... Two weeks after that on Hostility's second show? We will be hosting the draft I promised you last week. Things will be shaken up and careers will be changed quite possibly for an indefinite future.

Aren't these exciting times? Now Tara, please go share these news while I get back to work.

He shoos her out before returning to his paperwork, as Tara exits and confronts the now ravenous fans.

Tara Robinson: You heard it here first, folks! C\$J has announced the official day Hostility opens its doors, on February 14th, Valentine's Day! Not only that but the following show will feature a draft of superstars to even out both rosters! Back to you guys at ringside!

Autumn Raven (c) vs. Nina

Match

Jim Gunt: What an announcement from C\$J, the first Hostility show on Valentine's Day AND a draft for both shows, this will be exciting times and now we are getting ready for the Aversion Title to be defended by our current reigning champion Autumn Raven.

Mike Rolash: Blah, blah, blah....any way that both can lose?

Jim Gunt: Sounds like someone didn't get their nap in today. Anyway, we'll throw this to Ray Douglas and get this match underway!

Ray Douglas: This contest is for one fall, and for the Aversion Title! First the challenger....

A total blackout consumes the arena, the opening sounds of "Second Death of Souls" by Matriarch begins to play. The fans begin to stir, the lights from cell phones can only be seen. As the song kicks up a notch, a red spotlight beams down on the stage area as Nina stands there. The crowd immediately starts throwing shade at her, calling her everything but a child of God.

Ray Douglas: Making her way to the ring, representing Venom and hailing from Puerto Rico, she weighs in at 115 pounds and stands five-feet-four-inches tall. The Cobra Emperatriz....NINA!!

Nina finishes making her way to the ring and slides under the bottom rope, continuing to be verbally abused by the fans she appears unphased. Ray Douglas raises the microphone again.

Ray Douglas: Her opponent, she is the current reigning Aversion and WCWA U. S. champion.

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song start to play, the Tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it.

As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down. Ray Douglas exits the ring and Scott Dean brings the ladies to the center of the ring. He briefly reinforces what every professional gets told in every match concerning the rules and sportsmanship.

Mike Rolash: For crying out loud, can this match start already?!

Jim Gunt: You always seem to forget that everyone can hear you.

Nina gives Rolash a look that would freeze lava, over his headset we hear him gulp audibly. With that, Scott Dean calls for the bell to start the match.

Jim Gunt: And while Mike tries to get his stomach out of his throat this match has begun!

The two women come together in the center of the ring at high velocity for the collar and elbow tie up. Nina being the quicker of the two, dives just under the outstretched arms of Autumn. She is able to duck under and around her hip to schoolboy pin the champ right out of the gates!

ONE!

Scott Dean barely gets his count of one down before Raven kicks out. Nina, quick as a cat, is back on her feet as Raven rolls to her knees looking at her opponent.

Jim Gunt: Only a one count, but perhaps a wakeup call for the champ.

Mike Rolash:...

They come to the center of the ring again, this time though they do actually tie up. Raven this time powers Nina into the corner. Scott Dean cautions Autumn to give a clean break and she does so. Nina however does not and nails her with a hard right hand to just below the orbital bone in her cheek!

Mike Rolash: Atta girl!

Jim Gunt: ...

Autumn Raven is rocked and staggers back a bit. Nina rushes passed Scott Dean and leaps into the air with a spinning heel kick! The impact takes Raven off her feet! Nina goes for another pin attempt but gets caught with an inside package from Autumn!

ONE!

T-Kickout by Nina!

Jim Gunt: Another pinfall attempt and neither of these competitors have an edge so far it would seem.

Mike Rolash: It's that whole you're not watching the same match I am thing again....

Both ladies come back to their feet quickly, Nina showing a little early frustration slaps her chest and tells Autumn to bring it. Raven agrees and unloads with a stiff forearm shot across the chest. The Cobra Emperatriz returns the favor with a stiff shot of her own. They continue back and forth until Nina takes a different route and unloads with a kick to the gut that drops Autumn to her knees. Cobra Emperatriz starts to go to the far side ropes but Autumn hooks the ankle sending her face first to the mat! The crowd applauds the counter and fast pace.

Jim Gunt: Nice counter by Autumn!

Mike Rolash(mocking gunt): Nice counter by Autumn...

The Beautiful Psychopath continues to hold on and drags her opponent back to the center of the ring. Nina shaking the cobwebs loose, shaking her head no and yelling at Autumn as she grabs both ankles and pulls them in separate directions. She jumps up in the air and extends her legs toward Nina's head, dropping the heels of her boots into the midsection of Nina. She instantly rolls backward and back to her feet. Autumn dashes back in with a fast moving, high-velocity elbow drop.

Jim Gunt: The champion has taken over this matchup quickly!

Mike Rolash: Nina started out strong but sadly you are correct.

Nina writhes in pain as Autumn slowly stalks her, she waits for Nina to get back to her feet. Poised behind Nina she

hooks in a waist lock and powers Nina into the air with a German Suplex. Nina though is able to use the backward momentum. She extends her arms and rotates into a handspring. She continues this movement to the ropes. Leaping to the middle rope she springboards off with an Asai DDT!

Mike Rolash: What a counter to that German Suplex!

Jim Gunt: Neither of them has a clear advantage in this matchup. They are so similar in size and speed it's truly spellbinding.

Both ladies are on the mat breathing heavily from the exertion, they simultaneously roll to their knees. They come to their feet and receive a rousing ovation from the crowd. They lock up in the center of the ring again. Autumn, the stronger of the two uses her strength to push Nina into the ropes. Scott Dean calls for a break and Raven begins to back away slowly. The Cobra Emperatriz strikes quickly with a gouge to the eyes temporarily blinding Raven.

Jim Gunt: Some things never change....

Mike Rolash: Great tactics! There is a reason they call her Cobra Emperatriz.

Nina follows her attack up with a chop block much to the disgust of the crowd. Now it's Raven's turn to writhe on the ground in pain. A sick smile spreads across Nina's face as she now stalks Autumn. The Beautiful Psychopath is able to get back to all fours in the center of the ring. Cobra Emperatriz grabs a handful of hair and pulls her head back. She tells her, you should accept my offer and this all goes away. Autumn shoves her away but Nina comes back with an explosive kick to the chest of the champion. Raven yells out in pain and Nina does it again. The more Autumn yells the more delighted the challenger becomes and kicks her until Autumn falls face first to the mat.

Jim Gunt: The looks on the challengers face....that's a sadistic smile she's wearing. What was this offer she was referring to?

Mike Rolash: Raven was offered a place alongside Venom by Nina. She should have accepted.

Nina goes for the cover but doesn't hook the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

With a show of strength, Autumn rolls through the pin and gets to her knees still holding onto Nina. She lets go of Nina's feet allowing the momentum to swing her out wide. The Beautiful Psychopath drives her to the mat with a modified STO!

Jim Gunt: What a counter!

Mike Rolash: I can't even believe what I just saw.

She drags Nina back to her feet and sends her to the ropes. Cobra Emperatriz rebounds and realizes too late that Autumn is right behind her, she has no time to react or adjust to the running bulldog! Autumn shoots the half as Scott Dean slides in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT BY NINA!

Autumn works quickly and drags Nina back to her feet once again. Raven tries to send her to the far side ropes but Cobra Emperatriz reverses it and sends Autumn in. The Beautiful Psychopath rebounds off the ropes and gets a mouthful of Nina's boot as she hits her signature move, the Tornado Kick!

Jim Gunt: MARIA'S WRATH!

Mike Rolash: That's got to be it...

Scott Dean applies the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...KICKOUT BY AUTUMN!

Jim Gunt: Wow, a near fall, I thought she had the champ right there!

Scott Dean holds up two fingers, Nina is incredulous that she kicked out and begins poking Scott Dean in the chest, telling him to do his damn job. In the meantime, Autumn has recovered and is back to her feet. She is measuring Nina and has her lined up for The Claw of the Night! The crowd is going nuts in anticipation.

Jim Gunt: This is about to be over, here comes the Claw of the Night!

Mike Rolash: What the hell? The lights just went out?

The lights have indeed gone out as we are in pitch black, amazingly enough, they come back almost immediately. When the lights come back on, Autumn is still standing there as is Nina but "The Book of Truth" is between them. Nina is clapping happily and smiling at Autumn's reaction. The Beautiful Psychopath's mouth is agape, the shock on her face never leaving as Nina looks on.

Handle Things Accordingly

Match

Nina slowly moves towards the corner near the ringside attendants, motioning for Ray Douglas to hand her a microphone. Autumn surveys the situation in confusion, her eyes shifting from the Book of Truth and Nina. With a venomous smile on her face, Nina brings the mic to her lips.

Nina: Impressive.

Breathing heavily Nina begins to clap again as the Sacramento fans boo heavily. Nina only smiles.

Nina: Now Autumn, I know that you are curious as to what lies within this.

Moving towards the Book of Truth, picking it up off of the canvas.

Nina: The Book of Truth! Autumn... there's a truth... that we all must accept one day... At times... it can be... a hard pill... to swallow.

The jeers grow louder as chants breaks out.

"THIS IS BULLSHIT!"

CLAP-CLAP

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

"THIS IS BULLSHIT!"

Nina continues to smile as her breathing becomes stable.

Nina: These sheep don't want you to know the truth... And that truth being Autumn, is that you'll always be in the shadow of someone else.

Those comments incites a near riot as the Sacramento fans begin to boo and heckle Nina even louder.

Nina: No matter if it were the Coalition, Silas Artoria (fans give a mixed reaction), or your own family.

Autumn Raven has heard enough as she mouths the words 'fuck off' at Nina and goes to leave the ring, climbing through the ropes and standing on the apron.

Nina: ¡Mira! You claim to have never crossed paths with me, even though we've stood as opponents once before. For you only see your championship belt as a prize, not knowing what it truly represents.

Fanning Nina off, Autumn Raven drops to the floor as an attendant brings her championship belts over.

Nina: I'll explain myself a bit further. Aversion means someone or something that arouses strong feelings of dislike. This is why I felt you were the epitome of that title in every sense. You hate the fact that you're slated to always walk in someone's shadow and that just consumes you. The fact that no one will ever know who the real Autumn Marie is.

With that the Beautiful Psychopath becomes enraged calling for a mic herself as she stands at the beginning of the aisle. She receives one and makes sure to keep a close eye on both Martinez and Espinoza who stand at both corners of the ring.

Autumn Raven: Seriously!?! Who are you people? Everything I've accomplished I've earned. On my own. No thanks to Dean or Sam, no disrespect. And damn sure not Silas. Like what is you guys' fascination with me?

Nina smile her devilish smile as she starts to rebuttals. Suddenly official Scott Dean interrupts her to yell at the timekeeper.

Scott Dean: Ring the bell!

Ding! Ding!

The fans begin to boo as Dean exits the ring to speak to Ray Douglas for a moment. Done conversing, Douglas makes the announcement.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner... by countout! NINA!

The fans are in an uproar after the announcement, Nina looks towards Autumn who nonchalantly shrugs her shoulders and turns to leave. However Nina is able to catch her attention.

Nina: Within this Book of Truth, it reveals that whether you like it or not Ms. Raven, you'll always be in someone who's more superior than you's shadow. Just as I was able to come out with this victory, guaranteeing me another shot at that Aversion title. However I offer a solution.

Autumn seems fairly uninterested, but still bites.

Autumn Raven: For kicks, c'mon let's hear it.

Nina: I'll withdraw my challenge for your precious title, if you swallow the hard pill of truth. That no matter what you do, no matter how hard you fight, you will never be able to stand on your own. But like I've mentioned before, we offer you a place, at our side, so you can embrace your misfortunes. Let the darkness consume you and we are able to help. Let V.E.N.O.M be that guide.

A chant of "No!" rings out as Autumn shakes her head, she brings the mic up to reply but is interrupted by the voice of Elijah, who now stands at the top of the stage.

Elijah: Autumn! Don't do it, these guys are the personification of evil.

Nina: Silence, Elijah.

Elijah: No, because over the past few months I've been wracking my brain, trying to put this puzzle together. And I think I may have it figured out.

Nina: Whatever truths you may think you know are irrelevant at this moment. But we warned you, but you just don't seem to understand. So why don't we make things a little bit clearer. Modern Warfare, Elijah you will meet Vince Espinoza in the Viper's Nest, where he will put an end to your pesky meddling.

Elijah: For what you did to Eris, I will fight through hell to stop whatever games you are playing.

Nina ignores Elijah as she returns back to Autumn.

Nina: Ms. Raven, have you made your decision?

Autumn Raven: Hmm let me think.

Takes a moment.

Autumn Raven:

Dropping the mic with a careless thud, Raven turns her back to V.E.N.O.M, making her way towards the stage to meet Elijah, who waits. Nina's smile slightly curls as she watches on.

Nina: Then we shall carry on accordingly. See you at Modern Warfare...

With that statement, the lights black out once more, but quickly returns to normal as the ring is completely empty.

Mike Rolash: So much just happened that I don't even know how to respond.

Jim Gunt: It would seem that two matches were just agreed upon by those individuals. With Autumn turning down Nina's offer, she's agreed to put her Hostility Aversion Championship on the line once more. Not only that, Elijah was about to reveal a truth and somehow ended up in the Viper's Nest? Whatever that is.

Mike Rolash: Modern Warfare is going to be explosive with all the tension that's building.

Jim Gunt: Well folks at home, make sure to stay logged into the official CWF App, where you can keep up with all the comings and goings of this great federation!

Mike Rolash: We have an app? Why doesn't anyone tell me these things.

You'll See

Match

The camera switches backstage as we are in the office of Jon Stewart, the door suddenly exploding at the handle as Byson Kaliban walks inside infuriated. Stewart is on his feet expecting a fight as Byson calmly walks up now with a smile on his face.

Byson Kaliban: Now that I have your attention. What the hell was that crap? I thought we had an understanding.

Jon Stewart: I know I promised that none of the talent would physically harm you, but this is the Championship Wrestling Federation, anything is bound to happen.

Byson Kaliban: I get that, but I didn't think I would be fighting the family from the Hills Have Eyes! This is madness!

Jon Stewart: Welcome.

Byson Kaliban: The hell?

Jon Stewart: All I'm saying is, the CWF may be a madhouse, but it's my madhouse! Like I told the three of them, I'm behind them one hundred percent. But I will not show favoritism, simple as that.

Byson begins to curiously stare at Jon.

Byson Kaliban: Duce was right, those pills are getting to ya. Can't see shit clearly.. That's fine... that's okay. You'll see the bigger picture soon my friend.

Before Jon can even respond, Byson is out the door. Taking a moment to pop his head back inside.

Byson Kaliban: Sorry about your door.

Throwing a few hundreds back through the door, Byson is off as Jon just straightens his tie and takes a seat.

Fade.

Sanctioned Violence (Tobias Devereaux & Nathan Paradine) © Vs. KC3 & Silas Artoria

Match

Jim Gunt: It looks like Snake Nation is really leaving its imprint on the federation already!

Mike Rolash: Ooh yeah, baby, maybe they can clean house of all the weirdos we have floating around!

Jim Gunt (muttering under his breath): And maybe they could start with you...

Mike Rolash: Say what?

Jim Gunt: I was just saying that this is going to be an interesting match coming up.

Mike Rolash: Oh. Yes, you are right, Jimbo.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first The Canadian Reaper, the man known as Silas Artoria.

Something Got Me Started by Simply Red comes on over the pa system as a fog billows out onto the stage. From the back slowly steps out Silas. He takes a look around the arena before making his way down to the ring. We cut back to Ray Douglas as Silas steps through the ropes.

Ray Douglas: And his tag team partner...

The intro to "Run This Town" by Jay-Z ft. Kanye West & Rhianna fills the arena as the lights go off and on, matching the beat to the song. Rhianna's voice fills the arena.

KC3 comes out from the back as Jay-Z's verse begins, rocking his head to the beat of the music for a few seconds before making his way down the ramp. After struts his way down to the end of the ramp, he stops again to take in the music a little more.

Ray Douglas: Introducing, from Loveladies, NJ... "The Next Generation God"... K... C... 3!!!

KC3 slides into the ring and runs the ropes a few times, stopping in the middle of the ring to bounce a couple of more times before his music cuts out.

Jim Gunt: This should be an interesting combination.

Mike Rolash: I don't know if KC3 can work with someone else so should be fun.

Ray Douglas: Introducing their opponents, they are The Cajun Sensation Tobias Devereaux and The Australian Submission Machine, this is Sanctioned Violence!

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, followed closely by Tobias Devereaux. The overhead lights reflecting off of Paradines' trademark sunglasses while Tobias hides his face with his fedora. The two smirk as they survey the crowd. They thumb the collar of their respective jackets and head towards the ring. Paradine climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes, while Tobias just slides under the bottom rope and slithers across to the center of the ring. The two meet in their corner as they shrug off their jackets handing them over the ropes to a ring hand. Tobias takes off his fedora and hangs it up on the post. The start

stretching out as they await the starting bell.

Clark Summits calls for the bell as Paradine and Silas get us started. The two circle one another for a moment before tying up in the middle of the ring. Each man positions for leverage, neither gaining much ground. However a quick knee to the midsection from Paradine shifts things his way. Paradine transitions into a side headlock and torques on the neck of Silas. Silas tries to push him off into the ropes but Nathan drops to a knee and just wrenches hard on the neck of Silas. The Canadian Reaper fires off a couple of shots to the ribcage of Paradine but the Australian Submission Machine won't let go, backing up into the corner allowing Tobias to tag in. Tobias hops over the top rope and comes down with an elbow right to the middle of the back of The Psychotic Aristocrat.

Mike Rolash: Vicious elbow there, Devereaux looking more like himself

Jim Gunt: You mean sneaky and conniving?

Mike Rolash: I mean winning.

Tobias locks in his own head lock as Paradine is stepping out of the ring. Devereaux sinches it in tightly and positions himself with his back to KC3, keeping himself between the two partners. Silas gets a bit of leverage and pushes back on Tobias backing him towards the corner himself. Tobias tries to put on the breaks but the lower center of gravity is keeping Silas moving. Tobias breaks the hold instead of getting trapped in the unfriendly corner. Silas tags in KC3 who steps into the ring and flashes a smirk towards Tobias that rivals the Cajun's.

Jim Gunt: May be the only person who can out smirk the Cajun.

Mike Rolash: No one out smirks the Cajun!

The two meet in the center of the ring, KC looks to be going for a clinch grab to use some of that muay thai strikes but Tobias steps back from the attempt. Tobias stretches his hand out almost like he's daring KC for a test of strength. The Next Generation God with one hand and the two get a good grip. They reach out the second hand only for KC3 to immediately fire in an elbow strike that catches Tobias clean on the jaw. The Cajun is rocked but doesn't let go of the interlocked fingers. He instead uses the momentum of his body falling to bring a leg up plant the foot on the hip of KC3 and do a modified monkey flip taking him up and over. Tobias immediately switches into an arm bar and shakes his head trying to clear the cobwebs from that elbow. Tobias pulls back on the shoulder and arm of KC3 as he digs his free arms elbow right into the point where the neck and shoulder meet. KC3 grimaces slightly as he reaches behind him grabbing at the hair of Tobias to pull him off. Clark admonishes KC telling him to let go of the hair. Tobias stands up pulling KC up with him only to reach in front of Davison hooking his head and neck and snapmaring him over. The Cajun holds onto the arm in the process now having it torqued back stretching out the tricep. He controls the wrist as well before wrapping his free arm around the neck of KC3.

Jim Gunt: Tobias really working on keeping KC3 down, locking his a sort of buffalo sleeper like hold.

Mike Rolash: Really doing a number on that arm, torquing the shoulder, arm, elbow, and wrist all at the same time.

Clark checks on KC who is struggling to free himself. From the corner we can see Silas trying to get the crowd pumped up. Meanwhile Tobias is really leaning into the back of KC making it hard to breath through the modified buffalo sleeper. As Clark is busy focusing on KC and if he's out though Tobias decides to kick his feet out and put them up onto the second rope getting a ton of pressure on KC. Clark keeps checking on KC who is fighting back, cutting his eyes up he spots the feet of the Cajun Sensation and immediately calls for him to break the hold. Tobias does break it immediately but as Clark starts the five count he breaks before the count of three. Tobias steps back from Next Generation God and waits patiently for him to get to his feet. As soon as he does he charges in only to get caught with a body slam. KC goes for the quick pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Tobias gets a shoulder up. KC3 starts arguing with Clark about the count being slow, as he does though he gets up on his knees and his shin is clearly over the windpipe of Tobias Devereaux, however he's yelling at Clark so much that he doesn't notice it at first. The Cajun Sensation kicks his legs trying to free himself from the choke. Clark realizes the choke and starts admonishing KC now. KC take the whole five count before removing his leg. KC3 gets to his feet and lifts Tobias up as well. He grabs him in a clinch and starts pelting the cajun with some muay thai knees to the ribcage. Tobias throws his arms down trying to block the impact as much as possible but KC just jostles him around in the clinch until he has him backed up into the corner. He fires off a couple more knees before hopping back and jumping up catching Tobias with one right on the kisser, Tobias crumbles into the corner.

Mike Rolash: Oh my lord he may of knocked him out cold!

Jim Gunt: Clark Summit needs to check on him quick!

Clark moves in to check on Tobias but is suddenly blind sided by a body knocking him out of the way as we suddenly see Kendo on top of Tobias stomping away. Suddenly we see Crimson Ghost in the ring too nailing Silas over the top rope with a cheap shot that sends the Canadian Reaper flying off into the railing by the ring. Meanwhile KC3 has wisely dropped out of the ring and backed up. Meanwhile Kendo has Tobias up and looks to be about to hit him with an exploder suplex into the corner as Paradine the crafty veteran slides into the ring but with a chair and looks to be about to lay out the interlopers but the two smartly back down and slide back out of the ring. Kendo reaches underneath the ring, nailing Tobias with it as he turns around! Kendo with his namesake weapon, with TCG! behind him, and Nathan Paradine square off as the bell rings again and again.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen as a result of a double disqualification, this match has been ruled a NO CONTEST!

Jim Gunt: This show is turning into mayhem, with attacks left, right and center! Looks like Kendo and TCG are looking to get their title match started early! I hope that officials will be able to clear this up quickly because we have the Modern Warfare quarter finals starting when we come back!

The Truce is Over (Church vs. State)

Match

The camera cuts to the camouflage trench of Church and State, where we can't even detect the two of them.

Charles State: And now the time has come for the Modern Warfare quarter finals, exciting times, coming to you from the best camouflaged sports announcers in the world!

Blake Church: Yes, eight of the hardest hitters in CWF, and a little beyond, are coming face to face to see, who will go into the next round at next week's Modern Warfare PPV, live from Oakland, California.

The screen changes to a bracket with the Modern Warfare logo above it. As they mention the names, the images of the participants complete with camouflage make-up come onto the screen then move to their respective spots.

Blake Church: In the beta block our ever mysterious Ataxia will be battling it out with the last remaining entrant from Carnage Wrestling Jack Michaels to see who is going to be going face, or bag, to face with the winner of Dan Ryan versus our Impact Champion, Zach van Owen.

Charles State: And in the alpha block Cheshire is going to face HOSS' entry into the tournament, Impulse while in the main event the champion The Shadow will be defeating his title against comeback kid Jimmy Allen, so we might be able to see the much talked about Cheshire vs. The Shadow match next week, but their respective opponents definitely are not walkovers, that is for sure.

The picture returns to the trench.

Blake Church: So are you ready to go to war again?

Charles State: We are! Let's go!

A sound from the off makes the camera man turn and shows Blake and Charles getting up from folding chairs that were set up to the side before the picture cuts back to ringside.

Ataxia vs. Jack Michaels

Ataxia vs. Jack Michaels

Match

Jim Gunt: We've got our first quarterfinal match of the Modern Warfare tournament featuring Jack "The Blast" Michaels against CWF's walking enigma, Ataxia coming up right now.

Mike Rolash: Michaels has had to take some shortcuts to get here, and I have to say, I approve.

Jim Gunt: Jack Michaels has made his way here by first defeating Autumn Raven and her former friend, Silas Artoria. Ataxia got here by beating Michael Maddox and then beating his good friend, Dorian Hawkhurst.

Mike Rolash: Any time we get Forsaken on Forsaken violence, I consider that to be a huge win for me.

"The Man" by The Killers hits the loudspeaker as gold lights hit the stage. The arena lights darken and the fans begin to come to their feet. The first few seconds of the song plays as "The Blast" Jack Michaels emerges from the back.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... from Las Vegas, Nevada... here is "The Blast"....JACK MICHAELS!!

Jim Gunt: Like a fine wine, Jack Michaels just seems to be getting better with age.

Mike Rolash: He's been around, so I get why the crowd is behind him, but I'll bet even he's never seen the likes of Ataxia.

There is a lot of respect for the older man who looks out at the fans with a calm and confident smile. Jack wears a robe with "'The Blast' Jack Michaels" in golden, cursive lettering over a bold Paragon logo. Jack turns his eyes to focus intently on the ring while the respectful pop washes over him. Jack looks all business as he takes the steps into the squared circle.

The lights flicker as we hear this over the PA System...

Jim Gunt: It's time...

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

Jim Gunt: For Ataxia.

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, tophat, cane, and raven mask over his usual bag like mask. Ataxia spins the cane around and high fives fans as he walks down the ringside area.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, representing The Forsaken... he is "The Messiah Pariah"... ATAXIA!!

Mike Rolash: Do you think those are real raven feather? Like, did he pluck them off of Autumn himself?

Jim Gunt: One Day, you'll say something insightful. Today isn't that day. Tomorrow doesn't look good either.

Ataxia leaps into the ring and whips off the cloak. He takes off the mask, hat and cane. A ring attendant grabs them as Ataxia waits...waving and blowing kisses at Jack Michaels, who seems thoroughly unimpressed.

Jim Gunt: Referee Trent Robbins calls for the bell and we are underway.

Mike Rolash: Let's hope Jack Michaels blasts that bag headed freak right into retirement.

The two men loosen up before circling the ring, sizing each other up. They get into an elbow and collar tie up, but Ataxia quickly transitions into a side headlock. He drops down to one knee, bringing Jack Michaels with him. Michaels has other ideas and gets back to a vertical base. Michaels gets his hand in Ataxia's face and backs him into the ropes. He tries to shoot him off, but Ataxia tightens his grip and slides, bringing Michaels down onto his side.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is looking to slowly wear down Jack Michaels. It's a strategy that didn't seem to work out too well for Silas Artoria last week.

Mike Rolash: Still, at his age, there is no way that Jack Michaels is recovering as quickly as his younger counterparts. The thing is, Ataxia is more like a human pinball. I can't imagine him staying grounded for long. See, Gunt, I can be insightful.

Jim Gunt: You can see Jack Michaels wiggling and writhing underneath the weight of Ataxia, looking for a way out.

Jack Michaels gets a burst of energy, rolling Ataxia onto his shoulders. Before Trent Robbins can get into position to count a pin, Ataxia just rocks and uses his momentum to put Michaels back on his side. The savvy veteran uses that momentum to keep rolling Ataxia, getting back up to his feet again and throwing some short punches into the midsection of Ataxia. Ever the sadist, Ataxia laughs as he gets hit, but Michaels manages to loosen the hold enough to shove Ataxia off, sending him into the ropes. Ataxia catches him in a running shoulderblock, knocking him to the mat. Ataxia reaches down and Michaels grabs him by the arm, using Ataxia's arm to help him kip up to his feet.

Jim Gunt: That's quite a show of athleticism from Jack Michaels.

Mike Rolash: It's like a blast from the past! I haven't seen him kip up for years.

Jim Gunt: Both men lock eyes and the crowd is eating it up. So far, Jack Michaels has been able to keep up with Ataxia.

Mike Rolash: That's what Ataxia wants. Silas tried to outlast Jack Michaels, but Ataxia's got far more stamina. Jack Michaels needs to ground Ataxia and quickly.

Jack Michaels shoves Ataxia back into the ropes. Michaels drops down and Ataxia gives him a sunset flip. Michaels rolls through and grabs Ataxia by the ankles. Michaels pulls Ataxia over him and gets to his feet as Ataxia reaches the ropes. Ataxia comes back with a hurricanrana, but Michaels rolls with it and rolls to his feet. Michaels comes back at Ataxia and leapfrogs him as he ducks down. Michaels comes at with him a clothesline, but Ataxia ducks it. As Ataxia turns around, Michaels hits him in the chest with a beautiful standing dropkick. Ataxia crawls over to the corner and makes like he is tagging someone there. He stands up and pulls off his mask, revealing another mask in a lighter shade of burlap.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is playing mind games with Jack Michaels, and I can't say this is totally unexpected.

Mike Rolash: I don't like it. I don't like it.

Jim Gunt: Pull it together, Rolash. It's not like he's standing behind you.

Rolash jumps, even though no one is there.

Mike Rolash: Dick.

Ataxia leans in the corner and Michaels comes rushing in. Ataxia puts his foot up, but Michaels instinctually catches his boot and throws it back down to the mat. Ataxia makes like he's going to punch Michaels, causing him to duck down. Ataxia rolls over his back, grabbing Michaels by the midsection and rolling him over. Ataxia then rolls on the mat and delivers a kick to the side of the head of Jack Michaels.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia with that unorthodox offense we expect out of him.

Mike Rolash: You even wonder if it's the same Ataxia. Like, I've heard there have been about seven or eight people who have been under that hood.

Jim Gunt: The only Ataxia you need to worry about now is in the ring.

Mike Rolash: Well, I hope that Jack Michaels gets a grip on him soon. I want him gone.

Ataxia wrings the arm of Michaels, who circles around him trying to get away. Ataxia goes for a back suplex, but Michaels lands on his feet behind him, stumbling into the corner. Michaels comes running out of the corner. Ataxia used his arms and clotheslines Michaels legs right out from under him. He goes for a cover, but Michaels pushes him off of him before the count of one. Both men get up, and Ataxia delivers a kick right to the gut. He tosses Michaels into the corner, and this time it's Michaels who gets his boot up and Ataxia who catches it. Michaels lifts his other foot and pushes Ataxia back. He pushes himself up to the middle rope and as Ataxia comes in again, jumps over him, turning and running off the ropes. Ataxia drops down and Michaels hops over him. He stops and Ataxia throws a forearm at him. Michaels hits him with a right hand of his own. Ataxia kicks Michaels in the midsection, but Michaels throws a couple of boxing hooks before throwing an uppercut that knocks Ataxia down.

Jim Gunt: Michaels is relying on his boxing and MMA background and thus far, those strikes have been effective.

Mike Rolash: Are you paying attention to Ataxia? He's on the mat laughing. All he's going to do is make Jack Michaels angry.

Jim Gunt: Jack Michaels goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia with the kickout. But I doubt that Jack Michaels is going to let up.

Jack Michaels looks at Trent Robbins before reaching down and bringing Ataxia up. He wraps his arm around the back of Ataxia's neck and lifts him up for a suplex, but Ataxia knees Michaels in the head on the way up. Ataxia steps back a bit before marching back towards Jack Michaels. Michaels tries to jam his thumb into Ataxia's eyes, but Ataxia drops down, landing butt first on the mat. Michaels tries for a running knee, but Ataxia rolls Michaels up.

ONE!

T-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Michaels kicks out and he is not happy that he was caught by "The Knight in Burlap."

Mike Rolash: Michaels needs to be careful. Ataxia will sneak up on you when you least expect it.

Jim Gunt: I'm sure that Michaels is well aware of that fact. He's just trying to get a bead on Ataxia.

Mike Rolash: That's like trying to stand in the corner of a round room.

Michaels runs through Ataxia with a shoulderblock. Ataxia quickly gets up and is brought back down with another shoulder tackle from Michaels. Ataxia pulls himself up in the corner and Jack Michaels begins throwing his educated hands to Ataxia, who laughs with every shot he takes. Trent Robbins finally steps in and tells Michaels to back off.

ONE!

TWO!

Jack Michaels finally steps back to avoid getting disqualified while Ataxia pulls himself up. He steps out of the corner and is met with another Jack Michaels knee. After falling back into the corner, Ataxia catches Michaels with a back

elbow. Michaels spins around from the force and Ataxia grabs him around the waist.

Jim Gunt: ER STAT! Ataxia just German suplexed Jack Michaels into the turnbuckle. Michaels wisely rolls out of harm's way.

Mike Rolash: This is Ataxia. There is no such thing as "out of harm's way."

Jim Gunt: As true as statement as I have ever heard.

Ataxia measures Michaels up as Jack walks around at ringside, taking a moment.

Mike Rolash: Get out of the way!

Ataxia runs towards the ropes and jumps over. Michaels moves out of the way, but Ataxia uses both hands to grab the top rope and pulls himself back into the ring between the top and middle ropes. The crowd pops at the acrobatic display.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is baiting Michaels now, opening the ropes and inviting him back. Michaels looks like he's not having it, though.

Mike Rolash: Would YOU trust Ataxia?

Jim Gunt: Probably not.

Mike Rolash: And neither should Jack Michaels.

Jim Gunt: Michaels walks over to the other side of the ring and climbs up to the apron. It looks like he's being more deliberate than last week.

Mike Rolash: Because a faster pace favors Ataxia. That's the veteran instinct that you just can't teach.

Jack Michaels puts his hand up, looking for a test of strength. Ataxia ducks down and puts Michaels in a fireman's carry. Michaels slides down and gets his arms around the waist of Ataxia. Ataxia slams his hand down on Michaels clenched hands then gets a standing switch. Michaels does the same, but instead of getting behind Ataxia, he rocks him with a Roaring Elbow! Michaels drops down for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Ataxia shakes his head as Michaels pulls him up to his feet. Michaels is trying to pull Ataxia in by his arm, but Ataxia runs in circles, causing Michaels to get dizzy and let go of his arm. Even after Michaels lets go, Ataxia runs a few more laps around the ring as everyone looks on in bewilderment.

Jim Gunt: Round and round he goes. Where he stops, nobody knows.

Mike Rolash: Doubt even he knows. I swear, he's like a dog chasing cars and the ones he chases are parked.

Jim Gunt: Say what you will, but Ataxia is a mad man with a mad plan. He knows what he's doing.

Ataxia finally stops, turns and waves to Michaels, then comes at "The Blast" with a series of clotheslines, each time he hits Michaels, he keeps going, hitting the ropes before hitting Michaels. After the third clothesline, Ataxia jumps onto the middle rope, landing on Michaels with an Asai moonsault.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Jack Michaels is digging down deep. I don't know where he's getting the energy from.

Mike Rolash: Centrum Silver. Only Centrum goes beyond, providing more than just the essential nutrients. So, I'm at my best.

Jim Gunt: What the hell? They aren't one of our sponsors.

Mike Rolash: I got a buddy who works for Pfizer said he'd slip me a hundo if I got that plug in.

Ataxia grabs Michaels by the hair and pulls him up. Ataxia pulls him over to the turnbuckle where he sits on the top rope. Before Ataxia can get anything locked in, Jack Michaels jams his thumb into Ataxia's eye. Michaels climbs to the middle rope and grabs Ataxia around the neck then grabs his leg with his other hand. Before he can get the fisherman's suplex on Ataxia, "The Messiah Pariah" jams his thumb into the eye of Jack Michaels causing him to stumble back down to the mat.

Mike Rolash: That's illegal! Disqualify him! Come on, Robbins, do your job!

Jim Gunt: It wasn't a problem when Jack Michaels did it.

Mike Rolash: That's because I didn't see it.

Ataxia stands up on the middle rope. He holds his hands in front of him as though he is looking through the lens of a camera. As Michaels turns back around, Ataxia jumps up to the top rope and then leaps off, burying two knees in the shoulders of Jack Michaels.

Mike Rolash: NOOOO!!!!!!

Jim Gunt: BEST... RECKONING... EVER!!!

Ataxia rolls off of Michaels as they crash to the mat. Ataxia quickly jumps on top of Michaels, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner, and now Modern Warfare semifinalist... "The Messiah Pariah"... ATAXIA!!!

Ataxia rolls out of the ring and grabs his cane and top hat before making his way up the ramp. In the ring, Jack Michaels is on his knees recovering.

Jim Gunt: Such a hard fought match between these two men, Jack Michaels was game, but Ataxia was the better man tonight.

Mike Rolash: With Cheshire, Zach Van Owen and The Shadow still in the tournament, there's a chance that everyone in the semi-finals could be, or used to be, members of the Forsaken. Someone needs to stop them.

Jim Gunt: Look at that. What a show of class by Ataxia.

The camera cuts back to Ataxia, who tips his hat to Jack Michaels before turning around and heading back up the ramp.

The Second Coming

Match

The picture cuts backstage, where Blake Church is sitting in the camouflage trench when a hand from the off hands him an official looking document with the CWF logo at the top.

Blake Church: Ladies and gentlemen, a new development tonight, we have a new match confirmed for Modern

Warfare. Mr. Jon Stewart has decided that after the animosities after their match tonight, August Frost and Mad Dog Murphy will be facing off in a one-on-one match at the PPV to settle their differences.

Charles State: Well, good or bad, the two of them have managed to get the boss' attention, which for new faces is not a bad thing.

Blake Church: Not at all, that's all from us back here for now, back to ringside!

Cheshire vs. Impulse

Match

Jim Gunt: Up next, we have our second of four quarterfinal matches for Modern Warfare, as former CWF World Champion Cheshire takes on another outsider in the immensely skilled Impulse! Will Cheshire continue her trend and follow Ataxia with eliminating an outside competitor, or will Impulse do what so many are predicting, and get past Cheshire to face off with the CWF World Champion, whomever he may be, in the Modern Warfare semi - finals?

Mike Rolash: I'm half and half on this one. Cheshire scares me, and Impulse's do-gooder pose annoys me. But I'm leaning towards Cheshire, if for no other reason than it'll mean that overly-friendly puff of smoke will leave me alone.

Jim Gunt: You don't mean that.

Mike Rolash: Don't I? She comes this way once tonight, and I'm popping her in the face.

CUE UP: "Sleep Now in the Fire" - Rage Against the Machine

Jim Gunt: Here's your chance!

The music - and Ray Douglas' intro - get almost completely drowned out by the fans. Impulse stops on top of the ramp and looks out into the crowd, nodding his head in appreciation. Behind him, Calico Rose steps next to him, grabs her loose skirt by the hem, and gives the fans an exaggerated, respectful curtsy.

Jim Gunt: Whatever you think of these two, Mike... they don't disappoint the fans.

Mike Rolash: Maybe... but what if the fans disappoint me? Do I need to lower myself to their level?

Jim Gunt: Your class is something to behold.

As Impulse climbs the ring steps, Cally sprint-skips around the ring and hops up onto the commentary table. She pulls her phone out from somewhere in her shirt and holds it up in front of her.

Cally: Big smiles, guys!

Selfie time! Cally gives the phone a big, goofy grin. Jim Gunt, behind her on the left, smiles warily, and Mike Rolash looks somewhat confused, eyes closed, mouth half open.

Cally: You're beautiful, you're both shining stars.

And with that, Cally steps off and takes position in a corner.

CUE UP: "They're Coming to Take Me Away (HA HA!)" by The Butcher Babies.

Jim Gunt: And here we go. The irresistible force meets the immovable object, and we see which one will give.

The lights dim, except for a single spotlight from the entrance platform, and smoke fills the entryway. After several seconds of music, a figure can be seen spider-walking down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: You might be bothered by Cally's optimism, but you have to admit, Cheshire is downright creepy.

Mike Rolash: Oh, I freely admit it; but I can always see Cheshire coming.

On reaching ringside, Cheshire slides under the bottom rope and rushes Impulse, still on her hands and knees.

Referee Trent Robbins calls for the bell quickly as Impulse nearly trips backing up, but as soon as he hears the bell the Marathon Man drops and hooks Cheshire in a reverse headlock!

Jim Gunt: Good on Impulse for not getting turned around by Cheshire's intimidation tactics!

Mike Rolash: Not so good that Cheshire lifts them both up and drives him into the corner!

Jim Gunt: Another shoulder into Impulse's stomach! Cross - corner whip, and a hard clothesline to follow up!

Cheshire appears to be pleased with herself; at the very least she shows no interest in rushing through this match.

But she stops, and cocks her head slightly as if listening to someone.

Jim Gunt: What's she doing?

Just as suddenly, she snaps out of it, and drives another shoulder into Impulse's - **IMPULSE MOVES!** Cheshire's shoulder crashes into the ring post!

Mike Rolash: Don't hesitate! Annihilate!

Impulse takes a moment to collect himself, then turns his attention to his opponent who has backed up, holding her shoulder while on her knees. The referee talks to Impulse, checks on Cheshire, and gives him the go sign!

Jim Gunt: Cheshire getting to her feet, apparently she's good to continue! They lock up, and Impulse with an armdrag takedown!

Mike Rolash: What a hero, he's attacking her injured arm!

Jim Gunt: Why is that any different from working on a body part in anticipation of a submission hold?

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: Exactly. Sit down before you fall down.

Cheshire gets her heels under her body and pushes up, knocking Impulse in the chin and breaking the hold, and she spins and fires a left hand at his face! Another! She lifts him with a scoop slam, but a hand immediately goes to her shoulder!

Jim Gunt: This one might be over before it even begins! Cheshire is still dangerous, even one handed, but it looks like she's going to have a hard time following up with any attacks! Impulse is to his knees - Kick to the side! Another!

Mike Rolash: This is how she can win - keep him down and use her legs.

Cheshire with a boot to the head this time, but Impulse hooks her ankle and twists her around, and she lands on her bad shoulder! Anklelock submission, but Cheshire hooks the bottom rope with her good arm and he lets go!

Mike Rolash: If he'd just take advantage of that five count, he'd be in a much better position.

Jim Gunt: Cheshire is back to her feet, and Impulse with a bridging suplex!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: I do have to agree with you on Cheshire's injured shoulder; Impulse should be going for a submission in this match!

Mike Rolash: Agree? I just pointed out that he's a terrible hero for beating up a woman.

Jim Gunt: And yet you'd always rooted for MJ Flair's opponents.

Mike Rolash: What's your point?

Impulse with another scoop, and a side suplex that drops Cheshire back down, and another cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout! Cheshire rolls outside!

Jim Gunt: Careful, Cally!

Calico Rose approaches her slowly, looking concerned. Cheshire, of course, covered from head to toe, gives no indication to her mood, and Cally shrugs. Impulse stays back while the referee's count reaches three, and Cheshire slides back in, still rolling her shoulder. Impulse hooks her arm and rolls her up in a magistral cradle!

ONE...

Cheshire gets a foot against the ropes! Impulse lets her go - Fist to the face! Cheshire with a cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: She can't hook the leg, it looks like!

Again, Impulse points at Cheshire while talking to the referee, and Cheshire take the opportunity to hook Impulse from behind and drop him with a neckbreaker! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: And again, she loses on a possible three count by not being able to hook the leg! Cheshire holding her shoulder in obvious pain now, and while I understand the stakes of the match, Trent Robbins has to keep the well being of the wrestler in mind.

Mike Rolash: And nobody stopped the match when Loki Synn broke Flair's brain. Can't arbitrarily demand rules, Gunt!

Impulse with a whip into the ropes - Cheshire ducks the kick! Off the opposite side - PUNCHLINE!

Jim Gunt: Impulse goes down! Loki goes down! She fired that punch with her right hand, I think, out of habit - and that put her in just as much pain!

Mike Rolash: Who cares? She pins him now she won't need to hook a leg!

It takes Cheshire several agonizing seconds to make the cover, and again, she doesn't hook the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Damn it!

Jim Gunt: No follow up from Cheshire, but the way she's holding her arm she might not have any more use of it at all!

Cheshire stands up and walks towards the corner, holding her arm stationary. The referee isn't counting either of them

because she is on her feet - Impulse kips up! He nearly falls backwards but steadies himself on the ropes!

Jim Gunt: This looks bad for the former Champ!

Impulse reaches for Cheshire - she fires an elbow backwards! Impulse ducks! THE MESSAGE!

Jim Gunt: IT'S THE MESSAGE! That double wristlock on Loki's injured arm, this is it! She's just out of reach of the ropes, and he has her on her knees! No submission!

Mike Rolash: Don't give up!

Jim Gunt: Cheshire is screaming in pain, but she's not giving up!

Both Impulse and Trent Robbins are pleading with Cheshire to tap, but she refuses to do so! She grinds the knuckles on her free hand into the mat but there's no tapping!

After what feels like an eternity, Impulse lets go!

Jim Gunt: What's he doing?

Mike Rolash: IDIOT!

Impulse, again, is talking animatedly with Trent Robbins about the injury to Cheshire's arm, but the referee's hands are tied by Cheshire's refusal to submit - LOW BLOW BY CHESHIRE! ROLL UP!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Jim Gunt: I don't believe it!

Mike Rolash: HAH! How do you get around a lack of an arm to hook the leg? Drop your entire body weight on top'a his shoulders!

Cheshire slides out of the ring, still favoring her right arm as Ray Douglas announces her as the winner, while Impulse is on one knee outside the ring, head down. Cally helps him to his feet as the fans give them an ovation for their efforts in the CWF, and they begin to leave through the crowd!

Mike Rolash: Hey hey, goodbye! Get out!

Jim Gunt: I'm going to miss them. Cally wasn't that bad, was she?

Mike Rolash: ...I'd rather not say.

Jim Gunt: We'll be right back!

Friend or Foe?

Match

Marcus Maximus is standing ready with a microphone in hand at some place backstage.

Marcus Maximus: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome, The Shadow.

The camera moves a bit to the right to where The Shadow and Myfanwy are ready.

Marcus Maximus: Mr. Shadow, you will be facing Jimmy Allen tonight for your chance to enter the semi finals of the Modern Warfare tournament, where your opponent could be Cheshire.

The Shadow: Yes, ironic, isn't it? The one that "gifted" the belt to me, whatever reasons she is giving. I believe that I have proved the naysayers that I am not only holding this belt by her grace, but I can't deny that coming face to face,

well, mask or suit, with her holds a lot of intrigue.

Marcus Maximus: There also was an announcement earlier in the show that there will be a draft between CWF and Hostility in a few weeks' time. What is your stance on this?

The Shadow: It will be interesting to see who is going to end up where.

Marcus Maximus: So we could see you on a different brand.

The Shadow: No, CWF is my company.

Myfanwy: Don't let Ataxia hear that, he'll get jealous.

The Shadow and Marcus laugh.

The Shadow: OK, my brand then. I will not enter the draft.

Marcus Maximus: Thank you, Mr. Shadow, back to you guys.

Dan Ryan vs. Zach van Owen

Match

Jim Gunt: So looks like the first CWF superstar has positioned himself in the draft discussion, The Shadow will stay with CWF.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, my luck...

Jim Gunt: You'd still be calling his matches, if we went to Hostility, so don't get your knickers in a twist.

Mike Rolash: I don't wear kni--

Jim Gunt (hurriedly): So with Ataxia and Cheshire having progressed to the semi finals, we are up to our third quarter final, with Dan Ryan taking on our current Impact champion Zach van Owen, over to you Ray!

Ray Douglas: The following is the final Beta Block Modern Warfare Quarterfinal Match!

The entire arena goes dark as green digital rain appears on the screen and gradually forms the phrase "Ready...FIGHT!". The music picks up (roughly 00:18) and Zach Van Owen appears on the stage with a bright flash of green lights, his head bowed and arms outstretched. He looks to the ring and marches down the ramp, high-fiving fans along the way. He hops onto the apron and ascends the corner post from the outside, throwing back the hood of his jacket and once again throwing his arms out wide. With hands on the ring ropes he cartwheels off the turnbuckle and down into the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, he is the Impact Champion....ZACH VAN OWEN!!

Jim Gunt: The Game Changer. The Impact Champion. Zach Van Owen has certainly been on a roll as of late.

Mike Rolash: On a roll, maybe, but certainly not quite himself either. After having his championship title stolen from him by an unknown force, Zach may need to have eyes in the back of his head going into this one.

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Impulse's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Bronson Box.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Houston, Texas, he is the Ego Buster....DAN RYAN!!

Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and nonchalantly walks right past Zach van Owen to climb the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.

Jim Gunt: The no-nonsense Dan Ryan certainly looks ready to go, Mike.

Mike Rolash: And why wouldn't he be? The man had to not only get through the only triple threat of the first round of Modern Warfare, but dominated the seven foot Austin Bishop to send him and Dick Fury packing last week. The end game, so to speak, is tonight though, as Ryan takes on our resident gamer Zach van Owen.

"Big" Denny Davidson is on the call and as soon as he rings the bell Zach van Owen springs into action, showing once again why he is once of the quickest competitors in the entire CWF roster as he hurries to the center of the ring to meet Dan Ryan, running up his chest and doubling him over to the canvas with a Headscissors Takedown! Ryan pops right back up to his feet, a slight look of surprise on his face but one that quickly changes to a smile as he calls Van Owen in for some more. Zach obliges, coming forward for a Roundhouse Kick. But Ryan catches the Impact Champion sending him crashing down with a Capture Suplex!

Jim Gunt: The Game Changer tried to start this one with the quick pace that we are all used to seeing out of Zach, but Dan Ryan quickly grounded him with that Capture Suplex.

Mike Rolash: Ryan may be my favorite to win this entire tournament, Jim. He has travelled around the world dominating everywhere he's gone, and so far CWF has been no different.

Jim Gunt: So far are the key words there, Mike. Zach van Owen is no slouch, and I wouldn't be surprised one bit to see our resident Impact Champion deflate the ego of the Ego Buster here tonight.

Mike Rolash: We'll see.

Following the suplex, Dan Ryan stays right on Zach van Owen as he rises, placing an elbow deep into his shoulder blade to drive him into the mat. Ryan transitions into an arm lock, but Player One is able to quickly reverse it and send him tumbling over with an arm drag. Ryan gets up walking right into a high Dropkick from Van Owen, who takes the staggered Ryan and tosses him into the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Slingblade by the Impact Champion! And Ryan back to his feet, another slingblade! Zach is on a roll!

Mike Rolash: I hope it's a lobster roll, I'm really getting hungry!

Jim Gunt: Okay?

Zach van Owen is seemingly in control of the match now, having the sold out crowd in the palm of his hands as he waves his hands for Dan Ryan to get to his feet. COMBO BREAKE-NO! Dan Ryan ducks under the Superkick just in time, quickly grabbing ahold of Zach to launch him vertically as he turns around.

Jim Gunt: BRAINBUSTER! Right on poor Zach's head!

Mike Rolash: And Ryan with the cover, it could be over here!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Not quite, Mike, but still one hell of a Brainbuster there.

Mike Rolash: It certainly was, I think Zach Van Owen is still seeing birdies after that one.

Being around the game for so long, Dan Ryan doesn't wait for Van Owen to recover and get back to his feet, instead pulling him right back up to his feet and backing him up into the nearest corner. Ryan shows off his power by delivering

heavy shoulder blocks to the ribs of Player One, but somehow they only seem to awaken the gamer inside Zach as he grabs a hold of him and mounts the ropes quickly. TORNADO DDT!

Jim Gunt: What a move there by the Game Changer! But will it be enough?

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! Ryan whips his shoulder over!

Mike Rolash: What a clash of styles here in this match, Jimmy. Zach is doing his best to bring his high flying highlights to the game while Dan wants to simply overpower him. Both are great gameplans, but only one will pay off.

Rolling off the cover and kipping right back to his feet, Zach van Owen pulls Ryan up but immediately receives an uppercut for his trouble. Dan Ryan pulls Van Owen in for a Belly to Belly Suplex but he claps his ears, tucking his right arm over the head of Ryan and dashing forward with him in tow to land a Running Bulldog! The sold out crowd are on their feet, cheering the amazing showing from both Dan Ryan and Zach van Owen.

Jim Gunt: Both competitors are down and out of breath, Mike, they already have expended a lot of energy in the early going of this thing.

Mike Rolash: Not just this match, but in the matches leading into this one. Both of these two athletes have been through two wars prior to this one, it's a battle of attrition at this point.

Jim Gunt: There's a good reason why they call it Modern Warfare.

Van Owen is the first competitor to his feet, looking backward to a just starting to rise Ryan before backflipping to hit a perfect standing moonsault. The Game Changer looks to keep his insanely fast paced going by leaping over Ryan right after and up to the top rope.

Jim Gunt: CORKSCREW 450 SPLA-NO!

Mike Rolash: The genius Dan Ryan got his feet up at the last split second, and DROVE them right into the knees of the landing Van Owen! I think Zach blew a knee out!

Dan Ryan is like a pitbull smelling a nice bloody steak as he gets to his feet, a newly determined look on his face as he pulls Van Owen up by his left leg and Dragon Whips him right back down. Ryan follows up by hitting deliberate stomps down on the left knee of the Impact Champion, the Sacramento fans turning on him at this point, sending in jeers that he completely ignores as he continues his attack, putting the leg of of Van Owen on the bottom rope and driving down an Elbow Drop onto the injured spot.

Jim Gunt: I'm not sure I have ever seen someone work on an injury as meticulously as this Dan Ryan is right now, Mike. This guy really does impress me.

Mike Rolash: What did I tell you. Are you ready to call him the new CWF World Champion yet?

Jim Gunt: Not quite, but he's certainly a vicious son of a bitch. Zach is writhing on the canvas!

Slapping the ring in pain, Zach van Owen holds onto his left knee as tears begin to well up in his eyes. Ryan's expression never changes as he pulls him right back up, chopping him hard across the chest and smirking as he watches the Game Changer stumble around on one leg. HUMILITY BOMB! Ryan drops down to the canvas, placing the Impact Champion in a knee bar for good measure. The pressure on the already extremely damaged left knee is too much for Zach, and he immediately taps out.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by submission and moving onto the semifinals of the Modern Warfare Tournament....DAN RYAN!!

“Zero” once again plays over the speaker system as a very proud Dan Ryan lets off the knee bar only at the call of “Big” Denny Davidson, rolling out of the ring and putting his hands in the air with a smirk. He wipes his hands clean, heading up the ramp as Zach Van Owen continues to hold onto his knee in pain.

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, what a showing there from our reigning Impact Champion Zach van Owen, but Dan Ryan once again proves why he is one of the best in any wrestling federation as he moves onto the semi finals of the Modern Warfare Tournament.

Mike Rolash: Wait, one of the fans just jumped over the barricade with a steel chair!

Jim Gunt: That is not just some fan, that is Xander Haze, and he is wearing Zach’s Impact Championship around his waist!?

Mike Rolash: Holy shit!

An unknowing Van Owen turns around, wondering why the fans in attendance are all now booing until he sees Haze in front of him with a huge shit-eating grin, leading Zach to look on with a dropped jaw.

SMASH!

Jim Gunt: Xander Haze absolutely drilled the head of Van Owen with that chair! What the hell is The Gimp doing back here!?

Mike Rolash: Don’t call him that, Jimmy, Haze is a new man is he’s looking to prove it right now!

SMASH

The chair is sent down hard again, this time bashing against the already destroyed knee of Zach van Owen. Owen convulses around the ring, in excruciating pain but not able to do a thing to fight back from the attack. Haze looks around the arena as the fans continue getting louder and louder with their boos, and it just brings an even bigger smile to his face. He pulls Owen out by the scruff of his hair, to the two of them outside now as he whips him right into the turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: Zach face-first into the steel turnbuckle! He is being destroyed out there!

Mike Rolash: And now Xander is going under the ring, he’s got a table!

Xander Haze sets up the table, the prone Van Owen being placed on it as he quickly gets back into the ring and heads to the top rope. Haze leaps off, hitting a huge elbow drop through the table.

Jim Gunt: THE HANDICAP! That high elbow drop that sent pieces of that table everywhere, and god damn it we need some help for Zach Van Owen!

Mike Rolash: Nah, he can handle it. He’s got plenty of lives saved up, hasn’t he?

Jim Gunt: Thank god we have security coming out here to break things up now, for now let’s head to the back.

The More, the Merrier

Match

We cut backstage again, where Jace LeRose looks like he is looking for someone. A young woman stops him.

Jeannette Pavard: Can I help you, Mr. LeRose?

Jace LeRose: You know me?

Jeannette Pavard: I’m a production assistant, so I have to know all of your names.

He returns her smile.

Jace LeRose: I'm trying to find Mr. Stewart's office.

She points in the direction he just came from.

Jeannette Pavard: Go back there, second corridor to the right and the first door to the left.

Jace LeRose: Thank you!

Jeannette Pavard: You are welcome, Sir.

He heads back the way he came, following the directions and finally arrives at a door with the name "Jon Stewart" on it. He knocks and opens it. He steps into what feels like a completely different world than the stark concrete corridors of the arena, lushly decorated, warm and with Mr. Stewart seated behind a big desk that make Jace wonder how they managed to get it through the door to begin with.

Jon Stewart: Ah, Mr. LeRose, I am happy you could make it here.

Jace LeRose: You-- were expecting me?

Jon Stewart: Oh yes.

Jace LeRose: Did you send someone to find me?

Jon Stewart: No, why would I? I knew you would come.

Jace LeRose: OK...? Anyways, I have seen the animosities between August and Mad Dog and I think I have just the thing to help them.

Jon Stewart: Oh excellent, and I think I have just the opportunity for you to help them.

Jace LeRose: Oh?

Jon Stewart: Yes, I have booked a one-on-one session with the two of them for you in Oakland next week.

Jace LeRose: That is nice of you, at a hotel next to Modern Warfare?

Jon Stewart: Don't be silly, Jace. You can help them in the ring, because you will be the third man in their match at the PPV!

As he smiles at Jace's flabbergasted look, the camera cuts back to ringside.

The Shadow © vs. Jimmy Allen

Match

Jim Gunt: Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen, and what a night we've had so far, we had brawls, attacks, injuries, new matches set up with the latest news being that Jace LeRose will be facing August Frost and Mad Dog Murphy at Modern Warfare.

Mike Rolash: We don't have any news yet concerning the injuries of Pandalike or Zach, but Jace being added to this match hints at Pandalike potentially being out of the PPV, but we are awaiting an official confirmation for this.

Jim Gunt: But now it is main event time and here we have former allies that turned bitter enemies and now apparently could be back on the path to become friends again, The Shadow versus Jimmy Allen.

Mike Rolash: The Shadow went into the tournament as champion and is still hanging on to that title, something that Harley Hodge did not manage last year when Duce Jones upset him.

Ray Douglas: The following is the final quarterfinal match in the Modern Warfare Tournament!

Jimmy Allen walks slowly out onto the stage as "Cut the Cord" by Shinedown plays. He pauses there as he gets a mixed reaction, mostly cheers now as opposed to previous weeks. He smiles a little, seemingly absorbing it all and getting energy from it. Sprinting towards the ring he leaps and dives under the bottom rope sliding to the center of the ring where he pops up to a standing position. He takes a deep breath seemingly taking in the moment, before looking towards the ramp and motioning his hands in a "come on" motion.

Ray Douglas: First, from Dallas, Texas, he is the Catalyst....JIMMY ALLEN!!

Jim Gunt: The Catalyst, the Comeback Kid, Jimmy Allen has been called a lot of things as of late and some of them we cannot even say on national television. But tonight he takes one more step on his road to redemption, a major one at that, as he battles The Shadow for the World Title in the third round of Modern Warfare!

Mike Rolash: Jimmy has certainly become a hypocrite as of late, renouncing his old ways and trying to get forgiven...

Jim Gunt: Oh would you shut the hell up.

Mike Rolash: What? I'm just doing my job, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Just stop.

Mike's face turns into a frown, but he otherwise ignores Jim's comments as the lights go down and the sound of waves begins to sound with a bell tolling. Dark blue lights start to swirl as fog begins to billow out from the entrance. Electric guitars and a slow, pounding rhythm section set in, an elegiac lead guitar hovering over it as two hooded figures step out through the curtain. The Shadow raises his staff and all lights go down completely. Suddenly the ring posts explode in blue flames with The Shadow and Myfanwy in the center of the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, he is the defending CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION....THE SHADOW!!

Jim Gunt: The Weaver of Dreams has been incredibly impressive in his run through the Modern Warfare Tournament, but does the buck stop here tonight?

Mike Rolash: Most likely not. Jimmy Allen would rather have a "looking for forgiveness" session than a freaking wrestling match.

Jim Gunt: I SAID STOP!

Mike Rolash: *in shock*okay.

With Myfanwy out of the ring now already cheering, head official Trent Robbins brings the sold out crowd inside Sacramento's Golden 1 Center to his feet as he brings both champion and challenger to the center of the ring, going over the rules of the match and then making sure neither man has any weapons hidden around their clothing. Jimmy Allen raises his right hand in the air in the direction of the Shadow as soon as the bell rings. Somewhat wary, the Weaver of Dreams thinks on the gesture for a few seconds before putting his hand out as well, grabbing ahold of Allen's to shake it very firmly. The eyes of the Shadow never leave those of his challenger as he continues to hold onto the handshake.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen offering a nice showing of sportsmanship to start this one, but the Shadow is seemingly not so sure about the gesture. We'll have to see as this match goes along how genuine Allen really is.

Mike Rolash: Like...ummm...yeah I got nothing now.

Finally letting go of his grip, The Shadow allows Jimmy to back up and assess the situation, the Weaver of Dreams doing the same as he eyes up his challenger. Moving forward slowly with his hands halfway up past his hips, Allen locks up with the Shadow, who is ready for the collar tie up, immediately pulling him into a headlock. Allen reverses though, pulling his head through and sending the champion into the ropes. Coming back at full speed, the Shadow

cannot stop his momentum before Allen leaps up into the air for a Cross Body-NO!

Jim Gunt: NO! The Weaver of Dreams is somehow able to catch Jimmy Allen out of mid-air and send him flying backward with a Fallaway Slam!

Mike Rolash: After the beating that The Shadow took last week against Max Becker, the champion is looking to deal as much damage as quickly as possible in this one. He cannot afford to be behind the eight ball like he was last week.

After taking the Fallaway Slam, Jimmy Allen rolls himself out of the ring just far enough to reach the other side of the ropes. He pulls himself up with the aid of the ropes, awaiting Shadow to approach him before ducking underneath the top rope and crunching into his ribs with a shoulder block. Allen proceeds to sunset flip over the ropes and the champion.

Jim Gunt: Sunset flip Powerbomb by Allen, and he holds on for the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TW-

Mike Rolash: The Shadow rolls his shoulder, Jimmy isn't going to take this one so easily!

After getting his shoulder up, The Shadow is shoved to the side by Jimmy Allen who gets right back up, measuring up the champion before swinging his foot for a Shining Wizard that Shadow is able to duck and spin under, getting immediately to his feet as Allen turns around and takes a Roundhouse Kick! Allen takes the shot hard, but comes right back. DISCUS ELBOW!

Jim Gunt: Did you HEAR that!?

Mike Rolash: I not only heard it Jim, but I saw it. And our World Champion is seeing red, as that nasty Discus Elbow must have busted open his bottom lip!

Jim Gunt: Yes it did, that is not going to be good for the Shadow moving forward in this match.

Wiping the crimson trickle that drips down his chin, the Shadow clinches as he looks down at his bloody hands. Jimmy Allen doesn't give him a second to think, however, as he once again goes for a kick. Catching the low kick attempt from the challenger, The Shadow isn't ready for him to come up with the other foot. ENZIG-Yes he was! The Shadow was indeed ready, as he ducks under the foot of Jimmy and nails an Enziguiri of his own!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what a combination of moves there, as the pace of this one is getting faster and faster by the minute, Mike!

Mike Rolash: There is a lot on the line in this match. Not only does the winner continue on in Modern Warfare, but he walks into the namesake pay per view as the defending World Champion. Both Shadow and Jimmy Allen have come so far, but only one of them can take that final step.

The pace doesn't look like it's going to slow down as both competitors are back to their feet, this time it is Jimmy Allen who ducks under the offensive attack of the champion, grabbing him on the way through to twist him around with a Spinning Neckbreaker! Allen follows through by grabbing the Weaver of Dreams by his arms from behind, pulling them back as far as humanly possible to stretch out the champion. The Shadow is able to transition to his knees, and pop back up to his feet, breaking the grip of Allen before he delivers a knee to his gut.

Jim Gunt: Russian Leg Sweep from the champ!

Mike Rolash: This contest couldn't be any more back and forth, as neither the Shadow or Jimmy Allen have been able to continue a true string of offense maneuvers.

Jim Gunt: See how much better you perform your job after I yell at you a few times?

Mike Rolash: No comment.

Jim Gunt: Haha, that's what I thought. But back to the action in the ring where the World Champion now has the Comeback Kid tied up in the corner.

The Shadow strikes out with a right hand that Jimmy Allen is able to block, so he goes from a knife edge chop to the chest instead. Allen fights right back by grabbing the champion by the shoulders and reversing their positioning, launching his own chop that sends the Shadow flying back against the turnbuckle pads. Allen with another chop, and a third as the sold out fans in attendance are now on their feet "wooing" with every shot.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is down to one knee, Mike, those savage chops from Allen have clearly done a number on him.

Mike Rolash: You're damn right they have, look at the chest of Shadow, it's as red as my Ferrari!

Jim Gunt: You don't even have a Ferrari, Mike...

Mike Rolash: Hey a man can dream, can't he?

Pulling him right back up to both feet, Jimmy zings out with another knife edge chop, this time right to the face of the Shadow.

Jim Gunt: Did you see that line of blood squirt out of the champion's busted lip! That was nasty!

Mike Rolash: It certainly didn't make it any better by you describing it that way.

With the champion barely able to stand on his own two feet, Jimmy Allen props him up onto the top rope and smacks him with a European Uppercut. More blood flies as the Trent Robbins steps in between to check on the Shadow. Jimmy goes right back into action, moving Robbins out of the way as he heads upstairs with the Shadow, just to receive a kick to the chest- knocking him off the ropes.

Jim Gunt: This is it, Mike, the champion is perched and ready to go. I smell a Nightfall coming!

Mike Rolash: Are you sure that's what you smell, Jim?

Jim Gunt: NIGHTFA-NO! Jimmy Allen was playing possum, and caught the champion out of mid-air. He has him on his shoulders...BANE OF YOUR EXISTENCE! HOLY SHIT!

Mike Rolash: He just literally put the Shadow to sleep with that GTS, a tribute to his father Mac Bane!

Jim Gunt: What a hell of a reversal, Mike, but will it be enough as Jimmy goes for the cover!?

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

Jim Gunt: NO! The Shadow kicked out just in the nick of time, Mike! What a nearfall there!

Mike Rolash: I don't think the Comeback Kid is through though, he is setting up for that Good Night Princess!

With the sold out crowd inside the Golden 1 Center on their feet cheering for what could be a pivotal moment in the match, Jimmy Allen stands on his feet waving his hands for the Shadow to get to his. He leaps into the air hoping to hit a home run.

GOOD NIGH-NO!

The Shadow somehow senses Jimmy Allen's fatal finishing move coming, doing a front flip roll before landing back on his feet. Allen turns around just as the champion launches his own body in the air.

Jim Gunt: Hammer of the Gods! The Shadow hit that running dropkick flush, taking out Jimmy like a set of bowling

pins!

Mike Rolash: And here's the cover, let's see if the champion squeaks out another one.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: No! It's not enough, Mike!

Mike Rolash: They don't call Jimmy Allen the comeback kid for nothing, I guess, now he just needs to mount a comeback and show myself and the world why he deserves to be the new CWF World Heavyweight Champion.

Jim Gunt: Well he is going to have to get out of the grasp of the champion to do that, Mike, and as of right now I think that is just about impossible. Because the Shadow has locked in the Gates of Hell!

Hanging Jimmy Allen off his back with all his limbs pulled towards the champion, the Shadow has him locked into his variation of the Gory Special. Allen is screaming in agony at this point, his joints pulled to their full extension, and his eyes about to pop out of his head as he tries to fight the pain. A section of the crowd has started up a "Let's Go Jimmy!" chant to try to cheer the challenger on, but it looks to be futile as his head falls to the side.

Jim Gunt: I think it's over here, Mike, Jimmy can't take handle the pain from the Gates of Hell submission.

Mike Rolash: No, he's somehow fighting out, Jimmy! Allen just used the back of his head to improvise a headbutt, and...what the hell was that!?

Jim Gunt: Reverse Sunset Flip Powerbomb from the body of the Shadow?

Mike Rolash: I don't know but it was damned impressive! And Allen is going for the cover, he could become the new World Champion here!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: It's over, new champion!

Mike Rolash: No, look Jim! The Shadow has his left foot on the rope!

Trent Robbins notices the exact same thing just as his hand slaps the canvas for the three count. The Catalyst gets to his feet with the biggest smile ever on his face, almost shocked but elated that he is seemingly the brand new CWF World Champion. But the head official points to the boot of the Shadow draped over the bottom rope, and he immediately deflates. Allen's smile turns from a frown to a look of anger, and despite his better judgment he begins stomping the living hell out of the leg of The Shadow!

Mike Rolash: Now we're seeing the real Jimmy Allen come out to play.

Jim Gunt: I don't know about that, Mike, but the challenger is clearly getting frustrated. And I can't say that I blame him, the man thought he had the match won.

Mike Rolash: If he keeps on this attack, he will.

Although the Shadow is writhing in pain after Allen stomped on his outstretched left leg several times, the Catalyst continues on by pulling him up by said leg, and twisting him right back down with a Dragon Screw Leg Whip. He then flips forward, hitting a standing Senton directly to the lower leg of the champ. An extremely determined Allen rolls himself right back to his feet, backing up as he waits for the champion to get up.

Jim Gunt: GOODNIGHT PRINCESS! This time the jumping Inside Out Crescent Kick hits the target perfectly, and we have GOT to have a brand new World Heavyweight Champion here!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! THE SHADOW KICKS OUT AT THE FINAL MOMENT! The sold out Sacramento crowd, the official, and most of all Jimmy Allen are all completely shocked out of their mind!

Mike Rolash: Can you BELIEVE it, Jim!?! The Shadow kicked out of the Goodnight Princess kick! What is it going to take to knock the Weaver of Dreams out of Modern Warfare!?

Jim Gunt: The Shadow has the heart of a champion, Mike. That's why he is not only one, but the one.

A frustrated Jimmy Allen lumbers himself back to his feet, taking in a deep breath as he tries to figure out what to do next. Pulling the Shadow up, he hits him with another knife edge chop. A solid right jab follows, knocking the champion right down to his knees. He slaps his own chest screaming a primal yell, turning around into the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Springboard Roundhouse gets intercepted in mid-air by a SUPERKICK by The Shadow! There is life in the champion after all!

Crawling around the ring like a lost puppy, The Shadow looks towards the outside where Myfanwy reaches her hands out, grabbing ahold of his as their eyes meet each other's. A small smile grazes over the champion before he nods back at her, pulling himself slowly up to his feet just as Jimmy Allen attempts to get to his with the help of the ropes. Shadow with a heavy kick to Allen's chest stops him in his tracks. He grabs the Catalyst by his arm, using him for leverage to climb onto the ropes.

Jim Gunt: NIGH-NO! Jimmy Allen pushes off, saving himself. SUPERKICK OF HIS OWN!

Mike Rolash: Both men are down! This match is incredible, Jim!

Jim Gunt: You're damn right. Nowhere in the world will you see action like CWF gives you EVERY SINGLE WEEK!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP CLAP CLAP

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Going in opposite directions, an incredibly spent champion and challenger crawl to anywhere that can aid them at this point. Myfanwy once again cheers on the Shadow, slapping the mat to get the fans in attendance to get even louder.

Jim Gunt: With so much at stake in this final match of the Modern Warfare quarterfinals, who will be the first to get to their feet, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but whoever it is could have this match in hand. Both these men have expended a ton of energy in this one, one more big move and it could be...you know...goodnight princess.

Mike winks at Jim after making what he thought was a clever remark, Jim just rolls his eyes back and continues to call the action in the ring. Both men finally to their feet, locking up once again in the middle of the ring until Allen turns the right arm of Shadow around to his back and then transitions right over to his leg damaged from earlier, sweeping it out from underneath him to put him in a half Boston Crab. The Shadow is quick to get to the ropes however, breaking the submission.

Jim Gunt: Great transitioning there from the challenger, showing an impressive technical prowess in the ring.

Mike Rolash: He would be more impressive if he would go for the victory.

Jim Gunt: Submissions can win matches too, ya know?

Jimmy Allen is quick to break the submission, not even waiting for Trent Robbins count before raising his arms in the air with a smirk and backing up. He waits for the Shadow to start to get up before dashing forward for another GOOD-NO! The Shadow catches him out of midair.

Jim Gunt: WHATTA SPINEBUSTER FROM THE CHAMPION! The ring literally just shook there!

Mike Rolash: And now he's heading upstairs. Nightfall?

Jim Gunt: No, he's not even waiting for Allen to get to his feet. FLIGHT OF THE NIGHT DEMON!

The Shadow hits a picture perfect Swanton Bomb, landing on the chest of Allen and immediately taking the breath away from the challenger. He pulls both of his legs up in the air, hooking them as Trent Robbins drops down to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"Mea Culpa" once again begins to play through the arena as the crowd let out a solid cheer from the ending of another great match in the Modern Warfare Tournament.

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall and STILL CWF World Heavyweight Champion....THE SHADOW!!

Myfanwy grabs the Shadow's World Title from the timekeeper table and brings it into the ring with a bright smile, helping the Weaver of Dreams back to his feet and placing it his palms. He wipes his lip and then clutches at his leg, shaking his head back and forth knowing that he barely made it past yet another round. The Shadow raises the title in the air to another round of applause as Allen slowly gets to his feet, looking on at the champ as he walks over to meet him in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: What a moment here, Mike, champion and challenger meeting in the middle of the ring after such a hard fought battle. Jimmy Allen, like Max Becker and Tobias Devereaux before him, was so close to getting the job done. But god damn has the Shadow proven himself to be a deserving champion in this tournament so far!

Mike Rolash: I hate to say it, but you're right Jim.

Jimmy Allen raises his right hand in the air.

The Shadow takes it.

Both men shake hands in another great showing of sportsmanship as Allen proves that redemption truly is possible if a man tries hard enough to achieve it. Myfanwy pats the Shadow on the back, the two of them walking away to celebrate once again as Allen nods and goes the other way. Evolution 41 goes off the air with the Weaver of Dreams once again standing at the top of the CWF mountain.

Show Credits

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