

# Down Under: 2013

June 16, 2013 | Long Island Grove Events Center - Greeley, Colorado

## 2013

### The Intro

"Down Under" by Men at Work was the background music. Clips were shown of the events leading up to tonight's Down Under Supercard.

*~Project was cowering in the corner of a cage surrounded ring. Mice were running all around the squared circle. Mr. Muscles took advantage of his opponent's cowardice and exited the cage, winning ReJect's very first main event.~*

*~Scott E. Moe hopped on the apron and shook the top rope, causing Bobby Banger to get crotched on the top turnbuckle. This lead to Robert Fairfield applying his cross-face chicken wing for the win.~*

*~Michael America and Victoria Townsend looked around while they heard loud explosions around the ReJect headquarters. America suddenly jumped and used his body to shield Townsend.~*

*~ ReJect's three tag teams brawled in and outside the ring.~*

*~Omar Shabazz shot his AK-47 off into the air.~*

*~Lunatic whacked the back of Project's head with a lead pipe.~*

*~Robert Fairfield and Mr. Muscles stared each other down.~*

The video faded away. Cameras were shown gazing the audience inside the Island Grove Events Center. The song by Men at Work was still playing inside the arena. The fans were cheering loudly with excitement and anticipation for the night's action.

Dolan Jones began speaking into this microphone. "Welcome everybody to HISTORY IN THE MAKING! Tonight is ReJect's VERY FIRST Supercard - DOWN UNDER!"

"SI!" "Dirty" Mark Sanchez yelled into his headset.

The cameras cut to the announcer's desk. "I am Dolan Jones," Jones said, "joined as always by my partner, 'Dirty' Mark Sanchez." Sanchez nodded his head. "And we're going to kick start Down Under RIGHT NOW!"

### Michael America

## Down Under: 2013

**VS.**

### **Omar Shabazz**

This match.

There was certainly a feeling of intensity in the air. This match was about many things. Pride. Prejudice. And bombs. Both men believe they have a point to prove. Both believe in their ideals so strongly. Both could be described fundamentalists in one way or another. But if you call one of them a fundamentalist, you, certainly, would be racist.

This all began during the second episode of *Meet the ReJects*. Michael America was the guest, being interviewed by Victoria Townsend. During the episode, there were several explosions outside of ReJect's Headquarters, where the show was filmed. There was one secondary explosion inside the building as well.

Michael America believes, wholeheartedly, that Omar Shabazz was responsible for the explosion. After declaring his beliefs, the star spangled son was challenged by the friendly extremist. America accepted the match.

And now.

Here we are.

"Born Free" by Kid Rock started playing in the arena seemingly immediately after "Down Under" had stopped. Every member of the audience booed. But the excitement was in the air. They all stood up on their feet.

Michael America pushed his way through the curtains. He had a confident smile on his face. He stood atop of the entryway and gave a, "thumbs up" and a wink to the crowd. He walked down to the ring briskly.

He stopped his journey briefly when he reached the ringside area. He looked at the squared circle and slowly nodded his head in approval. He walked over to the steel steps and used them to enter the ring. He gave the fans another wink and a smile. He was only given a large chorus of boos in response. Kid Rock's "Born Free" faded away.

"Ya Man Yara" by Ahmed Bukhatir was heard on the P-A system. Many fans cheered upon its first note. They stood and faced the entryway to get a glimpse of the man dubbed, "The Friendly Extremist."

Omar Shabazz entered the arena and shot off his AK-47 into the air, much to the delight of the crowd. "ALLAH HU AKBAR!" He shouted as he walked down the steel ramp.

Shabazz dropped his firearms and ran down to the ring. He leaped slightly and slid under the bottom rope into the squared circle. He stood to his feet and was shown to his corner by the zebra shirt.

## Down Under: 2013

The zebra shirt walked away slightly from Omar. Omar charged out of his corner and drove a forearm into the star spangled son's face. The zebra shirt had no choice but to sound the bell.

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

With Michael America's back in the corner, Omar Shabazz kept driving his forearms and fists into his face. The zebra shirt had reached a count of four and had to physically remove Shabazz from the corner and away from America.

The two shared some words with one another. America flew out of his corner and dropped Omar Shabazz with a clothesline. Omar returned to his feet rather quickly. But was brought right back down with another clothesline. And another.

Finally, America quickly dropped down and attempted to end the match with a quick cover.

**ONE~!**

Omar kicked out but found himself locked in a sleeper hold. The two stood up to their feet. Omar wrapped his arms around America's waist. Suddenly, Shabazz dropped America with a back suplex, breaking the submission hold.

Both mend lied on the canvas for a few moments. Omar stood up. He walked over to his fallen opponent and dropped a leg on him. He stood up and dropped another leg across the chest and throat. And another.

Shabazz went for a quick cover this time.

**ONE~!**

Michael America quickly kicked out.

Both ReJects returned to a vertical basis rather quickly. Michael America brought the both of them down to the mat with an arm drag. But they both stood and faced each other once again.

"And we have our first stand off of the night!" Dolan Jones said with excitement in his voice.

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

Shabazz and America walked in a circle around the center of the squared circle. They both jumped forward and found themselves in a collar-to-elbow tie up. America seemed to overpower Shabazz.

## Down Under: 2013

He pushed the friendly extremist back into a corner. America grabbed a hold of Omar's wrist and Irish whipped him into the opposing sent of turnbuckles. America ran towards his opponent and leaped into the air, giving him a high Stinger splash in the corner.

America put his back up against the ropes, allowing Shabazz to take a step forward. However, the friendly extremist fell to one knee. Michael changed his positioning and applied a waistlock. He maneuvered both of their bodies, changing positioning once again and threw his body backwards, bringing Omar with him.

The German suplex had to have had made an impact on Omar. Either way, America held on to the waistlock with a bridging pinfall attempt.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

Omar shot his shoulder up.

America stood up and brought Shabazz to his feet as well. Omar was brought down to the mat harshly once again when his abdomen was dropped across America's knee with a gutbuster.

America stood up and gave a wink and a "thumbs up" to the crowd again. And the audience showered him with boos. Again.

Omar was able to make it up to one knee after America's showboating. But he found himself in a front facelock. America threw Omar's arm around his own neck and lifted Shabazz up. Quickly, he brought him down with a suplex. America floated over with the lateral press.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THR...NO~!**

Omar yet again kicked out.

"YES!" Dolan Jones yelled. "Hang in there, Omar! Don't give up yet!"

Growing slightly frustrated, America stood up and brought Shabazz up with him once again. He sent Omar into the ropes. Omar bounced back. America lifted him up and twisted him slightly in mid air before eventually dropping Shabazz once again with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker.

America nodded his head in approval of himself.

## Down Under: 2013

He stood up and realized this was his opportunity to put the match away. One more he shot a "thumbs up" and wink at the crowd. He smiled at the not-so adoring fans of his.

"I love you too!" America shouted at the crowd sincerely.

America walked over towards a corner and began to climb to the top rope. His showboating was more than enough time for Shabazz to recuperate. When America reached the middle rope, he felt a sharp pain in the small of his back.

Omar had driven a forearm into America's lumbar. Michael bent forward slightly. Omar began to ascend the ropes as well. He applied somewhat of a reverse waistlock while they both were on the middle rope. Omar lifted America up slightly and crotched him on the top turnbuckle.

They both fell backwards.

The both crashed on the mat.

The crowd popped loudly.

"What a great back superlex by Omar!" Jones noted.

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

It took him several moments, but Omar began to stir. He crawled his way over to Michael America and threw an arm atop of his chest. The zebra shirt dropped down immediately.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!INNNNNOOOOOO~!**

America shot his shoulder up at the LAST millisecond!

Omar quickly followed up by locking America in a dreaded camel clutch submission. He didn't have the hold applied long. It wasn't an attempt to force America to submit. Omar was merely looking to apply more damage to his opponent.

Omar stood up and threw his arms wide to his sides. "ALLAH HU AKBAR!" He shouted. The fans ate it up. He turned to face another portion of the audience. "ALLAH HU AKBAR!" He screamed again. The crowd cheered again.

Suddenly, Omar found himself on the mat with his shoulders down.

## Down Under: 2013

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**NOOOOO~!**

Omar kicked out of the school boy rollup!

Both ReJects returned to their feet nearly at the same time. Both had heated hatred in their eyes. Naturally, they both charged at one another. America attempted a clothesline. But no dice. Omar ducked the lariat.

America turned around.

"ALLAH HU AKBAR!" Omar shouted. He too had turned around. His boot was traveling closer and closer to America's face. Michael America couldn't do a thing to avoid it.

**NOT A JIHAD~!**

America was floored.

Omar dropped down and hooked a leg.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!**

The bell rang thrice.

The crowd exploded with delight.

"Ya Man Yara" by Ahmed Bukhatir was heard on the P-A system.

The ring announcer informed the audience that Omar Shabazz was the victor via pinfall.

Omar remained on his knees. He threw his arms up into the air in victory. Slowly, Michael America rolled out of the ring. Omar bent forward as if he were praying several times.

The crowd. They enjoyed every single second of it.

**Science Revealed**

## Down Under: 2013

Following the match, the cameras cut to the backstage area. "Ya Man Yara" was still heard, albeit it was muffled, for a few moments before it stopped playing. ReJect's loyal inebriated interviewer, Victoria Townsend, was attempting to stand up straight whilst holding the microphone in her hands. She looked dead into the camera.

"So like," her head bobbed from side to side slightly while she spoke, "it's time for me to, like, you know, uh, welcome that one old guy. And, you know, that huge guy." She looked to her left.

The camera zoomed out slightly and panned. Professor Proof was standing beside her. Beside him, connected to the chain with a collar around his neck as always, was The Project.

"And, like, you know," Victoria spoke into her microphone again, "Professor Proof, The Project is finally going to teach Lunatic a lesson. Or something."

"That is correct." Proof leaned into Victoria's microphone to say.

Victoria leaned backwards to avoid the professor. "And like," she said, "what are your, uh, final thoughts before the match tonight?" She pointed the microphone towards him too quickly. The microphone actually slapped Proof's lips.

He flinched and held his away from the microphone after the thud. "Precisely," Proof said, "Lunatic conducted criminal activity by burglarizing my labs and obtaining the files on my project. He hasn't even the courtesy to explain his actions, by disguising himself under the false flag of Multiple Personality Disorder."

Proof paused for a moment, "Hypothesis: Lunatic suffers from Multiple Personality Disorder. Evidence to support hypothesis: He obtained the file on my project, then appeared to be a child-like man and made immaterial drawings on the file's pages. Once he regained the file, he returned it to me upon request without a struggle."

Again, Proof paused. "Or, Hypothesis: Lunatic has concocted this second personality to further escalate chaos. Perhaps, science will reveal itself to us tonight!"

Victoria downed the rest of the liquid in her martini glass. She let out a huge exhale into the microphone afterwards.

"Indeed," Proof said, "now, if you'd excuse me." Proof tugged on the chain and began to walk off. Project followed behind him slowly.

"Cranberries!" Project yelled out.

They walked away from the camera's view. Victoria was left there, her head wobbling in every which direction. She tried to keep her balance. But her attempt was failing drastically.

## Down Under: 2013

### A Request

Victoria Townsend kept stumbling, losing her balance during every millisecond. She ended up leaning against the wall to maintain on her feet. She closed her eyes for a moment.

"Victoria!" Bobby Banger's familiar voice was calling out. He raced into the view of the camera and appeared next to ReJect's interviewer. She perked up immediately. Before you knew it, they were in each other's arms and kissing.

"Listen baby," Bobby said in between kisses. "I," kiss, "really," kiss, "need," kiss, "you," kiss, "to stay," kiss, "away," kiss, "from," kiss, "ringside," kiss, "during," kiss, "my," kiss, "match," kiss, "tonight."

They embraced with one final lip lock. They stared into each other's eyes. Her balance was still thrown off completely. However, Banger managed to keep her standing straight as much as he could.

"After what happened last week," Bobby said, "I don't want you to be hurt again. I never want that idiot to have his hands on you ever again." Once more, they kissed.

Victoria looked down at the ground. She was somewhat disappointed. Slowly, she nodded her head. Her eyes were closed again. And her head was bobbing in every which direction.

"Promise me?" Banger asked her.

"I promise," she replied lightly.

Bobby was elated. "Great!" He said with glee. "I'll see you after the match."

He let go of her and hurried away. She stumbled and fell back against the wall. She put her hand on some equipment boxes to keep from falling down. Again, she closed her eyes to attempt to keep her composure.

She exhaled loudly. She breathed deeply.

Perhaps, she had finally found her limit.

### **Bobby Banger**

**VS.**

### **Scott E. Moe**

Love. Sex. And depression.

## Down Under: 2013

That pretty much sums up the upcoming bout.

Bobby Banger was involved in the second episode of *Sunday Night Cock Fight's* main event. It was his first round ReJect Championship Tournament match. He was battling Robert Fairfield.

Scott E. Moe was sitting at ringside near the announcers during the match. He had just lost his first round tournament match as well. It was, as he called it, his one and only opportunity in life to succeed. And he failed.

During the end of the bout, Banger climbed to the top rope. He was going to finish off the breathing legend with The Facial. But Scott E. Moe intervened. He shook the top rope, causing Banger to get crotched in the corner. Fairfield capitalized and applied his patented cross-face chicken wing. The hold was held on so tight that it caused internal bleeding for Banger.

Throughout the next several weeks, Scott E. Moe would be a thorn in Banger's side. And vice versa.

After last week's disgusting display by E. Moe, and everything else in between, this was their opportunity to finally remove the thorn from their sides.

One man genuinely enjoys life.

The other remains held in the blackness of deep sadness.

"Something in Your Mouth" by Nickelback blared throughout the arena. The crowd jumped up with excitement. They all turned to the entryway to watch the arrival of one of ReJect's most beloved performers.

Bobby Banger exploded out from the backstage area and threw his arms out at his sides. He spun around and took a look at all of the fans surrounding him. He had the familiar confident smile on his face. As per usual, this smile was north of confident but south of cocky.

He strode down to the ring riding the waves of applause that the crowd was giving him. He entered the ring. And again his arms were extended and he spun around. The zebra shirt showed him to his corner and "Something in Your Mouth" faded away.

There was several moments of relative calm. The audience chattered amongst themselves. That was generally the only noise heard for several seconds.

The silence was destroyed once the harsh tones of "Walls" by Emery began playing on the P-A system. Boos were immediately heard in response. Scott E. Moe somberly pushed through the curtains. His expression was relatively emotionless. There was a black tear drop painted below his right eye.

He sulked down the aisle. A member of the audience threw a soda towards him. It collided with the side of his head. He jerked his head to throw some of the liquid off of him. He endeavored through the disapproval and

## Down Under: 2013

jeers and entered the ring. He stood still in his corner. He wasn't moving an inch.

Banger was balling up two fists. He couldn't wait for the bell to sound. And he wouldn't have to wait much longer.

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

And there it was. Banger exploded out of his corner. He leaped slightly and drove his forearm into the black abyss. He kept throwing wild punches that connected with various locations on Scott E. Moe's face.

E. Moe didn't even attempt to cover up or protect himself. He just let the one foot wonder erupt and unload. He even had a smile on his face. Finally, the zebra shirt had to physically remove Banger away from E. Moe.

"PUNISH ME DADDY!" Scott E. Moe yelled out towards Banger. Mocking him. Pouring more fuel onto the fire.

Banger escaped the zebra shirt's grasp exploded once again. He charged at E. Moe. Only, E. Moe used Bangers against him. He narrowly dodged Banger's attack. Bobby's torso crashed into the turnbuckles. E. Moe grabbed the top rope and kicked Bobby in the back of the head.

Bobby fell backwards and crashed against the mat. E. Moe practically fell on top of him and hooked a leg.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

Bobby kicked out.

E. Moe stood up and brought Banger up with him by gripping a handful of hair. The zebra shirt gave him a warning. The warning went largely ignored.

The pain in your heart grabbed Banger's wrist and Irish whipped him into a corner. After Bobby's back collided with the turnbuckles, E. Moe ran towards his opponent. He gave him a running high knee.

After their collision, E. Moe let Bobby stumble out of the corner. Quickly, E. Moe bounced off of a set of ropes. He came off of them and jumped slightly. He grabbed a hold of the back of Bobby's head.

The two were once again on a collision course with the mat. Banger's head was driven into it harshly following the flying facebuster. Bobby's body bounced off of the mat, causing him to roll over onto his back.

## Down Under: 2013

E. Moe followed up with a lateral press.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**ANDAHALF~!**

Banger shot his shoulder up.

E. Moe grabbed another handful of Bobby's hair. He remained hovering over the one foot wonder. E. Moe drove a fist into Banger's head over and over and over. Nonstop.

The zebra shirt had to physically remove him.

"Oh boy!" Dolan Jones was excited. "These two literally HATE each other!"

"SI!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

Bobby had rolled over to his side after the separation. E. Moe argued with the zebra shirt for a while. There words weren't picked up by the camera. Bobby had managed to get up to his knees.

E. Moe approached his opponent. He found himself hunching over as Banger had grabbed a hold of the belt around his waist. Bobby pulled with all of his might. E. Moe got dumped out to the floor.

The zebra shirt began his count to count out E. Moe shortly thereafter. Banger was able to recover and stand to his feet. E. Moe was starting to do so as well. Banger ran towards the ropes nearest his opponent and dove through the top and middle ropes.

The suicide dive connected, sending E. Moe's back against the announcer's desk. They both were down on the ground for several moments. Bobby was the first to stir. He stood up. Eventually, he bent down and brought E. Moe to his feet.

Banger dragged E. Moe over towards the steel steps. He smashed E. Moe's face against the steel. E. Moe's head bounced off and he stumbled backwards. Banger stayed on the offensive.

Banger lifted E. Moe and held him in a powerslam type position. He walked closer towards the crowd and lifted E. Moe higher. He dropped E. Moe's chest across the security railing.

The zebra shirt had reached a count of seven. Banger rolled under the bottom rope and entered the ring slightly. Quickly, he rolled his body back to the outside, restarting the count. Banger grabbed E. Moe by his neck and the back of his pants. He tossed him back into the ring.

## Down Under: 2013

Bobby returned to the squared circle himself. Quickly he laid on top of Scott E. Moe and hooked a leg.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**ANDAHALF~!**

E. Moe was barely able to put his foot on the bottom rope.

Banger immediately locked on a sleeper hold after the pinfall was broken. They both remained down on the mat for several moments before E. Moe began to rise. When they both were standing, Banger applied a waistlock.

He spun his body, still locked hand in hand to face his opponent. He flung backwards slightly. This brought E. Moe off of his feet. Again, Bobby twisted his body. E. Moe got leveled with a belly-to-belly suplex. Bobby didn't relinquish his grip.

He brought both of their bodies and delivered another belly-to-belly suplex. He followed up with one more. This time, it was a release belly-to-belly suplex. Where he threw E. Moe. Scott flipped over his body and crashed against the canvas again with the suplex.

Bobby followed up with another cover.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**ANDSEVENEIGHTHS~!**

Some how, E. Moe pulled his arm off of the mat, breaking the pinfall.

Banger had the crowd in the palm of his hands. They were supporting him all the way. He knew that this match was all but over. It was time to make it official.

Bobby stood up and walked towards a corner, where he exited the ring to the apron. He ascended to the top rope. He stood there for several moments just waiting to dive off.

The crowd's attention was removed from the squared circle. Instead, they pointed their heads towards the entryway. Banger stood on the top rope, just waiting for the right moment.

"What's this?" Dolan questioned.

## Down Under: 2013

The cameras cut to the entryway. Victoria Townsend was trying to walk down to the ring. Her movement was zig-zagging all over the place. Her body would crash into one side of the aisle's security railing, then into the opposing side.

Bobby finally got wind this. He hopped of the rope. He looked at his lover making her way down to the ring. "What are you doing?" He shouted towards her. "Get out of here!" He demanded. She had barely even noticed this.

She vomited right there in the middle of the aisle. Vomit fell to the concrete and spread all over. The cameras cut to a closer shot of her. "I'm sorry," she was heard saying.

Bobby hadn't taken his eyes off of her. Neither had the zebra shirt. Many officials came out from the back and began talking to the distraught interviewer. They attempted to escort her to the backstage.

Meanwhile... E. Moe was up. He was standing behind Banger. And he kicked a field worthy shot between Banger's legs. The zebra shirt hadn't seen this occur. It could be barely seen from the camera's positioning, but the officials on the outside were able to escort Victoria away from the arena.

Banger started to keel over. E. Moe turned him around and hoisted him up on his shoulder, fireman's carry style.

### **THE ABYSS~!**

E. Moe's knee was driven into Banger's face again. The one foot wonder fell backwards. Surely, he was done for. E. Moe hooked a leg with a lateral press. The zebra shirt finally turned around and dropped into position.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!**

That was it. The match was over. The bell sounded just before "Walls" by Emery played again. The ring announcer informed everyone that Scott E. Moe won the bout.

### **Creating a Black Heart**

After the three count, Scott E. Moe sat on the mat beside Bobby Banger for several moments. His expression was still blank. He had just won the match, yet he showed no jubilation.

Slowly, he stood up. He walked to the ropes nearest the entryway. He stopped dead in his tracks.

## Down Under: 2013

He turned his torso to see Banger laying there out of the corner of his eye. He turned around completely and began to stalk his fallen prey. He stood above Bobby Banger.

Finally, his expression changed. He had a slight. It cannot be stretched enough. It was a *SLIGHT* smile on his face.

Suddenly, he bent down, grabbed a hold of Banger's ankles, and lifted the legs. In an instant, he dropped down. His knee was driven into Banger's nether regions.

"Walls" by Emery was cut short after the knee drop.

Scott E. Moe stood up and repeated the knee drop. Again. And again. And again. He drove his knee between Bobby's legs. E. Moe's smile widened. It was as bright as it could possibly be. He dropped down beside Banger.

"DO YOU FEEL THE PAIN NOW?!" Scott E. Moe shouted in Banger's ear. The crowd was booing him and his actions out of the arena. "IS YOUR HEART BLACK ENOUGH YET?!" She yelled again.

E. Moe rolled under the bottom rope and walked up the aisle. His expression was blank again. He held his head down. He paid no attention to the hate the crowd was giving him.

### Tragedy Averted

The cameras cut to the backstage area. There were various crew members going about their business like a bunch of busy bees, completely unaware of what was happening around them. What they didn't notice was that a bunch of trunks used to store the cameras and cables were slowly hit and were creeping down an incline.

The dolly full of cargo trunks spilled over the incline and was gaining speed each second. It was heading toward a crowd of people, there was one man in particular that was directly in its path. He was reading a newspaper in the middle of the walkway.

"LOOK OUT CITIZEN!!!" A booming voice yelled out of no where.

Everyone looked around. They saw the dolly coming and they all scattered to get out of the way while the man reading the newspaper was frozen like a deer in headlights.

"GET OUT OF THE WAY!" One person shouted at the man.

"YOU GOTTA MOVE!" Another called out.

But the man was quaking in his boots from fear as the dolly inched closer.....

## Down Under: 2013

And closer....

And closer....

The man that was frozen stiff managed to cover his face, as if that would save him from the impending doom heading towards him. All of a sudden, a red and white blur came in at lightning fast speed and pushed the man out of the way before the boxes could strike him. As the dolly collided with the wall, the man looked up and saw his savior. But he couldn't make out the face.

The man's savior said something to him before disappearing.

The crew members rushed over to the rescued man to see if he was OK They asked him what it was that saved him.

"I don't know," the rescued man said. "All I know is that he had white hair and demanded compensation for his services."

The crew members looked at each other with bewilderment. Off in the distance, a person wearing a red and white suit with his face obscured watched the remaining situation.

**...:ReJect Tag Championship:..**

**LADDER MATCH**

**Texas Hold 'Em**

**VS.**

**The Modern Day Missionaries**

**VS.**

**Caliente y Fria**

And now. This.

This cluster. The cluster of nothingness. Well. Nothing truly meaningful.

These three teams had been involved in several matches against one another. The past two weeks saw one member from each in a triple threat match. After the apparent prompting by Brian Douglas, Budd E. Manchin decided to creat ReJect's Tag titles.

The three regular teaming ReJects would do battle. All in the ring at the same time. The titles would hang high above the ring. It was time for a three-way tag team ladder match.

## Down Under: 2013

"The Gambler" by Kenny Rogers played as Texas Hold 'Em, "Outlaw" James Smith and "Cowboy" John Potter came out to the ring. The toughest man in Texas, both of them, readied themselves in the ring.

"Baby" by The Beibs played as the Modern Day Missionaries, "Ziggy" Wagge D. and Brian Douglas came out to the ring. They wasted no time as Texas Hold 'Em went right on the attack! James Smith was all on Ziggy before Caliente y Fria could even try and come out to the ring. Meanwhile, John Potter had Brian Douglas already thrown into the security railing. The toughest man in Texas hoisted Brian Douglas up for a back suplex but turned around and dropped him back first across the railing. Meanwhile, The Toughest Man in Texas had Ziggy up against the ring and was slamming him across the face with back elbows.

The attack was interrupted as Caliente y Fria were finally able to come charging down to the ring. Muy Helado came running up behind Outlaw and hit him with a forearm shot to the back of the head. The Texan turned around. Helado ducked a right hand and snapped off a kick to the midsection. Muy Helado with a deep arm drag took Smith down.

Finally... with all six men in the ring, the bell was heard.

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

Dos Fuegos came running towards John Potter who turned just in time to see the Luchadore leap up onto the barrier then jumped off and wrapped his legs around his head. Fuegos took him down with a headscissors takedown. Dos Fuegos popped back up to his feet and immediately, he jumped up and dropkicked Brian Douglas, who had been recouping. The impact took the Modern Day Missionary up and over the railing and into the crowd.

Dos Fuegos wasted no time sliding into the ring and hit the ropes. He came running back towards the grouping of Ziggy, James Smith, and Muy Helado. Dos Fuegos leaped over the top rope and crashed down into the group with a suicide plancha. Everyone was taken down as the crowd was just eating up the fast paced action. Caliente y Fria firmly were in control of the match.

Dos Fuegos slid into the ring while his brother walked around the squared circle and grabbed one of the ladders that was propped up in the aisle. Helado slid it into the ring. Dos Fuegos quickly grabbed the ladder and pulled it into the middle of the ring. James Smith was also back up and went around the ring. He nailed Muy Helado with a hellacious clothesline.

Brian Douglas climbed over the barricade and slid under the bottom rope. John Potter was right behind him. Ziggy was also starting to stir and slid into the ring from the other side. Dos Fuegos looked and realized that he was in there with the Modern Day Missionaries and John Potter with Helado down on the outside. His increasing anxiety was only increased as Outlaw also entered the ring.

## Down Under: 2013

Dos Fuegos tightened up and closed his eyes expecting to be hit from four different directions. But nothing happened. He slowly opened his eyes only to see that Brian Douglas and Smith were backed into a corner exchanging lefts and rights with Smith getting the advantage. Ziggy had a waist lock on Potter and was trying to slam him down. Dos Fuegos just shrugged his shoulders and went back to setting up the ladder in the middle of the ring. Dos Fuegos got the ladder set up James Smith had Brian Douglas in the tree of woe. He was stomping a hole into the Bible man's chest.

Outlaw backed up a few steps then charged in and dropped an elbow right into the face of Brian Douglas. In the opposite corner, Ziggy was going to town on John Potter with some mounted punches. Once he drove his fist around ten times into Potter's face, Ziggy stepped up to the top rope then kicked John Potter in the chest, causing him to bounce out of the corner just enough for Ziggy to drop down onto his shoulders and hit a hurricanrana.

Dos Fuegos headed up the ladder, trying to sneakily win the match while The Modern Day Missionaries and Texas Hold 'Em were busy fighting one another. The Pop Icon saw Fuegos' attempt and ran towards the ladder. He pushed it over sending, Dos Fuegos crashing down to the mat. Meanwhile, Muy Helado had gotten back into the match and was in the corner exchanging punches and kicks with "Outlaw" James Smith. Muy Helado managed to take Smith down with a snap suplex.

Brian Douglas was still struggling and trying to get out of the tree of woe, but he was fading fast as all the blood had rushed to his brain. Ziggy walked over to the corner to help his partner out while James Smith was busy trying to get out of a front facelock by Muy Helado. Smith backed him up against the ropes, holding him still Potter was seen coming out of no where and just nailed Muy Helado with a boot to the face.

Both members of Caliente y Fria are down. Ziggy was checking on Brian Douglas. Smith and Potter came up behind the Modern Day Missionaries and went on the attack. James Smith with a forearm shot to the back of the neck of Wagge D., while John Potter put the boots to the downed Brian Douglas. Cowboy walked away and grabbed the ladder. He hoisted it up onto his shoulder. He waited on Wagge D. to get to his feet as James Smith stepped to the side. Potter came running and launched the ladder like a javelin right into Ziggy's face sending him to the canvas.

Outlaw then grabbed the ladder and slammed it down on Brian Douglas before sitting on top of it, trying to get the young man down. John Potter immediately dropped out of the ring and made his way around it looking for a secondary ladder. He found one under the ring. He slid the ladder and himself back into the ring.

John Potter waited a moment as both members of Caliente y Fria were getting to their feet. He put the ladder on his shoulders and started to spin around doing the airplane spin and slapped the members of Caliente y Fria in the face with the ladder while doing so. Potter dropped the ladder and was a little wobbly as Outlaw barks at him to get the ladder set up. "Cowboy" John Potter shook his head and took a few minutes but managed to clear the cobwebs and picked up the ladder. He set it up in the center of the ring.

John Potter got about halfway up the ladder before both members of Caliente y Fria, as well as "Ziggy" Wagge D., were slowly stirring. Wagge is first to his feet and charged towards the ladder, causing James

## Down Under: 2013

Smith to get off the ladder and follow behind him. Ziggy ran up three steps of the ladder then jumped off backwards flipping and landing with a corkscrew plancha like move that took down Outlaw.

Brian Douglas had pushed the ladder off of him and was getting to his feet. On the other side of the ring, both Muy Helado and Dos Fuegos had gotten up and both were running towards the ladder. John Potter was reaching up for the titles. Muy Helado started climbing up the ladder under Potter while Fuegos went around and started climbing the opposite side.

Muy Helado reached Potter just in time and started slamming his fist into Cowboy's kidneys. Dos Fuegos has reached the top of the ladder on the opposite side.

Dos Fuegos hit John Potter in the stomach and then slammed his head into the top of the ladder. Brian Douglas was now up and climbing up the ladder under Dos Fuegos. Wagge D. was also starting to stir. James Smith was holding his face from where Ziggy's boot caught him right on the nose. Muy Helado jumped up and spun upside down grabbing onto John Potter's waist almost like for a sunset flip. The weight pulled Potter back off the ladder and caused both to fall in a powerbomb like position that folded Cowboy up like an accordion. While Muy Helado was doing that, Brian Douglas reached up. He was grabbing the waist of Dos Fuegos and popped his hips. He gave Fuegos a German suplex off the ladder, sending both of them hitting hard on the mat.

With everyone down, "Ziggy" Wagge D. was to his feet and started up the ladder. Ziggy went all the way to the top and started reaching up to grab the belts. He felt James Smith tugging at his boot. Ziggy kicked at him wildly once again, catching him right on the nose. Smith winced in pain and stumbled back. Ziggy quickly jumped up and grabbed onto the belts. His weight caused the belts to unlatch themselves from the hook.

Ziggy crashed down on the canvas, **HARD**. The bell rang. That's it! "Ziggy" Wagge D and Brian Douglas, The Modern Day Missionaries have done it!

"Baby" by Justin Bieber blared throughout the arena much to the displeasure of everyone in the building. Most everyone, anyways. Like. 99.9999% of them.

Ziggy exited the ring and ran towards the entryway with both belts in his possession. Brian Douglas slowly joined his partner in the aisle. He gave Ziggy a gigantic hug and took one of the belts out of his partner's hand.

Divine providence.

It sure seemed to be alive and well.

Maybe.

## Ownership

## Down Under: 2013

Victoria Townsend was seeing in the backstage. In the same area she had been pretty much all night. He was tonguing all around the inside of her martini glass trying to consume every last drop and taste of the liquid that was nonexistent at that point.

Her eyes were barely open. Her eyelids were as heavy as boulders. Her head bobbed from one side to another. She really didn't have any idea where she was or what she was doing.

She looked at the camera's lens, "Oh yeah," she said. She lowered her martini glass and spoke into the microphone. "And now, this is like, you know, where I talk to that muscular dude. You know."

The camera zoomed out. Indeed, to her left was Mr. Muscles, one of the two finalists in the Re Ject Championship tournament, the musclebound mad man. He was standing there, dwarfing Re Ject's interviewer. He seemed as angry, if not angrier than usual.

"So like," Victoria said, "you're going to be in tonight's main event, or something. And hopefully, you're going to kick that old pervert's ass!" She was somewhat jubilated.

"Damn right!" Mr. Muscles shouted.

"So like," Victoria said, "what's going to happen out there, or whatever?" She pointed the microphone towards Mr. Muscles' lips. She licked all around the inside of her glass. Again.

"I'm going to keep my words short and sweet," Muscles said. "I have busted my ASS OFF! And I'm NOT about to let some old asshole just walk into that ring and take MY title. That ReJect Championship? IT BELONGS TO ME!"

Victoria nodded her head as if she was actually paying attention.

"ROBERT FAIRFIELD!" Msucles yelled. "I told you this last week, and God damn it, I'm going to make you SHIT yourself out there! You will NEVER want to show your face around here EVER again! SHIT is going to be SPEWING out from your speedos. You have NO idea what's going to happen to you out there. You have NO idea what it's like to go on THE ROID of your LIFE!"

Mr. Muscles grabbed a hold of the microphone. He spiked it down on the concrete as if he had just scored a touchdown. The thud and subsequent quick sound of static was deafening as the microphone bounced back up into the camera's view.

Muscles shouted some guttural noise as he flexed his ginormous arms out in front of him. Slowly, he turned to his left and walked away. Victoria was seen there. She just shrugged her shoulder.

"Can someone PLEASE get me another one?" Her voice was soft. It was barely audible. But her hand held the martini glass out in front of her face. She frowned.

**LAST MAN STANDING**

**The Project w/ Professor Proof**

**VS.**

**Lunatic**

Everything that there is to know about this match has been well documented at this point. I mean. Seriously. Mice filled the ring during ReJect's first main event. Professor Proof informed us all that Project is afraid of mice due to his genes being spliced with elephant DNA and that the file regarding The Project was stolen from his lab.

It was discovered that Lunatic stole the file.

And yadda, yadda, yadda.

However, it appears as though Lunatic has a second personality poking out of him every now and again. Thus, the biggest question as of this moment is: Which Lunatic is going to show up for this match tonight?

Time is about to tell us.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was heard throughout the arena. The harsh tones of the beginning of the music brought the audience to their feet with cheers. Professor Proof pushed out of the curtains. He held the chain connected to the collar around The Project's neck. The monster entered the arena behind him.

They walked down the ramp and the aisle until they hit ringside. Proof was as dead serious and as stiff as a board as per usual. They both entered the ring. Proof escorted The Project to the corner that the zebra shirt had designated for him.

Proof unhooked the chain from the collar and exited the ring.

Beethoven's Fifth faded down to nothingness.

It was time to have our questions answered.

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## Down Under: 2013

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No really. Lunatic was SERIOUSLY making us wait with deep anticipation.

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Forreals.

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"OK..."

"I'm going to attempt to drown myself..."

"You can try this at home..."

"You can be just like me!"

Again. The audience jumped to their feet with jubilation. They were excited as anyone else to hear the intro and then the song of Eminem's "Role Model." The crowd cheered even more once the Lunatic of old pushed his way through the curtains and entered the arena.

## Down Under: 2013

Lunatic had a wide smile on his face. But it wasn't malicious. There was nothing devilish in fiendish about it. He was just happy to hear the crowd cheering him.

He turned to face one side of the audience. He held his arms against his torso whilst sticking out his forearms out at the sides. He skipped while side stepping down the ramp and aisle. The patented "Pher's walk." He continued the walk until his body crashed against the apron of the ring. At which point, he turned and rolled under the bottom rope. He entered the ring and did some sort of funky dancing. The zebra shirt had to escort him towards his designated corner.

It was time for this match to begin.

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

The crowd was WAY too excited to see this action. Both ReJects are greatly admired by them all.

**LOON-Y!**

**LOON-Y!**

**LOON-Y!**

The crowd chanted. Lunatic looked around at all of them smiling some more. He got into position and began doing the Pher's walk all around the ring. The audience only cheered more.

The Pher's walk never ended. Lunatic just kept going around in nearly perfect circles around the center of the ring. Proof slapped his hand against the apron and shouted at the zebra shirt. The two exchanged words that weren't picked up by any microphone.

Lunatic's circle around the ring seemed to grow larger and larger every time he went around. Project just stood there. Staring blankly. At something. Perhaps. It's impossible to know for sure.

Eventually, Lunatic crashed into Project accidentally.

Lunatic turned around and faced his apparent opponent. "Oh, sorry dudez." He said in his loud, high-pitched, childish voice. Lunatic walked back towards the center of the ring. He began the circular Pher's walk again. When he faced The Project in his circle, Project gave him a hard lariat. Lunatic crashed down on the canvas.

Project picked Lunatic up as if he were the child that the loony one attempts to portray. He hoisted Lunatic up in the air and dropped him with a military press slam.

## Down Under: 2013

The Project was still extremely angry about Lunatic touching him. His blank stare was erased. His eyebrows were lowered. His mouth was frowning slightly.

Thus, Project picked Lunatic up again. He Irish whipped Loony into the ropes. Lunatic bounced off of them and came charging back at him. He picked Lunatic up and spun around, dropping him with a **HARD** spinebuster.

Project remained on his knees. He covered Lunatic.

The zebra shirt dropped down.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!**

The zebra shirt stood up and went to call for the bell. If this were a normal match, it would be over. Already.

But then it dawned on the zebra shirt. This is not a normal match. It's Last Man Standing rules. The zebra shirt turned around and waved off the three count that just occurred. Project stood up and blankly stared once again.

The zebra shirt began to count Lunatic down. He had reached a count of four before Lunatic rolled out of the ring. He crawled under the ring's apron. Proof and the zebra shirt both stood in their positions, confused.

The zebra shirt couldn't keep counting, due to Lunatic being active and on his hands and knees, apparently.

Thing just seemed to die down. There was nothing going on.

Out of nowhere, Lunatic poked his head out from the under the ring. He was now on the opposite side that he had originally crawled under. But most importantly...

There was a smile on his face. It was devilish. It was fiendish. It was evil. The white and blue face was clearly seen. The crowd booed upon the very first sight of him.

He crawled out from under the ring and stood up. His body was hunched forwards a bit. He walked slowly towards Professor Proof. Proof walked backwards, trying to avoid the madman.

Proof's back found itself against the security railing. Lunatic continued to stalk the scientist. And there was no

## Down Under: 2013

where left for Professor Proof to go to get away from him. Lunatic stood in front of Proof. He grabbed a hold of Proof's chain. He tugged on his, Proof was unwilling to relinquish it. Lunatic cocked his head to the side and slightly puckered his lips. This was enough to scare Proof into letting go.

Lunatic climbed up to the apron. He wrapped the chain around his hand and ascended to the top rope. He jumped as hard as he could. Project was standing quite a ways away from the corner Lunatic leaped from. Lunatic extended his arm and drove his chain-wrapped fist into the back of Project's head.

Project fell forward immediately.

The zebra shirt had no choice.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!**

**FOUR~!**

**FIVE~!**

**SIX~!**

Project pushed himself up to his hands and knees. Lunatic walked over to him and wrapped the chain around his neck, choking the monster, causing the zebra shirt to end his count.

Lunatic pulled on the chain as hard as he could. He also drove his foot into the lower back of Project. Project grabbed the chain and tried to pull it away from his throat. It seemed to do little to no good at all. Lunatic was relentless.

Lunatic wrapped another layer of the chain around Project's throat and pulled back harder. He put his boot back against Project's back, pushing down as hard as he could. Eventually, Project went limp. Lunatic tried to hold him up, but given that Project is nearly thrice his size. Kind of. It couldn't be done. Lunatic let go of the chain and let Project collapse.

The zebra shirt began counting again.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!**

Lunatic exited the ring. He lifted the apron and looked under the ring.

**FIVE~!**

**SIX~!**

**SEVEN~!**

## Down Under: 2013

Lunatic pulled out a table and slid it under the bottom rope.

**NINE~!**

Project was on his hands and knees again. Lunatic dropped a leg on the back of Project's neck. Project fell forward again. The man of 1,000 smiles stood again and dropped another. And another.

The zebra shirt began counting once more.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!**

Lunatic walked over to the table and leaned it up into the corner. Project was up to a knee with his opposite foot on the mat once the zebra shirt reached a count of five. Lunatic ran to the ropes that Project was facing. He bounced off of them and came towards his opponent. He dropped down, driving both of his feet into Project's face with a missile dropkick.

The dropkick had so much impact behind it that it brought Project up to his feet! Project was spaghetti-legged and wobbly. He walked backwards. Lunatic gave him another dropkick. Project found himself leaning against the table.

Lunatic ran towards the opposite corner and immediately charged forward. He bent forward looking to spear Project through the table. But Project stood up straight and wrapped his arms around Lunatic's waist. He lifted him up and turned around. Project threw Lunatic towards the table.

**!~CRASH~!**

Loony's body crashed through the wood. His head hit the middle turnbuckle **HARD** after that power bomb!

Project was still greatly upset about the pain he had been given through out the entire match. He picked up Lunatic and hoisted him up on his shoulder. He ran forwards and dropped down, delivering a running powerslam.

Project stood up. The blank stare returned. The zebra shirt began his ten count.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!**

**FOUR~!**

## Down Under: 2013

**FIVE~!**

**SIX~!**

Lunatic began to stir. His foot was lifted and dropped on the canvas several times.

**EIGHT~!**

**NINE~!**

Lunatic sprang to his feet **OUTOFNOWHERES~!** He smiled and shouted, "GUUUUYYYYZ~!" He ran to a corner and ran up to the top rope. He backflipped off of it. He landed on his feet and threw his arms open at his side. He walked around the ring leaning his body from side to side and making a loud sound effect.

"What the hell is Lunatic doing now?!" Dolan Jones was puzzled.

Lunatic continued to pretend to be an airplane. "AND THEN THE PLANE CRASHEDED!" He yelled with his high-pitched, child-like voice. He turned and faced Project, face-to-face. He charged at Project. He tucked his head down and ran it into Project's torso. The top of Lunatic's head hit Project's body **HARD**. Lunatic stumbled backwards. His equilibrium was thrown for a loop. He found himself down on his buttocks. His head bobbed while he sat on the mat. He was still feeling the effects. He tried to shake the cobwebs but nothing seemed to do the trick.

With loony down, Project was angry again. He looked down at his shaken foe. Project picked up Lunatic and put him into position. Lunatic's legs were on both sides of Project's neck. While the man of 1,000 smiles was hanging up against Project's back, he reached into his purple pant's pocket. He pulled out a lead pipe.

**THE DESTROYER~!**

**NOOOOOO~!**

As Project began to fling Lunatic forward, the back of his head was whacked with the pipe. And Lunatic drove his face into the canvas...

## Down Under: 2013

THE PUNCHLINE~!

Lunatic stood up. His body was hunched slightly. He stumbled back into a corner. He threw his arms around a top rope and leaned against the turnbuckles. The zebra shirt began his count.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!**

**FOUR~!**

**FIVE~!**

**SIX~!**

Project pushed his body up off of the canvas. His palms were against the mat. Lunatic wasn't smiling. He seemed frustrated. He may have even been angry.

Project put his knee against the ring's floor. Lunatic began to climb the turnbuckles. He stood on the top rope, with the pipe in his hand. He waited for Project to rise. He couldn't wait anymore.

**!~WHACK~!**

He jumped off of the top rope and drove the pipe into Project's head again. Project collapsed down on the mat. **HARD.** Lunatic hover over him. He continued to drive the lead pipe into Project's forehead. Over and over. And over. And over. And over.

Lunatic shot up to his feet with authority.

He shouted and demanded that the count be started once again.

**ONE~!**

**TWO~!**

**THREE~!**

**FOUR~!**

**FIVE~!**

**SIX~!**

**SEVEN~!**

**EIGHT~!**

**NINE~!**

**TEN~!**

Project still hadn't moved and inch. Lunatic was elated. Professor Proof was irate. He slammed his fists against the ring's apron several times. This match was over.

The bell rang. "Never Enough" by Five Finger Death Punch played in the arena. It was followed by a chorus

## Down Under: 2013

of boos and the ring announcer making it official. Somehow, somehow, Lunatic conquered the monster.

Proof entered the ring and attempted to check on his project's well being.

Lunatic exited. He walked up the aisle and headed for the backstage. "Never Enough" didn't go anywhere.

He was smiling.

He was chuckling.

He was...

Laughing.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!

### Old School

Victoria Townsend was once again seen backstage. Her eyes were closed. She was probably passed out. But standing. With a microphone in her hand. And for once there was no martini glass in sight.

"YOU'RE ON!" A disembodied voice was heard saying.

Her eyelids were barely lifted. "Ohddshgfjds moments awayfghbnfds main eventskiekdighfhfdd," she mumbled into the microphone. "GhjkdsuiRobert Fairfielddjkgfhhh."

The camera zoomed away from her. Robert Fairfield was, indeed, standing beside her. She barely managed to hold her arm up and pointed the microphone towards Fairfield.

"Let me just say," the breathing legend said, he had to physically hold Victoria's arm up. "Mr. Muscles, you won't be able to make me say those two magic words."

He glanced over at Victoria. Her head was held downward. Her eyes were closed again. He turned his head toward the camera again before he said, "Tonight, I am finally will be gain THE ultimate prize! I WILL become the ReJect Champion!"

He paused briefly. "Tonight," he spoke again, "Mr. Muscles, I will be taking you to school! OLD SCHOOL!" He dropped Victoria's arm. It fell limp instantly.

She shot her eyes open as Fairfield walked away. Her body jolted upright, as much as she could keep it, anyways.

She looked into the camera. Her eyes barely open. And she mumbled, "Hrmghdsiuds."

## Down Under: 2013

...:MAIN EVENT:...

...:ReJect Championship Tournament Finals:..

**I QUIT MATCH**

**Mr. Muscles**

**VS.**

**Robert Fairfield**

And finally, we have found ourselves right here. It's been eight weeks. Eight. Long. Weeks. And it's finally all about to be settled. Right here. Right now.

The journey that began with Budd E. Manchin announcing the ReJect Championship Tournament at the very first episode of *Sunday Night Cock Fight* will be concluded. Both of these men faced three other opponents to reach this point.

Mr. Muscles, he battled The Project, Caliente y Fria, and Morgan Jameson. Robert Fairfield had to go through, Bobby Banger, "Outlaw" James Smith, and "Ziggy" Wagge D. The 16, original ReJects all had a shot at the ReJect title. These were the two that had made it to this point. The bitter end.

There really is no way to determine who has an edge in this bout.

Mr. Muscles definitely has a size and strength advantage. Robert Fairfield has a notable experience advantage. Fairfield's been in the business for nearly 20 years longer than Muscles. Fairfield is also far more technically educated. This may give him the upper hand given the stipulations. However, both men could be described as, "slow," for their own reasons.

Either way.

This is it.

The ReJect Championship will have its VERY first champion.

The cameras were on the audience for several moments before the cut to ringside where Budd E. Manchin was sitting beside the announcers. The ReJect Championship was draped around his shoulder.

"Yes, fans," Dolan Jones spoke into his headset, "Mr. Manchin himself will present the winner of our main event with the ReJect Championship!" Manchin looked to his left and nodded at Dolan.

"SI!" "Dirty" Mark Sanchez yelled.

"And now, without any further ado..." Jones built up the suspense.

## Down Under: 2013

"Walk" by Pantera burst onto the P-A system. The fans booted. No one wanted to see this man. No one, really, wanted to see this match. But, this was the main event.

Mr. Muscles exploded out of the curtains. He drove his forearm into his other forearm, giving the audience the universal sign language for, "Stick it," or, "up yours." Muscles pointed at some random member of the audience. He shouted some words. But given the volume of the song and jeers from the crowd, they went unheard.

Muscles strode powerfully toward the ring. He didn't pay much attention to the crowd's displeasure. He leaped up to the apron and stepped over the top rope. He flexed a little bit when he reached the center of the ring. But then he walked towards the corner where senior zebra shirt, Richard Dawson, had directed him towards. Mr. Muscles argued with some more fans as "Walk" faded away.

In its place, the strings to "The Times They Are a-Changin'" by Bob Dylan were heard. Finally, Dylan himself began singing. There were more boos from the crowd. Again. No one really liked either man competing for the ReJect Championship.

Either way.

The breathing legend himself, Robert Fairfield pushed his way through the black curtains. He walked slowly down the entryway's ramp. The turtle-like speed remained when he walked towards the steel steps.

He walked up all four of those and Bob Dylan's tune was completed. He entered the ring and stretched his muscles, or that thereof. He was pretty much already standing in his corner.

This was it.

Richard Dawson called for the bell.

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

**DING~!**

Both men walked towards the center of the ring. Muscles looked down at Fairfield. In an instant, Muscles had grabbed a hold of Fairfield's wrist, pulled him closer, and dropped him with a lariat. The short-arm clothesline had the breathing legend's body colliding on canvas.

Already, Fairfield had to shake some cobwebs out of his head. He was leaning over on his left shoulder trying to do so. However, his attempt became an even larger failure when Muscles dropped and elbow on him.

Mr. Muscles rolled over onto his stomach and did some push-ups, while he yelled some unheard words in

## Down Under: 2013

Fairfield's ear, taunting his opponent. Lightning struck.

Somehow. Someway. Robert Fairfield had snapped jolted upright. He snapped on a rear naked choke. Dawson leaned forward and pointed a microphone in front of Muscle's mouth.

"NOOOOOOO!" Muscles screamed. There was no way the match would end that abruptly. Not like that.

Muscles stood up as if there was nothing wrong with him. It seemed as though there was no 233 pound man attaching himself to his throat by the man's arms. Muscles wrapped his own arms around Robert's neck and flung him forwards. The fall crashed Fairfield down on the canvas once again after a somewhat sloppy, powerful version of a snapmare.

Again. Fairfield had to shake the cobwebs. Muscles exited the ring as fast as he could. He walked over towards the ring announcer and grabbed a steel chair. He slid back into the ring and looked to end the match early. No buildup. No nonsense. It was time to make Fairfield quit. Right now.

"Uh-oh," Jones said, "Do you remember the no DQ match he had with Project a few weeks ago?"

"SI!" Sanchez yelled.

"I believe we're going to see a repeat." Jones noted.

Mr. Muscles returned to the ring. He held the chair in front of him. Fairfield was already standing. The breathing legend... somehow... someway... leaped into the air, drop kicking the chair into Muscles's face.

Although the musclebound mad man hadn't fallen, he did stumble backwards, dropped the chair and leaned against the ropes. Fairfield knew that the only way he had a chance at beating Muscle would be to out-speed him. Given his age, this would be a true, ultimate test.

He stood and gave another dropkick. This one wasn't quite as high. It connected with Muscles' torso. Muscles' body was sent through the top and middle rope before it was dumped on the outside. Fairfield waved his hand towards Muscles, instructing the zebra shirt to ask the question.

Although Muscles' head had just collided with the hard ground below the ring, he screamed, "EAT SHIT!" into the microphone once it was placed in front of him. Fairfield rolled under the bottom rope and found himself standing above Mr. Muscles.

He noticed that the steel chair was nearby in the ring, lying on the mat. Fairfield grabbed the chair and drove the top of it into Muscles' throat. The zebra shirt leaned forward and pointed the microphone at Muscles' mouth again. All that was heard was lots of gurgling. Then, "NO!" was clearly heard coming from his mouth.

Robert let up on the strangle. He tossed the chair aside and began to plot together his next move. He looked over at the steel steps. He walked up them and stood on the apron. Muscles was about to rise to his feet.

## Down Under: 2013

Fairfield had to thing of something.

He climbed to the top rope and waited for Muscles to stand. Mr. Muscles returned to a vertical basis. He turned around and saw that Fairfield was dropping towards him.

Muscles took a step forward. Fairfield's abdomen crashed against the musclebound mad man's shoulder. Muscles had caught Robert and held him in somewhat of a spinebuster position. Muscles charged towards the corner of the ring and drove Fairfield's spine into the steel ring post.

Muscles turned around. He walked towards the announcer's table. Suddenly, he threw Robert into the air. Fairfield found himself with his legs on either side of Muscles' neck. Muscles threw him down harshly.

**!~CRASH~!**

Fairfield was powerbombed straight through the announcer's desk!

"OH MY GOODNESS~!" Dolan shouted. Sanchez couldn't reply. He had fallen out of his seat.

The last few maneuvers had taken a lot out of Mr. Muscles. He waved his hand at Dawson, much like Fairfield had just a mere few moments ago. Muscles himself was on one knee. His right arm was laying on ring's apron. He was breathing heavily.

Dawson pointed the microphone towards Fairfield's lips. All that was heard was heavy breathing. There were no other responses.

Muscles returned to his feet. He walked over toward the wreckage he had just created and peeled Fairfield's body up from off of the ground. He dragged him towards the ring before he picked him up and rolled him inside the squared circle. Muscles grabbed the top rope and pulled himself up to the apron before returning inside the ring as well.

Fairfield still hadn't moved. Muscles walked over to his opponent. OUTFNOWHERES~! Fairfield dropped Muscles on his face with a drop toe hold. He had a choke hold slightly applied. Muscles struggled greatly. But it happened.

**CROSS-FACE CHICKEN WING~!**

Somehow. Someway. Robert Fairfield applied his patented submission maneuver. He was somehow...  
somesay... able to wrap his arm around Mr. Muscles' body. Considering that Mr. Muscles' arms are larger than Fairfield's legs, this was quite the accomplishment.

"ASK HIM!" Fairfield shouted. He wrapped his legs around Muscles' waist with the grapevine. He rolled the both of them over. The both were on their backs, only Muscles' was up against Fairfield's chest.

## Down Under: 2013

Dawson put the microphone in Muscles' face. "NOOOOOOOO! GOD DAMN IT! NOOOOOO!"

Again.

Muscles stood up.

Again.

It was as if Fairfield hadn't attached himself to his body. There was no 233 pound baggage. Nothing. Muscles just ran backwards. He drove Fairfield into the corner's turnbuckles. But Fairfield hadn't let go of the hold.

Muscles took a couple of steps forward and squashed Fairfield in the corner once more. And again. And again. Finally. Fairfield let go. Muscles turned around and lifted Robert up. He sat Fairfield up on the top turnbuckle.

Muscles climbed up to the second rope and applied a front facelock. He stepped onto the top rope. He lifted Fairfield up in the superplex position. He stood there. On the top rope. The sole of Fairfield's feet were a good 15 feet in the air. Finally, Muscles fell backwards.

### **HANGING SUPERPLEX~!**

Both of their bodies were destroyed from the impact. They remained still. Dawson pointed the microphone in both of their faces several times. No response was given by either one of the ReJects.

Mr. Muscles was the first to stir. He dragged himself towards Fairfield.

He pushed himself up to one knee.

And in a flash...

He was going to kill the old bastard.

### **!~THE ROID~!**

The elevated camel clutch was locked on. Tight.

Fairfield shouted. Screamed. He tried to fight himself out of it.

But there was nothing he could do.

Muscles dug his knee into the small of Fairfield's back.

Dawson put the microphone in the breathing legend's face.

## Down Under: 2013

Nothing but screams could be heard.

"NOOOOOOO!" Robert eventually yelled.  
Muscles dug his knee deeper into his back.

Mr. Muscles pulled back on Fairfield's neck even harder.

"**SEE?!**" Dolan Jones yelled.

"Oh my Yay-soos!" Sanchez was also shocked.

The cameras cut to a shot of Robert Fairfield's buttocks. There was a **brown** substance dripping down Robert's thigh.

Mr. Muscles only pulled on Fairfield's neck even harder. Muscles was unrelenting. **THE ROID~!** was affecting Fairfield's body more and more. And more. And more. The pain would be more than enough for ANYBODY to endure.

Dawson had the microphone pointed in Fairfield's direction. There still was nothing official to be heard.

Fairfield tried to think of a plot to get out of the hold. Nothing was coming to his mind. The **brown** substance ran farther down his leg and only seemed to become thicker. Stronger. Smellier.

The microphone was still in front of Robert Fairfield's face.

Really...

He had no choice.

He was in too much pain.

He was suffering too much embarrassment...

**"I QUIT!"**

Fairfield yelled the two, tragic, magic words into the microphone that Richard Dawson held in front of him. Dawson dropped the microphone on the mat. The zebra shirt turned around. He faced the side of the ring closest to all of the communicators.

The bell rang.

Mr. Muscles let go of the submission hold. He fell backwards and laid there on the canvas for several moments.

## Down Under: 2013

"Walk" by Panter was played once more on the stereo system of the arena. The fans were booing. Loudly. There's absolutely no words that could describe their hatred of the events that were taking place in the ring.

Mr. Muscles hadn't moved. Neither had Robert Fairfield. Exhaustion had settled in for both of the ReJects.

This battle?

It was hard fought (possibly).

But no one could have expected more out of a ReJect Championship match. And if there were the smart marks out there that were expecting a school house bout... they should have slit their wrists long ago.

Mr. Muscles was the victor.

There was NOTHING that could change that.

Was there?

### ReJect's Champion?

Mr. Muscles stood to his feet in the ring. The camera quickly cut to Budd E. Manchin doing the same thing. Only. You know. He was outside. And he had been sitting beside the wreckage of the announcer's table.

Manchin nodded his head in some sort of approval.

Mr. Muscles turned his body to face the owner of ReJect Wrestling. His mouth was moving. But none of his words were heard. Again, the cameras cut to outside of the ring. Manchin had begun to walk up the steel steps. The ReJect Championship was still around his shoulder.

Manchin entered the ring.

Mr. Muscles walked towards the center of the squared circle.

The two met right there. In the center.

Zebra shirts and other backstage officials were escorting Robert Fairfield to the backstage area.

Budd E. Manchin. He threw the title downward, allowing his other palm to grab a hold of it. While he held the title in both of his hands, Manchin extended his arms towards Mr. Muscles. The official, **FIRST EVER** ReJect Champion.

Muscles snatched the title out of Manchin's hands. He immediately held the belt over his head and shouted

## Down Under: 2013

some groans of joy. Manchin nodded his head before he exited the ring. He allowed the **FIRST EVER** ReJect Champion to have his moment.

Mr. Muscles draped the title around his shoulder momentarily as he walked towards one of the ring's corners. Muscles climbed up to the second rope. He shot his arms up into the air, holding the ReJect Championship above his head. Again. He shouted some sort of celebratory guttural noise.

"Damn it!" Dolan Jones said into his headset to the fans at home.. He was disappointed. Although, more than likely, he would have been disappointed with either outcome of the bout. "There you have it folks. Mr. Muscles. He is YOUR **FIRST EVER** ReJect Champion!

"You is absolutely right, mang!" Sanchez yelled into his headset.

Mr. Muscles stepped off of the second rope. He leaned his body into the corner. His forearms were rested against the top rope. His head was shaking somewhat. He was, undoubtedly exhausted after the previous bout. Or... perhaps... the volume of "Walk" by Pantera was getting to him. Who knows?

"Mr. Muscles," Dolan said into his headset, "He is going to lead ReJect. From here on out!"

For whatever reason, Muscles lost his grip on the ReJect Championship. The belt fell down on the floor outside of the ring.

Mr. Muscles's right hand grabbed his left bicep.

John Cooper fell backwards.

In an instant, his limbs shot out in the air, in front of his fallen body.

Just as suddenly, they collapsed to the mat.

Neither Dolan Jones nor "Dirty" Mark Sanchez said anything to the home audience.

Cooper remained on the canvas. Motionless.

There was a strange silence in the arena.

"Walk" stopped playing out of nowhere.

Suddenly, the ring was filled with some, previously unseen backstage officials. Most of them were on their knees. And they all surrounded John Cooper's body.

Credits rolled at the bottom of the screen for the home viewers.

## Down Under: 2013

ReJect's "J" logo faded onto the screen.