

Slaughter: XXVI

November 30, 2009 | Arena at Gwinnett Center - Duluth, Georgia

XXVI

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Slaughter XXVI

30 Nov 2009

Arena at Gwinnett Center,

Duluth, Georgia (seats 13,000)

Daymare vs. Force

"

daymare" Two spotlights of sunny yellow and white intersect over the aisle. Mumbles from the crowd, as the soft beginning of 'Rooster' by Alice N Chains plays sweetly in the ears. Casually walking out is the Yellow and Orange masked Daymare, who pauses at the entrance looking around. He clasps his hands together, and in three moving chops puts them near his head.

It's Naptime. As the chorus kicks in, Daymare kicks his left leg out and bends forward stamping one fist into the floor and pounding into his chest. He front rolls through that pose and quickly walks through the aisle as 'We don't wanna die' chills the bones. Reaching ringside, he grabs the middle rope and jumps up but slides under the bottom rope on his back. Kipping up, he stands statuesque with what appears to be labored breathing not moving an inch until given instruction. by Trust Company starts to blare over the sound system, as Force appears from behind the curtain with a wide grin on his face. He charges towards the ring and slides under the bottom rope, climbing to his feet and looking around at the crowd, before backing away into the corner and warming up. The referee calls for the bell and this match is underway! The two men begin circling clockwise around the ring before lunging forwards and locking up in the middle of the ring. Daymare gains an early advantage, locking Force up with a rear waist-lock. Force pries Daymare's hands open and twists around behind him, hooking both of his arms and sliding him over his back and pinning his shoulders to the mat with a backslide! ONE! TWO! Daymare kicks out strongly and rolls back to his feet. Force also finds his footing and runs at Daymare, leaping and aiming a flying forearm at the masked man's head.

Quick as a flash, Daymare drops to the mat and Force flies right over him. Daymare stands and spins, thrusting a spinning shin kick at Force's head, who takes his turn to duck out of the way. Daymare crashes to the mat and Force promptly drops a leg across his throat. He stands and jumps over Daymare, tucking his feet up and trying for a senton, only for Daymare to roll out of the way and to his feet, immediately throwing a front dropkick at Force. Daymare is shocked as Force manages to dodge the dropkick and instead catches the masked man's feet. Daymare hits the mat and Force quickly wraps up his legs in a figure four with his arms and turns a struggling Daymare over into a Texas cloverleaf! Force wrenches the lock in as Daymare cries out in pain. Still relatively fresh in the match, the son of Steppen Scuragrec lifts himself off the mat and scurries towards the ropes using his arms for momentum. Force manages to stall him slightly, fighting to keep the move locked in tight as long as possible. Daymare crawls and reaches towards the ropes

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but comes up just short. Inching towards the ropes, Daymare's arm shakes from the strain as Force pulls back, stretching

Daymare's back out. With a final reach, Daymare drapes a finger over the bottom rope, but his arm drops to the mat as Force releases the hold and dives onto his masked opponent with a heavy elbow drop across the back of his neck. Force stands and drags Daymare towards the turnbuckles, however Daymare drives his elbow into his face and knocks Force down. Daymare makes straight for the ropes and leaps onto the middle rope, bouncing onto the top rope and flipping off backwards with a beautifully executed double-jump moonsault... Right onto Force's waiting knees. Daymare clutches at his ribs and writhes on the mat as Force staggers to his feet, slightly awkwardly.

He moves towards Daymare and pulls him to his knees by his mask. Still winded from his failed moonsault attempt, Daymare fires away and drives a left hand into

Force's abdomen. Force is staggered, but he continues his advance on Daymare only to receive a hard right hand to the midsection following up the other. He stumbles slightly and Daymare throws another punch, this time connecting with Force's head. Force reels, groggy from the impact, and Daymare hits an enziguirí! Daymare tries for a cover! ONE! TWO! TH- Force manages to kickout and Daymare wastes no time in climbing back to his feet. Daymare kneels down to grab Force, however the young star pushes him backwards and climbs to his feet. As Daymare runs forwards, he finds himself on the receiving end of an STF... Something to Prove. Force drives Daymare into the mat facefirst, before draping an arm over his chest and going for the cover. ONE! TWO! THREE!!! Force rolls off Daymare and throws his arms up in victory, as his music resumes playing over the speakers. He rolls out of the ring clutching his ribs, a jubilant smile on his face, as Daymare struggles to sit up in the middle of the ring.

Mentally Ready

"

traviswilliams"

Backstage, Ethan Bush is standing with former World Champion, Travis Williams.

"Travis, the past few weeks your head has not exactly been in the game so to say. Has your brother and Anti-Hero gotten to you that much?"

Travis laughs at Ethan.

"I walked out of Slaughter last week with a win over Adrien Cochrane, which makes like the twentieth time I believe. This week, I walk out with the You Call It Championship! So I ask you, have I really lost a step or am I using this to make people not suspect me of being something again?" Ethan looks at Travis with a confuse.

"I do not understand Travis. Are you saying that you are using this misfortune to bring you fortune?"

Travis nods his head.

"When I become a champion again tonight, you will all begin to understand exactly who Travis Williams is, and that NOTHING CAN HOLD HIM DOWN! Mister Tool, you'll NEVER BE COOL!"

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Commercial Break...

Walking to the ring

"

kenzieblair"

Opening notes to Charlie Robison's 'My Hometown' play

Charlie Blackwell and his valet, Kenzie

Blair, walk down the ramp towards the ring. Kenzie seems to be a little unnerved by the crowd. Charlie: "Are you okay?"

Kenzie: "Yeah. There's...so many people here." "Well, I had a buddy back in eighty-one And we made ourselves a pact We were heading for the new pipeline And we were never coming back"

Charlie: "It's all right. Just remember what Dawn said and everything will work out fine."

Kenzie takes a deep breath. Kenzie: "I'm trying." "We worked eighty hours working time and a half But LaGrange was too damn hot We drove back home at the end that week And we spent it all on shots..."

They reach the ring and Charlie hops up first. He helps Kenzie onto the ring apron and then opens the ropes up so she can climb through. Charlie follows suit.

"So I'll see you Houston If I ever get out that way I'll see you in Dallas But I won't have long to stay."

Kenzie: "Aren't you nervous?"

Charlie: "Hell yeah. But this is what I want to do." "If you're ever out west son And you're feeling like slowin' down I'll see you around Around my hometown..."

Charlie Blackwell vs. Dark

w/B.R. Ellis

"

dark" We come back from a commercial to see Charlie Blackwell already standing in the ring, awaiting his opponent.

"Binge and Purge" by Clutch blasts over the PA as Dark saunters down to the ring, accompanied by several flapping chickens and B.R. Ellis. The chickens peck around Ellis before disappearing underneath the ring as Dark climbs up the steel stairs and ducks underneath the top rope, turning to face Blackwell as his music fades away. The bell rings, and the match is underway! Dark and Blackwell come face to face, and Dark shoves Blackwell's face back. Blackwell staggers back several steps, before coming towards Dark with his fists flying in all directions. Dark shrugs off the blows and seizes Blackwell, picking him up and delivering a thunderous spinebuster. Dark smirks and hooks Blackwell's leg, and the referee drops down to count the pin. ONE! TWO! Blackwell barely manages to get the shoulder up, and Dark frowns in disbelief. He grabs Blackwell by the head and pulls him to his feet, before hitting him with a jaw-shattering uppercut. Blackwell staggers backwards again and grabs the top rope, and Dark runs forward looking to hit a clothesline.

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Blackwell drops down and pulls the top rope with him, sending Dark tumbling to ringside. Dark sprawls out on the outside area as B.R. Ellis rushes up to help him to his feet. Blackwell shakes his head in the ring, waiting for Dark to re-enter. The referee starts the ten count as Dark climbs to his knees. ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR! Dark stands up again and lets out a bull-like roar, before charging forwards and sliding into the ring. Blackwell goes on the offensive and runs forward, stomping down on Dark who goes limp. Blackwell pulls Dark to his feet and attempts to whip him across the ring, however Dark reverses and sends Blackwell onto the ropes, catching him with a scoop slam on the rebound. Dark covers Blackwell again! ONE! TWO!

Once again, Blackwell manages to get the shoulder up and the crowd lets out a collective "Ahhhhhhh!". Dark growls in frustration, as B.R. Ellis screams at him to finish the match. Dark grabs a groggy Blackwell and lifts him to his feet, hoisting him over his shoulder to prepare for a running powerslam. Suddenly, Blackwell starts to struggle violently, and he slides out of Dark's grasp and down his back, before neatly rolling Dark up in a small package! ONE! TWO! THREE!!! Blackwell releases the pin and bolts out of the ring, half-stumbling to the ramp clutching his ribs as he raises one arm in victory.

In the ring, Dark sits up and looks on in disbelief that he lost the match, as Ellis kicks out at several chickens pecking away at his feet.

Enter... the Bandits

"

eggbandits" The fans shake the arena with an enormous _POP_ as

Whamford Jameson, The

Dude, Cancer Jiles, and Doozer are shown entering the backstage area from outside. Whammy is dressed as a butler, carrying one of the Egg Bandits Tag Team Championship belt. The Dude, in his white on off-white suit, carries the other.

Looking as arrogant as ever in his white Egg Bandit T with the Cool Championship draped over his right shoulder, Mr. Cool confidently strides in front of the two managers. He s strutting alongside his tag team partner

Doozer, who

s dressed in his usual Superman baseball jersey and jeans and carrying his DWF World Title as well. Four belts, four men

Sucks to be Dream. Actually, looks more like it sucks to be Dooze. He must still be hungover from last night.

"What up, Doozy? You

re lookin

pretty ill, man. Take too much medication this morning? You know you

re supposed to eat something before swallowing all those old person pills, don

t you? You might

ve Five-Oh-One

d it and forgot. Don

t worry; you have this young buck watchin

out for ya."

Too sick to even throw a fist in his partner

s direction, Doozer moans painfully and keeps pacing along the backstage corridor toward his locker room.

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"Did you mix Viagra with your arthritis pills and slam vodka all night playing who pukes first with your wrinkled dong again?"

Just another painful moan for a reaction

now it

s very obvious that The Dooze is not his normal self. On the other hand, acting quite normal is

The Dude

giggling like a little girl behind his idol, Mr. Cool. Whammy is just shaking his head in utter disappointment.

"Or was it th-"

And that is all it took. Before being able to finish off his next witty insult, Doozer cut off CJ with a swift, unexpected right hand square in the face. Cancer stammers back, trying to regain his balance, before falling on his ass. He looks up in pure bewilderment at the three other Bandits. The Dude rushes to Mr. Cool, who instantly pushes him away in embarrassment. Whamford jogs to catch up to Doozer, who continues to slowly walk away rubbing his right fist.

"Real nice, Dooze

is this how you plan to step up as the man DWF needs?" A third painful moan from Doozy

re supposed to be the face of Dream, you forget that already?" No response from Doozer. Finally reaching his locker room, the

World Champ enters and slams the door behind him. As the scene fades, Cancer Jiles is heard shouting like a

5 year old that just got his feelings hurt.

"Dream

s face can kiss my ass

asshole."

Adrien Cochrane vs. Bishop Steele

"

adriencochrane" The arena lights dim as the quick guitar intro from "Last One to Die" kicks into full force. Once the third line of the verse echoes from the arena, Adrien Cochrane comes out from behind the curtain with cheers from the fans. He hops to the ring as the chorus blares throughout the arena.

"We got right You got it wrong We're still around Last one to die We're going up You're going down We're still around Last one to die!"

Adrien slides into the ring as the music fades and the lights return to full brightness. The lights get dim and the crowd silences. 'Forever' cues over the PA system and the crowd gets hype. Pyros go off on the corners of the stage. The curtains open and out comes Bishop and Alexis Steele on to the stage. Bishop stops on the middle of the stage and looks around at the crowd as he soaks in the essence of the hype and screaming. He then looks at Alexis and knods to her to signal that it is time. He then makes his way down to the ring with Alexis right behind him. He then climbs into the ring and holds the ropes so Alexis can get into the ring. He

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stands in the middle of the ring and Alexis poses in front of him, as that happens Pyros go off on the corner post of the ring and then the lights come on . The referee calls for the bell, and both men start to circle around each other. They lock up in the middle of the ring, and Bishop Steele executes a quick go-behind and and kicks Cochrane's legs out from underneath him. Steele circles around Cochrane, hunched over, as he climbs back to his feet. Steele charges forwards, however Cochrane grabs him and whips him towards the ropes, catching him with an elbow on the rebound. Steele falls down to the mat, and Cochrane drops to his knees and applies a headlock. Steele flails wildly, before managing to get a foot up onto the bottom rope. Cochrane releases the hold and backs away, as Steele wheezes on the mat and climbs to his feet. Steele and Cochrane lock up again, and this time Steele rakes Cochrane's eyes and follows up with a low blow. Smirking, he executes a perfect rollup pin! ONE! TWO! Cochrane kicks out, and Steele whirls around the face the referee, screaming that he deliberately counted the pinfall slowly. The referee holds up his hands and orders Steele to continue the match, however Cochrane lunges at Steele from behind with his own rollup! The referee drops to his knees again to count the pinfall! ONE! TWO! TH-- Steele manages to break out of the hold, and both men roll away from each other. Steele climbs to his feet and runs at Cochrane, dishing out several right hands before whipping him into the corner and following up with a running kick, sending Cochrane's head snapping back. Cochrane slumps down in the corner, and Steele start to deliver several kicks to his torso before backing away and running forwards again, this time driving his knee into Cochrane's face. Steele grabs Cochrane and pulls him into the middle of the ring, smirking as he hits the No Remorse, a deadly Flipping Piledriver manouvre! Steele covers Cochrane, as the referee counts the pin. ONE! TWO! THREE!!! resumes playing over the PA, as Steele climbs off Cochrane and runs his hand over his head. Steele smirks and climbs out of the ring as the referee checks on Cochrane, signalling for medics to come out to the ring to attend to an injury as we cut to a commercial.

An unusual encounter...

"

none1"

Cameras cut backstage to Travis Williams leaving Mark Zylbert

s office. He checks down the hallway in both directions and finally takes off to the left. Completely out of nowhere, Anti Hero rounds a nearby corner and crashes into Travis head on. The two stammer backwards a couple steps before regaining balance. Travis

Williams: Who the fuck do you think you are? Anti Hero:

In due time, Williams

next week

your dreams will become your

worst, and last, NIGHTMARE! Travis Williams:

Big talk from a little man who does nothing but imitate a personality I ditched a long time ago. Quietly, Cancer Jiles tip toes up from behind Travis Williams

s holding a single egg in his right. CJ winds

up, preparing to throw as

Travis gets inches from the face of the incarnation from his haunting past, Anti Hero. Travis

Williams: That

s what I thought. Now, for the last time, tell me who the fuck you are

Mr. Cool throws! Williams ducks! EGG IN ANTI HERO

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S FACE MASK!!! Cancer Jiles: GOD DAMN IT, T-WILLY! Travis Williams:

Maybe you should cut back on the weed, Cancer. Bellowing

loudly, Williams walks off as Cancer Jiles is left shaking his head in disappointment. Scene fades.

Johnny Legend vs Marshall

"

marshall" We return from a commercial break and fade in on the ring, where Marshall is shown leaning against the turnbuckle casually waiting for Johnny Legend to emerge from the back. The fans in the arena pipe up as the lights begin to dim and

Rob Zombie's

"Man with no fear" pours through the sound system. There is an abrupt chorus of jeers and boos as the FWO's patron saint, 'The Living Legend' Johnny Legend, steps out from behind the curtain and onto the ramp. Legend flexes a bicep, before slapping himself several times on the chest and pointing towards Marshall standing in the ring. Smirking, he takes a cocky, casual stride down the ramp and carefully hops up the ring steps, ducking under the second rope and sauntering into the ring. Marshall moves out of the corner as the bell rings, and both men start to circle each other. Legend and Marshall eventually lunge forward and tie up in the center of the ring. Both men try and force each other back, but Johnny Legend grabs Marshall's arm and twists it behind his back. Marshall tries to twist and turn his way out of the hold, and eventually frees himself by taking

Legend down in a side head lock takedown. With Legend down on the mat, Marshall drops an elbow down onto the fWo

star! There is a mixed reaction for Marshall as he rises to his feet, and Legend soon follows him up. Legend ducks under an attempted clothesline from Marshall and sends his opponent into the ropes. Marshall bounces back and Legend takes him down with a drop toe hold, before trying to lock in an STF on Marshall. Marshall struggles, however Legend has the move locked in tight. Marshall screams in pain and reaches towards the ropes, summing his strength and dragging himself several agonizing inches forward until he can clench the bottom rope. Legend releases the hold and climbs to his feet, backing away until Marshall stands up. Legend charges forwards and clotheslines Marshall down into the mat before flipping him over and applying a painful looking surfboard stretch! Legend jams his knee into Marshall's back for added effect as the referee asks Marshall if he would like to submit from the match. Marshall shakes his head and suddenly goes limp, sending Legend off balance and giving Marshall and opportunity to knock Legend off his back. Both men climb back to their feet and Marshall turns around to go on the offensive, but as he does he spins straight into a snap DDT from Legend that takes him down to the mat again! Johnny Legend hooks the leg and makes the cover! ONE! TWO! THR-- Marshall manages to get a shoulder off of the mat, just when Legend thought that this one was all over! Johnny Legend shoots the referee an evil look as he pulls Marshall up and whips him into the corner of the ring. Legend runs at Marshall in the corner, however Marshall dives out of the way and Legend collides with the turnbuckle! Marshall uses the ropes to climb back to his feet, and he turns to look at Legend clutching his shoulder as he backs out of the corner. Legend turns around, right into an attempted spinning kick from Marshall. He catches Marshall's foot and grins, before pulling the DREAM star into close and planting him back down onto the mat with a spinebuster. Legend covers Marshall, however as the referee drops to count the pin he places his feet on the second rope! ONE! TWO! THREE!!! Legend laughs and exits the ring, as the fans voice their displeasure at the result of the match.

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In the ring, Marshall stumbles to his feet, looking dejected at yet another loss.

Travis Williams vs. Cancer Jiles

"

traviswilliams" The lights in the arena dim, as the steady sound of a phone being left off the hook beeps throughout the arena. The hollow sounds of a woman's voice saying, "House Keeping, HELLO" followed by some knocking and another . The guitar strums ever so lightly.

"You Find Me But I Don

t Know What You Wanna Say Well God Is Great And God Is Good But God Didn

t Help Me When He Could And Love Dances Slowly By!" As the sounds of Sixx AM

s "Courtesy Call" slams into the arena, the lights come back partly as the man of man personas known only as

Travis Williams, The Dark

Shadows, walks out on top of the stage. The crowd tosses mix reactions towards the veteran of the sport, as he stands perfectly in the center of the aisle away from the fans fingertips.

"This Is Just A Courtesy Call This Is Just Matter of Policy This Is Just An Act of Kindness To Let You Know That YOUR TIME IS UP!"

Travis walks down with his arms beside him, elbow to his palms out in front of him with his palms open facing towards the air. He walks to the ring, where he stands for a second. He looks around the arena, and grabs the middle rope and steps up on to the apron. He wipes his feet on the apron, and then steps between the top and middle ropes. He enters the ring and walks over to a corner awaiting the opening bell, never blinking.

"Coming to the ring, from

Philadelphia Pennsylvania, Mr. Cool.... Cancer

Jiles!" A chorus of boos rains down the from the DWF faithful as CCJ struts to the ring. He taunts the fans, who have developed a fine love to hate you relationship with the superstar.

Upon arrival, Cool Cancer Jiles slides under the bottom rope then climbs up the turnbuckles. He reciprocates the fans appreciation of

him, flipping them off a couple of times before finding in his final resting place; a seat atop the third turnbuckle. He stays perched there, awaiting the bell. Ding! The bell rings and the match gets underway as Travis Williams grabs hold of the Champion. Williams throws Jiles into the ropes and then grabs him in a sleeper hold as he bounces back, however Jiles fights his way out of the hold with several back elbow shots. Jiles nails Williams with a right hand to the side of the face then sends him stumbling backwards, before grabbing him by the arm and hitting an arm drag takedown. Jiles locks in an arm bar submission move before trying to hyper-extend the elbow of his opponent. Williams shouts out in pain before reaches over his head and grabbing Jiles, flipping him forwards. Williams rises to his feet and bounces into the ropes which sends

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him back towards Jiles, however before he can get any offence in Jiles takes him down with a clothesline! Jiles looks down at Williams and mimes throwing an egg in his face before seizing him and pulling him back to his feet. Jiles nails Williams with a knee to the midsection, before lifting him into the air and taking him back down to the mat with a huge suplex! The fans boo the move from Jiles, but the Champion quickly hooks the leg to make the cover on Williams! ONE! TWO! A shoulder up off of the mat from Travis Williams means that this one continues! Travis Williams slowly rises back up to his feet and manages to duck under an attempted right hand from Cancer Jiles! Williams grabs Jiles around the waist and takes him down to the mat with a German suplex which draws scattered cheers from the crowd. Williams begins to nail Jiles with some mounted punches before the champion forces his way back to a standing position. Jiles chops Williams across the chest, but as he tries to repeat the move, Williams ducks under the his arm and rolls him up with a school boy! ONE! TWO! THR-- No! Jiles gets a shoulder up to kick out of the shock pin attempt from Williams that nearly had him beat! Jiles staggers back up to a standing position, but Williams sends him hard into the turnbuckle before following up with a spear in the corner! Jiles stumbles out of the corner right into a bulldog in the middle of the ring from Travis Williams! Williams has taken control of the match as the Jiles lays on the mat in pain! Williams laughs at Jiles before pulling him to his feet. Williams positions Jiles for a DDT, before dropping him hard on his head in the center of the ring! This match could all be over, as Williams hooks the leg! ONE! TWO! THR-- NO! Cancer Jiles manages to get a shoulder up! Williams pounds the mat in frustration and climbs to his feet. Jiles groggily stands up and shakes his head, and Williams moves in for the kill. Suddenly, the lights dim, and Williams turns to look up the ramp. Anti Hero appears, his arms folded over his chest. Williams backs away slowly, right into Cancer Jiles. Williams spins around, in instantly hits the Shadow Cast, before hooking Jiles' leg! ONE! TWO! THREE!!! The referee hands Williams the "You Call It"

Championship, as the lights return to their normal hue. Anti-Hero has disappeared from the ramp, and Travis Williams frowns as he stares towards where Anti-Hero stood on the ramp, as he calls for a microphone.

Check Mate

"

traviswilliams" As Travis Williams throws his newly won 'YOU CALL IT' Championship over his shoulder, he takes a few deep breathes to gain his composure.

"First off...This title is no longer COOL! It's Hostile, it's THE HOSTILITY CHAMPIONSHIP!"

The DREAM fans for once cheer Travis.

"Yeah, you know exactly what I am talking about you guys! I was told I was never good enough to be HOSTILITY Champion, that I was not a big enough SUPERSTAR! I threw on a mask, and wrestled...I got close, but once they learned about my identity I was dropkicked back down. I come to the OCEAN known as DREAM, and it makes that pond known as HOSTILITY seem so SMALL! So, for those who said I could NEVER be HOSTILITY CHAMPION, FUCK YOU!" The fans cheer again, as they chant.

"FUCK YOU...FUCK YOU...FUCK YOU" "Now, Titan and mimic man. I am more than happy to take on Anti-Zero at Slaughter next week. Under HOSTILITY RULES, well my HOSTILE RULES. There are ZERO RULES! Not only that, but

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I will place my HOSTILITY Championship on the line. When I am done, I will eliminate two of the sorriest fucks to ever sour the name of

DREAM!" The fans cheer as he drops the microphone and holds up the title.

"Courtesy Call" by Sixx AM starts to play once again as the show fades to a commercial break...

Doozer vs. 501 vs.

Lupin Cy vs. Upton Osgood

"

lupincy" "Run with the Wolves" by the Prodigy hits the sound system and the lights in the arena dim as Patient Five-Zero-One steps ominously onto the top of the entrance stage. He pauses for effect at the top whilst looking out around at the crowd with a grimace on his face. The darkness in the arena is interrupted by flashing strobe lights as Five-Zero-One slowly walks down the entrance ramp. Five-Zero-One finally reaches the ring, and he slides in before posing for the crowd once more on the nearest turnbuckle. Doozer emerges from the entranceway as bold voice blares through the arena, singing "When you walked, through the door, it was clear to me..."

"You're the one they adore, who they came to see..." as a remixed version of Eminem's

"We Made You"; plays through the sound system. The pop from the crowd quickly swamps the words of the song as Doozer stops at the top of the ramp. Above him, the words "The Man" flash across the mega-screen as the fans scream, "The Man!". Then, even louder, they bellow, "The Myth!" right as the screen reads so. Lastly, "The Legend" echoes through the arena when those pair replace the last on screen. Doozer, smiling at his fans all around the arena, nods his head under that trademark, official Boston cap he always wears backwards. Elbows at each side, he bends his arms up so his hands come up on both sides of the Superman logo on his t-shirt. Looking like a basketball star after scoring a clutch basket, he pinches his Superman t-shirt and pulls it out from his body, showing off the logo. As he emphatically lets go of the shirt red, blue and gold fireworks blast off the ramp to his sides. The fans start, "DOO-ZER! DOO-ZER!"

The wrestling star struts down to the ring, swerving between both sides of the ramp to catch the hands of his fans. He encircles the entire ring, connecting with as many hands as he can. Doozer then rolls into the ring and is quickly up to his feet. He climbs one of the turnbuckles. He pinches his shirts again, showing the Superman logo to his fans who pop back with a huge cheer. He jumps off and walks to the turnbuckle diagonal to him. He does the same to another large pop from the crowd.

As

"Pure Morning" by Placebo comes melodically flowing through the arena's sound system, the DREAM Champion Lupin Cy comes speeding down the ramp from the backstage area. Just as Cy begins a head-first slide into the ring, green fireworks launch from the top of all four turnbuckles. Lupin wildly keeps the energy going for the crowd by spinning in circles, pointing out to the masses as he does so.

After ascending one of the turnbuckles to salute his title belt to the crowd, Cy steps back down to the mat and shakes out a few stretches and rope pulls. The driving industrial cords to Prong

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s

"No Justice" plays on the PA system. The DWF fans look to the entranceway, waiting for the former Evolution Champion to step out of the curtain. He does so, and the fans erupt with cheers.

YAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!! Upton Osgood looks to his left, to his right, and then walks down to the ring, in step with the song and to Tommy Victor

s lyrics. IF YOU

RE TRYING TO RUIN MY LIFE YOU

RE DOING A GOOD JOB OF IT IF YOU

RE TRYING TO CAUSE ME STRIFE I

M FALLING RIGHT INTO IT YOU DON

T WANT THE SAME THINGS AS I YOU WANT NO PART OF IT TIRED OF HEARING YOU COME UP

WITH

LIES TO COVER UP YOUR PART IN IT

"Making his way to the ring, from Portland, Oregon, by way of

Bangor, Maine. Standing

6

" and weighing 253 pounds, he is an EPW Hall of Fame inductee, and the former inaugural

EPW Evolution Champion, UPTON

OSGOOD!!!" NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NOWHERE TO TURN ACCUSATIONS AND FIGHTS THERE

S NOTHING TO LEARN Upton walks off the entrance ramp and stops, looking out into the crowd again. He waves his arms up and down, riling up the crowd, and they can

t help but cheer and chant the man

s name. OSGOOD!!! OSGOOD!!! OSGOOD!!! IF YOU WANT BETTER FOR YOURSELF WHY CAN

T YOU MAKE A POINT OF IT YOU CHOOSE TO DENY ANY OF MY HELP WHAT DO YOU WANT OUT OF THIS CAN

T YOU ADMIT THE FAULT OF YOUR MIND WHY DON

T YOU COME TO GRIP WITH IT ALL THE DENIAL CAUSING MORE PAIN CAN

T YOU SEE I

M SICK OF IT He slides into the ring. He gets to his feet, climbs a corner and raises his Syndactly-spiked finger in the air. YAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

WHAT ARE YOUR FANTASIES, I DON

T KNOW WHY CAN

T YOU COME CLEAN WITH IT ALL YOUR TABOOS AND ALL OF YOUR LIES WHY CAN

T YOU COME CLEAN WITH IT NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NOWHERE TO TURN ACCUSATIONS AND FIGHTS THERE

S NOTHING TO LEARN NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NOWHERE TO TURN ACCUSATIONS AND FIGHTS THERE

S NOTHING TO LEARN NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NO JUSTICE IN LIFE NO JUSTICE IN LIFE The music fades

away as Upton Osgood hops off the turnbuckle. He waits in his corner. The referee calls for the bell to be rung, and finally the match is underway! Osgood quickly makes his way towards DREAM Champion Doozer who meets him with stiff right hands, whilst Lupin Cy hits a quick clothesline on 501 to send him into the corner of the ring. Doozer hammers Osgood with big right hands, however

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Osgood manages to block a punch from Doozer and take him down to the mat with a snap suplex. With one of the two champions down, Osgood hits him stiff mounted punches onto Doozer. Meanwhile Lupin Cy chops the chest of

501 in the corner, before dragging him to the centre of the ring. 501 swings a first at Williams, but Lupin Cy ducks out of the way before taking 501 down to the mat with a jawbreaker. Upton Osgood eventually lets Doozer up to his feet, before dragging him across the ring by the back of the head and slamming him face first into the turnbuckle. Doozer bounces out holding his face in pain, and Upton Osgood takes him to the mat with a back suplex. Doozer hits the mat hard, but before

Osgood can continue the offence, Lupin Cy intervenes with a double axe handle to the back of Osgood's head. Osgood stumbles forward, before Lupin Cy spins him around and takes him to the mat with an arm drag takedown. Lupin Cy tries to lock in an arm bar, however Osgood powers out of the hold. Osgood nails Lupin with a kick to the midsection, before positioning him for a powerbomb. Lupin is lifted up into the air by Osgood, however before he can throw him to the mat 501 nails a chop block on Osgood which sweeps away his legs and causes Lupin to fall down onto the body of Osgood! Lupin quickly gets back to his feet, however 501 sends him to the mat with a reverse DDT before making the first cover of the match. ONE! TWO! Doozer dives into the picture and breaks the attempted pinfall attempt by 501. The fans cheer the interjection by the DREAM Champion as it means that this match continues! Doozer grabs hold of 501 as he rises to his feet and backs him into the corner of the ring. Doozer nails 501 with some big kicks before hitting a boot to the midsection followed by a double underhook DDT, however Doozer has no time to make any cover as he is attacked with punches by Upton Osgood. Osgood gets in some rights and lefts on Doozer, before Doozer drops his shoulder and hits a backdrop on Osgood!

With Osgood and 501 both down, Doozer hooks Osgood's leg! ONE! TWO! No! This time Lupin Cy gets in to break the pinfall attempt! The DREAM World Champion doesn't stop there as he clotheslines Doozer over the top rope and to the floor below as he gets up to his feet! Lupin begins to stomp away on Upton Osgood before turning his attention to 501. Lupin whips 501 into the ropes before taking him down to the mat with a dropkick as he bounces back. Lupin Cy looks in charge of this match up so far, with all other three competitors down! Lupin grabs hold of Osgood and sends him to the corner of the ring. Osgood hits the corner hard, but as he does Lupin grabs hold of 501 and then whips him towards Osgood in the corner! Osgood sees 501 coming and gets his boots up to nail him in the face! 501 hits the mat hard, as Upton Osgood runs at Lupin Cy and drops the champion with a sidewalk slam! The fans give Osgood a mixed reaction as he rolls to his feet and waits for Lupin to rise up again! Lupin Cy groggily makes his way to his feet, but as he does so Osgood attacks and hits the Bangor Spike! This could be it! Osgood drops down and makes the cover on Lupin Cy. ONE! TWO! No! Doozer makes the save! The fans cheer as Doozer slides into the ring and leaps across to knock Osgood off of Lupin! Osgood rises to his feet, and he looks enraged that Doozer has stopped him from winning the match! Osgood fires off with some big right hands on Doozer before 501 gets interjected into the mix, whipping Osgood over the top rope before delivering a vicious chop to Doozer's chest. Suddenly, a fan throws himself over the security barricade and barges into the ring, attacking Doozer with a flurry of right hands, knocking the DREAM World Champion out of the ring! Security rush to assist Doozer, while in the ring Lupin Cy takes advantage of the stunned 501 to deliver his own "Curving the Bullet" kick, knocking 501 down! Cover! ONE! TWO! THREE!!! Upton Osgood dives back into the ring to try and break up the ring a second too late, as the referee declares Lupin Cy the winner. Outside the ring, security restrain the overzealous , who throws back his hood and reveals himself to be none other than... Crowd: "BOOOOOOOOO!"

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Mike Polowy grins as he shrugs off the security guards, before walking over to a groggy Doozer and lifting him to his feet, before whipping him into the steel stairs! Doozer disappears from view and the guards surge forwards again to grab Polowy, who this time struggles violently, trying to get at Doozer. The show fades out on Polowy's smirking face as he is dragged backstage, the damage to Doozer done.

Next Week

"

realdealreturns" But suddenly... the feed cuts back in, to reveal Brian Titan, the brother of Travis Williams is standing beside Anti-Hero somewhere in the backstage area.

"Next week Travis, your career just like mine, comes to a brutal end...

As I officially accept my job here in DREAM, I will be a major player in the future of this company come 2010.

So for that, I was given the power to book the match of Travis Williams vs

Anti-Hero. If you win Travis, we, he and I, will both disappear forever!" Titan slaps Anti-Hero on the chest and laughs.

"You think

I am a mimic of your former self. I am not carbon copy Travis, I am the real deal. I AM FUCKING LEGIT! The cult like following is something you may remember. Just wait and see at Slaughter!" The feed scrambles out.