

Behind the Mask: 12.30.2014

December 30, 2014 | Studio

COMING TO TERMS WITH THE PAST/PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE

On legends, Champions, friends, and enemies.

I'm sitting on the train home from Season's Beatings weekend, reflecting on a year past and an intense two days. No idea when this is going to post so I might've changed my tune between now and then, but right now - I'm confused.

I don't know exactly how to feel.

On one hand, I did what I set out to do: I broke into the wrestling business based on nothing but ability and made a mark. I headlined an event, I won a championship (two championships), and even though I didn't make it onto the Show, I think it's safe to say most of the UTA is talking about me.

And then I lost my title to someone I consider a good friend, while my other good friend in this company won a newly - created championship in her own match.

And Mr. Wingate has already released the lineup for the first Wrestleshow of 2015, and my friends, the Golden Girls, are taking on the top two members of Dynasty in the main event while I'm just underneath.

I'm happy for my friends. Zhalia's been working so hard and Kush absolutely deserves this, but the way they bonded over their wins has made me feel like a third wheel.

That's the crux of it all: do I challenge my friend Kush for the Wildfire Championship that she won from me?

I was never pinned for it, but those weren't the rules of the match; I could absolutely obtain a rematch. Do I want one? This wasn't supposed to be this tough.

Me against the world. That's the decision I made when Spectre decided I wasn't good enough to breathe the same air that he was.

Things got complicated, and I know how competitive I can be and how competitive Kush can be. Win or lose, nothing good can come from us going at it in a match.

What can I do about being the third wheel in Zhalia Fears' trident? Throw my support behind both my friends, because they've both earned their spotlight.

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And where does this leave me?

I'm ranked fifth on the year - end, tied with the Almighty Old Man River, Spectre.

My friends are holding the Wildfire and Prodigy championships. Challenging them will defeat the purpose of the trident ring I'm currently staring at on my right index finger.

That leaves two dogs in this fight: the big dogs. So, like my family and extended family has done for four decades now: go big. Aim so high, so far, and so fast that even if you crash and burn, the mortals, gods, and demons will all know your name.

In victory, magnanimity. In defeat, defiance. And not that shitty - ass minor league Defiance Wrestling, either.

So, that's my New Year's Resolution. Total support and loyalty to the Trident, and before 12/31/2015 - even if for just one night - I'll have the UTA Internet or the UTA Championships around my waist. All I need to do is get CBR or Jimmy Witherhold in the ring, and keep the rest of their friends out of it.

I'm not waiting for Old Man River to wander back in and claim a shot, or for his Senior Circuit buddies to claim legend status and leapfrog over everyone.

Is that the sign of a successful year? That The Spectator name drops me while making his own challenge to Jimmy W? That he didn't think I could 'reach into my bag of dirty tricks,' all the while claiming that I'm just one unpleasantry away from full - on beastmode?

I've already established that Spectre seems to think he stirs the UTA and that doing "the right thing" means "Spectre's way, or the highway."

Sorry, Spectator. I'm not here to be Mrs. Spectre.

Like the shirt said: I'm not the status quo, I am The Second Coming.

I know, I know - I'm supposed to respect the Hall of Famer, Spectre, and the Hall of Famer, Mister Fantastic, and the Hall of Famer, Crimson Lord. And I do. As trailblazers, as athletes who excelled in their day, you three are awesome. But as three men whose day in the UTA was over a decade ago, your presence, taking the spotlight from the UTA Championship tells me you expect to have the marquee matches and big paydays.

Every one you're given based on who you used to be is one less that I have the ability to earn, and that's unacceptable to me.

As legends, you have my respect.

As peers who expect to compete in this company, the only way to get that same respect will be to earn it by

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standing in the ring across from me.

I guess that's another trident to go along with myself, Kush, and Zhalia.

Step One: Back up my girls with everything I've got.

Step Two: Dismantle Dynasty to the point where one of the Big Two belts are around my waist.

Step Three: Remind the Legends that this company belongs to the future, not the past. Violently, if need be.

We three are starting a fire that'll grow so big that the gods will never forget our names. I can't wait.

I am The Second Coming.