

Thursday Night Rage: 4

Promotion: United Toughness Alliance
Date: February 27, 2014
Location: Wachovia Arena — Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania

Results

RAGE

Segment

NERO MOORE V. GUNNAR GRANDERSON

Nightmare by avenged sevenfold is already playing at the start of the show as Nero Moore is seen circling the ring, in attempt to hype the crowd for his arrival.

Announcer: From Chicago, Illinois...weighing 220 pounds...NERO MOORE~!

Gil: Welcome folks to Thursday Night Rage, where we start off the first round with a double debut for the VCW Invitational!

Lucius: Nero Moore's first match in wrestling for quite some time, lets see if he has what it takes.

As Nero Moore questions the ref, "Cinema" by Skrillex hits, the fans immensely booing the wrestler appearing on the ramp.

Announcer: From Moorestown, New Jersey....

"Cinema" begins to play as Gunnar Granderson steps out from behind the curtain. He enters the stage in his black boots, knee pads and black tights with "Krieger" written on the back in gold lettering.

Announcer: Weighing 215 pounds...GUNNAR GRANDERSON~!

He stops at the top of the ramp listening to the fans boo him emphatically. Gunnar begins his walk to the ring laughing at all the fans jeering him. He comes across a sign being held by a child in the front row. The sign reads "Gunnar sucks" Gunnar points to the sign, laughs, then pulls it from the child's hands and rips the sign to pieces.

Gil: For a fresh debut in VCW, he immediately disassociate himself from the fans here in attendance.

Lucius: When coming down the ring, one needs to make clear who is in charge. Gunnar looking to do that early on with folks here paying to SEE HIM.

Gunnar throws the pieces in the face of the child, laughs then begins walking up the steps into the ring. He climbs to the second turnbuckle, poses, taking in the boos, then hops down to the mat.

Gil: So we got a classic match of the 99% versus the 1% here..

Lucius: Phf..you mean to say that Gunnar has 99 percent chance of cashing that check he was writing last week.

The ref checks both superstars briefly, Gunnar clearly with a look of boredom. The ref signals for the bell at which the two circle the ring quickly before coming to the center of the ring. A brief struggle, before Gunnar gets behind Nero, locking in a basic headlock. He leans back as he applies more pressure, a look of amusement as he wrenches the lock in around the neck.

Gil: Impressive groundwork here...wait why does he look bored?!

Luicus: The real question you should be asking is who can entertain Gunnar Granderson?

Gunnar shifts his weight, flipping Nero to the ground, in an attempt to pin him, the ref goes for the pinfall after Gunnar successfully pins him to the ground.

ONE~!

T~Gunnar lifts him up from the ground, mocking the ref and the fans watching as he puts on a smug look on his face.

Lucius: Gunnar showing off that he sets the rules in this match, dominance clearly evident here.

Gunnar plants him back to the mat, the ref goes for the count.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THR~~Gunnar lifts him back up again, this time letting go and stepping away as he mocks the fans, the ref confused. The fans let Gunnar hear it as he continues to mock them.

Gil: Gunnar clearly shows no concern for the fans here tonight.

Nero goes to rush at Gunnar who dodges the clothesline, letting Nero turn around into a DDT, planting him facefirst into the mat.

Gunnar goes for the pin for the third time, the fans in a fever pitch rage....

ONE~

TWO~

THREE~!

the bell rings as Gunnar stands...

Announcer: The winner of this match...Gunnar Granderson!

The ref reaches for Gunnar's hand, in an attempt to raise it, but Gunnar snatches his hand away, looking at the ref like he is filthy. He goes to step out of the ring himself as the fans continue to boo ever so loudly. He stops short, turning around and spitting on the mat in front of Nero Moore before leaving.

Gil: That dis-respectful son of--

Lucius: Hey hey don't get mad at him for expressing himself. He might sue you.

AZRAEL KHAINÉ V. DAVID GS

Announcer: This contest is scheduled for one fall..introducing first, weighing in at 239 pounds. From Omaha, Nebraska...David GS!

The fans immediately boo as David leans confidently on a turnbuckle.

Azrael appears wearing only a hood as Journey Through The Decade plays.

Flames erupt and Azrael appears clad in his wrestling gear and wearing the Green Phoenix mask as he charges to the ring and jumps over the top rope and into a roll and comes upon one knee staring at his opponent.

David GS returns the stare as the arena begins to light up, watching his opponent in turn as Azrael rises up to his feet. The ref stands between them as he looks both ways and signal for the bell.

The two quickly meet in the ring, Azrael rushes in, ducking under David GS's reach, turning around and connecting with rapid kicks to the back of David's thighs.

Azrael keeps up the assault, pushing David GS to the turnbuckle as continues the momentum, he grabs ahold of David GS's shoulder, in attempt to whip across, but GS reverses it, sending Azrael over. Azrael bucks against the turnbuckle from the power, bouncing back into David GS's waiting arms as he is brought down in an inverted DDT.

ONE~!

TWO~! Azrael kicks out, much to the fans' delight as GS locks in a headlock, grounding him to the mat. Azrael tries to get to one knee, but GS keeps to the mat, wrenching the headlock as he applies more pressure.

Azrael looks on as he begins to clap in rhythm, getting the fans to join in on the clap as he tries again, elbowing GS's chest three times. He follows up with a forearm to GS's face as GS lets go, he sprints over to the ropes, using them to propel him back. He leapfrogs over GS's attempted big boot, using momentum to flip GS onto the mat face first.

Azrael takes to the ropes again, propelling himself to a dropkick that connects strongly with David GS's face. He goes for the cover.

ONE~!

TWO~! David GS kicks out, anguish and angry calls are made from the audience in attendance as Azrael looks at the ref with a doubtful expression. The ref signals he only counted to two as Azrael takes to the closest corner of the ring, hopping to the top he signals for the dragonrana as DGS gets up. He jumps up, connecting with his legs around DGS....

DGS catches him full on slamming him down onto the ring, going for the cover.

ONE~!

TWO~!

DGS shifts his weight as Azrael struggles...

THREE~!

Announcer: The winner of this match....DAViD GS~!

MATTY FREDERICKSON V. FILL

Fill shows up under the jumbotron a few seconds after the song hits.He looks at the ring with fear in his eyes as if he is wondering whether he can take it.

Representing Global Elite Wrestling...weighing at 225 pounds, from Shyman Bulgaria---

He walks down to it talking to himself at moments even stopping and talking to himself.

FILL~!

He enters the ring when the vocal starts singing "I want to be free of everything" and at the same time Fill screams "This stress is killing me" and makes an angry look at the crowd.

Dances a bit to his music, and pops his Raiders jersey, high fives the crowd on his way down to the ring.

The two stare down one another as the ref checks both of them before stepping away. He signals for the bell, which immediately causes Fill to lunge straight for Matty, who takes to slidign out of the ring, forcing Fill to follow him out and around the ring.

As Fill gets back into the ring, Matty hits the ropes, propelling himself back, running. He jumps and connects with a vicious baseball slide, sending Fill out and flying back into the barricades.

Matty sensing the perfect, hypes the crowd with some quick footwork, before running to the ropes again. He goes towards Fill with a running start, jumping up and over the top rope, with a photo finish moonsault that lands and misses within seconds as Fill moved out of the way.

Fill takes to Matty with a couple of right hands, sending Matty spinning away, but Fill follows him. Fill clubs him in the back, slowing down Matty as he just reaches the steel steps.

THREE~!

Fill takes note of the ref, as the striped shirt yells about watching what he does. Fill smirks as he grabs ahold of Matty, lifting him up and down onto the steel steps.

FIVE~!

Matty howls with pain as Fill grabs ahold of him again, sending into the ring underneath the bottom rope. He grabs the second rope to get up as Matty gets up to one knee. As Fill gets into the ring, Matty takes the initiative, charging at him with a flying forearm, that seems to faze Fill.

Matty, with the fans roaring support, follows it up with a dropkick, following that up with a diving headbutt onto Fill's knees that gets more fans supporting him. He lifts up one Fill's legs, slamming it onto the mat. He runs to the turnbuckle, hopping up as he positions himself. He takes aim, connecting with a missile dropkick that sends Fill down hard. He covers.

ONE~~!

TWO~!

THR~Fill kicks out as Matty looks on in disbelief. Matty pumps the fans up as he readies for an ankle lock. He grabs ahold of Fill's injured left leg, and attempts to an ankle lock, the fans rallying with him as the ref checks on Fill.

Matty wrenches on the hold some more, causing Fill to struggle more as he pulls towards, then suddenly tucks and rolls, catching Matty off guard. Matty lands squarely on the turnbuckle, bouncing his head off. He stumbles right into the waiting arms of Fill who connects with the modified sidewalk slam. He covers.

ONE~!

TWO~!

THREE~!

Announcer: This winner of this match....FILL~!

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite