

Wrestlemas: Wrestlemas II Christmas Special

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: December 25, 2018
Location: Scotiabank Arena — Toronto, Ontario

Results

Wrestlemas II

Match

Twass the night b'fore Christmas,
There was too much sound
Of tables and ladders and people thrown 'round.

And then there was silence,
You could've heard Jace passing gas,
And then came the laughter of Merry Wrestlemas...

The picture fades in to a very picturesque scene of a cluster of log cabins huddled together, surrounded by fir and pine trees, a steady snowfall painting everything white and muffling the sounds of the scurrying feet. The closest trees are decorated with lights and garlands, with balls and with fruit, while the gables of the cabins are also festively lit, giving everything the perfect Christmas atmosphere. Slowly the camera zooms in closer to the largest of the cabins and zooms through the doors, revealing a magnificently festive set-up. A big welcome fire roared in the fireplace with comfortable looking overstuffed armchairs arranged in front of it, several tables in full decoration, a beautiful Christmas tree and a large buffet in the back being set up.

In a dark corner we can see Tobias Devereaux sitting with a glass of bourbon, wearing sunglasses despite the relative darkness in the room, his eyes hidden as he surveys the room. A few of the tables have some occupants already, such as Talon and Chris Bond or the Smokin' Aces and Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are deep in conversation close to the buffet table. Suddenly some commotion from the entrance has heads turning.

Security: Sorry, Sir, no outside booze allowed.

Christer Lundmark: This is not booze, this is mead. Do you serve mead here?

Security: Uh, I have no idea, however, I cannot let you in with this.

Christer motions to somebody on the inside of the cabin.

Christer: Simon, Viktor, kan du snälla komma över, jag behöver din hjälp med denna tjocka skalle. (Simon, Viktor, can you please come over, I need your help with this thick skull.)

As the security guard turns around, he finds himself head to chest with the two Swedish Druids, giving a start.

Simon Cederbergh: What seems to be the problem, Kent?

Security guard Kent: Uh, the, uh, gentleman here is trying to smuggle a keg of, what was that stuff?

Christer: Mead.

Security guard Kent: Ah yes, mead in here.

Christer: Look, I am not sure what your definition of "smuggling" is, but having this on my shoulder does not look like hiding it to me.

Simon: Correct. Also he has cleared this beforehand, so maybe you should check with people like us before making decisions?

Security guard Kent: Uhm, yes, Sir. I am sorry, Sir, you can pass.

Christer: Thank you!

Christer and the two Cederberghs briefly exchange handshakes before moving towards the bar section with the keg of mead, while the Aces suddenly spring to life as Jarvis King and Elizabeth Bates stroll through the doors. Out of nowhere Myfanwy stands next to Elizabeth, dressed in a beautiful turquoise dress, her red hair flaring out, with a polite smile on her face, causing Elizabeth to give a slight start, but then extending her arm towards Elizabeth's robe, gracefully accepting it before scurrying off with it. Elizabeth looks after her with a befuddled look, before being gently pulled towards the Aces' table.

Jimmy Allen and Mac Bane come in next and as he sweeps the crowd, Jimmy's eyes stay on Tobias for a moment, who looks out over his glasses for a moment, tips his hat and leans back again, while Jimmy glowers at him before Mac pulls him away to one of the tables. A row of other CWF superstars file in and find spots around the room and soon the place looks like an actual Christmas party.

Suddenly a loud thump on the roof draws the collective eyes towards the roof and some mutters come up, some about "Santa", others about "Harvey". The camera cuts to the outside, where a figure indeed is on the roof, dressed in red and white, but not as voluminous as Santa normally is. From afar we can see them put down something close to the gable before taking a few steps and then a running start as if trying to swing down and through the door. As the camera switches back inside, a loud "HO! HO!" can be heard, followed by a loud crash and an "OW!". The cameraman runs outside, showing Ataxia peeling himself off the wall, muttering to himself something about having a word with the architect and having built the place off centre. As he walks through the doors, he leaves a trail of white and red feathers that clearly got shaken loose at the impact but other than that he seems to be in good spirits as he sings:

Ataxia: Jingle bells, jingle bells,
Someone ate my pie!
Your goose has turned into my duck,
Good lord, that turkey's dry, hai!

Well, the spirits seem to be in good shape, Ataxia not so much and two druids rush to his side, catching him as he starts to fall forwards like a log, leading him "backstage" from where The Shadow comes running, dressed all in black, a worried look on his face for his recently returned friend. As they pass Christer and the twins, Ataxia suddenly springs back to life.

Ataxia: Fa-la-la-la-laa Valhalla-laaa!

He slumps back down and is carefully placed in an armchair towards the back, where Alastair McLean starts to tend to him by taking his vitals and whatnot. In the meantime Dorian and Chloe have arrived and Dorian is trying to get The Shadow to have some eggnog, but he does not budge, quite the contrary.

The Shadow: No, Dorian, no! Keep that stuff away from me, it should be on the same list as root beer and listed somewhere under a UN convention as banned substance or something!

Chloe: Oh come on, Uncle Shad, it's just - Daddy, what is that stuff anyways?

Dorian looks over at her after draining a whole big glass in one shot.

Dorian: It is--

He lets out a giant belch.

Dorian: Excuse me, it is awesome! It has some, some milk and cream and egg and probably some nog and, and some, uh, stuff...

The Shadow: Yeah, no. Thank you.

Chloe: How's Uncle Tax? What happened?

The Shadow looks over to where Alastair seems to have a few issues keeping Ataxia in his chair.

The Shadow: A little, uh, loopy still, he tried to come through the door off the roof and make a grand entrance, unfortunately he did not check first that the gable and the door are not quite aligned and found out first hand that burlap isn't a great protection against solid wooden logs.

The camera cuts over to the buffet area, where out of nowhere Lucas Greene is prowling the perimeter, casting hungry glances at the covered hot dishes, something that Duce is doing as well, having scooched closer.

"No, no, NO!"

The Shadow facepalms as he pulls away from Dorian and walks to a side door. The camera follows and shows Colton Mace in an elf costume.

Colton Mace: Do you have ANY idea who I am?

Craig Nero: Yes, Colton Mace.

Colton: Then why am I wearing this?

Craig: Because it says so in the contract you signed.

Colton: Pffft, I was promised a leading role in tonight's festivities!

Craig: Yes, as an elf.

Colton: This is an outrage!

Trying to suppress laughter, The Shadow interrupts.

The Shadow: It DOES say that part in your contract, Colton, Mr. Stewart even had you initial it, don't you read what you sign and even initial?

Colton looks at him haughtily.

Colton: Who really has time to read a contract, hm?

The Shadow: It was three paragraphs on half a page.

Casting him an indignant look, Colton decides that it is below him to continue the conversation and turns away. Shaking his head The Shadow turns as well, walking back into the common room, where Alex Cain and the Blue Scorpion are just taking a seat at a table with The Ripper Danny B, unsure, if they should try to be jolly or use the forks and knives to go at each other. Tara Robinson, Marcus Maximus, Blake Church and Charles State are just coming in, aiming for the table where Jim and Mike are still talking and Mike keeps gesturing towards Ataxia, looking both unhappy and somewhat wary, right next to the table of all the referees.

Dick Fury: Ladies and gentlemen, please rise, Dick Fury has arrived and Dick has brought you the present of all present, the presence of Dick. Oh, and Austin Bishop, but most of all Dick Fury. You may seat yourselves again.

He is oblivious that not one soul actually stood up. Right behind him and the behemoth, Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven have arrived at the same time and are trying to get through the door first, but with neither of them budging, they effectively block each other from entering, leading to a staredown that is continuously broken up by more people taking the opportunity of sliding between the two of them and then through the door.

Ataxia: Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer, and Rolash!
On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Dunder and Goulash!

Laughs go around the room as Ataxia shouts out while Alastair is trying to figure out how to apply a cold washcloth to Ataxia's forehead. Only Mike Rolash's face gets redder at the mention of his name. Caledonia and Dan Highlander are coming in, taking a seat at the edge of the table with the Blue Scorpion and Jaiden Rishel, who unbeknownst to most has found his way into the room, same for Alex Rain, who has pulled up a chair opposite Tobias Devereaux, some playing cards between them. Silas and Autumn are still at the door arguing about who should enter first.

Colton Mace: JAAAAIDEEEEEN! WHERE ARE YOU???

Colton's voice carries out from the room he is still in, startling the young Rishel to his feet. As he shuffles past, he bumps into Alex Cain, who raises immediately, making Jaiden look very small indeed, but Jaiden rushes on, calling back at Cain, though, that they need to talk. Silas and Autumn are still bickering, but both are yanked away from the door and flung back into the snow as KCIII struts in like a million bucks.

KCIII: Ladies and gents, this party is officially started, for the star is here!

Colton Mace: No, he is not! Everybody knows that I am the star!

Everybody's heads whip around to show Colton Mace in all his elfish glory standing in the doorway, causing KC to laugh out loud, but nobody pays them any heed as Ataxia is on the loose, running towards the door, shouldering people aside.

Ataxia: The presents, the gifts, the gaudy old hag,
I must have misplaced my trusty burlap bag!

With that he hurtles through the door, knocking Autumn and Silas off their feet once more and disappears into the night.

The Shadow: Ladies and gentlemen?

The Shadow and Myfanwy have taken a spot at the podium, bringing the attention to them.

The Shadow: I would like to welcome you to Wrestlemas II, our now yearly tradition to come together as one federation and bury the hatchets at least for one evening. Originally the plan was to open tonight with the presents for everyone, but since Ataxia is still suffering the after effects of his little, uh, tete a bois with the cabin and apparently has the bag of presents, hm, somewhere out there, I would say that we start things up with the buffet that is ready behind me.

Before he has even finished the words, chairs are scraping and people are moving towards the dishes immediately, with Lucas and Duce standing in line and filling up plates even before that. Autumn and Silas are still battling at the doors, Ataxia is...somewhere out there and the ego contest between Colton and KC has turned into a triple threat with Dick Fury having joined them, while Jaiden Rishel is rotating between the three of them, trying to get them to calm down.

Some time later...

Everybody seems to be fed, other than Lucas and Duce, who still seem to be sneaking stuff off sheet pans while they are being carried back towards the kitchens. Autumn and Silas seem to have come to terms with neither of them coming in, with someone having set up two single tables and chairs in front of the door with two little space heaters. Many have moved on to the liquid side of things while others are still finishing off their desserts. An exclamation from the outside snaps everybody from their reverie.

Ataxia: The bag is filled, the bag is full,
But damn, it's heavy, someone help me pull!

The camera cuts outside and shows Ataxia pulling something, but it is not a bag filled with presents. The Shadow runs to the door and immediately calls for backup.

The Shadow: Ataxia. Ataxia! Hey! Stop pulling, this is not your bag!

Ataxia stops mid-step and turns around, then lets go with a shriek and jumps into The Shadow's arms as he sees that what he has been dragging through the snow was not his bag, but a fully grown moose! Thankfully it does not charge, but struts off disgruntledly, Ataxia hops off The Shadow's arms and goes back on the hunt for his bag. As the camera cuts back inside, Dan Highlander is making merry with a large stein of beer (perhaps a bit too much to feel all natural) Caledonia is returning from the restroom, smiling but with her cheeks slightly puffy and her nose slightly red as if she had just been crying in secret.

As soon as everybody is settled in again, though, a shrill tone pierces the silence, causing some startled patrons, spilled drinks and flying glasses and cups as Alistair has fired up his bagpipes for a passionate rendition of "Auld Lang Syne", which sounds great, just without a warning took people by surprise. Very pleased with himself he grabs himself a bottle of Laphroaig and settles into an armchair in front of the fire, where Jimmy Allen joins him after a short while with a glass of his own and the two begin to socialize over some good old Scotch.

Ataxia: Heigh ho, heigh ho, it's home from work I go.

This time ago the knight in shining burlap indeed is pulling a bag, a gigantic bag that predictably gets stuck as he gets to the door, but not after bowling over Autumn and Silas just outside. He puts his feet on the doorframe and pulls and heaves, but it is clear that there is no way for it to go through, so eventually he gives up and motions for the podium to be moved over to where he is standing. As soon as it is set up, he leans on it and in a completely different tone of voice continues.

Ataxia: We have gathered here tonight to worship and glorify the name of our Lord and Saviour Michael Rolash.

Immediately Mike's head snaps towards Ataxia wide-eyed, while The Shadow double-facepalms while hurrying over to his slightly damaged Forsaken friend. Before Ataxia can continue, The Shadow has some intense words with the Messiah Pariah and his body language changes again.

Ataxia: As it looks as if some people do not see Mr. Rolash here as our Lord or Saviour, I guess that there is a reason, why that big bag is stuck behind me there. Looks like there is plenty to go around here, too! Let's see.

He turns around and almost crawls into the bag, rummaging around. Muffled by the bag he calls out:

Ataxia: What the hell? Who ordered a large latex blowup doll of Mike Rolash? Oh wait, that was me.

Mike Rolash: What???

Ataxia: Wait, that's not Mike! That's a Teletubby! OK, that was mine, too. Fluffy! What are you doing in here among the presents? Waaaaaaait a minute! Those are not the presents! This is my panic room! Then where is the bag...

After a moment of silence his voice returns, but with a very ominous tone to it.

Ataxia: Oh boy, that's not good.

He peeks out his head and with an almost timid voice asks.

Ataxia: Does anybody have the phone number for the Kremlin? I think I may have had a little mix-up at home and Vladi might have a few things arriving in Moscow that could raise a few questions...

He disappears back into the bag. After some rummaging around he exclaims.

Ataxia: Aaaah! What is...? Could this...?

He appears out of the bag.

Ataxia: You are not going to believe this...

Behind him appears none other than Mia Rayne to a collective gasp of the audience. She is wearing a snazzy black dress, perfect for the occasion, with arm length black gloves and looking positively sharp for having been in a bag for this long. Immediately Ataxia's body language and tone switches again into full gentleman mode and he holds out his hand for Mia, who accepts it and they begin to dance as if the rest of the world no longer exists.

The camera cuts to the outside and zooms out, showing the cabin and the snow falling, as it zooms out further it shows a black circle around the snow and finally goes through some sort of a barrier. Going further back it quickly becomes clear that the black circle is darkness and the snow is the grains of white sand falling through the reconstructed giant hourglass showing the time until Frozen Over.

From the off we can hear Mia Rayne's voice whisper:

"Is it true or just a fantasy? Semicolon. Right parenthesis."

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