Golden Intentions: GI 7

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: June 12, 2026
Location: Colosseum — Philadelphia, PA

Preview

RPing from 5/29-6/8, One 2,500 word max RP per character

Results

Golden Open

Segment

Your screen is entirely black. For several seconds there is nothing at all. No static, no mechanical hum, no holograms. No warning.

Only silence.

Then...

A heartbeat.

THUMP.

THUMP.

THUMP.

The sound grows louder as flashes begin appearing across the darkness.

Dangerous Dan standing atop a ladder holding championship gold.

Danny B surviving the Golden Intentions Rumble.

Mia Rayne celebrating.

Chris Andrews pointing toward the Wrestle Fest sign.

One by one, the previous winners flash across the screen.

Legends.

Champions.

Careers forever changed.

The heartbeat continues.

THUMP.

THUMP.

THUMP.

Then another image appears.

The Colosseum.

Not surrounded by the futuristic skyline of Anthropolis. Not beneath holograms and flying drones. Instead, sitting in the heart of south Philadelphia. As if nothing unusual ever happened. As if history itself hadn't been rewritten.

A voice cuts through the darkness.

"Some things change..."

The screen flashes showing still, lifelike images. Anthropolis burning. The End Games structure collapsing. The Book of Beginnings and Endings floating through the air. Amelia's hand hovering over the button.

"...and some things don't."

CLICK.

The button is pressed.

WHITE LIGHT consumes the screen.

BOOM.

A massive wall of gold pyro erupts from the stage as "Golden" by We Came As Romans explodes through the Colosseum speakers. The cameras burst open to a packed house inside the legendary arena. Twenty thousand fans strong leap to their feet as gold fireworks rain from the rafters. The giant video wall displays a simple logo.

GOLDEN INTENTIONS VII

No futuristic imagery. No faction propaganda. No giant floating eyes.

Just gold.

Bright. Simple. Prestigious.

The camera sweeps across the crowd, signs wave everywhere.

"RIPP'ER ONE MORE TIME!"

"DANGEROUS DAN FOR PRESIDENT"

"JOHN'S OBVIOUSLY WINNING"

"GORDY IS ADORABLE"

"PAUL FREEDOM IS AMERICA!"

"2026 > 2326"

Joey Garcia: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...WELCOME TO GOLDEN INTENTIONS!"

The crowd erupts.

Jim Gunt: "For the first time in CWF history, we welcome you to Golden Intentions from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania."

Mike Rolash: "Jim, I've got good news."

Jim Gunt: "What's that?"

Mike Rolash: "No killer robots."

The crowd laughs.

Jim Gunt: "Thank God."

Mike Rolash: "No vampire cult trying to take over reality."

Jim Gunt: "An improvement."

Mike Rolash: "And most importantly..."

Jim Gunt: "What?"

Mike Rolash: "I survived the apocalypse."

Jim sighs.

Jim Gunt: "The world may have changed but unfortunately Mike Rolash remains."

The crowd cheers as the camera pans around the arena.

Jim Gunt: "Ascension changed everything. Anthropolis is gone. The Amoralists are gone. Three hundred years of history have vanished."

Mike Rolash: "And somehow the Colosseum ended up parked in South Philadelphia."

Jim Gunt: "Questions remain unanswered. Lives have changed forever."

Mike Rolash: "But tonight isn't about the past."

The screen flashes gold. The Golden Intentions logo fills every monitor.

Mike Rolash: "Tonight is about opportunity."

Jim Gunt: "For seven years, Golden Intentions has represented one thing."

Mike Rolash: "A ticket to the top."

The crowd cheers loudly.

Jim Gunt: "The winner of tonight's Golden Intentions Rumble earns a World Heavyweight Championship opportunity at Wrestle Fest V."

The audience erupts again as quick highlights begin rolling across the screen.

Danny B winning by proving he's the ultimate opportunist.

Dangerous Dan surviving.

Mia Rayne celebrating.

The previous Golden Intentions winners.

Jim Gunt: "Every previous winner changed the landscape of this company."

Mike Rolash: "Some became champions."

Jim Gunt: "Some became legends."

Mike Rolash: "Some became complete lunatics."

Jim Gunt: "Also true."

The screen shifts, sixteen names begin appearing in succession.

Billy Anderson. Blind Ambition. Brooke Hernandez. Caledonia. Dan Highlander. Dangerous Dan. Esmeralda von Krauss. Ezekiel Graves. John Obvious. Matthew "The Raven" Knox. Marva Duke. Magik The Gatherer. Paul Freedom! Silas Artoria. The Ripper. And Tyler Anderson.

A thunderous reponse from the Philly faithful.

Jim Gunt: "Sixteen competitors...one opportunity."

Mike Rolash: "One future Wrestle Fest main eventer."

Jim Gunt: "Who do you like?"

Mike Rolash: "Easy."

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan?"

Mike Rolash: "No."

Jim Gunt: "The Ripper?"

Mike Rolash: "No."

Jim Gunt: "Silas?"

Mike Rolash: "No."

Jim Gunt: "Then who?"

Mike Rolash: "John Obvious."

The crowd laughs.

Jim Gunt: "Of course."

Mike Rolash: "The man's name literally tells you what's happening."

Jim Gunt: "I'd be shocked if he won."

Mike Rolash: "Then clearly you're not paying attention."

Jim Gunt: "Personally, I'm looking at Dangerous Dan. Former winner. Proven survivor. Nobody understands chaos better."

Highlights of Dangerous Dan flash across the screen.

Mike Rolash: "Fair."

Jim Gunt: "The Ripper also knows exactly what this opportunity means."

The crowd cheers loudly for Danny B.

Jim Gunt: "And if you're looking for rising stars, keep your eyes on Esmeralda Von Krauss and Azrael Caduceus."

Mike Rolash: "Meanwhile I'm keeping my eyes on Ezekiel Graves."

Jim Gunt: "Why?"

Mike Rolash: "Because if he throws somebody over the top rope hard enough, they might land in New Jersey."

The crowd laughs again. The screen suddenly changes, leaving the Colosseum falling to silence. Images of Harlan Moretti and Gordy King World Championship match at Ascension roll through the Tron screen.

Jim Gunt: "And before we get to the Golden Intentions Rumble, we have unfinished business from Ascension."

The audience buzzes as footage rolls from Ascension. Harlan Moretti defeating Gordy King.

The celebration of the new champion, followed immediately by Ozric Mortimer's shocking return.

Jim Gunt: "For years many believed Ozric Mortimer was gone forever."

Mike Rolash: "Turns out he was just waiting."

Jim Gunt: "Tonight he enters a Triple Threat Match against Harlan Moretti and former champion Gordy King."

The crowd explodes in anticipation.

Mike Rolash: "Three absolute monsters."

Jim Gunt: "One championship."

The World Heavyweight Championship appears on the screen.

Jim Gunt: "The richest prize in this industry hangs in the balance."

The camera pans over the packed crowd one final time, finally coming to at ringside to show a number of celebrities invited in for the massive event. Superstar Wrestling Federation wrestler Liger Llama stands proudly to his feet Liger mask covering his face, SWF World Championship draped over his shoulder. CWF Hall of Famer and five time World Champion Alex Cain respectfully nods to the cheering crowd, not looking at all like he did under the Amoralists care in 2326. Drake Hazard, Queen Bianca Davis, Lorenzo Vittorio DeLuca, Autumn Raven, 2ShAdy, Lance LaRusso, they're all out tonight for the biggest rumble of the year. Even Heroes & Villains Wrestling and United Championship Infinite's own CEOs The Sheriff and Spencer sit side by side in the Presidential Suite sipping draft beers.

Golden fireworks explode around the arena, sending the Colosseum into shockwaves.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Jim Gunt: "Philadelphia..."

Mike Rolash: "ARE YOU READY?!"

The crowd roars.

Jim Gunt: "THIS..."

Mike Rolash: "IS..."

Both Together: "GOLDEN INTENTIONS!!!"

A massive wall of gold pyrotechnics erupts from the stage as the broadcast transitions towards the back.

Never Seen This Woman

Segment

Angelica is wandering around somewhere backstage in the Colosseum, and is approached by two security guards.

Security guard 1: "Excuse me miss, you aren't allowed backstage. This area is for wrestlers and staff only."

Angelica: "Yeah, I know. I'm looking for costume."

Security guard 2: "I think you should be looking for a shower, now get out of here before we call the cops."

He high fives his colleague as they start to laugh. We see Mark Carlton heading towards his room and Angelica shouts over to get his attention.

Angelica: "Oi Carlton...Mark....don't ignore me you nob."

He turns to see the commotion, the first security guard rushes over to him apologising.

Security guard 1: "Sorry Mr Carlton sir, we have had a breach of security. We are just trying to get this bum out of here. She's shouting like she knows you. I'm so sorry for this."

Mark Carlton looks over to Angelica carefully studying her current unfortunate state. He shakes his head.

Angelica: "Mark, tell these idiots who I am."

Mark Carlton frowned.

Mark Carlton: "..."

Angelica: "Mark?"

Mark Carlton: "Sorry boys. Can't help you."

He shook his head.

Mark Carlton: "Never seen this woman in my life."

He turned around and kept walking.

Angelica: "Mark!"

Still walking.

Angelica: "Don't you fucking dare pretend you can't hear me."

The guards walk towards her.

Angelica: "YOU ABSOLUTE PRICK!"

They lift her off the ground.

Angelica: "PUT ME DOWN!"

Mark doesn't even turn around.

Angelica: "CARLTON! I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU!"

Mark raised a hand without looking back.

Angelica: "CARLLLLLTON!"

Numbers Game

Segment

Backstage at the Colosseum, a battered roller-ball machine sits atop a folding table. Inside, dozens of numbered capsules bounce and rattle around beneath the bright lights.

Standing beside it with a microphone clutched tightly in both hands is the ever-enthusiastic Ian Ambrose.

Ian Ambrose: "Ladies and gentlemen, Ian Ambrose here and it's almost time for the Golden Intentions rumble! Sixteen competitors...one opportunity at a Wrestle Fest main event! Right now, making their official CWF debuts later tonight, we have two competitors drawing their entry numbers!"

Ian gestures dramatically.

Ian Ambrose: "Magik The Gatherer...and Blind Ambition!"

Magik sits cross-legged atop a production crate nearby, lazily flipping one of her glowing cards through the air. Blind Ambition leans against the wall beside her, headphones firmly in place.

The card spun, and Blind nodded.

Blind Ambition: "Big crowd tonight."

Magik smirked.

Magik The Gatherer: "Big story."

Ian beamed.

Ian Ambrose: "Now I know everybody's curious. You two only just got started with your wrestling careers, debuting in Heroes & Villains Wrestling last saturday night. How are you feeling heading into something this huge?"

Blind shrugged.

Blind Ambition: "Nobody here knows us."

Magik pointed a finger.

Magik The Gatherer: "Exactly."

Blind nodded.

Blind Ambition: "No history."

Magik The Gatherer: "No grudges."

Blind Ambition: "No enemies."

Magik grinned.

Magik The Gatherer: "Yet."

The pair shared a laugh. Magik hops down from the crate and approaches the machine.

Magik The Gatherer: "Everybody else in this match has years of baggage. Rivalries. Alliances. Feuds that will stand the test of time forever. They're going to spend half the match punching people they already hate."

Blind folded their arms.

Blind Ambition: "Meanwhile, we're just trying not to get thrown over the top rope."

Ian pointed excitedly.

Ian Ambrose: "A strategy!"

Magik The Gatherer: "Yes, and a good one at that. Now let us pick our numbers..."

As Magik and Blind take their turns picking their balls out of the roller machine, the two take a moment to contemplate their entrant placements. Finally Magik looks up at her friend, pointing directly at their headphones.

Magik The Gatherer: "Protect those. I don't know when you're entering yet, and honestly I'd love for it to be a surprise. But we might not even be in the ring together out there, and if we're not and someone realizes they're important to you..."

Blind Ambition: "They're going to go after them."

Magik nodded.

Magik The Gatherer: "Exactly."

Ian practically bounced on his heels waiting for either Magik or Blind to show him their ball.

Ian Ambrose: "Come on, don't keep us waiting!"

Blind turned to Magik, both of them about to open their mouths but suddenly stop as a new voice enters the room.

"Oh my."

The camera slowly pans towards the hallway, where a tall man stands wearing a weathered black coat and top hat. A porcelain mask covers his face. The mask was unlike any costume found on the shelves, no straps protruding from the back of it whatsoever. It looked like it was fused onto his face. The blank smile etched into the porcelain never moved, yet everyone in the room could immediately tell he was smiling through the mask. The man approaches slowly as Ian lowers his microphone down inadvertedly .

Ian Ambrose: "...Hello."

The man offered a polite nod.

Alabaster Enders: "Forgive the interruption."

His voice was warm; friendly, almost comforting. Yet something about it felt deathly wrong, like hearing a lullaby inside an abandoned house.

Alabaster Enders: "Name's Alabaster Enders."

Magik and Blind exchange a glance. Alabaster extends a gloved hand to the pair.

Alabaster Enders: "Independent film producer."

Magik cautiously shook it, and Blind followed suit.

Alabaster Enders: "It's a pleasure to meet the both of you."

Ian Ambrose: "You're...new around here."

Alabaster laughs softly at Ian's blatant remark.

Alabaster Enders: "Very. Though I've been a fan of CWF for quite some time."

Magik raised an eyebrow.

Magik The Gatherer: "You watched the 2326 broadcasts?"

Alabaster's head tilts.

Alabaster Enders: "Watched them? I was obsessed with them."

The room suddenly felt colder.

Alabaster Enders: "Every Infernalia. Every broadcast. Every story...right from my recliner."

Blind folds their arms, but Alabaster continues.

Alabaster Enders: "Then I attended Amelia's press conference. I stood there taking photographs in the shadows, while she calmly explained that everything I had just spent the last several months watching wasn't an act of fiction after all."

His fingers tighten slightly, the porcelain smile never changing.

Alabaster Enders: "Anthropolis. The Amoralists. The collapse of time itself."

Alabaster pauses between each sentence for full effect. Magik notices his breathing has become slightly faster.

Alabaster Enders: "It was all real."

Blind shifts uncomfortably.

Blind Ambition: "That's...what she said."

Alabaster nodded eagerly.

Alabaster Enders: "Exactly. And now I must find her."

Ian blinked.

Ian Ambrose: "Find who? Amelia?"

Suddenly Alabaster's smile seems wider despite never moving.

Alabaster Enders: "Yes. I have a script I'd like to show her."

Magik and Blind exchange another glance.

Alabaster Enders: "A story unlike anything Hollywood has ever seen. With Amelia's help...and perhaps some assistance from members of her roster..."

He presses a hand against his chest.

Alabaster Enders: "I believe I have the perfect story."

Magik chuckled.

Magik The Gatherer: "I appreciate the offer, but neither of us knows the first thing about acting."

Blind nodded.

Blind Ambition: "Not even a little."

Alabaster stares back at them, then suddenly laughs. Not a laugh out of hilarity, but a forced mechanical one. He waves a dismissive hand.

Alabaster Enders: "Oh...you don't have to worry about that."

His voice softens.

Alabaster Enders: "I'll take care of everything."

Silence runs through the room, as no one seemed entirely sure how to respond. Alabaster adjusts his coat, and then gives them both a polite nod.

Alabaster Enders: "Well. Best of luck in the rumble."

And with that, he turns and walks away down the hallway. The moment he disppears around the corner, the room seemed to breathe again. CWF's Ian Ambrose turns towards Blind, then Magik, a cocked eyebrow raised.

Ian Ambrose: "...That guy was weird, right?"

Interview About Winning First Singles Match

Segment

Tyler Anderson is walking around backstage, still excited from beating his older brother Billy in the Scaffold match at Ascension. His Sister-In-Law, Stormee walks over to him to give him an interview.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "Tyler you beat Billy in the Scaffold match, and in the end you two embraced. How does it feel to have your first singles win?"

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "I feel great now that I finally got a win, and against Billy was awesome. I dug down deep, and pulled it off. I wasn't expecting to be the one winning until the bell rang to end the match. I wasn't sure what his reaction would be, and when he embraced me...that felt good. Still I don't think he really meant it. I don't think he will be able to live the loss down cause I am the one that beat him. He is still my brother no matter what, and I meant that when I said it to him. He is probably still in shock over the loss, and I don't know what the future means for him and me but that might not be our only singles match against each other.."

Stormee Bright Anderson: "If there is a time where you two need to come back together as the Unstoppable Force. Would you be willing to team up with Billy again?"

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "I am not sure about that, but we will see when that time comes. Right now we are not together as a tag team, and that is all Billy's fault. That betrayal still stings, and it might take a long time before I can truly trust him again. He broke us, and I can't get over that right now. We will always be brothers...that won't change, but the trust is gone as he will have to earn that back. Anything is possible, still, I don't know about teaming up with him unless we can actually work it out as he has to be the one to fix it this time."

Stormee Bright Anderson: "Thank you for your time, Tyler."

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "You're welcome Stormee."

He hugs his Sister-In-Law, and walks off looking on his cell phone.

Karma's A Bitch

Segment

We cut to the rear entrance of CWF, where Angelica is still attempting to gain entrance. The security guard remains obstinate.

Angelica: "I'm telling you, I'm in the Golden Intentions match, you have to -"

She catches sight of Caledonia walking past.

Angelica: "Hey! Caledonia!"

Caledonia continues walking.

Angelica: "Don't you fucking ignore me!"

Security Guard: "Ms Highlander?"

Caledonia stops and looks pointedly at Angelica.

Caledonia: "I'm sorry, I still have some lingering ear trauma I suffered when some absolute bitch kidnapped me…"

She walks off.

Angelica: "… God fucking damn it."

Welcome To The Year 300 BC

Segment

First, there was a flicker.

Look at the stars…

Look how they shine for you…

Then there was a spark.

And everything you do…

And then there was a great mass of color.

And it was all…

Then Howe Grimm's eyes snapped open as he emptied the contents of his stomach upon the dance floor he laid upon, his head aching and reeling as he paid little mind to the disgusted yell from Andre Aquarius up in the DJ booth.

Andre Aquarius: "Bruh, seriously?!"

Howe Grimm: "I don't — what happened — I —"

The music had ceased. The floor was still. Beyond the vomit just past his lips, Howe Grimm noticed the fallen tray he'd been carrying besides a frothing broken champagne bottle and two smashed crystal flutes. Moments before, he'd been bringing bottle service for two of Anthropolis's highest of society — he'd squeeze between two women gyrating in their bathing suits, their eyes wide and wild with the kaleidoscopic haze of Blue Velvet, the bass thudding rhythmically as synthesizers screamed through the air.

But it was silent now. And empty. A moment ago, they'd reached capacity — Todd had confirmed it with smug

satisfaction over the radio. Since His victory at Ascension, the line for admission to the House of Balloons had meandered through the blocks of Isthmia like a snake. For the past several weeks, it seemed as though the party would never end.

But it was silent now. And empty.

As Howe pushed himself up to his hands and knees, he turned his head towards the approaching sounds of boot heels upon the cement.

Todd Bonzales: “Oh yeah, it’s your first time, huh?”

The bouncer looked over the top of his sunglasses as he peered down at Howe, a smirk twitching upon his lips. Howe looked around the great chamber of the Ballroom — save himself, Todd, and Andre Aquarius, peering down from the DJ booth on the balcony, the room was empty.

Howe Grimm: “W-what are you—”

The Peacock King: “WHERE THE FUCK IS MY FACE?!”

Howe and Todd looked up to the balcony in unison as the doors to the Lotus Pod flew open, and in the great frame stood the silhouetted figure of their sovereign. The hood of his robe was pulled up over his head, and he clutched one hand to his visage as though attempting to shield it from any spectator. With his free hand, he flailed about as though blind, bellowing with crazed rage as his arm knocked a drink from the DJ booth to the floor, causing the glass to shatter at Andre’s feet.

Andre Aquarius: “Bro, chill. It’s right fuccin here, man, damn.”

Andre bent down to pick the jeweled mask from the ground — it had laid just beside his feet. He offered it to the King, who grasped it greedily and turned away. After a beat, he turned back to those present, his face once more adorned. He walked on shaking legs, making his way to the balcony and leaning on the railing as though for support.

The Peacock King: “Todd. Where are we?”

The Bouncer retrieved his cellphone from his jacket. He tapped the screen a few times, furrowed his brow, then looked up.

Todd Bonzales: “L.A.”

The Peacock King: “When are we, Todd?”

Again, the bouncer looked at his phone.

Todd Bonzales: “Twenty-six.”

Something in Howe Grimm’s brain twitched.

Howe Grimm: “What do you mean twenty-si—”

The Peacock King: “Shut the FUCC up, Howe!”

The floor manager blanched. And he did as directed. The King began to descend the grand staircase towards the Ballroom’s floor.

The Peacock King: “Has Herbert won the big one?”

Todd Bonzales: “Negative, brochacho.”

The Peacock King: “Staff accounted for?”

Todd Bonzales: “All the usual suspects, plus Howe, sans Lady Luck.”

The King paused for a moment. His eyes shifted from behind the mask.

Jared Holmes: “She’s not here yet… Interesting.”

He reached the bottom of the staircase, now withdrawing the mask from His face. His brow was slick with sweat.

Jared Holmes: “Locations active?”

Todd Bonzales: “Here and Chi-Town.”

Howe Grimm: “I’m sorry, but what the hell is going o—”

The Peacock King: “I said shut the FUCC up, Howe!”

The King’s hand seemed to snap like the stinger of a scorpion, wrenching the floor manager over by the neck and lifting him into the air. His skin was cold — Howe could feel it in His fingers as they wrapped around his neck — he could see it in His eyes, those pools of blue like arctic waters — he could see it in His face (beyond His face) somewhere in a black and empty pit filled with the cruel, indifferent space of the abyss.

And then He released Howe just as he began to soil himself. The King breathed heavy and ragged as He looked over to the bouncer.

The Peacock King: “APB. Keep an eye out for her. She’ll be back soon — she was with us in 30. What’s the date, Todd?”

Todd Bonzales: “Ten days ‘til.”

The Peacock King: “Throw The Ball, save the Celebration Dance for next year — we’re not ready. Then? Yes. Here? No. I don’t wanna force it and have it be shit.”

Todd Bonzales: “Oh captain, my captain.”

The Peacock King: “Andre, any communique?”

The DJ looked down at the laptop.

Andre Aquarius: “They want you in Philly for some sharkbitin’ ass shit called Golden Intentions.”

The King choked back a laugh, His lips twisting up in amusement even as He continued on still shaking legs over to one of the Ballroom’s numerous hot tubs.

The Peacock King: “Miss me with that. All these fuccbois are gonna want a piece, and I’m not given’ ‘em shit. No free lunches.”

Andre Aquarius: “You may wanna see this, bruh.”

The DJ tapped a few keys, causing one of the many projectors in the Ballroom to click to life. An image splashed upon the wall, distorted but the contours and textures of the architecture but visually legible:

A woman in white with two toned eyes, and a black shirt. Reading “RIP to the AMoles.”

Amelia: “Button.”

The image freezes. The King stares up at it, His expression blank other than the twitch of His eyebrow. Slowly, his lips curl down into a snarl… before curling back up into a shark-like smile.

The Peacock King: “Hey, Howe…”

He turned and grinned at the floor manager, who had picked himself up from the ground and retreated towards a booth. Even curled away, he could feel his boss’s eyes burrow through him and grinning teeth seem to sink into his skin.

The Peacock King: “Welcome to the year 300 BC. Have you ever wanted to see the hometown of Bam Margera?”

Third Time’s The… Charm?

Segment

We cut to outside the CWF arena, where Angelica sits on the curb outside. Her face bears a strange combination of misery and rage.

Angelica: "I’m a goddamn former World Champion, you’d think that’d be enough for these arseholes but no, no, no…"

Male voice, offscreen: "Angelica?"

We pan around to see Dan Highlander, whose face bears a strange combination of amusement and concern.

Angelica: "Ugh, three for three with these arseholes…"

Dan: "Heard you were having some trouble at the gate…"

Angelica: "What of it?"

Dan: "Did you try… I dunno, not being insufferable to the security guards?"

Angelica: "… I’m sorry, I don’t understand the premise of the question."

Dan: "Oh come now, you used to be capable of courtesy."

Angelica: "What. Do you. Want. Highlander."

Dan (sighing): "Look… I’m not going to pretend that the gaping hole in my jaw doesn’t find the present situation cathartically schadenfreudetastic, but… we were friends once."

Angelica: "You have got to be kidding me…"

Dan: "I dunno. I’m trying something different here."

Angelica: "Do you REALLY think this will go well for… anyone?"

Dan: "Eh. Probably not. But I feel the need to try."

He offers her his hand. She slaps it away and stands up on her own.

Angelica: "You know, Danny boy… this Paladin schtick was old three hundred fucking years ago. It’s not gotten any fresher."

Dan: "Bitch, I’m timeless."

Angelica laughs.

Dan: "Look… I told the guards to let you in. Just… think about what I said, alright?"

Angelica: "You know what, Dan?"

She steps closer to him.

Angelica: "You’re right. I’m sorry."

Dan: "…"

Angelica: "I’m really, truly sorry…"

Dan looks momentarily optimistic.

Angelica: "… that my goddamn claws didn’t pierce that soft fucking head of yours."

She stalks off, leaving Highlander shaking his head.

Billy Anderson, Blind Ambition, Brooke Hernandez, Caledonia, Dan Highlander, Dangerous Dan, Esmeralda von Krauss, Ezekiel Graves, John Obvious, Matthew "The Raven" Knox, Marva Duke, Magik, Paul Freedom!, Silas Artoria, The Ripper, Tyler Anderson

Match

The lights slowly begin to dim throughout the Colosseum, a spotlight shining down on the massive tron as it flashes footage of prior Golden Intentions rumbles.

Scenes of the first rumble flash across the tro in rapid succession, the crowd falling silent as they watch on. CWF legend Elijah battles through the entire Cyndicate stable before falling to defeat at their hands. Dan Highlander and King Nothing's tag team unravels, an accidental elimination causing friction between the two.

The rise of the federation's new hero Chris Andrews was the true story, however, as Andrews skinned the cat multiple times keeping him in the match.

He finally took Jarvis King off the apron with a "Breaker" Forward Russian Leg Sweep to seal the deal and the first Golden Intentions victory, with World Champion Alex Cain watching on doing guest commentary the whole rumble.

The second rumble was all about the Living Legend trying to get the World Championship back, and Alex Cain had to go through the whole field to do it. Footage of him entering as the number one entrant and at the end of the massive affair took out ally Amber Ryan and Jarvis King in a double elimination to get himself back in title contention.

The third Golden Intentions was the rise of Dangerous Dan. Images flash of the Dangerous One's ascent through the rumble, including five huge eliminations before it comes down to the final four with himself, his brother Crazy Chris, Jarvis King, and the man he took out to win the thing and cement his legacy- Mike Crisis.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan stands as one of only two competitors walking into Golden Intentions as a former winner, could the Paramount Champion become the first to ever win two rumbles here tonight?"

Mike Rolash: "It would be a hell of a feat, but if Dan's shown me anything from our days in the future…you can't bet against him!"

The CWF Tron switches to footage of Golden Intentions four, and the absolute domination shown by Chaolin Sahn. The Tormented Soul threw seven of his opponents over the top rope before finally falling victim to the eventual winner himself, the Golden God, The Ripper, Danny B. The Ripper standing in the ring victorious with Sahn and Jarvis laid out on the outside is the culminating moment.

Jim Gunt: "And here is the second one! It was nine years ago when the Ripper stood tall as the fourth Golden Intentions winner. Nearly a decade ago. Could the former two time World Champion do it again tonight?"

Mike Rolash: "Not if Dangerous Dan is winning. How many people are you predicting to win this year, Jimbo? There can be only one!"

Footage of wrestling legend Andy Murray's shocking return during the fifth Golden Intentions now scroll through the tron. Not only did Murray enter after a lengthy hiatus from professional wrestling, but as the footage shows he went on to win the whole thing after coming out at entrant number five and outlasting Eric Dane, Mariella Jade Flair, and the eventual runner up Eclipse to stand tall as the fifth winner of the most important rumble in wrestling.

Finally, the tron switches to the sixth Golden Intentions. MJ Flair, Lindsay Troy and Mia Rayne battle throughout most of the rumble, allying with each other during some sections and going to war in others. Jarvis King gets eliminated just to come back in and toss Flair out of the ring. In the end it is Duce Jones and the eventual winner Mia Rayne standing toe to toe in the ring.

Mia hits Duce with a missile dropkick into the corner, but is stunned with an uppercut when she approaches. Duce

leaps off the top rope, right into the arms of Rayne, who dumps him over the top rope with a running powerslam to take the victory and become the first and only female wrestler to win Golden Intentions.

Jim Gunt: “Mia Rayne…what a victory that was at Golden Intentions six! It’s too bad we won’t be able to see the boss lady in this year’s rumble…”

Amelia: “Oh, Mr. Gunt, you assume that everything is set in stone!”

Jim and Mike jump as Amelia happens to appear right next to them, already in a chair, her feet propped up on the desk and thoroughly investigating every piece of popcorn she takes from her bucket, before popping it into her mouth. She smiles at them and waves.

Amelia: “Did you guys forget I’d be out here with you tonight? I bet Mikey Poo has been waiting with baited breath. Tell me, what’s it like being yeeted 300 years into the past?”

Mike’s face goes pale as Amelia doesn’t seem to notice while she grabs another piece of popcorn. Jim clears his throat.

Jim Gunt: “So are you saying that it’s possible we could see you get in there tonight?”

Amelia springs upward, coughing up the piece of popcorn she had just popped into her mouth. She glares over at Jim.

Amelia: “SHHHHHH! That would be a spoiler and that is just BAD FORM! Shame on your game Gunt. I think we’re ready to get this thing under way though, so you’re lucky. Over to you Joey!”

Joey Garcia: “The following contest….IS THE TWENTY FIVE COMPETITOR, GOLDEN INTENTIONS RUMBLE MATCH!!”

The crowd inside the newly “moved” Colosseum are already on their feet as the anticipation hits a fever pitch throughout the sold out arena. The cameras pan across the sea of excited fans before finally touching down on the announce desk.

Jim Gunt: “Here we go, Mike. Golden Intentions! One of the most chaotic nights of the calendar and it all comes down to this match.”

Mike Rolash: “Did Joey actually say TWENTY FIVE names are in this rumble? Sixteen have been announced. I know the CWF brass always has a few surprises up its sleeves, but come on…this guy’s worse than Ray Douglas ever was!”

Amelia shrugs her shoulders.

Amelia: “I feel that a sixteen person rumble, while fun, lacks, I don’t know, a certain something or other. If I could find a few surprises to let everyone know that the CWF isn’t only just ‘back,’ but we’re better than ever! Wait and see…”

She gestures back to the ring as Joey Garcia goes over the rules of the match.

Joey Garcia: “Two competitors will begin the match, with a new entrant joining every ninety seconds. Eliminations occur only when a competitor is thrown over the top rope, with both feet hitting the floor. The last man or woman standing will earn a CWF World Heavyweight Championship match at Wrestle Fest 5!”

The lights in the Colosseum begin to dim as a deep blue wash spreads across the stage. Fog rolls low across the entrance ramp as a slow, elegant, almost regal tone echoes through the speakers.

Jim Gunt: “Oh no… I think I know that music.”

Mike Rolash: “Here we go Jimbo, Golden Intentions seven baby, are you ready!?”

Amelia: “I am, and whether you two are ready or not… Here… We… GOOOOOOOOOO!”

She spins around in her chair as a cold spotlight cuts through the haze as the “Psychotic Aristocrat” Silas Artoria steps

out onto the stage, walking with measured grace. He slowly makes his way down, cane in hand, head tilted slightly upward like the entire arena is beneath him. The crowd reaction is mixed, but loud as he makes his way closer to the ring.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number one…from Toronto, Canada…THE PSYCHOTIC ARISTOCRAT….SILAS ARTORIA!!”

Jim Gunt: “Silas made his CWF return at Ascension during the End Games match, and even though he made a huge impact…he and the rest of the Major Arcana came up short against the Amoralists.”

Mike Rolash: “And now he’s got the worst possible luck, number one in the rumble. Either he’s insane or he’s exactly where he wants to be.”

Jim Gunt: “Yeah, he probably shouldn’t be buying any lottery tickets any time soon. That’s for sure.”

Amelia looks between both of them as they go back and forth and sits back in her chair. They look at her and she rolls her eyes.

Amelia: “What exactly would you like me to say? That all happened in the past, while in the future and if I have to explain any further than that, it would involve WAY too many lawsuits that involve brains turning to jello. Let’s focus on the here, the now, and the FUT… Well, not that future, but one that we can create.”

Amelia shrugs her shoulders and points toward Silas as he slowly enters the ring, placing his cane in the corner. He straightens his jacket, paying no attention to the crowd reaction around him as he seems like he’s annoyed to be there, waiting for the second entrant propped up in the corner.

A harsh industrial sting hits the arena as the lights flicker white and red.

Jim Gunt: “That’s a theme I don’t believe we’ve heard before.”

Mike Rolash: “And whoever it’s for…it certainly sounds violent! Sounds like a mosh pit could break out any second now, Jimbo!”

“Ain’t No Grave” by Johnny Cash plays over the Colosseum. A massive man with brown and tan overalls wrapped loosely over his shoulders, a lengthy beard and a snarl a mile wide steps through the curtain with purpose. The man who escaped from Blackwater State Penitentiary, Ezekiel Graves. Graves walks forward, all anger and intent as he heads straight for the ring.

Joey Garcia: Introducing entrant number two…making his CWF debut from the Blackwater State Penitentiary…THE BLACKWATER BEAST…. EZEKIEL GRAVES!

Jim Gunt: “We don’t have much on this massive fighter yet, but we’ve been told Graves may be one of the most dangerous competitors to ever step foot in a CWF ring. Golden Intentions could be his oyster, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah, I can see that. He looks like he eats steel for breakfast.”

Amelia: “Meh… I’m allergic to shellfish, so I’m not sure about the whole ‘oyster’ thing. Not sure what eating metal would do to the guts of him, unless he’s some kind of mutant with like… A steel mouth and esophogus…? But then what about his stomach?”

Amelia ponders as an angry and impatient Ezekiel Graves doesn’t even wait for the finish of the introductions. He slides into the ring and immediately goes after Silas. “The Voice of CWF” Joey Garcia makes his quick exit from the ring as ref Trent Robbins backs away from the action, finally calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The Colosseum lights up with cheers immediately as Ezekiel Graves begins the rumble exploding forward with a

clubbing forearm. Another! Silas tries to raise his arms up to shield the sudden onslaught but is hit with another nasty forearm that damn near takes him off his feet. Graves backs a dazed Silas into the ropes and whips him across the ring. Big shoulder tackle! Silas goes down hard, already looking like he may be in trouble in the early moments of the rumble.

Jim Gunt: “Ezekiel Graves is absolutely overwhelming the Psychotic Aristocrat right now!”

Mike Rolash: “Now I see how Graves walked right out of Blackwater Penitentiary. This man isn’t a wrestler, Jim, he’s a home invader!”

Amelia: “As a fellow ‘psychotic’ I’ve gotta hold onto a bit of hope for Silas. There’s a reason all four of us kinda let out a sigh of relief when he came and helped out the ‘Major Arcana.’ Pardon while I hold my breath…”

Graves pulls Silas up, scooping him in the air like a child and tossing him into the corner. He looks out at the crowd, snarling before charging in for a running splash that crushes Silas against the turnbuckles. Graves begins to muscle him up over the ropes.

Jim Gunt: “Graves looking to throw Artoria out early!”

Amelia starts slapping Rolash on the shoulder though as Silas slips down the back of his adversary, landing behind him. Quick kick to the knee. Another stops the big man in his tracks! A furious Graves turns right into a drop toe hold into the ropes! Silas pops up, eyes narrowing oddly as he targets Ezekiel like a manmade homing missile.

Jim Gunt: “Silas Artoria just shifted gears, just when it looked like Graves had complete control!”

Mike Rolash: “That’s the problem with geniuses, they only need one opening. You wouldn’t know much about that, though, would ya Jimbo?”

It’s at this moment Amelia can’t hold her breath any more and lets it all out with one long breath. Graves charges again, but Silas ducks underneath, rotating around to the back of the Blackwater Beast.

SNAP GERMAN SUPLEX!

The crowd rises as Graves stumbles back up to his feet in shock. On one knee, Silas wipes his mouth, suddenly looking more focused.

Jim Gunt: “Uh oh…”

Mike Rolash: “This isn’t good, we all know what that look means!”

Amelia: “Indeed. Someone needs to add more fiber to their diet. No but seriously, I told you not to sleep on Silas!”

Silas’s posture changes right before the eyes of the thousands of people packed into the Colosseum. His movements sharpen, his eyes completely change. The air in the Colosseum somehow begins to feel colder within seconds.

Jim Gunt: “The Bloodletter has arrived!”

Mike Rolash: “God help Ezekiel Graves. You know what…to hell with him…God help me!”

Amelia: “That’s ok, you got me here Mike, I’ll be whatever depraved god that would have you as a follower… Wink wink…”

Amelia winks over at Rolash. Back in the ring, Graves shakes his head and goes in for another charge, but Silas explodes into him with a discus clothesline that nearly flips him inside out! Graves is rocked, a dazed and confused mess inside the ring. The Psychotic Aristocrat doesn’t hesitate, irish whipping Escaped Inmate #1 into the ropes.

KNOCKOUT!

The high bicycle knee smashes Graves clean.

Jim Gunt: “That could do it! Could Silas take the big man over, though?”

Silas drags Graves up with sudden violence, hooks him and dumps Zeke over the top rope with authority. Graves crashes to the floor.

Joey Garcia: “EZEKIEL GRAVES HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “And just like that, Silas Artoria eliminates the debuting Ezekiel Graves!”

Mike Rolash: “That was not the same man who started this match.”

Amelia: “That’s right Mike. You go ahead and go tell that big dude that you doubt his authenticity and see how that goes. Meanwhile, Imma gonna wait the next few seconds to see who lucky number three is!”

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

“Monster” by STARSET hits hard over the arena as the lights shift into neon tones. The crowd immediately reacts with curiosity, murmurs running through as they wonder about the unknown theme music.

Jim Gunt: “Oh this is…different.”

Mike Rolash (looks around as if he can see the loud bass pumping through the speakers): “Ugh, I kinda hate it. Which means I kinda love it.”

Jim Gunt: “Why are you so damn weird? 2326, back in 2026, 2001…it doesn’t matter. You’re always gonna be Mike Rolash, huh?”

Mike Rolash: “And that’s why you love me, Jim. That’s why everybody loves me.”

Amelia blows a bubble in Rolash’s ear.

Amelia: “I have a pretty high tolerance for you, but ‘love?’ That’s a bit far, even for you.”

Jim rolls his eyes at his broadcast partner but does in fact smile back at him. Blind Ambition comes onto the ramp dancing slightly off beat, headphones and neon sunglasses on, completely in their own world as they vibe their down the ramp.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number three…from Nowhere Visible…THE FREQUENCY FIGHTER….BLIND AMBITION!!”

Jim Gunt: “The always unpredictable Blind Ambition, also making their debut in CWF here tonight.”

Mike Rolash: “And currently listening to music while walking into a fight with a psychopath. Great life choices.”

Amelia: “Would you like to discuss the life choices that led to you being yeeted three hundredish years into the past? To be fair though…? I’m all for music to jam to while I work, but I think the headphones kinda creates a tunnel. Kinda like tunnel vision, but with sound. I don’t know, I’m not an expert…”

Blind Ambition slides into the ring and immediately starts circling Silas, still nodding to the beat pumping through their headphones. Silas tilts his head, scoping out Blind like they are prey running away from him in the jungle.

Jim Gunt: “This is surreal. This is…”

Mike Rolash: “This is Golden Intentions!”

The two finally engage in the center of the ring, Blind Ambition snapping into action with quick strikes, elbows and kicks all in succession. Arm drag takes Artoria down to the canvas. Another as he tries to get back to his feet! Silas rolls out of the ring underneath the bottom rope, frustrated.

Mike Rolash: “Come on Silas, you can’t win GI outside the ring!”

Jim Gunt: “Certainly not, Mike, but it’s perfectly legal to go outside and take a breather so as long as the competitor doesn’t go over the top rope with both their feet hitting the floor.”

Mike Rolash: “I know the rules, genius. I think you forget that I competed in one of these years ago…”

Jim Gunt: “The Mysterious M.R.? Oh I remember.”

Amelia: “THAT’S who that was?! I lost money on that match because of you!”

Slapping the ring canvas from outside, Silas finally gathers up the courage to re-enter the ring. Blind immediately goes back on the attack, hitting a spinning kick that leaves Silas staggering but doesn’t take him off his feet.

A determined Blind does a quick karate taunt to the cheering crowd before launching a massive Superkick to Silas.

BUT IT KNOCKS THEIR HEADPHONES CLEAN OFF!

The Philly crowd doesn’t know how to react as Blind freezes mid-ring for a split second.

Jim Gunt: “Oh no, if everything we’ve heard about Blind Ambition is true they cannot see a thing with those headphones off! The soundwaves allow their vision, and without them…they’re completely blind!”

Mike Rolash: “That’s like taking the oxygen out of a shark tank, Jimbo. Shit just doesn’t work.”

Amelia: “... Why are we robbing sharks of their oxygen?”

Silas smiles faintly as he looks on at Ambition blindly wandering around the ring. And then The Bloodletter returns. Silas snaps forward with a violent chop. Another knife-edge chop leaves a hopeless Ambition truly in trouble. Irish whip…DISCUS CLOTHESLINE folds Blind in half!

Jim Gunt: “We’re seeing a whole different level of aggression coming from Silas tonight!”

Mike Rolash: “Because that’s not Silas, that’s the Bloodletter! If he’s absolutely destroying the competition so far. There’s a long way to go but you have to think he’s a favorite the way he’s performed the first few minutes of this match.”

Amelia: “Silly Michael. Saying that isn’t Silas is like saying that I’m not Mia Rayne. You’re right though, Silas ‘The Bloodletter’ Artoria is ripping holes, taking names, and is all out of bubble gum.”

Silas drags Blind up with one hand, almost disgusted now. He dodges a punch that misses a mile wide and cradles them.

Jim Gunt: “The Gallows! Snap Dragon into a running knee smash just destroyed Blind Ambition!”

Blind collapses to the canvas in a heap. The Bloodletter doesn’t even pause, he hauls them up again and throws them into the ropes, running at full speed to follow them in.

RUNNING DROPKICK!

Blind Ambition is launched over the top rope hard from the dropkick, crashing to the floor awkwardly outside the ring.

Joey Garcia: “BLIND AMBITION HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “The Bloodletter just tore through them like a piece of bread!”

Amelia: “What do you have against carbs?”

Mike Rolash: “I think their headphones were the only thing keeping them alive for as long as they were.”

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

Soft lighting floods the stage as “The Offering” by Sleep Token begins. Magik The Gatherer rushes out immediately, not even waiting for her full entrance. Emotion written all over her face, her attention is locked on Blind Ambition as she sprints towards them.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number four…from the Archive District…THE CARD WITCH….MAGIK THE GATHERER!!”

Jim Gunt: “Magik’s not even focused on the match. Her best friend Blind has been hurt and embarrassed in their debut here tonight, and she seems to be more content on checking out their wellbeing. I have to say…that’s something you love to see.”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah…that’s gonna cost her.”

Amelia: “Unfortunately it is indeed a cruel world that punishes shows of affection…”

Magik drops down to one knee to check on Blind at ringside, putting a hand on her friend’s shoulder as worry floods her eyes. Inside the ring, Silas slowly turns his head. A twinkle in his eye shows that the Bloodletter is still there. Silas steps forward.

Jim Gunt: “Magik… get in the ring!”

Finally, Magik mouths a few last words to her friend and pats her on the shoulder before sliding in.

TO GET CRUSHED BY A RUNNING BIG BOOT!

Mike Rolash: “See? That’s what I was saying.”

Amelia: “Or hear, if you’re Blind Ambition.”

Mike Rolash: “Huh?”

Amelia: “What?”

Silas doesn’t hesitate. He grabs Magik, ragdolling the much smaller competitor with brutal efficiency across the ring before lifting her high into the air, planting her with a spinebuster. Another whip into the corner, and Silas follows her in with a knife-edge chop so hard it echoes through the arena!

Jim Gunt: “Did you hear that!?”

Mike Rolash: “Kinda hard not to, Jim. That chop sounded like a gun shot going off!”

Silas lifts Magik effortlessly over the top rope. She is lifeless, showing no struggle whatsoever as he dumps her right to the floor in under a minute.

Joey Garcia: “MAGIK THE GATHERER HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Silas stands alone in the ring, chest rising, the crowd roaring. His expression slowly settles back into composed

aristocracy as the Bloodletter fades just slightly beneath the surface.

Jim Gunt: “Silas Artoria has cleaned house so far…and we’re only four entrants in. The rest of the competition could truly be in trouble.”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah…I think we all learned something here tonight.”

Jim Gunt: “What’s that?”

Mike Rolash: “That you don’t bet against Silas Artoria! This is unprecedented, Jim! Never in seven years has a fighter gone through three other competitors back to back in Golden Intentions before the next entrant could even come down. Entrant number five is next and whoever it is…they better hope to have a better game plan than the three that have already tried and failed to take Silas down!”

Amelia: “Are we just going to forget about you two talking about how badly Silas was going to lose when it was him and Graves? Yeah? Ok, cool. Just checking.”

Silas backs up to the far side of the ring, leaning back against the top and middle ropes as heavy breaths come in and out of his chest. He looks to the ramp, time ticking slowly away as he awaits for the next entrant.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: “Whoever comes out next…I hope they provide a little bit better competition for Silas than what we’ve seen so far. He’s steamrolled through everybody!”

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: “Who do you think it’s gonna be, Jimmy?”

THREE!

Jim Gunt: “I don’t know, but I can’t wait to find out!”

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “The number five entrant has shockingly provided TWO winners for us in the past. Both Mia Rayne and Andy Murray have gone the distance from this position!”

ONE!

“Day and Night” by Billie Piper hits, bringing the crowd right to their feet.

Jim Gunt: “Yes! It’s Caledonia!!!”

“All of the day.

All of the night.

You do the things that make me feel so right.”

A single spotlight shines down on the former two time World Heavyweight Champion as she stands center stage with her head down, soaking in the massive moment. Caledonia looks out to the crowd finally, raising her fists in the air as the fans stand to cheer aloud.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number five…from Atlanta, Georgia…THE ENGLISH ROSE….CALEDONIA!!”

Jim Gunt: “The English Rose? That’s quite the call back, huh? I haven’t heard Caledonia called that in years!”

Mike Rolash: “Maybe a flashback to the golden years is exactly what the former “High Priestess” needs here tonight, because it’s certainly going to be a challenge stepping into the ring with Silas Artoria. The Psychotic Aristocrat is wracking up eliminations left and right!”

Silas keeps his position in the back of the ring, both arms outstretched over the top rope as he leans back squinting his eyes to watch Caledonia's entrance carefully. The CWF veteran and multiple time World Champion isn't stupid, she can sense Artoria tracking her immediately as she gets closer and closer to the ring.

Caledonia stops cold, finally looking up at Silas who begins to slowly pace from side to side along the top rope, the tiniest of smirks forming across his face.

Suddenly Highlander takes off into a sprint, dashing to her left and then sliding to a stop and running just as fast in the other direction.

This distraction is enough to leave Artoria looking in every direction in the ring, and when she finally slides into under the ropes she's easily able to slide under an oncoming big stomp attempt. Cali kips back to her feet and attempts a roundhouse to a charging Silas, but he catches her boot.

Jim Gunt: "SUCH IS LIFE! The Enziguri gets 'em every time, and Silas Artoria falls for the age old trick in what could really cost him if Caledonia is able to use the momentum to eliminate the Psychotic Aristocrat!"

Mike Rolash: "Ha, I don't think so! Silas is right back up to his feet!"

Jim Gunt: "What a heroic performance from Silas Artoria here tonight! And now he stands toe to toe with the former High Priestess, this could get interesting quick!"

Mike Rolash: "He needs to ELIMINATE her quickly."

Amelia: "Easy there terminator. If you recall, I was in a few scuffles with Caledonia and she packs a punch! Well… Not I, as in me… But I as in Mia, who is me. Ya dig, dog?"

Silas stands center ring across from Caledonia, who absolutely no sells the fact that the Psychotic Aristocrat kipped right up following the Such is Life. She looks on non-plussed before finally calling in Silas, and he immediately obliges by launching a right hand that staggers her backward.

Caledonia comes right back with a spinning back elbow!

Eating another right hand, Caledonia maintains focus and delivers an uppercut. Artoria backs up, holding onto his lip, wiping away a trickle of blood from it before charging in steadfast.

CLASS CHECK-NO!

Caledonia dodges out of the way of the High Bicycle Knee, potentially saving herself from elimination!

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: "NO! Silas wasn't able to get Cali out before the clock started, damn it!"

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: "What did you expect, Mike, she's one of CWF's most legendary names…"

THREE!

Jim Gunt: "…did you really think she'd get out that easily?"

TWO!

Mike Rolash: "Shut up, it's taking forever to get this countdown finished, Jim."

ONE!

A quick and abrasive "DUH!" fires out over the PA before the opening chords to the Bad Company classic "Feel Like Makin' Love" play through the arena along with an obnoxious and ill fitting amount of pyro for the tone of the theme.

“Baby, when I think about you

I think about love

Darlin', don't live without you

And your love”

Mike Rolash: “WHAT is with these entrance themes tonight? Come on Amelia, I feel like we’re really scrapping the bottom of the barrel this year.”

Amelia: “I’ll have you know Rolly Rash, that producers wanted me to tell you to shut up and just watch in this very spot… I am our own person though, so why don’t YOU choose the correct music for each person, and I’ll continue watching this fantastical match.”

Amelia blows a raspberry at Rolash, who looks positively miserable. Stepping out underneath a tron with his chosen surname displayed in Vegas inspired neon, John Obvious reaches center stage, smiling ear to ear with hands out to either side to signal showtime.

“If I had those golden dreams

Of my yesterday (yesterday)

I would wrap you in the heaven

'Til I'm dyin' (dyin', dyin')

On the way”

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number six…allegedly from Las Vegas, Nevada, representing UCI…THE CAPTAIN….JOHN OBVIOUS!!”

Mike Rolash: “Nevermind what I said earlier guys, I take it back. This dude is OBVIOUSLY my new pick to take the whole rumble!”

Jim Gunt: “Oh you have a new keyword to ramble on about for months on end…great.”

Amelia: “If I ever gave you any kind of compliment before that, I hereby take them back, all two of them. You can have them back if you’re able to behave yourself.”

With the bridge underway, John moseys on down the ramp with a pointer finger out for a waiting mouth or not so waiting sniffer, depending on the gender of the fan he’s interacting with. He’s quick to roll into the ring, only looking at Silas and Caledonia battling it out back and forth in the corner before taking to the opposite turnbuckle just in time for the chorus.

“Feel like makin'

Feel like makin' love

Feel like makin' love

Feel like makin' love

Feel like makin' love to you”

He shoots multiple poses and bicep flexes, completely ignorant to the match going on around him before hopping down and walking to another empty corner, spouting bullshit as he leans back. Both Caledonia and Silas hear the remarks coming from the newcomer, turning their attention quickly to him, causing Obvious’ eyes to light up for just a moment in what some could perceive as fear.

Not John Obvious though, he doesn't fear anything.

The Captain is oozing machismo, the six foot two adonis taking off his sunglasses slowly as he looks on at the competition in front him. He turns slightly to toss the glasses over to a member of security that barely catches them before turning right into a running boot from Silas Artoria! Obvious clutches his jaw, attempting to back up but he's cornered, leaving himself prone to several right hands from the Psychotic Aristocrat.

Amelia: "Huh… I didn't realize I hired security for this event…"

Jim Gunt: "So much for John being your Obvious favorite, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Hey…you stole my line!"

Silas has the upper hand on Obvious in the corner, but a hand on his shoulder breaks his reverie. He senses the touch of Caledonia Highlander just a second too late, as she spins him around a full one eighty and leaps up onto his shoulders.

FLYING HEADSCISSORS DUMPS ARTORIA HALFWAY ACROSS THE RING!

LEG UP!

Mike Rolash: "John Obvious just got a literal Leg Up on the competition with that jaw-dropping Springboard Leg Lariat!"

Jim Gunt: "I don't think Cali was ready for that one!"

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

"I Am Going To Burn It Down" plays over the speakers, pyros shooting across the edges of the ramp as Billy Anderson steps out from behind the curtain.

Jim Gunt: "Lucky number seven, it's Billy Anderson!"

Mike Rolash: "Anderson…Anderson! I'm surprised ole' Billy can even walk following that Scaffold Match at Ascension."

Jim Gunt: "That happens three hundred years from now, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Oh stop it with all that timeline bullshit. You're gonna confuse me and I'm just gonna go home!"

Jim Gunt: "Yeah right, like it'd ever be that easy to get rid of you."

Amelia: "Timeline bullshit? Listen here buckaroo, if it isn't that big of a deal to you, I yeeted you here, and I'll yeet you all the way back to the future again. Give or take a few years. Hundredish years give or take, tops. I don't know, yeeting through time isn't an exact science…"

He turns his head from left to right taking in the loud but mixed response coming from the Philadelphia faithful, an emotionless stare in his eyes as he finally heads towards the ring.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing entrant number seven…from Rincon, Georgia…THE UNBREAKABLE ONE….BILLY ANDERSON!!"

The elder Anderson brother slides into the ring, rising up just to take a spinning backfist from Obvious. John starts groovin' and shakin' before rearing back to hit the Evident Elbow, but instead the Unbreakable One pulls him in and drops him abruptly right on his head.

GOD’S LAST GIFT!

The package piledriver clearly compresses the head and neck of the Captain, as he wiggles away writhing in pain.

On the opposite side of the ring, Caledonia is stunned following a headbutt from Silas Artoria. He takes hold of the former World champion, not letting the dazed Cali fall before taking her by the arm and whipping her around.

Jim Gunt: “Discus clothes-no! Caledonia holds onto the arm of Silas ducking out underneath and goes right for the ropes…springing off…QUEEN’S GAMBIT! MY GOD THAT WAS AWESOME!”

Mike Rolash: “She just knocked Silas’s head off! His dominating streak over Golden Intentions could’ve come to an abrupt end with that shot!”

Jim Gunt: “And now she has Silas up over the ropes. You’re right, Mike, this could be it for Silas!”

Highlander has Artoria end over end, head dangling over the top rope as he flails his legs back trying to kick away. Just as it looks like the Psychotic Aristocrat could face elimination, the attempt is flaunted by Billy Anderson, who clubs Caledonia across the back of the neck with both fists.

She crashes forward into the ropes, shoving Silas forward even further, but luckily for the former champion in his own right he’s able to flip perfectly over and land horizontally on the edge of the apron before rolling right back in the ring.

Mike Rolash: “He’s saved!”

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: “Come on, again? Silas hasn’t even had time to recover yet!”

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: “The ring certainly is filling up, Mike. We’re nearly ten minutes into the seventh Golden Intentions…who’s going to enter at number eight?”

THREE!

Amelia: “You know me, the possibilities are virtually endless! Guess you’ll just have to wait a few more seconds and find that out…”

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “Right. Here we go!”

ONE!

The house lights die. A video package of Paul Freedom's career highlights begins to play. The energetic guitar chords and strained vocals of Less Than Jake's "Help Save the Youth of America From Exploding" erupt from the PA. Soon enough, the tone shifts and the clips are covering ground all the way from his blood-soaked debut match to his challenge for the Pollo Mundial de Lucha Libre belt that proved to be Pollo Road's final match. Inside the ring Billy takes hold of Obvious, running with John’s head under his right arm before crushing him with the Checkmate spinning bulldog!

"Sit down

Remind me how

This is the same old story

Of growing up and getting lost"

As highlight clips continue to play, Paul bursts through the curtain, but quickly sputters to a stop on the entrance stage.

His stillness is a sharp contrast to the flashy aerialism and vicious brawling playing out on the screen above him.

"And just outside I can hear the sound

Of the early morning street becoming way too loud"

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number eight…from Boston, Massachusetts, representing UCI…THE ASTERISK….PAUL FREEDOM!!”

Several awkward moments later, he closes his eyes and gives his head a quick shake. Having collected himself, he sprints down the ramp and slides in under the bottom rope.

Jim Gunt: “Another debuting competitor entering Golden Intentions, we don’t know a whole lot about this one other than that Paul Freedom comes from one of CWF’s affiliate federations, United Championship Infinite.”

Mike Rolash: “And I’d like to keep it that way…this one gives me the creeps!”

Amelia: “Awww, what’s wrong? Does the retired Hot Topic manager scare you?”

Mike Rolash: “No…just not a fan of overly exaggerated political views being shoved down our throats.”

Amelia: “Oh…surprisingly I can’t blame you on that one.”

Billy Anderson takes Caledonia by the head and shoulder, driving the former High Priestess into the corner before stomping her down with heavy rapid boots.

A smile comes across the face of Freedom! as soon as he takes his American flag t-shirt off and hands it down to a security member, the Asterisk already seeing the opportunity at hand as he goes over and aids Anderson in decimating Highlander. He holds a seated Caledonia down, pushing her back into the corner even as she swings wildly to fight back, yelling out for Anderson to finish her off.

The Unbreakable One backs up never taking his eyes off the English Rose, roars, and charges in. Running Georgia Ice elbow drop to the corner leaves Caledonia flailing in agony!

Mike Rolash: “It’s about time the competitors in this match start to use their brains a little bit. It’s simple math…two is better than one. If you can work together, even momentarily, it benefits both wrestlers involved and in this instance could benefit us all from having to put up with another potential Caledonia Highlander World Title reign!”

Jim Gunt: “And what would be wrong with that, Mike?”

Mike Rolash: “Ugh! No one wants to see that!”

Amelia holds up her hand.

Amelia: “I kinda want to see that…”

Holding Silas high in the air for what seems like a minute, John Obvious winks out at the crowd before driving him down with a Vertical Suplex. The Captain is completely full of himself as he pulls himself back up, strutting across the ring like he already won the rumble entirely.

Silas rises right back to his feet behind him, unphased.

Jim Gunt: “Turn around, John!”

Mike Rolash: “CLASS CHECK! That destructive high bicycle knee just sent Mr. Obvious packing!”

Jim Gunt: “No! Somehow the Captain holds onto the ropes on the way out, and only one of his feet has hit the floor!”

The Asterisk and Anderson combo continue their decimation of Caledonia Highlander; as Freedom! hits her with a snap suplex, followed up immediately by a Clothesline from Hell by the Anderson brother. Caledonia is out on her feet,

but luckily for her chances in the rumble she crashes into the corner.

Silas Artoria charges in trying to finish the job on John, but he's able to somehow swing his body back around over the top rope to connect his body with the neck and shoulders of Artoria as he arrives!

Jim Gunt: "Spinning headscissors takedo-no! Silas takes control and hurls Obvious face-first into the canvas like a pound of flour!"

Mike Rolash: "What an analogy, Jimbo!"

Jim Gunt: "That's why I'm the best in the game."

Amelia: "I'm not so sure I follow the analogy…"

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: "And the clock begins again!"

Amelia: "Are we talking like… Baking flour, or a plant flower?"

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: "Still no eliminations since Silas went on his tear at the start of this thing…the ring's starting to fill up!"

THREE!

Amelia: "Secondly, why are we throwing flour or a flower around and on the ground? Seems like a bad idea for storage, and just lazy housekeeping."

TWO!

Jim Gunt: "Number nine…who could it be!?"

ONE!

"Apex Predator" by Otep slams over the speakers like a thunder storm breaking over steel. The feeling inside the arena shifts instantly.

Jim Gunt: "Oh no…that sound is eerily familiar in a way that immediately brings shivers down my spine, Mike.."

Mike Rolash: "If this is who I think it is…someone's about to get folded in half!"

They both turn to the chair that Amelia had just been pontificating in, only to be greeted by a penguin with a "Hello, my name is… Fred" sticker on him. He opens his mouth and a pre-recorded message announces that Amelia had to go potty and she'd be back in five minutes.

The lighting in the Colosseum shifts again; this time not into color, but into the very absence of it. The upper deck dims slightly, leaving the entrance stage glowing like a spotlight at the end of a tunnel. The crowd noise rises and dips, the sold out crowd unsure if they should cheer or brace themselves.

Inside the ring, everyone freezes for just a moment.

Silas turns his head towards the stage, Anderson paces near the ropes, jaw clinched as he awaits the next entrant. Obvious is on one knee trying to regain his composure while pretending that he meant to be there. Freedom leans against the turnbuckle, taking a deep breath. Caledonia pushes herself up in the corner, eyes flickering between her opponents in the ring and the one about to enter.

Jim Gunt: "We are officially past the point of controlled chaos, Mike. There are bodies everywhere, alliances forming and breaking within seconds, and now number eight is about to walk into absolute bedlam."

Mike Rolash: "And whoever it is…they better hope they don't blink. One wrong move and you're out at this point!"

Finally, through the fog building up on the top of the ramp a single dim spotlight illuminates the silhouette slightly. The shadows reveal but a shape at first; broad shoulders, long frazzled hair, intensity in a bottle. The figure takes one step forward, still completely engulfed in the shadows.

Jim Gunt: “There’s no rush in this entrance, that’s for sure! Whoever this is is taking their good old time getting to the ring.”

The figure continues very slowly to the ring, the rest of their competition inside starting to go back to fighting amongst each other. Billy Anderson is still watching however, pointing to the ramp and saying something under his breath. Even Obvious stops mid-strut, squinting his eyes to look up the ramp as he wonders if confidence alone will be able to repel whatever’s coming.

Finally the spotlight stops at the edge of the ramp, the color coming back to normal inside the Colosseum. The crowd reaction starts to shift, a ripple of recognition coming over them.

Jim Gunt: “Wait a second…I know that stance!”

Mike Rolash: “Don’t do that. Don’t say you recognize somebody and then leave me hangin’, Jimbo!”

The figure tilts her head slightly, taking in all the recognition like a heatwave of emotion that they’re looking to decimate with her hands.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number nine…from MiAtlantis…CHUTULU’S FAVORITE JESTER….LOKI SYNN!!”

Jim Gunt: “The true face of fear! Perhaps the scariest of all of Mia Rayne’s many personalities, Loki Synn makes her return to CWF after a LONG absence!”

Mike Rolash: “Move over Amelia, I’m trying to find a good hiding spot under here! Why would you invite Loki back, of all people?”

Fred squeaks and another prerecorded message of Amelia plays for Rolash.

Amelia’s Voice: “They wanted numbers, she wanted exercise, we zigged, we zagged, and now here we are.”

Jim Gunt: “This is what CWF does for Golden Intentions every single year, Mike. It’s not just an endurance test, this rumble is unlike any other in all of wrestling because it introduces history into the present in real time.”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah, and sometimes history shows up and throws you over the top rope without saying a word.”

Silas Artoria looks on at Loki, the Bloodletter boiling ever closer to the surface now. His jaw tenses slightly; not out of fear but recognition. Caledonia shifts slightly in the corner, still recovering from the earlier chaos but eyes wide, fully alert. Loki continues to methodically make her presence known slowly and calmly, not choosing to roll under the ropes but purposefully walk up every single step with her eyes narrowing on her competition.

Freedom and Anderson take Caledonia by an arm each, the two men taking control over the former World Champion and dumping her hard on her spine with a Double Annihilator. Loki finally makes her presence felt, shoving the two men aside and picking up the pieces herself, driving a boot right into the throat of Caledonia to drive her deep into the ropes.

“BOOO!”

Shoving Anderson backward as he tries to approach, Loki Synn continues on the relentless attack of Caledonia, choking the very life out of Highlander. Finally Loki breaks her attack as John Obvious comes in as well, stomping down on the writhing body of Caledonia. Silas Artoria now as well, the Psychotic Aristocrat getting his shots in as he snaps a quick leg drop across the throat of his former rival.

Loki backs up just a few steps, seething as she watches the match begin to break down in front of her and the rest of

her competition take shot after shot against her prey.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: “Here we go, entrant number ten. Over a third of the way through the rumble. We still have five of the first nine competitors in the ring. And as much as it pains me to say it…Caledonia could really use some help out here.”

FOUR!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: “Maybe loverwad will come out to save her?”

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “I don’t know, but we’re about to find out!”

ONE!

Cue up “Frequency” by AL1CE. The lights dim, leaving the fans murmuring in anticipation.

Mike Rolash: “What the fuck do you mean cue up…?”

Jim Gunt: “Oh I think you know exactly what that means, Mike!”

Electric blue spotlights pan the arena, drawing abstract shapes in the clouds of smoke emanating from either side of the entrance. Anticipation buzzes for several more seconds, until the video wall lights up with three familiar letters.

M J F

Jim Gunt: “HOLY SHIT! That’s…MJ FLAIR! FLAIR HAS RETURNED HOME!”

Mike Rolash: “The crowd are going apeshit! I don’t know why, I haven’t lost sleep over this broad’s absence one bit.”

The two time former CWF World Champion steps out into the arena, and Mariella Jade Flair stops, for just a moment, soaking in the cheers. Just as quickly, however, she snaps to attention and looks at the ring, and outright sprints down the aisle to the athletes waiting inside.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number ten…from Warwick, New York….”

“EMMM!”

“JAY!”

“FLAIR!”

Jim Gunt: “Just like old times, the crowd are chanting along with every word of Flair’s ring announcement!”

Flair slides under the bottom rope, only to be met by Billy Anderson, moving in to get the advantage on the former Champion. He stomps on MJ’s head, and again, before grabbing a handful of hair.

LOW BLOW BY FLAIR!

DDT!

Mike Rolash: “She’s back for six seconds and already cheating.”

Jim Gunt: “There’s no rules in Golden Intentions except winning, Mike! You know that! “

Elsewhere in the ring, Loki Synn watches Artoria and Freedom trade off beating Caledonia in the head and chest, gradually sapping the fight from the former Champion. Finally, as if she considers their tactics too slow, Loki moves in and flattens Freedom with a single forearm straight to the face, and another to Silas’ neck, causing the Psychotic Aristocrat to gasp for breath. Synn steadies herself and drives a hard kick into Caledonia’s face, slumping the High

Priestess into the corner.

Jim Gunt: “Four of our seven competitors are paired off, Mike, with John Obvious wisely staying back to choose their respective spot. Silas and Paul are recovering from the shots Loki Synn gave them, and they are wisely stepping back! Freedom with an axehandle to Silas! He ducks it! Silas with an uppercut from the floor, and the Asterisk staggers into the ropes!”

Mike Rolash: “It’s pretty…OBVIOUS…that John needs to get in behind someone and take advantage. “

Jim Gunt: “Speaking of taking advantage - MJ WHIPS BILLY INTO THE ROPES! Hard superkick on the rebound!”

Mike Rolash: “Hey John! Start with her!”

Billy takes MJ’s boot on the chin and falls backwards into the ropes, his eyes focusing just in time for Flair to pound him in the chest with a hard clothesline, sending Georgia’s Relentless Son over the top and onto the floor!

Joey Garcia: “BILLY ANDERSON HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Flair turns around, and she sees Caledonia trying desperately to mount an effective defense against Loki’s continued assault - FLAIR JUMPS ON LOKI’S BACK WITH A SLEEPER!

Jim Gunt: “Loki’s reaching, trying to get to Flair - I don’t know if she even realizes who’s on her!”

Mike Rolash: “She’s still steady on her feet, however - Obvious and Silas should take the opportunity to toss them both.”

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: And in the middle of this calamity, we’re about to get entrant number ten!

FOUR!

Caledonia, finally able to take a breath, pulls herself up to her feet on the ropes, just as Loki backs up hard into the opposite corner, sandwiching Flair between her back and the turnbuckle. Flair loses her grip and Loki staggers out a few steps, regaining her breath, and she turns–

Jim Gunt: “Oh boy.”

THREE!

Loki Synn: “YOU.”

MJF: “Miss me? “

Jim Gunt: “CALEDONIA CLIPS LOKI SYNN’S KNEE FROM BEHIND! MJ WITH A RUNNING KNEE TO THE FACE!”

TWO!

Standing over the fallen monster, Caledonia and MJ Flair’s eyes lock for the first time in this match. Without saying a word, the pair pull Loki to her feet and send her into the ropes, shoving as hard as they can. Loki holds on tight, though her bell has clearly been rung.

Mike Rolash: “Come on, Loki! Two for the price of one! Just stay away from me!”

ONE!

Flair and Caledonia back up a few steps, and rush forward, their hands clasped in a double clothesline!

Joey Garcia: “LOKI SYNN HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

“We’ve Had Enough” by Alkaline Trio plays over the Colosseum’s speaker system, as the fans begin to boo

mercilessly.

Mike Rolash: “CAN YOU BELIEVE IT? Save us, Jace!”

Amelia: “Did I miss anything? Oh, it’s Jace. Ew…”

Jim and Mike both jump as Amelia appears in the place of Fred, once again munching popcorn and watching the happenings in the ring with earnest.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number eleven…from Quebec, Canada…THE HOST WITH THE MOST….JACE VALENTINE!!”

Fireworks circle the entranceway as The Jace That Runs The Place steps out, arms raised, a thousand camera flashes bouncing off his bejeweled robe. The smile never leaves his face despite the boos, and Jace seems in no hurry to make it to ringside.

Jim Gunt: “Talk about shared history, Mike! MJ Flair first showed up in the CWF during a Modern Warfare tournament in which Jace Valentine defeated first Caledonia and then Flair to make it to the finals, where he would win the CWF World Championship… that he would eventually lose to Flair, who would eventually lose to Caledonia herself!”

Mike Rolash: “That was a wonderful story until the halfway point.”

Jim Gunt: “Back to the action, Silas and John continue to beat down Paul Freedom, pressing the two on one advantage. OBVIOUS WITH A THUMB TO THE EYES! Russian Legsweep on Silas Artoria, and he scoops him and sends him over the top!”

Had he been more focused on finishing one opponent before the next, John Obvious would have seen Silas Artoria land on the ring apron, before sliding back under the top rope behind his recent assailant. Obvious returns his attention to Freedom, picking up the Asterisk and lifting him, belly to belly!

Jim Gunt: “Call the Chiro! Obvious looking for a place to plant the Asterisk with that spinebuster - SILAS WITH A CLASS CHECK!”

Mike Rolash: “Obvious taking too much time to hot dog, and not enough time to dump opponents, and it cost him!”

Across the ring, Caledonia continues to recover from the Loki Synn onslaught. MJ had moved towards her until the Alkaline Trio played over the speaker, and she immediately locks eyes on Jace Valentine. She steps between the ropes and down the ring steps, waiting for the fellow former CWF World Champion to make his way to ringside.

“JAAAACEEEE HOOOOLE…”

“FUCK ‘EM UP EMM JAY, FUCK ‘EM UP!” *Clap Clap*

Continuing to be in no hurry to make it into the ring, Jace stops just where the aisle meets the ringside, and hands his robe to a ringside attendant.

Mike Rolash: “The only bad part of this is that when Jace knocks her off those steps, she won’t be eliminated.”

Jim Gunt: “Flair gesturing for Jace to enter the ring, but Jace, wisely, is in no hurry! Wait, MJ is holding the ropes for him?”

Mike Rolash: “Finally, this little loser learns some respect!”

Amelia: “Have you learned nothing from the history books?”

Dazed, John Obvious struggles to his feet, just in time to see an enraged Silas - not quite the Bloodletter, but getting close - barreling towards him with murderous intent. At the last moment, perhaps intentionally, perhaps not, Obvious collapses to the mat, and Silas misses him completely, his clothesline catching the prone Paul Freedom between the

shoulder blades, sending him tumbling over the top.

Joey Garcia: “PAUL FREEDOM HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Flair sits on the middle rope, holding the top up to ease Jace’s entrance. He gestures for her to move closer to the corner so he can enter properly, and she does so, exaggeratedly gesturing for him to hurry up.

Jim Gunt: “Finally, the Jace that Runs the Place enters— OOOOH!”

Mike Rolash: “Again with the crotch!”

No sooner did Jace step one foot into the ring, does MJ slide off the ropes and pull the middle up as hard as she can, crocheting him halfway into the ring! Caledonia with a running start, and drives a knee into his head, and he falls into the ring to a massive cheer from the crowd.

MJ Flair: “How did you fall for that?!?”

Caledonia and MJ pull a still-dazed Jace to his feet, and the fans erupt at a scene none of them ever thought they would see again, as MJ rears back and drives a fist into his face, sending a tooth into the third row for the ultimate souvenir! One hand on the neck, one hand on the tights, and MJ sends Jace back the way he came!

Joey Garcia: “JACE VALENTINE HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: “We’ve got four in the ring now, and a fifth imminently arriving, and we’ve got a staredown between Caledonia and MJ Flair! These two had one of the most intense rivalries we’ve ever seen here in the CWF, based on the World Championship and mutual respect, but now they’re face to face in an arena where trust is a foolish feeling!”

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: Isn’t it always?

The women step towards each other, eyes locked. The fans erupt at the possibilities.

THREE!

MJ Flair: I missed ya!

Caledonia: Missed you too!

Jim Gunt: MJ AND CALEDONIA EMBRACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING! You love to see it, Mike!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: I love to see it now because it’s inevitably going to crash and burn, this match only has one winner, Jimmy boy!

Jim Gunt: Regardless, two of the all time greats in the CWF have finally come together again, and as Silas Artoria continues to pound away on John Obvious, it doesn’t look like these two women have any interest in attacking each other for the moment!

Amelia: “Not to go all ‘My Little Pony’ on you, but friendship, true friendship, is fucking magical when you see it in the wild. May the best today, win!”

ONE!

The lights in the arena go completely black as the beginning of “WTCH” by Royale Lyn begins playing. The ramp illuminates red as Brooke Hernandez steps out from behind the curtain to a mixed response. She smirks as she walks slowly down the ramp, eyeing up her competition. She slaps hands with some young kids by the ramp before taking

one last look at the fighters in the ring and smiling. She mouths the words “I’m Home” as she takes her jacket off and prepares to fight.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number twelve…from Houston, Texas…THE SOUTHERN BELLE….BROOKE HERNANDEZ!!”

Jim Gunt: “Brooke Hernandez entering Golden Intentions in only her second match in CWF.”

Mike Rolash: “And she’s going to have to put up a lot better of a showing than she did in the Ascension ladder match for the Paramount title. Whatever magic bullcrap was in that button that you pushed, Amelia, I sure hope it gave her some extra confidence. She’s going to need it!”

Amelia: “Sorry, the button is all buttoned out. Sometimes, there just isn’t a button as well. Sometimes, it’s just a switch…”

Amelia mutters about how certain people just can’t benefit from being “buttoned" and Hernandez doesn’t appear to hold any lack of confidence, as she smacks the ring apron from the outside before rolling right into the ring. As soon as she moves to rise to her feet however, she’s immediately pulled in by Silas who takes her head under his arm and runs towards the rope to spring off and drive her headfirst with a Tornado DDT!

The reunited tandem of Caledonia and MJ Flair look on as Silas gets right back to his feet and immediately turns in their direction, as if he can sense their eyes on him. He squints his eyes, a smirk wrapping around his face as he goes into a fighting stance. Flair shrugs, before charging in with another clothesline that the Bloodletter is able to dodge with ease. Superkick by Caledonia-NO! Artoria steps out of the way and grabs her leg on the way through to pull Cali right onto her back.

Mike Rolash: “Round and a round she goes, where she’ll end up…nobody knows!”

Jim Gunt: “Running shotgun dropkick! That’s where Highlander will end up, getting her head kicked off by an opportunist John Obvious!”

Amelia: “And they say that matches like this don’t afford good opportunities… I felt that was an OBVIOUS golden opportunity that Johnny boy couldn’t help but take!”

Rolash jumps and glares at Amelia who calmly meets his gaze, taking yet another bite of popcorn as she does so. With nothing to say Mike has no choice but to break the staring contest with Amelia and watch as Silas rises to his feet and immediately goes nose to nose with Obvious, the two competitors who have lasted the longest in Golden Intentions showing no signs of wear, neither one of them backing down from the other.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: “Here we go, time for another entrant!”

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: “This one’s about to break down, and we’re about to get another name to add to the fray! Obvious and Artoria go toe to toe in what could be a true war of egotism; while Caledonia, MJ and Hernandez all recover in different areas of the ring. I LOVE GOLDEN INTENTIONS!”

THREE!

Jim Gunt: “Right hand by the Captain rocks Silas!”

TWO!

Mike Rolash: “Knife edge chop brings him right back in this!”

ONE!

It’s the tinkling of the eerie music box that brings the lights down, the packed crowd murmuring with anticipation as slowly the big screens around the Colosseum seem to crack one by one as shadows dance across the shattered surfaces.

Mike Rolash: “Come on! More weird music, more weird people…what kinda ship are you running here Amelia?”

"You know I heard I don't belong in this game

Still you hold your hands in the air screaming my name

Let's go!"

Lights pulsate in red and white like an erratic heartbeat as Maria Brink's vocals finally signify the arrival of the silhouetted redhead.

"Baby go ahead

I'll be your hatred and your pain

This is killing us all

I don't care if I fall

We're the dying, we are the damned."

Amber Ryan stands center ramp as an explosion of cheers runs across the entire Colosseum.

Jim Gunt: “HOLY SHIT, AMBER RYAN TOO!? I certainly wasn’t expecting this one!”

Mike Rolash: “Who was, Jimbo? We haven’t seen the Distorted Angel in YEARS! She has made quite the name for herself outside of CWF, and as much as it pains me to say it…it is actually pretty damn cool to see her come back home for one night only!”

Jim Gunt: “Maybe more if she wins the rumble, Mike, you never know!”

Amelia: “Point of order… THAT’S the kind of ship I’m running, a-thank you!”

Amelia spins in her chair and blows kisses to the world as Amber Ryan stands still with her head down for several seconds taking in the massive moment, finally the music drops away for a brief moment and the vocals almost robotically echo throughout the arena.

"I know I don't belong in this scene

Sex metal barbie, homicidal queen"

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number thirteen…from Atlantic City, New Jersey…THE DISTORTED ANGEL….AMBER RYAN!!”

Roaring guitar leads Amber down the ramp as a few fans extend hands but receive little acknowledgement for their efforts. Ryan’s attention is fully on the action as she circles the ring, messing with a camera man on the way through by flicking his hat backwards.

Jim Gunt: “Amber Ryan will never change…and that’s why we love her! I can’t even begin to express into words how amazing it is to have these names come back to CWF. Loki, Flair, then Jace, now Amber Ryan!? So cool!”

Mike Rolash: “I mean Jace just wrestled at Ascension, Jimmy…and he’s already been eliminated, the poor guy!”

Jim Gunt: “Nevertheless, we still have twelve more names to enter the rumble, and Amber enters at what probably for her is “lucky” number thirteen just a little over the halfway point of Golden Intentions.”

Just as Ryan is about to enter the ring she stops in her tracks, eyes flashing wide as Brooke Hernandez is dumped

over the top rope with the Call the Chiro scoop slam. John Obvious smiles ear to ear with a handful of the top rope, looking on, before backing up to flex in front of the mostly booing crowd.

Joey Garcia: “BROOKE HERNANDEZ HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Mike Rolash: “Back to the drawing board for Brooke, as she lasted about as long in Golden Intentions as she did in the Ascension ladder match!”

Amelia: “No button for you!”

Jim Gunt: “And Amber enters the ring, taking immediate control of the distracted and flaunting John Obvious with a Spear!”

The Distorted Angel pummels Obvious with a series of right hands that even the best wrestler in the world (in his eyes, of course) John Obvious isn’t able to block. Right. Right. Right! Obvious’ skull flails to the side, the Captain clearly in trouble as Amber grabs him by the collar to prepare to finish him off. Just as she goes to grab him by the tights to try to shove him up over the ropes, Flair steps in her way.

Mike Rolash: “Oh this should be good!”

Jim Gunt: “Much like Caledonia and Jace, MJ Flair has a measurable amount of history with Amber Ryan- and a lot of it isn’t sunshine and butterflies, either.”

Just when it looks like Flair is going to come to blows with the Distorted Angel, she instead grabs a handful of the other side of Obvious’ tights, aiding Amber in heaving him over the top rope.

The two women immediately turn their backs on the Captain, MJF dusting off her hands after another elimination while Amber simply stares back at her, neither one of them realizing that Obvious snatched the top rope on the way through, saving himself from defeat yet again.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: “John Obvious escapes defeat AGAIN! The Captain must’ve been a cat in another life, I swear he has nine lives tonight!”

FOUR!

Amelia: “I’d say ‘lucky’ more than ‘cat-like.’ Sure, he’s been able to save himself several times, but cats land on their feet, and Obvious, really just lands on his back a lot…”

THREE!

Jim Gunt: “Amber and MJ turn around…DOUBLE LEG UP FROM THE CAPTAIN! The Springboard Leg Lariat takes out both CWF legends with one blow!”

TWO!

Mike Rolash: “Like killing two “birds” with one stone, baby!”

ONE!

Amelia: “You and your metaphors for killing random things that don’t need to be killed. What’s next Mike, are you going to compare the next elimination to a baby bunny being scooped up by a hungry hawk?”

The Colosseum’s lights dim as the Tron shows images of a cloud-filled sky, mist or maybe smoke seeming to rise through the clouds. The opening riff of “The Joker and The Thief” blasts through the speakers as green and purple lights swirl through the arena, smoke pouring from the entranceway.

Wearing black trunks with bright neon writing saying “GREENE” lined across each side, Lucas Greene stumbles

through the curtain looking utterly confused.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number fourteen…from Denver, Colorada…THE STARGAZER….LUCAS GREENE!!”

Looking around the Colosseum, the noise reverberating throughout the entire arena, Lucas seems to slowly start to remember where he is. The fans begin to laugh as he scratches his head, eyes moving up and up until he sees the large Golden Intentions banners hanging on each side of the Tron. His eyes widen as a sudden grin comes across his face, the crowd willing him on as he sprints down the ramp and slides right under the bottom rope.

Jim Gunt: “Lucas Greene! Another competitor that we haven’t seen in a number of years, and one that made his name to fame in HOSTILITY Wrestling for the most part.”

Mike Rolash: “I thought I bumped into this idiot backstage! Someone was asking me if I had a light…could’ve sworn it was just some bum addict!”

Amelia: “Hey, smoking weed doesn’t make you an addict, Mike… Some people do it for the chemistry behind it all. Chemicals from plants, mixing with chemicals from the body and making you feel like you’re walking on a sea of marshmallows.”

Greene shows shocking agility rolling through a curb stomp attempt from Silas Artoria as soon as he enters, front flipping right back up to his feet as the Philly faithful give him a respectful cheer. Lucas smiles back at them, pulling an unlit joint out of nowhere. The Stargazer fumbles around looking for his lighter, finally deciding to ask John Obvious if he happens to have one.

He has something for Greene, but it’s not a lighter. Spinning backfist leaves Greene even more dazed and confused than normal! Obvious pulls him in, setting up for a float over neckbreaker not realizing that Silas has made a quick sprint towards the ropes.

Jim Gunt: “CLASSCHECK! Artoria hits another brutal bicycle knee, luckily for the Captain he was nowhere near the ropes so he doesn’t have to worry about giving up that ninth life so to speak.”

Silas measures up the rising Obvious, silently calling for him to rise to his feet, completely unaware that Caledonia stands behind him just waiting for the perfect moment to strike. She finds it, taking ahold of both of Artoria’s arms and spinning him around end over end with his arms bent inward.

UNPRETTIER!

Jim Gunt: “Silas took a ROUGH landing there. The Psychotic Aristocrat has been in this thing an unprecedented twenty one minutes so far, and racked up an impressive four eliminations along the way!”

Mike Rolash: “Something tells me this could finally be the beginning of the end for ole’ Silas though…Caledonia is heading up top for the Fall From Grace!”

Amelia: “The classic double edged sword. On the one side, you get the chance to hit a pretty awesome, spectacular move but on the other? Certain elimination if anyone wants to rain on your cornflakes.”

Amber Ryan and MJ Flair trade right hands on the opposite side of the ring, neither one of the legendary competitors able to get the one up over the other despite the heavy shots. Flair backs up taking a deep breath before charging back in, just to get caught in mid-air and twisted through.

TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: “And the clock starts again!”

FOUR!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: “Time for number fifteen. Getting down to the nitty gritty!”

TWO!

ONE!

The lights go completely out in the Colosseum, the fans waiting in anticipation for only a moment before “Ich Will” by Rammstein hums over the speaker system. A faint red spotlight shines over the middle of the ramp, bringing a thunderous pouring of boos before the appearance of the next arrival is even made.

Jim Gunt: “Wait a second…I thought you got rid of the Amoralists when you pressed the button that sent us back to the present, Amelia?”

Amelia: “And I thought part of the fun of a Golden Intentions rumble were surprises!”

Suddenly the lights go back to normal, and “Ich Will” cuts off dead. “Drumming Song Florence and The Machine” begins to play and the noise immediately changes into cheers. Angelica slips out from behind the curtain with a wide smile on her face, a grungy brown leather overcoat too sizes too big wrapped around her upper half as she takes in the thousands of fans from the edge of the ramp. She makes her way down the aisle slowly, slapping each and every hand offered to her by the crowd.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number fifteen…from Leeds, England…THE TRUE OH GEE OF CEE DUBBYA EFF….ANGELICA!!”

Despite the jolly look on her face as she makes her way closer to the ring, inside Caledonia Highlander isn’t so convinced.

Seething, she shouts out for Angelica to get in the ring and finish things once and for all. She simply giggles back in response, waving a finger to tell Cali to “wait a second” as she slips out of her overcoat and tosses it to the side, rolling in the ring to immediately tackle her into a Lou Thresz press and pound down with right hands!

But Caledonia is able to stop her quickly, rolling Angelica over and getting the upper hand herself!

Cracking elbow to the jaw, and Angelica is right back on top of Cali. But MJ Flair is a steam train as she sprints across the ropes, coming back to catch Angelica by the neck and shoulders and snap her down in rapid motion with a low Headscissors Takedown!

Mike Rolash: “Flair and Caledonia working together to eliminate the face of evil…you love to see it!”

Jim Gunt: “I don’t know if you realize this, Mike, but this is not the same AnHellica that ruled over Anthropolis in 2326.”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah…I know that. That’s why she needs to be stopped!”

Amelia: “Oh, come on… Everyone deserves a second chance, even some hellspawn that is allergic to empathy.”

Amelia turns to the nearest camera, smiles, and gives a thumbs up as Amber Ryan has Greene stifled in the corner, driving him backward with heavy knife edge chops to the chest. He attempts to come back with a rising knee but the Distorted Angel catches it, bending it over the middle rope to leave him caught in a prone position.

Ryan quickly climbs up the top rope to begin driving right hands down upon the Stargazer, but suddenly Silas Artoria pushes his way through her legs, taking the CWF legend off the ropes and into the air.

SIT-OUT POWERBOMB DRIVES AMBER RYAN RIGHT ON THE BACK OF HER HEAD!

Jim Gunt: “Just when Amber Ryan was getting the upperhand, looking like she may get an elimination over Lucas Greene…Silas interrupts with one HELL of a powerbomb!”

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: “Silas Artoria is on fire tonight, Jimmy. Him and John Obvious both have lasted a LONG time now in this thing, but the level of fortitude shown by the Psychotic Aristocrat tonight has been unlike anything we’ve ever seen before in a Golden Intentions rumble.”

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: “You’re right. But the tandem of Caledonia and MJ Flair could prove to be very valuable as well; as the two trade shots with John Obvious on the opposite side of the ring.”

THREE!

Obvious is unable to get a foothold over the two powerhouse femme fatales, attempting to catch the boot of Caledonia and of course getting a Such is Life enziguri for his troubles. This time, however, MJ Flair goes down low at the same exact time sweeping the feet out from underneath Obvious and leaving him completely incapacitated as he crashes to the canvas!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: “Someone needs to put a stop to this. These two are taking over!”

ONE!

“Let the Hammer Fall” by Hammerfall begins to play over the speaker system, the lights dimming down over the Colosseum as spotlights begin zooming across the crowd, eventually coming down to the entrance ramp where Dan “The Hammer” Highlander finally makes his entrance to pure cheers from the Philadelphia crowd.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number sixteen…from Canberra, Australia…THE HAMMER….DAN HIGHLANDER!!”

Highlander takes a moment to look out at the crowd on both his left and right side, the massive moment for him as he steps back into a CWF ring for the first time since the time shift. The moment hangs in the air for a while before he finally raises both arms in the air, an explosion of cheers coming from everyone within the Colosseum. Highlander makes his way down the long ramp, his eyes never removed from his spouse and opponents as he gets closer and closer to the ring.

Jim Gunt: “MJ and Caledonia now turn their attention towards Silas. Could this be the moment the Psychotic Aristocrat finally tastes defeat?”

Mike Rolash: “Or could it be the moment he makes good on what most would call the biggest defeat in his whole career? That Iron Man match for the World Title versus MJ Flair was one of the greatest wrestling matches in the history of this company, and Silas falling just short in his quest in defeating Flair has to be a lasting memory that he would love to redeem here tonight in some measurement.”

Amelia: “Wow, where did you get the Magic 8 ball that had that little nugget in it, and how long have you been waiting for a chance to say it?”

Back elbow cracks Silas as he tries to approach Mariella Jade Flair from behind. She spins around for her trademark following clothesline, but the Psychotic Aristocrat is ready for her, ducking out underneath and delivering a Roundhouse Kick on the way through that leaves MJ out on her feet. Caledonia springs off the ropes, Springboard Tornado DD-NO! Silas catches her on the way through, spinning her several times before dropping her right on her face!

Dan Highlander is a ball of emotions now, rolling right in the ring and going right for Silas. He drives into him with a right hand, a spinning heel kick, and finally a hard shoulder block to the ribs that leaves him shoved back into the corner. Artoria will not go down without a fight though, driving a heavy knife edge chop to Highlander’s chest. But the

Hammer eats it, furious as he pulls Silas in, end over end high into the air.

Jim Gunt: “SOUTHERN CROSS! Dan Highlander just hurled Artoria into the corner with that Crucifix Powerbomb…and now a Superkick to finally get the job done!”

Mike Rolash: “Don’t speak so fast Jimmy, Silas landed both feet on the apron…he’s safe. The man is unstoppable tonight!”

Jim Gunt: “And on the other side of the ring John Obvious goes for a superkick of his own…just to pump fake Amber Ryan. Holy SHIT he just spit in the legend’s face…and then superkicked her! That’s NOT going to go down so well!”

Amelia: “Oh, we don’t need a countdown to the moment he regrets that decision.”

Obvious stands over the fallen body of the Distorted Angel, fully proud of himself as the Philly faithful boo his actions. The boos quickly change to cheers as Amber comes to behind him, John completely unaware as he continues to flex his arms as tightly as he can.

LOW BLOW FROM BEHIND!

Obvious crashes to both knees, holding his prized jewels with both hands and widened eyes the size of golf balls.

Amelia: “Told ya.”

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: “Entrant number seventeen…here we go. Who do you think it’ll be, Amelia?”

FOUR!

Amelia: “Oh, anyone from the Easter Bunny, since it IS his vacation time, all the way to Fred. Not sure if you picked up on it, but he’s got quite the mean streak!“

THREE!

Mike Rolash: “Whoever it is…I hope it’s someone big and I hope they can do a better job at clearing the ring than the last few entrants have done!”

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “The ring is certainly filling up, but that’s exactly what Golden Intentions is all about, Mike. It is the one, ahem “golden” opportunity every year to see different personalities from all different places converging together for the chance at the ultimate prize. It doesn’t get any better than this!”

ONE!

"Burn In My Light" by Mercy Drive plays throughout the Colosseum, the fans looking around excitedly as spotlights shine across different areas of the crowd. Finally most of them cut off, leaving one on the lower balcony area showing the Mysterious One, Tyler Anderson making his way down the steps at a fast pace.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number seventeen…from Rincon, Georgia…THE MYSTERIOUS ONE….TYLER ANDERSON!!”

Jim Gunt: “Big night for the young Anderson boy! Tyler came out victorious in the Scaffold Match at Ascension, proving not only himself to his brother but to the world in what would be the biggest victory of his career thus far. Will he be able to put in a repeat performance here tonight?”

Mike Rolash: “I have a serious question for you, Jimmy.”

Jim Gunt: “...Yes?”

Mike Rolash: “How in the hell are you able to remember so much about what supposedly went down in this “future CWF”? It’s all a blur to me, a fragmented memory that I’m not even sure actually happened. But you seem to have this sense of clarity…what gives?”

Jim Gunt: “Maybe I wandered into the Highlander’s magic circle and was able to retain my memories. Maybe you drank too many mysterious concoctions that Neezletoe made backstage. Maybe you stop asking so many questions and just call the action!”

Amelia: “I’m just going to lift the veil on this one guys… Being flung three hundred years into the past isn’t an EXACT science, as I mentioned previously, and there COULD be side effects… Including but not limited to memory loss and impotence.”

Mike Rolash: “Impotence?”

Amelia: “Only if the rest of the female population is incredibly lucky. It’s 2026 though and the odds don’t seem to be in our favor…”

Mike sighs, but then does a double take as Amelia takes a big drink from her cup complete with a crazy, twisty straw. Back in the ring, Tyler enters like a house on fire, immediately ducking under a clothesline attempt from John Obvious and hitting Silas with a Georgia Roundup RKO on the way through. Piledriver to MJ Flair. He backs up looking for the Georgia Kick, waving his hands to get the fans on his side, but Caledonia surprises him with a leap off the rope.

Missile Dropkick takes out The Mysterious One!

Dan rears back on the Eureka Stockade, Amber Ryan screaming in pain as he has the elevated boston crab fully synced in. A smile graces the face of Caledonia’s face as she looks on, watching her husband fully take control of the match.

The Philly faithful surprisingly cheer the loving moment, but sounds of boos take over as several ringside fans try to point Cali behind her. She turns around just in time to get a boot into the stomach before John Obvious wraps his arm up over her head and shoulders.

Jim Gunt: “DUHBUSTER!”

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: “Like Da buster, like the buster? Or duh buster as in duh, you’re an idiot?”

FOUR!

Amelia: “If you had to ask the question, I think you already know the answer, Mike.”

THREE!

Jim Gunt: “Regardless, here comes entrant number eighteen. We only have eight more to go, this could be a big one!”

TWO!

Mike Rolash: “I’m trying to think of who it could be. We’ve seen the returns of CWF legends, the arrivals of competitors from all across the globe, and some of the best fighters this company has to offer already!”

ONE!

“Unbreakable” by New Year’s Day hits over the Colosseum.

“I’m stronger than you know

I won’t shatter

I won’t shatter”

The heavy drum and guitar riffs bring the crowd immediately to their feet, and Mia Rayne stepping out from behind the curtain lights the fuse. Explosions of cheers come from every direction of the Colosseum, the Forsaken Psychotic simply looking on with a wry smile on her face as she turns side to side to look out at the screaming fans.

“MIA! MIA! MIA!”

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number eighteen…from MiAtlantis…THE FORSAKEN PSYCHOTIC….MIA RAYNE!!”

Jim Gunt: “Oh my god…Mia is back! Fresh off the End Ga…”

Mike Rolash: “Stop, Jim. Just stop. Just sit back and enjoy the rumble, the here and now! Mia Rayne is the mind behind the faces, so to speak. The central personality that drives the craziness that we now have to put up with on a bi-weekly basis. And somehow…you’re still right here with us, Amelia?”

Mike turns to Amelia, only to find the chair once again vacated, a stuffed, evil looking gingerbread man. It turns a stuffed head at Mike and waves, then gestures back toward the ring as Mia makes her way to both sides of the upper ramp, taking in the moment as everyone rises to their feet upon her arrival. She finally makes her way back to the center, now wasting no time to head down the aisle as she takes off suddenly in a sprint. Mia dashes in under the bottom rope in an attempt to go right for Angelica.

She’s thwarted immediately though as the rest of the competition goes after her.Belly sliding through a curb stomp attempt by Tyler Anderson, Mia rises up just to have her arm caught by Silas.

Discus clothes-no! Mia spins around and takes out Silas with a discus clothesline of her own!

Amber Ryan whirls Obvious around before dumping him hard with a tilt a whirl headscissors takedown. Caledonia is driven into the corner by several boots to the stomach by Lucas Greene, the stoner laughing at himself as he picks up some of his first offense of the match.

His dreams of becoming the Golden Intentions winner quickly go up in smoke, however, as both Dan Highlander and MJF place a hand on either side of his shoulders. They carry him all the way across the ring, the fans cheering on, before driving him head first right into the top turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: “This has become an all out melee! Nine fighters have filled up the ring, and it’s anybody's ballgame at this point!”

In one corner of the ring, Caledonia takes a few right hands from Lucas Greene before ducking under a third. Massive Roundhouse Kick sends him up over the top rope!

Joey Garcia: “LUCAS GREENE HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Tyler Anderson hits an inverted backbreaker to Angelica just to shockingly have the former One True OG get right to her feet and nail him with a Superkick driving Anderson up over the ropes and to the floor!

Joey Garcia: “TYLER ANDERSON HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Mike Rolash: “OH! Tough loss there for young Ty!”

In another, Mia takes hold of Silas by both shoulders and repeatedly drives her head into his, spiking him with several debilitating Headbutts that leave him out on his feet!

BAEL THROW AND SILAS FINALLY TASTES DEFEAT!

Joey Garcia: “SILAS ARTORIA HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “My god…after nearly twenty six minutes dominating most of the rumble, Silas has finally been eliminated!”

Mike Rolash: “And he’s clearly not happy, getting right back to his feet outside the ring and tossing the steel steps in a

fit of rage!”

An angry Artoria screams out, absolutely furious as he hurls the upper ring step several feet. The Bloodletter takes several breaths in and out, looking inside the ring at Mia before finally sighing and backing off.

Back inside, Amber Ryan ducks under a right hand from the Captain, turning back around to plant Obvious down with a Facebreaker DDT. She brings him up by his shoulders, running him right over to the ropes and dumping him over the top to the floor!

Joey Garcia: “JOHN OBVIOUS HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “Holy shit, elimination after elimination now and this one is getting out of hand very quickly! What an impressive showing from Obvious but it’s now curtains for the Captain!”

Caledonia is driven back into the corner with a shoulder block by Amber Ryan, but it is not that hard shot that takes her breath away. Her jaw drops as she looks across the ring at MJF placing a hand on her partner’s shoulders, giving him a friendly pat for just a moment before shocking him and sending him flying over the top rope to the floor.

Joey Garcia: “DAN HIGHLANDER HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “WHAT!? MJ Flair just eliminated the Hammer! That could certainly cause some friction between her and Caledonia!”

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: “Good for her! There can only be one winner, Jimmy, and friendships only get you so far in Golden Intentions.”

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: “And after all that, we now only have five competitors remaining in the ring…and they’re all female warriors! Amber Ryan, Angelica, Caledonia, Mia Rayne and MJ Flair…WHAT A MOMENT!”

THREE!

All four CWF legends stand still on opposite corners of the ring with Caledonia Highlander in the center looking dead-eyed at Flair, the crowd blowing the roof off the Colosseum showing their love for this massive moment in time. MJ burrows her eyebrows, shrugging her shoulders at Cali. Mia Rayne and Angelica stare at each other from opposite sides of the ring, while Amber Ryan riles up the screaming crowd.

TWO!

“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”

“GIRL POW-ER! GIRL POW-ER!”

“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”

“GIRL POW-ER! GIRL POW-ER!”

ONE!

The lights dim in the Colosseum as chilling piano music plays over the speakers. Red light illuminates the stage as Azrael Caduceus makes his arrival to Championship Wrestling Federation wearing an all black leather jacket and pants, a dark crimson shirt underneath with a cross necklace and belt tied tightly to his body. He stares cold down towards the ring, slowly making his way down the aisle.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number nineteen…from Paradise, California…THE FALLEN….AZRAEL CADUCEUS!!”

Inside the ring, the action remains at a standstill as the five women that have defined the W in CWF for the past three decades soak in the chants continuing to echo across the Colosseum. Azrael looks to break up the fun quickly, though, entering the ring and immediately stalking Caledonia from behind as she stares back at MJ, still looking for an answer.

Jim Gunt: “FALL FROM GRACE! Azrael charges at Caledonia, running a driving knee right into the back of her head. That was a LITERAL fall from grace for the former High Priestess, and a painful one at that!”

Mike Rolash: “And now MJ and Angelica go at it on the other side of the ring, this is a matchup I never knew I wanted…but now I NEED it!”

Flair leaves the CWF OG dazed on her feet with an array of kickboxing kicks and punches, hitting her up and down her body just as she tries to block one spot. An aggravated Angelica finally takes control, abruptly grabbing MJ and hurling her in the air.

UPPERCUT NEARLY DRIVES HER HEAD INTO THE STANDS!

Mia Rayne shoulder blocks Amber Ryan before whipping her hard into the ropes. The fans gasp momentarily as Ryan goes up and over the top, but a cheer follows as the Distorted Angel lands both feet on the apron. A high kick meets the side of Mia’s head as she comes in, and Amber looks out at the sold out crowd before springing up to the top rope.

Jim Gunt: “SPRINGBOARD DDT BACK INTO THE-NO! Holy shit, Mia launches Amber up onto her shoulders and…RUNNING POWERBOMB TO THE OUTSIDE! And she’s done!”

Joey Garcia: “AMBER RYAN HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

FIVE

Mike Rolash: “An impressive performance from Amber in her special return to CWF, but it came to an abrupt half with that sick Powerbomb from Mia!”

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: “And here comes number twenty, after this we’ll be four fifths of the way through the rumble! The field is nearly complete!”

THREE!

The stuffy in Amelia’s chair now has a little cast iron skillet sewed onto it’s hand. It squeaks, getting up on it’s little legs and trying to see the action over the table.

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “Right, and now Azrael Caduceus shows his dominance over a weakened Caledonia, driving down hard with a high angle Dragon Suplex. But MJF comes immediately to her aid with a Missile Dropkick!”

ONE!

The lights inside the Colosseum fade as a strobe of red and blue begin flashing across the arena.

"I wake up to the sounds of the silence that allows

For my mind to run around with my ear up to the ground

I'm searching to behold the stories that are told

When my back is to the world that was smiling when I turned

Tell you you're the greatest

But once you turn, they hate us"

Dangerous Dan, accompanied by brother and Danger Boiz teammate Crazy Chris, slowly walks onto the stage. He glances over the crowd both to his left and right, Paramount Championship draped over his shoulder as the fans blow the roof off the building screaming his name.

“DAN! DAN! DAN!”

"Oh, the misery

Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy"

Dan slowly begins making his way down towards the ring with Chris following behind.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number twenty…from Smithville, Tennessee…THE DANGEROUS ONE….DANGEROUS DAN!!”

"Everybody wants to be my enemy

(Look out for yourself)

My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself)

But I'm ready"

Dan acknowledges several fans at ringside, smiling and embracing the crowd as he pats the Paramount Championship draped over his chest, looking focused as he measures up his competition in the ring.

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan enters Golden Intentions at number twenty! Fifteen years ago the Dangerous One entered at this exact spot to become only the third ever Golden Intentions winner. Because of financial hardships at the time, the federation closed down before he was able to get his awarded title shot. I couldn’t think of a greater redemption story than Dan becoming a two time winner here tonight!”

Dan climbs the steps slowly, the veteran not looking to make a quick move that could cost him early. He stands on the apron for another moment, waiting for the action inside the ring to move further away from him before looking to enter in through the top and middle ropes.

Mike Rolash: “We now have five competitors in the ring and five left to enter, one of these final ten will head to Wrestle Fest to challenge the winner of Ozric, Gordy and Carlton’s triple threat World Title Match later on!”

MJ offers a hand out to Caledonia, which she considers for several seconds before exhaling and taking it, the crowd giving off a bright cheer as the two rise to their feet just in time to get taken abruptly right back down by a massive double clothesline from Caduceus.

The six foot two beast Judo style throws Caledonia across the ring, and a Half and Half Suplex threatens to double MJ over inside out.

But Dangerous Dan, still on the apron waiting for his moment to strike, finally finds it as he snaps upward to the top rope in an instant.

Jim Gunt: “Leaping Snap Hurricanrana takes “The Fallen” Azrael Caduceus right off MJ Flair. And the Dangerous One has finally officially entered Golden Intentions!”

FIVE!

Angelica shows that legends never die with a Corkscrew Plancha that sends Mia flipping hard into an awkward position on her side and lower back.

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: “Angelica getting a measure of revenge over the Forsaken Psychotic. Now get her out of the ring!”

THREE!

Jim Gunt: “So you’re still cheering for Angelica even in twenty twenty six?”

TWO!

Mike Rolash: “No, I just want to see someone destroy the hopes and dreams of the person who always destroys mine!”

ONE!

"Silver Hand, Steady Hand" by Katherine McDaniels and the Imperfect Eternity begins playing as Esmeralda von Krauss walks out from the back to a booing crowd. She smiles, flaunting in her extravagant gown as she lights up an Egyptian cigarette at the end of an ornate foot-long holder.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number twenty one…from Cologne, Germany…THE DARK DAHLING….ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS!!”

Jim Gunt: “Quite the superstar making her debut in the Golden Intentions rumble tonight. From rumblings around social media, Esmeralda Von Krauss was expelled from the other CWF- Conquest Wrestling Federation. Why exactly that happened I wasn’t able to figure out, but what is a known fact is that the woman could certainly spell trouble for the rest of the field coming into the rumble at number twenty!”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah I mean she doesn’t have long to go until everyone has entered. Esmeralda certainly drew a decent number, maybe she’ll have better luck here?”

She makes her way down to the ring, staring into it waving over the official who raises his eyebrow, and eventually makes his way over to open the ropes for her. She leans down as she goes through the ropes, eliciting a few catcalls as she does. Once she’s in the ring, she slips the shoulders off of her dress quickly to allow it to slip down to the floor to reveal a black singlet. She tosses the dress to the timekeeper.

Esmeralda von Krauss: “Find a good home for it, dahling. I’ll never wear it again.”

She turns back to the ring, eyes immediately wide as she sees Mia Rayne charging right at her. Esmeralda moves out of the way just in time, leaving the Forsaken Psychotic hitting the corner hard with a mistimed Busaiku knee. Holding her now damaged knee with pain in her eyes, Mia is easy pickings for Esmeralda to wrap her long legs around her shoulders and bring her in for a Triangle Leg Scissors chokehold.

Jim Gunt: “Von Krauss showing a sadistic side, choking the life out of the returning Rayne, but Mia will not give up so easily. She has somehow pulled herself back up to her feet with Esmeralda still in toe hanging off her shoulders…ELECTRIC CHAIR DROP…NO! Esmeralda instead snaps her body backward, sending Mia over the top with a nasty Poison Rana!”

Joey Garcia: “MIA RAYNE HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Mike Rolash: “Mia is out! No repeat performance for the Forsaken Psychotic tonight!”

Jim Gunt: “And what a feather to put in the fancy hat of Esmeralda Von Krauss, getting to forever state that she was the one who eliminated Mia from the seventh Golden Intentions.”

Amelia: “Good for her!”

Mike and Jim jump out of their skins as Amelia once again reappears in the chair, the animated stuffy now sitting in Amelia’s lap. It winks at Mike Rolash, as he turns back to the attention in the ring. Unfortunately for the egotistical and ever confident Esmeralda, she turns back around after snickering at Amelia, who meets her gaze, and immediately

eats a Such is Life enziguri from the English Rose! Caledonia is far from finished, heading right towards the ropes and going up to the middle then top before springing through the air like a cat.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

The springboard roundhouse kick knocks Von Krauss's lights out, dropping her right to her knees. Flair takes this as a sign for her to finish her off, making her own dash towards Esmeralda. Missile Dropkick to her jaw drives her right to her back!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: "Flair and Caledonia once again taking control of the rumble as a tandem, but as this match nears its culmination…these two are eventually going to have to come to blows!"

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: "Maybe not, Jim. We could get lucky and have both of them get eliminated together…matter of fact, Azrael looks to be trying to do just that right now!"

THREE!

Amelia: "I'm curious as to why you don't just 'eliminate both of them,' if it's so easy? "

TWO!

Jim Gunt: "But a back elbow from MJ stops him in his tracks. She spins around…WICKED CLOTHESLINE!"

ONE!

"Dreaming in Love" by Peroxwhy?gen begins to play over the speakers, once again leaving the Philadelphia fans somewhat befuddled as they don't recognize the theme from any current or past CWF fighters.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing entrant number twenty two…from Asheville, North Carolina, representing HVW…THE NEON REBEL….SAMARA ASTRID!!"

Bulbs flash across the ramp as the Beautiful Enigma, Samara Astrid finally steps out on a CWF stage for the first time in her career. After only making her professional wrestling debut just a week ago at the upstart Heroes & Villains Wrestling Saturday Night episode one show, Samara shows off a bright smile that tells the fans all they need to know about her, she's ready to keep the momentum she's drawn from HVW going hot here where the big boys and girls play.

Jim Gunt: "Samara Astrid, certainly a new name and face here to CWF but one that some wrestling fans around the world may have recently seen over at Heroes and Villains Wrestling. She made quite a name for herself last week defeating earlier entrant Magik the Gatherer in the very first main event of HVW's Saturday Night show."

Mike Rolash: "Right. Unfortunately for little miss beautiful enigma, CWF is a whole different beast. And the ring is full of them right now!"

Dangerous Dan and Angelica square off in the center of the ring, the two fast-paced competitors showing off the best they have for the Philly faithful as Dan swings a wild clothesline at Angelica that she ducks under, walking up the back of the Dangerous One looking for a poison rana but he is able to catch her on the way through with an Alabama Slam!

Astrid continues riling up the fans as she makes her way down the ramp looking on at the action ensuing inside the ring with pure excitement in her eyes. Just as she's about to enter the ring movement can be seen coming from the front row, as a figure in all black wearing a dark ski mask jumps the barricade, pushing right through security to take Samara out from behind with a double axe handle!

Mike Rolash: "What!? Who is this? Amelia…do something about this!?"

Amelia: “Uhm… To be quite fair, I didn’t even realize I had security hired for this event until it was mentioned earlier…”

The figure grabs hold of Samara before she can come to, quickly placing her head on the displaced steps from earlier. Curb stomp implodes Samara Astrid’s head like a cracked egg! There is blood everywhere as the Neon Rebel rolls to her side awkwardly off the steps, security once again trying to intervene but the masked figure simply laughs back at them, backing up as they slowly move a hand towards their face.

They pull the mask off, revealing HVW’s own and Samara Astrid’s new bitter rival, The Viper Next Door, Evelyn Hart.

“BOOOO!!”

Mike Rolash: “Nevermind what I said earlier…this is brilliant!”

Amelia: “Thanks for the permission, but I’m already on it!”

Hart takes in all the boos coming from the Colosseum like a welcoming mat laid out in her name. She smiles ear to ear, lifting the bloody face of Samara up to show the crowd before tossing her lifeless body in under the ropes. Evelyn dusts her hands off, the job done as she backs up the ramp with her hands in the air, assuring security that she’s done.

A struggling Samara tries to get back to her feet using the bottom and middle rope, but just as soon as she’s about there Azrael kicks her knee out from under her. The Fallen garners some boos from the crowd as he takes the leg of Astrid and drives it up and down over and over again onto the canvas before switching to her upper half, smearing the bloody face of Samara across his hand as he lifts her to her feet and tosses her right over the top rope!

Joey Garcia: “SAMARA ASTRID HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: “One out and one in, here comes entrant number twenty three!”

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: “Only three more to go, who could it be!?”

THREE!

Amelia: “If you’d shut up for a while, we’d find out a lot sooner.”

TWO!

Mike Rolash: “....”

ONE!

“Obedear” by Purity Ring echoes softly over the Colosseum’s speaker system, before growing ever louder. Glowing gold and emerald spotlights flash in succession across the ramp, but it is not “The Peacock King” Jared Holmes who makes his arrival to Golden Intentions. Instead it is his Floor manager, Howe Grimm.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing entrant number twenty three…from La Jolla, California, subbing in for Jared Holmes….HOWE GRIMM!!”

Grimm scurries at a brisk pace down to the ring, paying no attention to the mixed but mostly hateful response the crowd gives him as he flashes his eyes back and forth between the competitors inside the ring with nervousness draining out of every pore in his body.

Jim Gunt: “Entrant twenty three is…Howe Grimm…I guess?”

Mike Rolash: “What do you mean you guess? Howe has been put into a prime position by his best pal Jared tonight! A GOLDEN opportunity, if you will.”

Jim Gunt: “I’m honestly not sure Jared’s floor manager Howe has ever trained for professional wrestling, better yet have been in a match.”

Amelia: “I have no notes on this one, so your guess is as good as mine Jimbo. Even the craziest of us get lucky at least once in this life.”

Making his way closer and closer to the ring, Howe seemingly begins to get cold feet as he turns his head and then full body back around, staring back at the curtains. Inside the ring Esmeralda Von Krauss has Caledonia doubled over the ropes, nearly bringing her all the way over before MJ saves her again, a double axe handle to the spine of Esmeralda breaking things up.

A deep breath in and out, and Howe turns, psyching himself up with a couple of painful slaps to the face before diving into the ring headfirst.

END OF AN ERA!

Dangerous Dan greets him immediately with a huge stomp, and Grimm collapses cold. The Dangerous One lifts up the dead weight of Grimm and sends him back right where he came from, dumping him over the top rope and to the floor!

Joey Garcia: “HOWE GRIMM HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “And the Dangerous One racks up his first elimination. Jared is not going to be happy about that one! Caledonia has lasted the longest in the rumble as of this moment, entering in at number five, while Flair’s resilient return has also been impressive with her entering at ten. Angelica, Esmeralda, and Azrael have all picked up eliminations as well.”

Mike Rolash: “In a battle of past, present and future…this is anybody’s ball game!”

Amelia: “Not sure if you’ve noticed or not Mike, but this is a wrestling match!”

Esmeralda attempts to whip Azrael into the ropes but the much larger fighter is able to take a step forward to block it and send Von Krauss flying instead. She does her best to stop her momentum as her eyes go wide, seeing Angelica on the top rope right in the direction she’s headed in.

FIVE!

CORKSCREW PLANCHA SENDS ESMERALDA CRASHING DOWN HARD ON THE MAT!

FOUR!

Dangerous Dan has a light in his eyes like he’s back in two thousand eleven, the Paramount Champion booting Flair in the stomach to stop her from spinning around and delivering a back elbow to him.

THREE!

Twist of Fate brings the former CWF World Champion down hard on her face! He turns around right in time to leap over an incoming Spear from Caledonia, again turning as she springs back from the ropes.

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “My god, Dan just tore Cali in half! The Paramount Champion catches Caledonia on the way through, driving her down with a helluva blue thunder bomb!”

ONE!

Mike Rolash: “Here we go, Jimbo! Second to last entrant!”

“I wanna be… a messiah… a king… a God in extension!”

The words blare over the PA system before the opening riffs of “God in Extension” by Jack Daw kick in. Smoke billows

out from the side of the entrance ramp as the lights dim before a slightly different Shane Donovan than what we're accustomed to seeing steps onto the entrance ramp.

He is clad in black tights with "MANMADEMONSTER" written down his left leg and "SOCIETY" written down the right, with a heavy knee brace over his tights on that leg as well as a denim coat lined with leather, a hood over his head.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing entrant number twenty four…from Norfolk, Virginia, representing UCI…THE MANMADEMONSTER….SHANE DONOVAN!!"

Donovan stands with his back to the crowd as the song continues, his arms raising before he turns to face the audience. He then points towards the ring, mouthing along with the lyrics for a moment before lowering his arms and starting his approach.

Shane makes his way down the ramp, taunting fans as he reaches the bottom, circling around the outside until he comes to the ring steps and stops, taking a good look at the competitors left in the ring.

Jim Gunt: "The return of Shane Donovan…we haven't seen the MANMADEMONSTER since…"

Mike Rolash: "Don't even start that again, Jim. This is Shane Donovan representing United Championship Infinite. Like our "esteemed" boss-lady said earlier, she invited wrestlers from all over the globe for this mega rumble. We haven't seen this Shane since he used to team up with Jarvis King back in the day."

Jim Gunt: "King Jarvis the first, you mean."

Mike Rolash: "No, JARVIS King…you idiot!"

Donovan steps one foot through the middle rope, his eyes doing their best not to glance down at his knee brace as he winces upon entering.

Jim Gunt: "Looks like "this" Shane may be coming into battle a little less than one hundred percent, it would seem?"

Amelia: "Maybe he's just playing the best game of possum we've ever seen? I mean, sure, there are surprise entrants, but people can be surprising as well. Did you ever stop to think about that, Jimmy Jam?"

Despite his best efforts in entering the ring unnoticed, Azrael does just that, clipping the braced leg of Donovan out from under him as soon as he steps two feet in the ring. He places the MANMADEMONSTER in a crossface chicken wing, but quickly transitions, flipping up over him with the hold still fully locked in.

Jim Gunt: "Azrael calls this brutal lock Dominion, and he clearly has that over the competition at the present moment."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah but…submissions aren't gonna win you the match in Golden Intentions, Jimbo. If Azrael wants to wow his "Lestat" in picking up the biggest victory someone could ever expect to get in their CWF debut, he needs to throw Shane out while the pickings are there!"

Esmeralda dodges out of the way just in time, a big boot from Angelica nearly smacking her across the jaw and instead leaving the True OG prone in the corner with her leg caught on the ropes. Esmeralda's eyes light up instantly, she moves in with determination to grab the other leg of the Hall of Famer and toss her up over the ropes. But instead gets her nose nearly kicked off her face!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: "HERE WEE GO! Last entrant. Mike. Amelia. It's time!"

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: "It's been a long ride, but we're almost to the finish!

THREE!

Spinning heel kick by Caledonia sends Dangerous Dan into Flair, who tucks him and lifts him up into a Crucifix Powerbomb position.

TWO!

Jim Gunt: “PER CRUCEM VINCEMUS!”

Amelia: “Bless!”

Mike Rolash: “What?...”

ONE!

Just as Flair shifts her weight to keep the Dangerous One high in the air, Caledonia takes flight dashing into the corner. She leaps onto the top rope, springboarding off and taking Dan’s head off with a beautiful Roundhouse Kick!

“For I Am Death” by Pretty Reckless plays over the speakers, bringing their fans to their feet instantaneously.

Jim Gunt: “HO-LEE SHIT! Number twenty five is the Ripper himself, Danny B!”

Mike Rolash: “Couldn’t be any more appropriate, could it? Ole’ Ripper always complains about having a chip on his shoulder the size of Texas…even if he somehow wins here tonight, it doesn’t seem like that bag of Lays is going away any time soon!”

The noise rises to deafening levels as the fourth winner of Golden Intentions takes his spot as the final entrant of this year’s rumble. Danny B stands center spotlight as dozens of flashes rain down upon him, the Ripper doing a full circle as he takes in the moment in no hurry to get to the ring.

Joey Garcia: “And the final entrant for this year’s Golden Intentions rumble, from Brighton, England…THE RIPPER….DANNY B!!”

The Ripper slowly paces both sides of the ramp, as if he’s slightly dumbfounded at the sight before him. The banners hang in unison by nails or staples, not magic. No drones flying through the air capturing the scene. The fans are packed inside the Colosseum, but it’s right in the heart of Philadelphia, not in a city governed by some Amoralist bitch.

He’s home.

Jim Gunt: “Just weeks ago this man was in a battle for good and evil fighting against the Amoralist in the End Games cell, and now he stands as the final competitor to enter the biggest rumble of the year!”

Inside the ring Azrael has finally let go of the Dominion lock, leaving Shane Donovan writhing and wiggling around the ring as he turns to battle both Caledonia and MJ. He catches the leg of Caledonia, smiling back at the former High Priestess as she smiles at him, as if he knows exactly what she’s going to do before she does it.

Jim Gunt: “SUCH IS-NO! Azrael ducks out underneath, and dragon leg whips Caledonia to the mat!”

Mike Rolash: “But here comes MJ-but Azrael sidesteps…HIGH ANGLE DRAGON SUPLEX DUMPS HER ON HER NOGGIN!”

Jim Gunt: “Ripper has finally entered the ring, and immediately goes nose to nose with Shane Donovan! This is the fight we’ve all wanted to see since the very beginning! FINALLY!”

Mike Rolash: “But Donovan can barely stand, Jimbo. Between having his bad leg tripped out from under him as soon as he entered the rumble to being locked in the Dominion for over a full minute…the MANMADEMONSTER is hurtin’!”

Shane shows a tremendous amount of resiliency however, not backing down at all as Ripper shoves him back with his nose and forehead. A seething Donovan’s anger turns into a smirk as he slaps his leg straight, going right back at Ripper.

Jim Gunt: “It was a ruse after all!”

Mike Rolash: “I wouldn’t be so sure. Adrenaline is a magical thing. A chance to main event the biggest pay per view of the year with the World Championship hanging in the balance? Hell you might even sign me up for that one.”

Jim Gunt: “Yes Mike, you already told us your Mr. Re story earlier…”

Danny isn’t so sure of the man standing in front of him, considering Donovan even as the MANMADEMONSTER stares back at him coldly. Angelica and Caledonia trade right hands on one corner of the ring while Dangerous Dan attempts to eliminate MJF in the other. Danny launches a bicycle kick directed at Donovan’s knee but he dodges in time, grabbing Ripper’s arm on the way through and smacking him with a short-arm lariat!

TKO to finish him off!

Wrist Clutch Exploder Suplex to Azrael as he charges in!

Jim Gunt: “Donovan is on fire!”

Mike Rolash: “And now he’s going back to Ripper, looks like the MANMADEMONSTER wants to finish him off himself!”

Donovan locks both arms of Danny, hooking him in for the Millennial Descent. He moves to rise Ripper up into the air but as he does his leg starts to give out on him, leaving Ripper just the opportunity he needs to Back Body Drop Shane all the way over the top rope!

The MANMADEMONSTER lands awkwardly on the outside in a standing position, immediately screaming out obscenities as he smacks the ring apron.

Joey Garcia: “SHANE DONOVAN HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “And with Donovan’s escape, we’re down to our final seven! In the order that they’ve entered we still have: Caledonia, MJ Flair, Angelica, Azrael Caduceus, Dangerous Dan, Esmeralda Von Krauss, and “The Ripper” Danny B.”

Mike Rolash: “One of these two men or women will have the opportunity of a lifetime August 7th at CWF’s superbowl, our world series, our grammy celebration all wrapped into one…WRESTLE FEST FIVE!”

Caledonia shows true exhaustion this deep into the rumble, taking a deep breath as she holds onto the top rope trying to get some relief. Angelica is not going to let that happen, however, despite the kind words shared between the two earlier. The True OG brings a hard kick to Caledonia’s stomach, driving her back into the corner. MJ immediately grabs her from behind by the hair.

Jim Gunt: “THE MORNING STAR! WE HAVEN’T SEEN THAT BEAUTIFUL MOVE IN WAY TOO MANY YEARS!”

On the other side of the packed ring, Esmeralda Von Krauss has Azrael cornered, both feet up on the middle rope as she drives right hands down upon him. The Fallen suddenly awakens, eyes wide as Esmeralda’s flash a moment of fear. He pulls her into the air with ease, walking across the ring like he’s measuring up a perfect resting place for her before dumping her hard on her back outside!

Joey Garcia: “ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Mike Rolash: “And Esmeralda has hit the bricks!”

Jim Gunt: “But what a showing in her CWF debut, though. Final seven in a jam packed field with some of the biggest names in all of the present AND past of wrestling. Von Krauss has a promising future ahead of her, that’s for damn sure!”

Flair finally loosens the Dragon Sleeper part of the Morning Star, leaving Angelica incapacitated in the ring. She hoists the True OG up into the air in a Spinebuster position, calling for Caledonia to head up to the top rope. She struggles, step by step making her way there as Angelica tries her best to fight out of the Spinebuster to no avail.

Jim Gunt: “QUEEN’S GAMBIT FROM THE TOP ROPE…AND ANGELICA IS FINALLY ELIMINATED!”

Mike Rolash: “NO!!! The future!!”

Jim Gunt: “I thought you didn’t believe in any of that, Mike?”

Mike Rolash: “THE AMORALISTS RULE FOREVER~!”

Amelia: “I’m going to be right back. I need to get my yeeting gloves back on it seems…”

Joey Garcia: “ANGELICA HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “Back to back eliminations…and now we’re at the final five!”

Mike Rolash: “Three former World Champions, two former Golden Intentions winners, and one rookie who is stamping his name in the history books on his first night in the company. What a fucking match!”

Jim Gunt: “...Wait, who is that?”

Jim nearly jumps out of his seat as a figure comes out of the crowd right behind him, brushing against him as he measures up one particular person in the ring. He loosens his golden and blue Versace robe before dropping it gracefully down to the floor.

Mike Rolash: “HE MADE IT!”

Jim Gunt: “I thought the Peacock King said Golden Intentions was beneath him?”

Dangerous Dan nails a Twist of Fate on the freshest competitor in the rumble, driving Ripper down hard on his face. He unknowingly heads right for the top rope, eyes never removed from the former two time World Champion laying flat in the ring. The Dangerous One measures him up one last time before standing at full height on the top rope, the crowd trying to warn him off with murmuring cheers but it’s too late.

Jim Gunt: “Jared Holmes steps onto the apron and with a hard shove sends Dan flying off the top rope! That’s bullshit!”

Mike Rolash: “That’s Golden Intentions, Jimbo. There are no disqualifications in a rumble, how many times do we have to go over this?”

Joey Garcia: “DANGEROUS DAN HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “Final four! Azrael has taken over control on Ripper…and MJ finally steps forward to go nose to nose with Caledonia. This is the moment we’ve all been waiting for!”

Mike Rolash: “And damned if they’re going to give it to us, as the two idiots turn away from each other- taking Caduceus off the Arm Cloverleaf hold instead!”

Holmes continues his assault on Dan outside the ring, lifting up the Paramount Champion and running him right into the barricade. The Philadelphia crowd show their disapproval of the one half of the Tag Team Champions, booing him vehemently as he raises his arms in the air for just a moment, immediately going back to Dan.

The Dangerous One does his best to fight back with a couple right hands but a stiff knife edge chop stops him in his tracks. Holmes trips Dan’s legs out from under him, taking him suddenly through the air with an Airplane Spin, finally tossing him up and over the announce table where Jim, Mike and Amelia all take cover just in time!

Jim Gunt: “Look out!”

Mike Rolash: “Wow…that was a close one!”

Jim Gunt: “And now Jared finally makes his escape back up the aisle after causing a truly tragic defeat for Dangerous Dan. One that I can assure you the Paramount Champion isn’t going to take lightly.”

Amelia: “Speaking from experience, holding any kind of gold in this industry instantly puts a target on your back. 24/7/365, life as a champion isn’t just all glitz and glamor. There’s also a lot of paranoia involved.”

Inside the ring an aggravated Azrael snarls, trying his best to hold onto the submission on Ripper despite being tugged off it by Flair. She holds him by the arms as Caledonia once again springs off the ropes.

QUEEN’S GAMBIT SENDS AZRAEL END OVER END TO THE FLOOR BELOW!

Jim Gunt: “Holy crap, what a performance by the team of Caledonia and MJ Flair here tonight. The two have now picked up THREE tandem eliminations!”

Joey Garcia: “AZRAEL CADUCEUS HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “And the Fallen has FINALLY done just that! One of the most impressive showings we’ve ever seen coming from a debut fighter entering Golden Intentions, and I sure hope we see more of him very soon!”

Mike Rolash: “Me too, this guy has an alluring presence that I just can’t put my finger on…”

Jim Gunt: “Nevertheless, we’re down to our final three competitors of the rumble. Caledonia has had the most strenuous nights coming in at number five and lasting over thirty five minutes in the ring herself now. MJ Flair came in at ten and has gone through a hell of a war herself. The Ripper? Fresh as a daisy, and he’s going to need to be going against these two. Cali & MJ have fought like a well oiled pair thus far!”

The Colosseum is rocking, the sold out crowd standing in unison as the three competitors in the ring all stand in opposite corners measuring each other up. Caledonia and MJ make eye contact, Cali clearly in a lot of pain which Flair notices without words, nodding back at her. She runs steadfast towards Ripper but he catches her as she comes through.

TILT-A-WHIRL BACKBREAKER!

Caledonia shrugs, heading into war herself.

AND GETS A DESTIN-KNEE FOR HER TROUBLES!

Danny goes back for Flair now, grabbing her by the shoulder and attempting to irish whip her over the ropes. Changing position, Flair stops the attempt, shifting herself for a reversal. But Ripper delivers a Ripper Kill Shot that snaps her out of her reverie! A gasp runs through the Colosseum as Danny lifts MJ up off the mat and throws her over.

Mike Rolash: “FLAIR IS ELIMINATED! FLAIR IS ELIMINATED!”

Jim Gunt: “Not so fast, Mike…”

The Ripper celebrates the elimination over Flair for just a moment, a true ring veteran himself he can already sense that the Icon has landed on the apron, a handful of the top rope saving her from defeat. Danny slowly turns around, barely hiding the smirk crossing his face as he approaches Mariella.

A desperate Caledonia moves in to save her, but Ripper only uses this to his advantage- a deep shove forward pushing Caledonia right into Flair and sending her tumbling off the apron!

Jim Gunt: “There she goes! Flair’s out! I thought for sure this would be her year, but God DAMN what a showing in her return!”

Joey Garcia: “MJ FLAIR HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!”

Mike Rolash: “Ha! You have to love the irony in seeing Caledonia and MJF afraid to put hands on each other the ENTIRE rumble just to have Cali incidentally eliminate her from the match!”

Jim Gunt: “That’s the breaks, I guess...but Flair is clearly not happy outside the ring. As she attempts to maintain her

composure, we have a final two to get to. Caledonia Highlander. “The Ripper” Danny B. Only one of these two absolute warriors can go to the biggest pay per view of the year to challenge for the biggest prize in all of wrestling. WHO WILL IT BE!?”

“LET’S GO CALI!”

“DAN-NEE BEE!”

“LET’S GO CALI!”

“DAN-NEE BEE!”

Jim Gunt: “The sound is deafening in here, Mike, can you hear me!?”

Mike Rolash: “I think so! Something about defecating, I think? Might want to wait until after the show for that one, Jim.”

Amelia: “Oh, so now I have to get your permission to use the bathroom too?”

Caledonia barely has time to apologize to a rising Flair as the Ripper immediately strikes with a spinning back fist just as she turns around. Caledonia attempts a roundhouse but a rapid Destin-Knee stuns her before she’s able to. Danny takes the completely exhausted Highlander by the neck and upper chest, holding her up as she lifelessly falls forward into his arms.

COMPLETE SIN!

The Future Shock DDT leaves Caledonia crashing hard on the canvas, and MJ Flair pacing back and forth on the outside of the ring, frustrated that she’s not able to do anything to help her friend. Ripper is oozing in confidence as he points down at Cali, pulling the finger triggers before nailing her with a Shining Wizard. The match is over, Ripper shouts, completely sure of himself as he lifts Highlander up and tosses her over the top rope to win the seventh Golden Intentions rumble.

Except she lands with her feet on the top rope on the way through, springboards back.

AND NAILS RIPPER WITH THE QUEEN’S GAMBIT!

“HOLY SHIT! LET’S GO CALI! HOLY SHIT! LET’S GO CALI! HOLY SHIT!”

Jim Gunt: “Do it girl! Throw Ripper over the top rope and meet your date with destiny!”

Mike Rolash: “Oh go to hell, Jim!”

With the fans in the palm of her hand, MJ cheering her on from the outside and dual holy shit/let’s go Cali chants running through the entire Colosseum, Highlander seems to find some inner strength running through her that she didn’t know she still had in her.

Jim Gunt: “Are we seeing the return of the High Priestess?”

Mike Rolash: “NO! Caledonia said that she’s lost all sense of magic coming back to the present time…I DO know that!”

Jim Gunt: “Nevertheless, Caledonia has shown extraordinary resiliency fighting through nearly forty minutes of warfare inside the Golden Intentions rumble. What a story it would be if she is able to put this final nail in the coffin and send Ripper over the top.”

The power of thousands of fans chanting her name running through her veins, Caledonia calls on whatever power she may have left and nails Danny with a bicycle kick. She backs him up, struggling to even move before shifting and throwing him into the nearest corner. Caledonia winces, then her eyes light up, as if her inner HP magically began to rise on its own. She sprints towards the ropes looking for the move that has brought her so much glory so far.

Jim Gunt: “QUEEN’S GAMB-NO! RIPPER DUCKS UNDERNEATH AND SHOVES HIGHLANDER OFF THE ROPES!”

Mike Rolash: “YES! Goodbye Highlander! And now Ripper finallly gets the proverbial monkey off his back, and maybe NOW he can let me the hell alone!”

Joey Garcia: “CALEDONIA HAS BEEN ELIMINATED! YOUR GOLDEN INTENTIONS SEVEN WINNER….”THE RIPPER”....DANNY B!!”

“For I Am Death” once again plays over the speaker system, pyros shooting off all sides of the ramp as well as all four corners as multi color confetti streams down from the ceiling of the Colosseum.

Amelia: “Congratulations goes out to Danny, well deserved victory for the Ripper.”

Caledonia remains on the outside of the ring, slapping the floor in a fit of frustration, Flair not even hesitating to move to console her. Danny looks out at the both of them for just a moment, nodding his respect to them before turning and heading to the opposite turnbuckle. The Ripper climbs to the middle then top rope, raising both hands in the air as the Colosseum once again breaks out into thunderous applause.

Jim Gunt: “What a rumble! The Ripper proves all his naysayers, doubters and shit-talkers all wrong as he becomes the first and only TWO TIME Golden Intentions winner!”

Mike Rolash: “And I can guarantee you he’ll have his eyes peeled on the television screen backstage for the World Championship Match later.”

Plans within Plans

Segment

After Golden Intentions has ended, Esmeralda von Krauss makes her way, somehow still at ringside over to the commentary table. She sits next to Mike Rolash and puts on a headset. Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt give her an odd look before speaking.

Jim Gunt: "You know that the wrestlers normally go backstage after their match is finished. Right?"

Mike Rolash: "You seem to be confused. Backstage is that way."

Mike points to the aisle that leads backstage. Esmeralda looks from one to the other with a cruel smile.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Of course it is, but that would be detrimental to my misson."

The silence stretches out as the commentators both watch Esmeralda, who looks into the ring as if something were going on there.

Jim Gunt: "You're...you're going to make us ask, aren't you?"

Mike Rolash: "What is your mission?"

Esmeralda points to the ring with an absolute certainty.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "I am going to watch the main event of the evening. And...I know how this works, having seen it with my own eyes. If Ozric Mortimer should win the World Championship, I shall take a shortcut in the name of Justice. I will enter the ring and murder him. Management will give me the title shot at the newly vacant title, and I shall become the World champion."

Jim Gunt: "Right. And should Ozric lose the match?"

Mike Rolash: "Right? That's a pretty major what if."

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Then, I will bide my time and work my way up the ladder before doing what needs to be done to win the World Championship. In the meantime, I'll be here watching the match."

Jim Gunt: "I suppose that's fine."

Mike Rolash: "I'm honestly too scared to tell you to bugger off so..."

Esmeralda von Krauss: "That's probably for the best."

A Better Opportunity

Segment

The celebrations had barely begun as backstage, Danny B strolls through the hallways of the Colosseum with a grin plastered across his face. The Ripper still fully carrying the aura and momentum of becoming the first-ever two-time Golden Intentions winner.

Danny B: "Claudia!"

No response.

Danny B: "Oi! Where the hell are ya?"

Still nothing, and Danny rolls his eyes.

Danny B: "Win the biggest match of the year and she disappears...typical."

A slow clap echoes down the hallway, bringing Ripper to a stop. Standing at the far end of the hall was Alabaster Enders, his porcelain smiled etched ever across his face.

Alabaster Enders: "Congratulations, Mr. B."

Danny sighed as recognition of the man from earlier came to.

Danny B: "Oh...you."

Alabaster takes this as permission to approach, carrying a thick screenplay beneath one arm.

Alabaster Enders: "A tremendous victory...truly earned."

Danny shrugs, non-plussed as always.

Alabaster Enders: "Wrestle Fest V awaits. The World Championship match on the grandest stage CWF can provide awaits. Perhaps the opportunity to finally remove that chip off your shoulder once and for all."

This brings a smirk to Danny's face.

Danny B: "Yeah...good luck with that."

Alabaster chuckles softly as he carefully produces his screenplay from under his arm.

Alabaster Enders: "Perhaps. Though I may have an even better opportunity for you."

Ripper immediately looks suspicious at this "proposal".

Alabaster Enders: "My script."

And just like that, Danny rolls his eyes nearly to the back of his head.

Alabaster Enders: "I've been thinking about it constantly. The lead role requires someone larger than life. Someone impossible to kill. Someone who keeps coming back, no matter how many times the world tries to erase them."

Danny actually seems mildly interested. Alabaster extends the script.

Alabaster Enders: "A true survivor. And I believe that man is you."

Danny stares at the screenplay in his hands for just a moment, before looking back up at Alabaster, then back to the screenplay.

Danny B: "Great story, bro."

He snatches the screenplay from Alabaster's hands, bringing a shocked tone to Ender's face despite being framed fully in the porcelain mask.

Danny B: "But I got better things to do."

With one casual flick of the wrist, Danny tosses the screenplay high in the air. Pages fly everywhere, Alabaster watching them in horror as they flutter around the hallway like snow. Danny never looks back.

Danny B: "Find Claudia. Win the World Championship. That's the script."

The Ripper disappears around the corner as Alabaster stands perfectly still, loose pages drifting all around him. One lands at his feet, another against his shoulder. Slowly, he bends down and picks up a single page.

Alabaster Enders: "Interesting."

Ozric Mortimer vs. Gordy King vs. Mark Carlton

Match

Zooming in on the Tron, footage rolls through of the Gordy King vs. Harlan Moretti World Title Match at Ascension. Gordy nailing the Crosscheck early, just for Harlan to kick out at one. The match goes back and forth in a true hoss fight; Harlan hitting huge forearms that Gordy responds to each time with European uppercuts. At the end of a brutal affair, Harlan Moretti hits the Collection to become the new World Champion.

What follows is quite possibly the oddest scene to ever happen inside a Championship Wrestling Federation ring. The children’s circus melody, the balloons flying through the air with no strings, the giant clown shoe appearing for just a flash in the crowd…all of it led to the return of the Dear Dead Sparrow himself, Ozric Mortimer.

When the calliope music stopped cold, Harlan’s neck snapped sideways, and his aspirations of a long championship reign went out like a light instantly. Ozric Mortimer stands over the lifeless body of Harlan, World Championship high in the air as Gordy stares back at him in terror.

Finally the footage cuts, bringing us right back to the announce table where Jim and Mike are once again ready to call the greatest action in all of professional wrestling.

Jim Gunt: “As you all saw, then champion Gordy King and Harlan Moretti had a HELL of a World Championship match at the Ascension pay per view. Pact versus Pact, brother versus brother, and in the end the House ended up walking away with the gold. Or he WOULD have, at least, if Ozric didn’t return on the spot to literally send him six feet under!”

Mike Rolash: “And now we have this Esmeralda still hanging out here trying to do the same. Don’t you think Amelia should do something about this?”

Jim takes a look over at Esmeralda, who stares up at the ramp waiting for the competitors in the World Title match to arrive.

Jim Gunt: “Oh she’s harmless. Right? I think…?”

Joey Garcia: “The following match is a CWF World Heavyweight Championship triple threat match set for ONE FALL!”

“ONE FALL!”

Joey Garcia: “Three competitors will enter this match, and one pinfall or submission will end it. No countouts, disqualifications or knockouts legal! Introducing first…”

The Colosseum’s lights die out completely. No video package on the CWF tron, not a sound playing through the speakers. Somewhere deep inside the Colosseum, an old calliope melody begins to echo.

“Dun…dun dun-dun…”

A collective groan rolls through the crowd as red balloons begin rising up from random sections of the audience. Thick white fog spills down the entranceway and creeps into the ring. Joey Garcia swallows back his fear.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first…from Twentynine Palms, California, weighing in at 245 pounds…THE DEAR DEAD SPARROW….OZRIC MORTIMER!!”

The fog parts, and Ozric emerges wearing his trademark black Victorian coat, cracked clown paint running down his face in splotts. The crowd falls deathly silent as Mortimer slowly makes his way to the ring. The dark clown never acknowledges a single fan, never blinks, never even changes his expression as he steps through the ropes.

He stands motionless in the center of the ring, staring coldly up the ramp as the calliope music stops abruptly.

Jim Gunt: “This is the second time we’ve seen Ozric Mortimer since his return at Ascension…and I must say. I’m not feeling any more comfortable with his presence as the time passes.”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah, people who murder the new World Champion on their first night back in the company tend to bring those types of feelings, Jimbo.”

Jim Gunt: “You act like this is a normal occurrence.”

Mike Rolash: “Nope. Just like to watch a lot of soap operas and crime shows like I used to with my mum!”

Jim Gunt: “Oh, how wholesome.”

The pounding bass drum beat of "Heave Away" by The Fables reverberates throughout the arena as spotlights pan all over the darkened crowd. As the music builds, the spotlights all go out for a moment, before flashing to the entrance of the stage, where Gordy King stands, hockey stick aloft in the air.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent, first from Halifax, Nova Scotia, weighing 250 pounds…THE MOST CANADIAN MAN ALIVE…GORDY KING!!"

King smiles wide and mimes a slapshot with an invisible puck as he makes his way down the aisle at a brisk pace. The Most Canadian Man slides into the ring and ambles up the turnbuckles of his corner, looking out into the crowd before jumping down, testing the ropes, and preparing himself for battle.

Jim Gunt: “Our former World Champion, which I have to say is a bit odd to say when we don’t actually have a CURRENT champion now.”

Mike Rolash: “We will after tonight though, Jimmy. Have some patience, brother!”

Finally, “Good Old Fashioned Lover Boy” by Queen plays over the sound system. Mark Carlton steps onto the stage wearing a tailored ring coat that somehow manages to look expensive even by wrestling standards. The crowd rises to their feet, giving the former King of Albion a respectable ovation.

Joey Garcia: “And their opponent, from London, England, weighing 210 pounds….MARK CARLTON!!”

Carlton pauses at the top of the stage, hearing his name spoken aloud brings a smirk to his face as he straightens his cuffs. He turns his attention back to the ring, marching down the aisle with purpose.

Jim Gunt: “Three very different men coming into what promises to be one brutal match, and only one will walk out as the new World Champion!”

Mike Rolash: “One psychopath, one hockey-playing freight train, and one British politician. Only in CWF.”

The atmosphere inside the Colosseum is electric as Trent Robbins makes his rounds to each corner before calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The crowd explodes at the sound of the bell, and Carlton immediately rolls out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: “Smart move there by Mark Carlton, I must say.”

Mike Rolash: “Cowardly, you mean?”

Jim Gunt: “Smart. Look at the two men standing in the ring with him, Mike. Would you want to be in there with a fresh Gordy and Ozric?”

Mike Rolash: “Ahh…you know what…good point.”

Inside the ring Gordy and Ozric lock eyes, the atmosphere already becoming tense before the first blow is even thrown. Finally, Gordy takes the first swing, launching a European Uppercut. Ozric barely moves, eating it like a child’s lunchable. Another, and still nothing.

A third uppercut finally staggers Mortimer backwards, and the crowd roars!

Gordy charges in with a short-arm clothesline, but the Harbinger of Silence remains standing. He slowly turns his head back towards Gordy, the crowd collectively wincing at the strange sight.

Mike Rolash: “Yeah…that ain’t normal.”

Ozric suddenly explodes forward with a brutal short-arm lariat of his own that nearly decapitates Gordy. Before Mortimer can capitalize, however, an opportunistic Mark Carlton flies off the top rope.

MISSILE DROPKICK!

Ozric tumbles through the ropes down to the canvas. Carlton looks down at Mortimer, back at Gordy before shrugging and making the cover on King.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Carlton shakes his head in a fit, getting to his feet and instantly targeting Gordy’s left knee with sharp and directed stomps and kicks. The British King keeps moving, never standing still as he stomps different areas of the former champion. Finally he backs up from the Most Canadian Man Alive, waiting for him to slowly get to his feet before suddenly pulling him in with a Twilight Flip.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Gordy is somehow right back up to his feet, ducking under a clothesline attempt from Carlton as he pulls him in for into a pumphandle slam position.

Jim Gunt: “FIVE FOR FIGHTING! Gordy just folded Carlton in half with that Pumphandle Slam!”

Mike Rolash: “And right for the cover. Gordy better hope this is enough, Mortimer is starting to move!”

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Mortimer breaks up the count, the monster systematically dismantling both men. Grace at Ground Zero lifts Gordy up off the cover and devastatingly throws him through the air with ease. He lifts up the body of Carlton, double underhooking both his arms to his sides before transitioning into a nasty Sit-Out Brainbuster!

Jim Gunt: “Ozric Mortimer calls that the Dead Sparrow Driver! And it may have been enough to get him the pinfall…we’re about to find out!”

ONE!

TWO!

Gordy saves the cover. But Ozric rises to his feet like a madman, driving the Most Canadian Man Alive back into the corner with the Funeral Procession! The corner assault continues with sadistic repeated knee strikes, before finally Mortimer backs up and with full force drives a clothesline right into the chest of King.

The Dear Dead Sparrow stands over both of his opponents unmoving, unflinching as the crowd watches on in dead silence.

Jim Gunt: “Ozric’s not even trying to win this match.”

Mike Rolash: “You’re right, Jimbo, he’s trying to express his ownership OVER them.”

Waving the fingers on his right hand back and forth in a rolling position, the maniacal Ozric Mortimer bends down to one knee, grabbing the hair of both Carlton and King to pull them both towards his painted face. He whispers something in between them that only his opponents can hear, before suddenly snapping to his feet with both men in toe.

DOUBLE REVERSE DDT CRUSHES BOTH MEN’S DREAMS IN AN INSTANT!

The domination continues as Ozric snatches Mark Carlton by the throat. The Last Laugh! The throat thrust brings him up, and then Mortimer spins him through the air violently towards a crotched position. He hooks one of Mark’s arms slowly, and then the next. Mortimer then launches him into the air, pausing briefly at full elevation before driving the former King of Albion forehead first down to the mat!

Jim Gunt: “SPARROW’S ASCENSION! IT’S OVER!”

The crowd rises as Ozric slides on top of his opponent, full chest pressed against Carlton for full effect.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! GORDY DIVES IN TO SAVE IT JUST IN TIME!

The Colosseum explodes as all three men lay on their backs exhausted. Three of the biggest names in all of wrestling, all three of them giving each and everything they have in them for the most prestigious prize in the sport. Somehow it is Gordy and Mark who begin to rise to their feet first, Gordy slowly while Mark seems to get a second wind about him. He launches himself against the ropes, gaining momentum as he comes running in right into a huge Fallaway Slam!

Jim Gunt: “And the Most Canadian Man Alive is back in this! Do you think this will be the night that ole’ Gordy brings the Stanley Cup back home?”

Mike Rolash: “I sure hope not…that thing was fucking stupid!”

Just as it looks like Gordy’s about to drop down and get his eagle on to cover Carlton, Mortimer is back up in an instant, pulling him in tightly. Grace at Ground Zero! Ozric drops down for the cover, hooking both legs of Gordy King.

ONE!

TW-NO!

Gordy somehow kicks out!

An emotionless Ozric Mortimer stares back at CWF head official Trent Robbins as the Philadelphia crowd collectively lose their minds.

“THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!”

Jim Gunt: “I have to say I tend to agree with these wild Philly fans…this certainly is AWESOME!”

Mike Rolash: “The whole night has been, Jimmy! Golden Intentions was unbelievable; giving us all kinds of returns and shocking eliminations, as well as Ripper as the new number one contender. He will take on the winner of this match at Wrestle Fest…which is sure to be ANOTHER legendary bout!”

Eventually all three men begin to stagger back upright. The crowd continues cheering on as they stand center ring, trading shots back and forth. Carlton fires a punch at Ozric. Gordy answers with a European Uppercut to the former King of Albion. Ozric takes them both out with absolutely blistering headbutts.

The action devolves into complete bedlam as Carlton charges forward at Ozric just to get dumped over the ropes. He turns, planting Gordy with an elevated Sidewalk Slam. The crowd gasps as Mortimer slowly drags the former champion upward. The Last Laugh. The throat thrust lands, spinning King down again.

SPARROW’S ASCENSION IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RING!

GORDY IS DESTROYED!

Jim Gunt: “HE GOT HIM! NEW CHAMPION!”

Mike Rolash: “Cover him!”

Ozric slowly kneels beside Gordy, ready to make the cover. Ready to reclaim the Championship that he believes has always belonged to him. He moves to make history…and gets blasted by a clothesline from Mark Carlton!

Mortimer is launched all the way over the top rope, the crowd jumping to their feet. He crashes violently to the floor, Carlton following him out immediately. The two begin brawling around ringside, right hands by Ozric and rising forearms by Carlton, neither one able to get the immediate advantage over the other.

Finally, Carlton rocks Mortimer with the Marquess of Queensbury! Ozric staggers backward, for the first time in the match looking truly vulnerable. Mark Carlton sees the opportunity at hand, suddenly taking a handful of the ring skirt and diving underneath the ring.

Jim Gunt: “What the hell is Mark doing under there?”

Mike Rolash: “Probably trying to run away from Mortimer…and if so I can’t say I blame him!”

Carlton emerges with a steel chair, bringing a cheer from the Philly fans as he tosses it back over his head and goes back for another. And another. And another. And another. And another! Soon dozens of steel chairs litter ringside, and the crowd roars.

Ozric rises to his feet, just to get a chair shot across the top of the skull!

CRACK!

Another.

CRACK!

Another and Ozric finally collapses against the barricade. Carlton isn't finished though, absolutely incensed as he clears the papers and water bottles from the announce desk. Jim and Mike take cover as he turns around, grabbing ahold of Ozric and dragging him across it.

Mike Rolash: "HEY! What gives!?"

Carlton turns around, heavily breathing but not slowing down one iota as he grabs several steel chairs and begins stacking them up atop Mortimer. One after another, chair by chair, Carlton stacks them on top of Ozric covering him…burying him in steel. The Philadelphia fans can scarcely believe what they're seeing as eventually only Ozric's boots remain visible.

Carlton backs up measuring his work, clearly not satisfied with it yet as he lets out a snarl. This is followed by a deep grunt as he puts as his weight down on the table, turning it end over end and shoving the entire announce desk forward. The desk tips, wobbles, and falls! Mountains of chairs fly everywhere, half of them sandwiched in between Ozric Mortimer and the heavy announce desk pinning him down to the floor below!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Carlton stands victorious over the wreckage, breathing heavily. He turns, moving slowly back towards the ring and finally sliding in. Gordy King is already waiting for him inside the ring, and you know what happens next. The Most Canadian Man Alive springs against the ropes and launches straight off them like a rubber band.

Jim Gunt: "CRRRROSSSSSSS-CHECK!"

Mike Rolash: "The Crosscheck nearly cut Carlton in half there! MY GOD!"

The challenger flips through the air, landing with a thump on the canvas following the thunderous running Pounce. Gordy immediately dives on top, hooking both legs of Carlton as the fans count along with Trent Robbins.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

As soon as the bell rings, the sound of thousands of people getting to their feet and screaming their hearts out reverberates around the Colosseum in unison.

Joey Garcia: "Your winner and NEEWWW CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION….GORDY KING!!"

The crowd roars as Gordy drops down to both knees; overwhelmed, emotional, exhausted…and most of all, victorious.

Jim Gunt: "HE DID IT! Gordy King is ONCE AGAIN our World Heavyweight Champion!"

Mike Rolash: "The Most Canadian Man Alive has climbed back to the top of the mountain!"

Gordy finally looks up, trying to fight back the tears as Trent Robbins presents him with the CWF World Championship title belt. Gordy shakes his head back at him, pulling himself back to his feet. He waves a hand before exiting through the middle and top ropes, going outside the ring to the opposite side of where Carlton found all the chairs and digging under the ring, struggling a lot as he tries to pull something very large out from under the ring.

Jim Gunt: "...And there it is! Gordy's Championship Stanley Cup is back!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh hell no!"

With his back bent trying to carry the weight of the Cup, Gordy walks up the steps and carefully re-enters the ring going right for the corner to raise the Championship Cup in the air to massive cheers. The ovation suddenly dies down as a presence is made at the top of the ramp.

The Golden Intentions rumble winner stands beneath the spotlight, hands on his hips, eyes locked right on the champion.

Gordy slowly turns towards the ramp, and raises the cup even higher.

The Ripper simply nods. No words needed as the Wrestle Fest main event has already been set. Champion versus challenger. Gordy King vs. Danny B. One rising star versus one legend. One King that rules over his kingdom, and one man with two Golden Intentions victories and yet still a chip on his shoulder the size of Texas.

The crowd roars as the cameras alternate between both of them, before getting one final shot.

Gordy King standing atop the turnbuckle holding his Championship Cup high in the air. Danny B standing on the stage pointing directly at the gold.

Wrestle Fest V looming on the horizon.

Conclusion

(RPing from 5/29-6/8, One 2,500 word max RP per character)

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