

Prologue

"I sold the company."

I rubbed behind my ear like I was checking to make sure they worked properly. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Tommy must have noticed the dumbfounded look on my face.

"To BriCo. They made an offer that was too good to pass up. They've got the monetary resources to compete with Eisen and Packer. I don't. I'm not a billionaire. It's an arms race and I'm not willing to risk my Jen or Tommy's futures on a race I can't win." He told me.

I nodded. I understood. I'd been here for almost twenty years. I had been a good soldier. Loyal. Dependable. I knew that. Tommy knew that. The whole world knew that.

"I'm going to be leaving. Heading back home. I've been here too long. I miss home."

Tommy said and I stared at him. Selling the company is one thing. Leaving it? That's something else entirely. "Kyle will run the day to day. Brent will take the book from Joel. You've still got a job, Bobby, I made sure of that."

I didn't say anything. I really didn't know what to say. I was here when it was J.K. I was here under Tommy. I couldn't say I wanted to be here under Kyle. He was polite, but ruthless. Brent would be a good booker, but Joel had made magic out of can goods. Injuries. The budget that had to be followed strictly. He had done good. "I understand." I lied. Or partially lied. I understood needing to sell. I was married. I had kids. I understand their security being paramount, but leaving the company all together? Tommy had been here twenty years. He was just a pup when he came over for Eisen. Now he's Rough Justice. He carved out a legacy for himself here. Going back to England? I couldn't understand that. Or maybe I could, I don't know. Sometimes I missed home. I pined for it. Los Angeles would never be home. Not really. Too obsessed with image. Too obsessed with money.

Tommy rose from behind his desk and went to the window overlooking the Burbank Town Center. "We fought a good fight, Bobby. A fight to be proud of. We gave 'em hell. We built Rocky into a superstar. Aaron into a true ace. Wolf into a stud. Eddie Peak into something more than a hardcore brawler. We made magic happen. For eleven years, I steered this ship. Now I'm going home to rest."

"You do that, Tommy."

"You going to be okay here?"

"We'll see. I'll give Kyle a few months. Otherwise, I might set up shop somewhere else." I told Tommy. I was honest to a fault with him, that's what made me a good agent, a good producer. I was trusted because I was honest.

"You'd be good to work for. Young kids could learn from you."

"We'll see."

We shook hands. It wasn't the last time. That would come on his last day. His office would be empty, but the seed was planted there. I'd been a good soldier my whole career. I'd been a man who followed orders. I followed instructions. It was time for the soldier to become the general. Or the admiral in this case. It was time for me to steer my own ship.

I was going home. Going back to the North West, where there are four seasons and it rains. For thirty years the world had known Robert Oxford as the Tag Team Master. The backbone of every company I'd ever been in, but it was time for the wrestling world to know Robert Oxford as a man who could give back to wrestling, by doing wrestling. No tits and ass. No insulting comedy.

Rocky Mountain Wrestling... Coming soon.

Chapter One

I fidgeted with the Windsor knot of my silver tie and looked around the table. It was a who's-who of wrestling in North America. A who's-who of people keeping independent pro wrestling alive despite the rate at which Eisen and Packer would probably like to drive it out. Tommy always liked the Indy companies. Thought they were good for the business, because he understood that that is where his guys honed their crafts. I took a drink from my water glass and looked to the front of the room.

A long table was there and sitting in the middle of the table was Sam Keith. My old friend. My old tag partner. We established the CGC Tag division together. He was flanked on either side by Cliff Anderson, long-time promoter of Coastal Zone Combat Wrestling and Larry Vessey of New York City Wrestling. The three of them were the Board of Directors for the Confederation of the Territories. Sam Keith, the founder, served as President with Cliff Anderson serving as Treasurer and Larry Vessey serving as Secretary.

Sam stood up and looked out at the small gathering of people. I looked around at the faces. A hodgepodge group if there ever was one. Wrestling was always a hodgepodge though. Outlaws, misfits, conmen, rambles -- men and women who don't quite fit in with normal society. That's how we all got here, anyway. Sam cleared his throat.

"Thank you all for joining us for the fifth annual meeting of the Confederation of the Territories. What started in my house in Maryland as a way for small companies to work together to succeed as grown throughout the years to be a major force in North American wrestling. We are pleased this year to announce that we are expanding from five members to fourteen. Mr. Buchinsky accepted our offer to join and has brought ACPW into the fold.

We are also pleased to add Puerto Rico's only full-time wrestling company to this confederation as well. The other seven companies joining us are brand new. It's a pleasure to welcome you all."

I looked around the room. The Power was sitting across from me. He'd never been a man for many words and he carried with him a permanent scowl that made him seem unapproachable. I took another drink as I looked at the other people here.

Grace Harper sat next to Power in a very smart pants suit, looking very much like the promoter she now is. Investors in Cedar Rapids Wrestling tapped her to be the promoter of the organization and it was clearly a role the women's legend was taking seriously -- being the first female promoter of a non-female wrestling company.

Next to me was my old friend Pistol Pete Hall. He opened Wrestling Premier League based out of Dallas. Long time announcer Marv Earnest was sitting anxiously as the new promoter of Pro Wrestling Wild in St. Louis, Stuart Ferdinand sat stokely as the promoter from Canadian Pro Wrestling -- Alberta based in Calgary. Ryan Holland had made the shocking move to Montreal to run QPW, and Michael Bull made the move to the islands to run Lethal Ring. Daedalus Buchinsky, Joaquin Solar from OLLIE, and Troy Winner from 4C rounded out the group.

It was a good group. Vessey, Hall, Ferdinand, Harper, Keith, Power, and myself had all been wrestlers. Prominent wrestlers too. Power was still active and still the top guy in the Caribbean. Holland and Bull were competent referees that could control the action for their company in the ring. Earnest was one of the most respected play by play men in the business. Solar, Winner and Anderson are all successful promoters and business men who have operated their companies for a long time. I didn't know much about Buchinsky, until the meeting we had never met, but he seemed like a nice enough fellow.

I took another drink before turning back to Sam who was still talking.

"So thank you to both OLLIE and NYCW for hosting our current World and World Tag Team Champions respectively. With the addition of so many new companies, the Board voted unanimously to add a third World's Title -- a World Junior Heavyweight Championship to service our workers that are Lightweight and under. This will allow all of our companies to present legitimate challengers to all of the championships. We are also going to increase the frequency that our championships are defended. With fourteen promotions now under our banner, we want to get our champions out as much as possible to really increase brand recognition and drive traffic to the COTT website. We're going to break for lunch, but after lunch the COTT Accountant, Gabriel Morris will be presenting on some tax codes we want to make sure we are all aware of and our chief legal council, Ms. Catherine Adams will be presenting some anti-trust developments we want to be aware of."

With that, Sam sat down and the room was alive with injury. There was a buffet spread in the back for us all so we didn't have to try and find food. Food could wait though, I wanted to saddle up to Sam and pick his ear.

Sam saw me approach and grinned big. "Bobby-boy. You excited to be in Denver?"

I nodded. "Yeah. And nervous."

"That's normal." Sam sad. "When I first got the book for Eisen, I was nervous. The budget, the sheer size -- very overwhelming. You get used to it though."

"I bet." I replied. "Promoting. Booking. Training. It's a lot to get used to."

Sam clapped me on the shoulder. "You're not alone though. The COTT takes care of its own. We'll help you grow. We'll help you get your feet under you. I'm only a phone call away after all."

"I know, I appreciate that." I said genuinely. "I've got my first phone calls out to talent, so hopefully I'll have some people lined up for our first show soon."

"Who you going with?" Sam asked.

I paused for a moment, "Some guys who don't have jobs currently. Winchester. Mitico. Youngblood and Mayhem. Some guys who could really be useful but don't otherwise have commitments to any full time organizations. I'm trying to stay away from expensive talent right now as well and guys who are working for other places. It just makes it easier to establish an identity."

Sam nodded. "Youngblood and Mayhem will be good. They were good for me. Take a look at Riley McManus as well. He'd be a good hand. And if you want to use some of my guys, for just a show or even use them as full time, let me know."

"I might." I said with a smile. "I want to build the best tag division I can so I might come calling to use Syd and Cameron once we get established."

"I'm sure they'd be happy to." Sam retorted.

"I think I can do this." I finally said as Sam and I stood in front of the buffet table.

"I know you can. It's not easy, but you can do it."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence." I said and clapped my friend on the back.

We all ate. We laughed. We got important information. By the end of the annual meeting, I was beginning to feel confident. I knew that I could book. Now, I was feeling confident that I could promote and that with the COTT network of support and experience, that I would be able to promote successfully and turn Rocky Mountain Wrestling into an establishment in Denver.

All that was left was to finalize some contracts. I was hoping for some call backs and I did not have to wait long...

I looked down at the stack of papers on my desk. We didn't have a fancy operation yet. We probably wouldn't crack one hundred fans on our first show, but I needed a place to work out of that wasn't my house -- plus I needed a place to train perspective talents. So I found an empty retail store that a buddy could get me a good deal on -- and I signed away.

Hopefully having the building won't bankrupt us before we get started...

The papers were freshly signed agreements for the guys I'm going to use full-time. I kept to my initial idea of keeping my first class of workers to guys who didn't have full-time gigs elsewhere. I also tried to limit myself to wrestlers who weren't high-spot guys. We were going to run a traditional, old-school promotion so we needed guys who would fit that. Some of the guys were straight technical wrestlers. Some were brawlers. Some were guys I felt had the skills to be stars -- that had the look of big time wrestlers.

Starting Roster

El Mitico Jr. - Babyface
"Cowboy" Buck Winchester - Babyface
Ace Youngblood - Babyface
Max Mayhem - Babyface
Justice Jolson - Heel
Richie Riggins - Heel
Jebediah - Face
Cip Conduit - Heel
Desert Storm - Heel
The Silencer - Heel
El Hijo del Neutron - Heel
Riley McManus - Face
Roger Monterio - Face

Alvin Lavin - Referee.

Tag Teams

The Aces of Mayhem [Ace Youngblood and Max Mayhem]
National Guard [The Silencer and Desert Storm]

I looked down at the guys who would be making out my starting roster. It's a hodgepodge group, but it's a hungry group. Silencer and Storm should, hopefully, be able to build themselves into a good, solid heel tag team. Youngblood and Mayhem would provide the early stability to the tag division I wanted to build -- they were three time Mid Atlantic Tag Team Champions. Buck Winchester, Jebediah and Riggins had achieved success, at least for a short while, in RIPW. Riggins had a great look and might make a good partner for youngster Justice Jolson -- another young powerhouse with a great look.

Riley had a whole host of skills and had been a solid member of the Mid Atlantic roster before his time there just ran its course. Roger Monterio had the potential to be the next big babyface in wrestling. El Mitico Jr. was someone I tried to get brought in to TCW several times but was never successful. Neutron could go. Cip was young and hungry and looking for a break.

This would do as a starting roster. They'd work hard. They'd apply themselves. They were young, for the most part. I would need to add a veteran locker room leader, but that wasn't really in our budget for the time being, so we would have to make due with what we had.

Hopefully I could keep them all in line. I was going to be doing what I've been doing since I retired -- producing the show. That should help. At least I hoped..

Chapter Two

Contracts had been signed. A venue booked. Things were in place. I had thirteen guys signed to contracts to compete for me on a semi-regular basis. No downside guarantees, which I couldn't afford anyway. Now I had to figure out how I was going to put the first show together.

People outside of the wrestling business think it is easy to put together a show. They think anyone could do this, but the truth is -- it is incredible difficult. To promote and book? Even more difficult. Booking venues, handling contracts, handling egos, making decisions that will be profitable and present the best in-ring product, scout talent, negotiate with talent, run the locker room, produce the shows. It really was a one man operation. I didn't have an assistant booker. I didn't have anyone helping with getting sponsorships or flyering. It was me and occasionally my wife. Mariah had been great through this transition. It was not easy telling her I wanted to leave a job where I was making half a million a year to start my own shop. The easiest part was telling her we could back up and leave Studio City and go back to Denver. She stuck by me for twenty years in Los Angeles. When I wanted to live in something resembling a neighborhood, she spent weeks with a realtor to find the perfect cottage style house tucked away in a cul-de-sac with a good school of choice near by for the kids. When I was on the road putting my body through hell, she provided the home stability for the kids. She made the sports practices and the band recitals and the parent-teacher conferences. She made sure they ate dinner and got where they needed to go while I was on the road living my dreams. Here I had done it again, asked her to live my dream one more time.

She did it without complaint. She helped without complaint. She put flyers up in the bookstores and gas stations. She schmoozed small businesses. She finessed where I was force. Maybe that's why we've been married so long. We are a great team. Better than Joel and I, Steve and I, or Sam and I ever were. That was why I had to make this work. Yes, it would be nice for my legacy. To be remembered for something other than just being a good hand who was successful. I wanted to be remembered as someone who made a difference, but I also wanted to provide stability to my wife. To be in the business I love but still be home every night. As stressful as this was, I could do that.

I looked down at the document in front of me. The first card. The Climb. We will lose money on this card. I already know it. I'm putting all thirteen guys on the card, plus two special attractions for the main event. It will cost me, but hopefully it will have been worth it and will set us up to make money in the future.

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents:

The Climb!

Saturday, Week 4, January, 2016

Main Event

Fifteen-Man Mayhem Battle Royal for the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Featuring:

El Mitico Jr., Buck Winchester, Ace Youngblood, Max Mayhem, Justice Jolson, Richie Riggins, Jebediah, Cip Conduit, Desert Storm, The Silencer, El Hijo del Neutron, Riley McManus, Roger Monterio, Plus Two Mystery Entrants

Four Way Tag Team Dance

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship

The Aces of Mayhem [Ace Youngblood and Max Mayhem] versus National Guard [The Silencer and Desert Storm] vs. Justice Jolson & Richie Riggins versus. Riley McManus & Roger Monterio

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit
Jebediah versus Cip Conduit

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit
"Cowboy" Buck Winchester vs. El Hijo del Neutron.

That's it. Four matches. Two singles matches, a tag title match, and a fifteen man battle royale where you are eliminated by pinfall or submission and not being tossed over the top rope. I don't plan on making using fifteen guys a show a habit, but for our first show we wanted to make a splash. We wanted to let the people of Denver know that we are real and we deserve to be taken seriously. Hopefully they would take us seriously.

The Climb

Saturday, Week 4, January 2016

Opening Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit
"Cowboy" Buck Winchester vs. El Hijo del Neutron

In a bout that had a decent reaction from the crowd but sub-par wrestling, Buck Winchester defeated El Hijo Del Neutro in 11:54 by pinfall with a Neckbreaker. **E.**

Buck debuted his cowboy gimmick to an initial rating of 'Great'
El Hijo Del Neutron debuted his Lone Wolf Gimmick to an initial rating of 'Great'

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit
Jebediah versus Cip Conduit

In a decent match, Jebediah defeated Cip Conduit in 11:41 by pinfall with a Sundown Splash. **E+**

Jebediah debuted his Simpleton gimmick to an initial rating of Very Good, but he did seem a little off of his game in this contest.

Cip Conduit debuted his Bad Ass gimmick to an initial rating of great.

RMW Tag Team Titles

The Aces of Mayhem versus Richie Riggins & Justice Jolson versus Roger Monterio & Riley McManus versus National Guard

In a decent match, the Aces of Mayhem defeated Richie Riggins & Justice, Roger Monterio & Riley McManus, and National Guard in 15:25. National Guard was eliminated first when McManus pinned Desert Storm, Riggins and Justice were eliminated second when Ace Youngblood pinned Justice, and finally Monterio and McManus were eliminated when Youngblood pinned Monterio. The Aces of Mayhem become the first Rocky Mountain Tag Team Champions **D-**.

Ace Youngblood debuted his Native American gimmick to an initial rating of Great

Max Mayhem debuted his Extremist gimmick to an initial rating of great

Richie Riggins debuted his Prima Donna gimmick to a rating of Very Good

Justice Jolson debuted his Egomaniac gimmick to an initial rating of Very Good

Roger Monterio debuted his fan favorite gimmick to an initial rating of Great

Riley McManus debuted his gimmick to an initial rating of Good

Desert Storm debuted his gimmick of Sadistic Corporal to an initial rating of Great

The Silencer debuted his gimmick of Armed Forces to an initial rating of Good.

Fifteen Man Mayhem Battle Royal

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Ace Youngblood vs. Buck Winchester vs. Cip Conduit vs. Desert Storm vs. Hijo del Neutron vs. El Mitico Jr. vs. Hardcore Killah (special entrant #1) versus Jebediah versus Justice Jolson versus Max Mayhem vs. Richie Riggins vs. Riley McManus vs. Roger Monterio vs. Steve Flash (special entrant #2) versus The Silencer

In a decent match, Jebediah won a 15 man Mayhem in 25:29. The other members of the final four were Steve Flash, Buck Winchester, and El Mitico Jr. with Steve Flash being the final elimination. Justice Jolson got the most eliminations over the course of the match.

Jebediah becomes the first Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Champion. **D.**

ORDER OF ELIMINATION

1. Hijo Del Neutron eliminated by El Mitico Jr
2. Roger Monterio eliminated by Justice Jolson
3. Desert Storm eliminated by Justice Jolson
4. Max Mayhem eliminated by Justice Jolson
5. The Silencer eliminated by Justice Jolson
6. Richie Riggins eliminated by Riley McManus
7. Riley McManus eliminated by Justice Jolson
8. Justice Jolson eliminated by Buck Winchester
9. Hardcore Killah eliminated by Jebediah
10. Ace Youngblood eliminated by Steve Flash
11. Cip Conduit eliminated by El Mitico Jr.

12. El Mitico Jr. eliminated by Jebediah
13. Buck Winchester eliminated by Steve Flash
14. Steve Flash eliminated by Jebediah

El Mitico Jr. debuted his gimmick of 'Old School Face' to an initial rating of Great.

Overall: The crowd wasn't happy as they had expected more angles and interview segments. This show increased our popularity in 1 region. **E+**.

Chapter Three

The final bell rung and Jebediah stood in the center of the ring in front of seventy-six money paying fans and held the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship above his head. The big man pulled double duty tonight. He worked a hard hitting contest with Cip Conduit where they really worked a nice snug, old school contest. He came back in the battle royal and worked hard for almost thirty minutes before he hit his second rope splash -- the Sundown Splash, onto Steve Flash to get the three count and the title.

The crowd was applauding nicely when Steve pushed through the black curtain I had gotten at Michael's to serve as a small divider between the room we were using as a locker room. I reached out to shake his hand. "I really appreciate it, Steve."

Steve shook my hand and patted my shoulder. "It's my pleasure. You're trying to set up shop here. I won't be back, at least not for awhile. It was the right thing for business."

I nodded my head. "If I could afford --"

He waved his hand to stop me mid-sentence. "I know, and I know you can't. I know you already took a loss on tonight. I was a special attraction to draw in some more fans, hopefully it worked. You needed me for the job. That kid," Steve motioned with a thumb back towards the ring, "Will be money. He's got a good head for the business. He understands what he's supposed to do. He uses his size well. He's a good first Champion. He will get you started off right."

"Thank you again." I told Steve as he nodded and head to towel off. The high school gym we were running in fortunately had working showers, so he everyone could clean up before heading out. I turned to wait for Jeb, and I did not have to wait long before he did. The Championship was over his shoulder. I smiled ear to ear. "Good work Big Man."

He grunted an affable, out of breath kind of grunt. "Thanks." He took a deep breath. "I appreciate you having faith in me. When I got cut... I wasn't sure if I was going to get another opportunity. This means the world to me."

I reached out and clapped the polished metal of the center plate of the championship. "I know you'll do well. You were on the shortlist of guys I was recommending when I was still in Hollywood. Now you're here. Work hard. Keep your nose clean. You'll do well. I'm trusting you, Jeb."

Jeb nodded and pulled the belt off of his shoulder. "I know I'm not the hottest big man in the country. People would rather have Findlay, or Brandon, or Brody, or even Harker -- because they're getting the Japanese bookings. I'm not. I'm going to give you everything I've got."

I nodded. I believed him. Sure, I would have loved to be able to sign Findlay and Bulldozer so that I could have American Demolition. Brody could be a big star. Harker and his tag partner Tennessee William were on my short list for when we grow -- because The Southern Stars are great. None of them were affordable right now -- and they all had other gigs. I didn't want guys who had Japanese commitments and other US commitments. It made booking them too restrictive. Jebediah was the best option for me at the moment, but I also believed in his talent. He had shown really good skills working for RIPW. I truly did believe that with the right booking, I could turn him in to a big star. "Just don't let me down, kid."

"I won't."

He walked off. He deserved a night to celebrate. I called after him. "I know you won't." Might as well let him know that I believe in him. Now to tear down...

[Monday, Week 1, February, 2016]

Financially, we had a bad month. I realized that looking down at the financial break down. We made some good money of sponsorships, but we also spent almost thirteen thousand dollars on talent -- that's not something we can do moving forward. Not if we want to stay in business, but I knew that and I had spent the money on purpose. I needed to make a splash with the first show, but coming out of this one I would have to monitor the purse strings a little more closely.

My phone rang. I answered immediately. "Are you sure?" I knew what this call was about. It was a call back about a talent that I had heard was not being renewed by SWF. "You sure he'll take my call?" I listened to the other end. "Well then text me his number. I will call him directly."

This addition, along with the decision to bring in Hardcore Killah on a more regular basis after his positive reception at our first show and I could possibly have my heel situation taken care of. It was only a matter of moments before the text came in and I dialed the number. "Hey big fella, it's Robert Oxford. I'm running a little company out of Denver called Rocky Mountain Wrestling and I heard that you're not going to be renewed... I'm sorry to hear that, but I was wondering if you wanted to come be the Hell Hound of the Mountains... Yeah, we can pay that, no problem. Excellent. I'll send over the actual paperwork so you know we're locking it in, but I'm glad to have you aboard."

I leaned back in my chair. Hardcore Killah and Hellion -- they'll round out the roster to fifteen. A solid number that we can work with. I'll use probably half that a show, maybe less depending on what I need, but we are building now.

Hellion had agreed to terms. Hardcore Killah had agreed to terms. Our first show was reviewed nicely by the looking wrestling press, and I use the term press lightly. For the most part, it's just guys who go to a lot of local wrestling shows and then go online and talk about them. For us though, right now it was much needed. Any positive promotion could only help us. We were just a local operation and while I had no intention of taking down the Packer's and Eisen's of the world, I would like to become a regional success so that we can maintain a full-time schedule, give guys a place to work, and really establish something special. Our own little niche nestled in the Rocky Mountains.

I took a drink from the water in front of me and looked down at the advertised card for our next show. It was a small card -- I wasn't going to be using everyone on the same show again. That would be fiscally irresponsible. We had to maintain our budget, after all. This card would feature the acts I wanted to feature. Eight of our guys would be on the show. Just over half. That's a solid number.

Quote:

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: No Law, No Order
Saturday, Week 4, February, 2016

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship
Sixty-Minute Time Limit
Hardcore Killah versus Jebediah ©

Co-Main Event

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship
Forty-Five Minute Time Limit
Muscle and Fitness [Justice Jolson and Richie Riggins] versus The Aces of
Mayhem [Ace Youngblood and Max Mayhem] ©

Special Attraction

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Roger Menterio versus Hellion

Challenge Series Match #2

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Justice Jolson versus Max Mayhem

Challenge Series Match #1

Captain's Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Richie Riggins versus Ace Youngblood

I looked over the card again. I was putting a lot of eggs in Jebediah's basket -- he and Killah were going to finish the show and have to deliver. The tag teams were going to have to pull double duty -- but that was an old school wrestling trick. I learned it going to shows as a kid. Hopefully it will pay off for me. Only time will tell.

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: No Law, No Order

Saturday, Week 4, February 2016
In Attendance: 83 People at Club X

Challenge Series Match #1

Captain's Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Richie Riggins versus Ace Youngblood

In a decent match, Richie Riggins defeated Ace Youngblood via pinfall while holding a handful of tights. The match lasted 11:08. **E+**

Challenge Series Match #2

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Justice Jolson versus Max Mayhem

In a bout that had a decent reaction from the crowd but sub par wrestling, Justice Jolson defeated Max Mayhem via pinfall in 9:08 when he illegally used the ropes for leverage. **E+**

Hellion cuts a menace based promo for his debut match against Roger Monterio. **C+**.

Special Attraction

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Roger Monterio versus Hellion

In a match that had a decent reaction from the crowd but sub par wrestling, Hellion defeated Roger Monterio in 7:26 via pinfall after a Devastation Bomb [Sitout Powerbomb].

E.

Co-Main Event

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit
Muscle and Fitness [Justice Jolson and Richie Riggins] versus The Aces of Mayhem [Ace Youngblood and Max Mayhem] ©

In a decent match, the Aces of Mayhem defeated Muscle and Fitness in 19:29 when Ace Youngblood defeated Justice Jolson with a Chaos Effect. The Aces of Mayhem made defense number 1 of the Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship. **D-**

Jebediah cuts a promo to hype his upcoming match with Hardcore Killah, **E**.

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Sixty-Minute Time Limit

Hardcore Killah versus Jebediah ©

In a bout that had a decent reaction from the crowd but sub-par wrestling, Jebediah defeated Hardcore Killah in 16:12 via pinfall after a Sundown Splash. Jebediah makes defense number one of his Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship. **E**

Overall: The show increased our popularity in one region. **E**.

Monday, Week 1, March, 2016.

No Law, No Order went off okay. I would have liked the main event to be better, but apparently Hardcore Killah was taking advantage of me. He had showed up ready to work for the battle royal, but with a singles contest he didn't show up in shape, almost hurt Jebediah when he botched a move and, simply put, at the worst performance of anyone that night. I expected a lot more from Killah, but he didn't deliver and I'm not in the business of keeping people around just to keep them around. I let him know this morning that he would not be asked back. He understood. He's been around a long enough time.

We drew more fans to No Law, No Order than we did to the Climb. We still lost money, but we only lost a small fraction of what we had lost before -- and most of our loss could be traced to the running of the dojo. As much as I want to train new talent, if we don't see some growth within the year, I'll probably have to close the training center. It's not cheap to keep the lights on and I don't want to have to keep losing money each month. This month was better though -- so if we grow a little bit we should be able to make up the difference.

I also put out a few phone calls this morning. Shady K is sitting unemployed right now and while he is it at the top end of what I would like to pay, he has some name value from his time on SWF and might be able to function as a top heel. I called Jack Griffith too -- but he's not a long term solution. I only want to bring him in for a show. He's expensive, I've seen some tapes of him from some indy gigs and he is a shell of a guy. Alcohol and pills can do that to you. I also called Phillippe LeGrenier. He's a good looking kid. He has some good skills. I would have thought Jeremy or Alex would have brought him in full time -- or at least Troy. None of them have, so I might as well try. He could fill a void.

The last calls I put in were to the Boys from the Yukon from New York. While I want to make sure I don't flood my roster with guys working elsewhere, I got a call from Steve that told me he might be finishing them up soon and he thinks their lumberjack gimmicks and overall style would fit nicely in what I'm trying to build -- so I might as well. They're big, they're burly, and if they can get over they could be a great addition to my roster.

I looked down at the plan for Wrestling Summit. Eventually, if we are able to tread water enough and become successful, I hoped to turn Wrestling Summit into a hallmark event for our organization. That comes in time though. Right now, I'm hoping this show brings us closer to breaking the century mark in attendance. It looks like we'll have a new home in Club X. Not my first choice for a place to run shows, I'll be honest. It was a gay bar that had terrible lighting. The patrons were super nice and the crowd we drew there was very much into the action, but you can only do so much with terrible lighting. It can fit three hundred people in it, though, so we had some room to grow.

I was pretty happy with the card for Wrestling Summit. It presented some good action and continued our smaller card trend, but featuring guys who were going to be players. It is also allowed me to continue to stagger featuring talent.

Quote:

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Wrestling Summit I
Saturday Week 4, March 2016

Main Event
Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship
Sixty Minute Time Limit
"Southern Justice" Jack Griffith versus "The Amish Mountain" Jebediah ©

Semi Main Event
Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship
Forty-Five Minute Time Limit
National Guard [Desert Storm and The Silencer] versus The Aces of Mayhem [Ace Youngblood and Max Mayhem] ©

Special Attraction
Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Cip Conduit versus "Cowboy" Buck Winchester

Opening Contest
Eight Man Tag
\$400 Bonus to the winning team
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Jebediah, Buck Winchester, and the Aces of Mayhem versus Jack Griffith, Cip Conduit, and National Guard

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Wrestling Summit I
Saturday Week 4, March 2016

Opening Contest
Eight Man Tag

\$400 Bonus to the winning team

Twenty Minute Time Limit

Jebediah, Buck Winchester, and the Aces of Mayhem versus Jack Griffith, Cip Conduit, and National Guard

In a decent match, Buck Winchester, Jebediah, and the Aces of Mayhem defeated Jack Griffith, Cip Conduit, and the National Guard via pinfall in 16:16 after Jebediah hit Desert Storm with the Sundown Splash. **D-**

Buck Winchester cut a promo on Cip Conduit hyping their upcoming match. **D**

Special Attraction

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

Cip Conduit versus "Cowboy" Buck Winchester

In a bout that had a decent reaction from the crowd but sub-par wrestling, Cip Conduit defeated Buck Winchester in 12:45 by pinfall with a Running Boot **E+**

Semi Main Event

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

National Guard [Desert Storm and The Silencer] versus The Aces of Mayhem [Ace Youngblood and Max Mayhem] ©

In a decent match, The Aces of Mayhem defeated National Guard in 16:14 when Ace Youngblood pinned Desert Storm after hitting the Chaos Effect. This is the second successful title defense for the Aces of Mayhem. **D.**

Jebediah cuts a promo hyping his upcoming title defense against Jack Griffith, **E+.**

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Sixty Minute Time Limit

"Southern Justice" Jack Griffith versus "The Amish Mountain" Jebediah ©

In a bout that had good heat and a decent wrestling, Jebediah defeated Jack Griffith in 18:05 by pinfall after a Sundown Splash. This is Jebediah's second successful defense of the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship. **D-.**

Overall: This show increased our popularity in one region, **D-.**

There is an old adage that I heard from my first days in the wrestling business. I was a young wrestler in the late seventies and early eighties, the veterans used to tell me that they didn't have to be as good night in-night out as they had been in their youth. They had to be good enough on the big shows to make people still believe in them. To still pay money to come out in see them. That was the key to longevity in the wrestling business, they told me. "Be just good enough when it is big enough." I never believed that. I believed you

wanted to perform at as high a level as possible -- then again, I was young and dumb and didn't understand main eventing in weekly territories.

I was working in Texas when Clint Wayne came back for a run. He wasn't the same performer he had been when he set Texas Wrestling on fire. One too many longnecks. One too many late nights in bars trying to prove he was outlaw enough to compete with the legends of old. He got brought back in though by a sympathetic ownership group and Professor Nero -- who had the book at the time. I was young. Just eighteen months into my career and I was being used as a carpenter. I was going to do the loop with Wayne to help get him back into ring shape -- help re-establish him with a fan base that they were hoping hadn't forgotten him. After our first match, he was winded and sweaty and truth be told had been rotten, but the people reacted to him.

I asked him why. Why did they care so much? He wasn't the performer he had been. He took a grand total of one bump the whole match. He didn't use any holds out side of the lock up and a wristlock. Nothing else. Just punches and kicks and elbows. He laughed at me. Not in a mean way. In an amused way. He said 'kid. I gave them what they wanted. They wanted to see me punch and kick and snarl. So I gave them that.'

Jack Griffith did that for my fans. He's not the wrestler he was in his youth. He's not the guy that set East Tennessee and Georgia on fire with his performances for Sneer in the early aughts. He was slower. Not nearly the athlete. Not nearly as exciting, but he knew what the people wanted to see. They wanted 'Southern Justice'. They wanted him to be a little wild. A little crazy. They wanted the 'Southern Justice' jacket. He gave them that. He led the eight-man tag match. He kept the timing down, made sure the guys hit their spots at the right time. In the main event, he slowed the big man down. Helped him work like the six-foot-eleven giant that he is supposed to be. He cowered away. He powdered. He sold. He got his heat on Jeb without making the big man cheapen his gimmick. He bounced off the Amish Mountain and ultimately got a solid main event for Jeb's second defense -- and helped lead us to what was the best show of our initial trilogy of shows.

Jack left with his envelope of cash and my respect. He's not a guy I can use every show. His body can't do it like it used to. He's a guy that earned my respect though. He did business the right way. He would have liked to go over, sure. He would have liked a full time gig too, but he knew neither of those things were in the cards -- so he did his job.

Jeb looked like a star too. He got the biggest win of his career and really set himself up for what's next. He's worked five matches in three shows and won every one of them. He was improving too. Getting better at working to his size and understanding his role as the lead babyface.

The only negative? Five people fewer came to this show. I could have blamed it on the weather, or that there was something on TV that night that couldn't be missed -- there was a special ceremony for Ross Henry getting inducted into some Ring of Heroes for the football team -- or maybe the new Wal-Mart that opened up was getting more attention. All of those would be excused though. The reality is, five fewer people showed up because we didn't convince them to come out. Eighty-one people showed up to this show. All eighty-one were at the last show, so we haven't made any new fans since our first show -- in fact we lost

five, but with the critical reception of this show we are bound to attract more fans at our next one.

"There are no secrets to success. It is the result of preparation, hard work, and learning from failure." -- C. Powell.

The boy in the ring took a near flawless flat-back in the small ring in the converted store. The acoustics in the building made sure that you could hear the slapping of flesh against canvas-covered wood boards. I leaned against the apron. My eyes watched intently. If you were going to train students you had to watch them. You had to pay close attention -- and I took the job seriously. If Rocky Mountain Wrestling was going to be sustainable in the long term, we had to be able to restock our own shelves. The secret to Rip and now Sam's success in Baltimore was in the Boot Camp. It put out talent that made up the bulk of their roster. Syd and Cameron -- products of the training school. Nate and Tyrone -- products of the training school. The Architect, Deuce Deadline, Miller Fforde, Copperhead -- I could go on. They filled their roster with products of their camp and by proxy, guys tailor made to succeed in their environment. I wanted to replicate that success seventeen hundred miles away.

The boy flat-backed again. Then a third time. I watched. I said nothing. I didn't need to -- he knew the method. I had shown him and all the others the proper method. Now he had to feel it. Had to have his shoulders drive into the woods. Had to feel his palms against the canvas, spreading out the impact and creating the right sound. Had to feel the benefit of tucking his chin so as to avoid the sickening sensation that comes when the back of the head hits the mat. Wrestling was part art, part sport, part science, all performance. You had to feel it. You had to live it. A man who worked with his hands all day naturally grew calloused to protect his hands. A wrestler had to condition his or her body to the bump. It had to become natural. You had to learn to fall that way every time. Once, after a particularly bad (and rare) rainstorm in Los Angeles, I slipped in my driveway and I took a perfect flat-back right there on the concrete. It hurt. I ached for a couple of days after, but I wasn't damaged. I fell correctly and spared myself real injury.

The boy in the ring got out and another one took his spot. They're all boys to me. We're all boys. The boys and girls of wrestling. No matter how old you are, you're still one of the boys or still one of the girls -- hell, even sometimes the girls are one of the boys. These guys are young. Pups really. Not yet in the fraternity of pro wrestling, but pledging to be in said fraternity. A tap on the shoulder brought me out of my idle daydreams. I turned towards the assaulting fingers.

"You've got a call." The student said. He was nervous. More nervous than he should have been. Maybe I turned too aggressively. His fingers didn't actually assault me. It just brought me from the zone.

"How do you know?" I asked curiously. I didn't hear the phone ring. We don't even have a phone installed here in the building. Everyone uses a cellphone.

"You left your phone with me... Told me to get you if anyone called." He said confused. I did do that.

"That's right. Thanks." I took the phone from him and took a few steps from the ring. "This is Robert. Ray? How the hell are you? What time is it there anyway?" I paused to listen to Raymond Diaz. Ray was a legend in this business. A monster of a man who had spent virtually all of his career in the Land of the Rising Sun. We had met a handful of times. I was part of a committee that was sent to do overtures of several top North American wrestlers who were working out of Japan. He also started working for PGHW when I was still with GCG. He and Lee Wright were the top foreign tag team for them while Joel and I were the same for GCG. For twenty years he has been loyal to Japan and I was unable to help persuade him to come stateside for several runs with TCW over the years, but we had stayed friendly. "Yeah, I know your nephew Logan has been pro for a couple of years. He's a hot prospect. I know that Naess had high hopes for him when he brought him in." I took a pause. "What do you mean they cut him? When? January? Yeah, I'd love to talk to him and see if we can't work something out."

I listened intently to Ray. He was looking out for his nephew. Logan was a good athlete from what I remember. A two-time Florida Freestyle Wrestling Champion who skipped out on college scholarship offers from Florida, Florida State, Oklahoma, Seaton Hall, and Minnesota to turn pro. He's big and burly. I had seen tapes of his when I was producing for Tommy. I was always watching tapes, trying to find that next guy. We needed a next guy. USPW was aggressive, SWF was aggressive, South of the Border was aggressive -- hell, North of the Border was aggressive too. We had managed to get Jay Chord and Matt Hocking -- but the rest of our young talent had been from our school. We weren't able to restock the shelves. We weren't aggressive in getting the young talent that was out there and we weren't able to steal top talent -- and it cost us a lot of money. It cost them Tommy and Rick. Tommy did not like unproven commodities. He didn't like to roll the dice on rookies -- despite the fact that Richard and J.K. had rolled the dice on him when he was a pup with big paws. He could have had Cameron, Casey, Brett, D.C. and Eddie -- any of Rip and then Sam's talent. There was a natural relationship there that could have been used to refill our coffers. Logan would have been a great asset for TCW -- I'm sure one day he will get the call. But right now? I was negotiating with his uncle to bring him in for me. He was cheap. Unproven. Raw in a lot of ways, but he looked great. Fit the bill for what I was looking for and would make it easier when I inevitably had to make some tough decisions down the road.

"Tell him to call me as soon as he can. I can do some great things with him. Thanks for the call, Ray." I hung up. The future was looking bright, rainy weather be damned.

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Wanted Dead or Alive

Saturday, Week 4, April

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Sixty Minute Time Limit

Shady K versus "The Amish Mountain" Jebediah (c)

Semi Main Event

Singles Match
Thirty Minute Time Limit
If Whitehorse wins, the Boys from the Yukon get a Tag Title Shot Next Month
Ace Youngblood versus Whitehorse Whitaker

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Riley McManus versus El Hijo Del Neutron

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Logan Diaz versus Phillipe LeGrenier

Opening Contest
Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
El Mitico Jr. versus Hellion

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Wanted Dead or Alive
Saturday, Week 4, April

Hellion cuts a scary, menacing in ring promo about his upcoming match with El Mitico Jr. **C+**

Opening Contest
Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
El Mitico Jr. versus Hellion

In a decent match, Hellion defeated El Mitico Jr. in 6:02 via pinfall after a Devastation Bomb. **D-**

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Logan Diaz versus Phillipe LeGrenier

In a decent match, Logan Diaz defeated Phillipe LeGrenier in 17:26 by stoppage when LeGrenier could not continue. **D-**

-- Logan debuted his 'Blue Chipper' gimmick to an initial rating of Great.
-- LeGrenier debuted his Arrogant Heel gimmick to an initial rating of Very Good.

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Riley McManus versus El Hijo Del Neutron

In a decent match, Riley McManus defeated Neutron in 19:45 via pinfall after Riley McManus hit a slingshot suplex. **D-**

-McManus and Neutron do not seem to click and it made for an awkward bout.

Semi Main Event

Singles Match

Thirty Minute Time Limit

If Whitehorse wins, the Boys from the Yukon get a Tag Title Shot Next Month

Ace Youngblood versus Whitehorse Whitaker

In a decent match, Whitehorse Whitaker defeated Ace Youngblood in 12:25 by pinfall after a Canadian Stun Gun. **D-**

-- Whitaker debuted his 'Lumberjack' gimmick to an initial rating of Poor.

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Sixty Minute Time Limit

Shady K versus 'The Amish Mountain' Jebediah ©

-In a bout that had good heat and decent wrestling, Jebediah defeated Shady K in 13:09 by pinfall after a Sundown Splash. It was a wild brawl and marked the third successful title defense of the RMW Heavyweight Championship for Jebediah. **D-**

-Shady K debuted his 'Street fighter' gimmick to an initial rating of Below Average.

-Shady K and Jebediah have great chemistry and it showed in their performance.

After the match, Jebediah was celebrating his victory when Shady K slid back in the ring -- but this time with a heavy glove on his hand. Jebediah turned around and Shady K hit him one time and dropped the big man to the mat. E+

Overall: This show increased our popularity in one region. **D-**

I had grown fond of the blue and white mask. It represented something special. Something historic. I had always had a deep appreciation for history. When I was first starting out as a wrestler, I actually completed a degree in Education with a focus in History. It was my back up plan. If wrestling hadn't worked out, I would have taught high school history and probably had been happy. Mariah and I would have had a quiet life. A house in the suburbs somewhere. We would have still had our four children, but I would have been home every night. Dinner with the family. Coached little league.

Instead wrestling worked out and my love of history translated into an almost pathological need to learn the history of the sport. Lucha Libre had a lot of history. Its history mattered. Masks were passed on. Masks possessed legends. People remembered the mask. El Mitico Jr. wore his mask with pride. It was passed onto him by family. He wanted to carry on that legacy -- the legacy of his family. He was about to get that chance.

"Boss, I just wanted to say thank you." He said in his accented English. He was fluent in English and Spanish -- it made him a great prospect, one I had had high hopes for. "You gave me a shot when no one else would. It only lasted a couple of months, but thank you."

I shook his hand. A proper handshake. A handshake between men who respected each other. "You give them hell down there. Make sure Pablo uses you right. There's no reason you can't be main eventing with Champagne and Axxis and Leon in eighteen months. You've got all the skills, the charisma, the drive."

He nodded. His mask was still on, but untied. He wouldn't take it off at the building -- not as long as there was the possibility of someone who shouldn't see him seeing him. "Hopefully they'll see it that way and not just see me as a way to get other people over."

"I certainly hope so." I liked him. If he was staying, I would have eventually put the title on him. Built him up into my top star. He had the technical ability. He had the psychology. He could sell. He could talk. He had the 'It Factor.' He would do well in South of the Border.

Sure, I'm disappointed that he's leaving, but I'm not angry. Everyone wants to make it. Everyone wants to make big money. A full-time, fully guaranteed contract with the biggest company in Mexico? I couldn't compete with that and I couldn't be mad at him for taking that deal. "Just do good out there."

I will." He shook my hand one last time, picked up his bag and walked out. I watched him go. I knew that this was bound to happen. The big leagues would come calling. They'd come after guys -- not out of aggression towards me but as a way to continue to build assets in the never ending war for international supremacy. It used to be that a company would be happy controlling its region. If a company could have a good, steady fanbase in its local region, that was enough. Eisen changed that. Stallings made it worse. Strong and then Packer made it a full blown war. The other companies were gearing up just for survival.

Pablo had guided South of the Border into national dominance. From a strong regional promotion to the dominant promotion in Mexico. Mitico would fit in there. He would do well. I would have liked to see him go to OLLIE -- some place with history deserving of him, but he could be a national star with South of the Border, so all the best to him.

I turned back to my table. My station. My water was almost empty, so I finished it. Shady and Jeb had done really well in the main event. That is too straight shows where Jeb really stepped his game up. Two straight shows where his opponent helped bring out the best in him. He and Shady were both brawlers and I had let them go wild tonight and my audience ate it up. Turned out that Shady and Jeb were tailor made to fight each other. The simple Amish giant, the hard-nosed street fighter. Both fighting for pride and to put food on the table. A simple story of two polar opposite men philosophically who are competing for the same result. It worked to a 'T' and it was something we were going to do again next month -- this time with a gimmick. The Coal Miner's Glove. An easy gimmick to pull off. You put a pole in the corner, you put the glove on top of the pole, first to get it can use it. It gives something different without needing things we can't afford -- like a cage -- or things that don't make sense for the competitors -- a ladder. Both guys are brawlers and Jeb is almost seven feet tall, he can't be doing ladder matches. The glove will play to the old school fanbase we are building.

The Boys from the Yukon are going to arrive in full force against the Aces of Mayhem. This is going to have to carry my tag division. Desert Storm is not going to be sustainable as a partner for The Silencer. I like the Silencer, as a singles heel he might have some real legs to him. Storm has a terrible attitude and he has not really shown much in the ring so far. I might give him another show or two to see if he can pull something out and start to put the pieces together and make himself valuable -- otherwise I'll just cut him loose and bring someone else in.

That's a decision for future Robert, though. Tonight, I mourn the loss of El Mitico Jr. and I celebrate the success we are having. Another good show. The guys are really putting the pieces together. Jeb is getting over. We're slowly building a tag program that I hope can carry us for a few months in that respect. Hellion is establishing himself as a big monster heel. Hopefully in a few months he will be ready for the big time -- that remains to be seen, but he's making strides. His menace-style promos are getting good reactions. He's got the size, menace, and mobility to really be a sustainable monster heel.

Riley is getting over as a big time babyface. Maybe I'll get more mileage from him than he had in Mid Atlantic. I'll find out. Right now I'm fully committed to making Jebediah the top guy and establishing him as the key attraction of my roster. He hasn't let me down yet and I don't think he's going to start.

I sighed. A heavy sigh. A sigh letting go of all the stress that I've been dealing with recently. The running an organization yourself. Booking, promoting, handling the finances and back end. It has been a lot of work, but I'm getting used to it now. It took a few months, but I've got the systems in place to make it successful and sustainable. We just have to keep growing in popularity.

I looked down at the card. It was a good one. Good attractions. Hopefully some good action. I handed it over to the woman at Fed Ex Office for the copies of flyers and the posters.

Quote:

Rocky Mountain Wrestling: Coal Miner's Glove

Week 4, Saturday, May, 2016.

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Coal Miner's Glove Match

Sixty-Minute Time Limit

Shady K versus "The Amish Mountain" Jebediah (c)

Semi Main Event

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

The Boys from the Yukon versus The Aces of Mayhem (c)

Special Attraction

Singles Match

Winner Becomes Number One Contender to the RMW Championship

Thirty Minute Time Limit

Riley McManus versus Richie Riggins

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"Cowboy" Buck Winchester versus Hellion

Opening Match

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

Logan Diaz versus Desert Storm

Rocky Mountain Wrestling: Coal Miner's Glove

Week 4, Saturday, May, 2016.

Opening Match

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

Logan Diaz versus Desert Storm

In a decent match, Logan Diaz defeated Desert Storm in 10:01 by stoppage when Desert Storm could not continue. **D-**

Hellion cuts an in-ring menace based promo on Buck Winchester to hype their upcoming match. **B+**

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"Cowboy" Buck Winchester versus Hellion

In a decent match, Hellion defeated Buck Winchester in 8:41 by pinfall after a Devolution Bomb. **D-**

Richie Riggins cut an in ring promo to hype his match with Riley McManus. **D.**

Special Attraction

Singles Match

Winner Becomes Number One Contender to the RMW Championship

Thirty Minute Time Limit

Riley McManus versus Richie Riggins

In a poor match, Riley McManus defeated Richie Riggins by pinfall in 12:32 after hitting the Slingshot Suplex. **E+**

-Riley and Richie do not click and it made for an awkward bout.

Semi Main Event

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

The Boys from the Yukon versus The Aces of Mayhem ©

In a decent match, The Boys from the Yukon defeated the Aces of Mayhem in 17:33 when Howlin' Mad Mort pinned Max Mayhem and used the ropes for leverage while Whitehorse held Ace from making the save. The Boys from Yukon become the new Rocky Mountain Tag Team Champions. **D-**

Howlin' Mad Mort debuted his Lumberjack gimmick to an initial rating of Above Average.

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Coal Miner's Glove Match

Sixty-Minute Time Limit

Shady K versus "The Amish Mountain" Jebediah ©

In a match that had good heat and decent wrestling, Shady K defeated Jebediah in 14:02 by pinfall after hitting a K Killer. Shady K won the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship. **D.**

Overall: This show raised our popularity in one region. **D+**

[Saturday, Before Bell Time -- Club X]

People were starting to file in. The lighting was still terrible, but they were giving us a good deal and I couldn't be mad. I let the black fabric fall back into place and looked down at the simple wood table. This was my office tonight. In fancy companies, they have a full blown gorilla position that has several monitors and headsets so the person timing the show and the agent in charge could talk to the truck. I had spent years doing that for Tommy. Years

producing the show. Sure, I agented matches but I also timed the shows. I ran the curtain. I made sure people hit their cues and got their times. This was not that. This was a table with a stopwatch and a legal pad and a pen. It was almost bell time.

Next to my legal pad was a paper plate with the leftover barbecue that Hellion had provided. A nice gesture from the big man trying to endear himself to the rest of the boys. On his own dime, he bought ribs and tri tip and brisket and mac n' cheese and baked beans -- all the good stuff. He showed up extra early to cook and get it laid out so that the boys could have a good meal. It was going to be a good night. Presale tickets had us at fifty -- which means walk up could be close to double that. We could break one hundred tonight. It was possible. I reached for one of the five bottles of water that I had on the table and took a long drink to wash the cotton mouth taste away,

I hear a panicked voice behind me. "Boss. You gotta come now. Now!"

I turned towards the voice. Alvin Lavin was there with a scared look on his face. His hair had not yet been combed to its normal standards. "What is it?" I asked him.

"Fight. Come on." He said and turned to head back to where he came from. I shook my head and followed him. Hopefully he was blowing this out of proportion. There could not be a fight. Not tonight. Not on what could be our biggest and best night so far.

I walked through the doorway into the makeshift locker room and there in the center of the room was Jebediah. My Heavyweight Champion. The building block of my organization. He was on top of Richie Riggins and was throwing heavy handed punches down. Riggins had his arms up to try and and protect himself. I immediately went into action and ran to Jeb. I locked my arms under his armpits and pulled with all my strength. It took a concerted effort to get the big man off of Riggins but I did.

"What the hell is going on here?" I demanded. Riggins tried to pull himself to a seated position. He would have a really nice shiner in the morning and his upper lip was busted. "I asked a question. What the hell is going on here?"

Riggins pointed a finger at Jebediah. "He's an *****. I was sitting here minding my own business and he started in on me. Started mocking me over some dumb **** from Rhode Island. I told him to piss off and he sucker punched me and then started laying in on me. I didn't do nothing but sit here."

I turned to Jebediah to hear his side of the story. "***** him. I don't like him. I let him know that I don't like him. That I don't think he's got it to make it here. That I think he's a joke, only got jobs because of things he's willing to inject in himself. He didn't like it, so I made sure he'd take my words seriously."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The open admission from Jebediah that yes he beat up Richie Riggins and yes he did so intentionally and yes he instigated it. My eyes looked to Shady K and the Silencer. I figure between the two of them, they've had to do a lot of quick patch jobs -- either after real street fights or after time in the field. "Can you two take care

of Richie and get him patched up?" They nodded and I turned back towards Jebediah.
"Come with me. Now."

I walked away from the rest of the boys. I did not turn my head to make sure Jebediah was following, I just walked down the hallway to the bathroom. I took a deep breath and turned around. Jebediah was standing there. "I can't believe you would do something so idiotic, Jeb. That wasn't just mean, it was dumb. I don't care if you like Richie. I don't care if you guys haven't been getting along -- you do not and I mean DO NOT put your hands on another one of the boys. This isn't the seventies or eighties. We're not an outlaw business any more -- and more importantly, you're the champ. You're the face of the organization. Your job is to be a leader in the locker room and make sure the boys follow your lead. What kind of example is that? You're telling them all that it is okay to get in fights -- to beat each other up in the locker room because the Champ did so."

Jeb tried to interject but I waved a hand to silence him. "I put my faith in you. I put my trust in you. I backed you. I said that you were the horse I was going to ride and you go and pull a stunt like this? How dare you.. How DARE you... I'm taking half your pay tonight as a fine." His eyes went wide and he went to speak again but I held up a hand. "AND, you're going to drop the belt to K now."

His eyes fell. "No. You can't be serious. You're taking the belt off me already?"

I sighed. "I don't want to. You were going to go the whole year, Jeb. The whole damn year while I got Hellion ready and did a battle of the two biggest bulls in the territory. Now I have to send a message to the rest of the locker room and to you to make sure that this doesn't happen again. You're lucky I'm not firing you."

He nodded his head, his shoulders slumped. The bravado of earlier with Riggins gone, he was like a child being scolded by his teacher. Maybe it was good for him. Maybe I was being too harsh. "If you conduct yourself like a professional and can make a peaceful amends with Richie, maybe in a couple of shows you'll get the strap back and we will get back on track to where we want to go -- but I can't have the title on someone who is starting fights in the locker room. Absolutely cannot."

He nodded again "I understand, boss. You're right. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have done it. I was being an ass."

I looked down at my wrist. It was five minutes to bell time. "You better get ready. We've got a show to do..."

I walked off to leave the big man there. I was still fuming. I wanted to run a locker room that was safe. If Richie got hurt, it was on my dime. I had to pay. I was willing to take that risk when the guys were in the ring -- they were plying their trade and my job as promoter was to cover them, but in the locker room? That was supposed to be sacred ground. It was where you laughed and told stories. You talked about the previous night's hook up or a crazy fan you met. You made plans to go drink after the show. You played cards -- or with the kids now -- video games on your cell phones or one of those handheld gaming things.

Fighting in the locker room was never encouraged and in today's environment, definitely not allowed.

I sat down at the folding chair and peaked around the curtain set up to see the ringside area. A good smattering of fans were there. Probably our biggest crowd yet. It can only get better from here...

[Early Sunday Morning, Week 4, May]

"Bobby wake up. Your phone is ringing non stop." Mariah said. Her voice was filled with fatigue and irritation. She hated being woken up by the phone. I did too, but fortunately, I never woke up to the phone. I slept right through it -- courtesy of my entire adult life being spent in a business where you had to be able to sleep anywhere.

I reached for my phone and answered without looking at it. "This is Robert..." I listened to the voice on the other end and suddenly I was not tired anymore. I sat up in bed. "Yes.. Okay. I'll be right down." I hung up the phone and turned to Mariah. "I've got to go to the hospital. There was an accident."

[A half hour later]

The nurse and doctor stop me in front of a window where there was a hospital bed on the otherside. A man was laying on the bed. A sheet around his midsection. His face was broken There were contusions on his chest. The monitors attached to him showed no heartbeat. No signs of life at all. Just a six-foot-eleven inch body. "Yeah... That's him. That's Jebediah." I said while running my fingers through my hair in disbelief.

The doctor turned to me. She was a sympathetic-looking woman, but I guess in her business you had to be "We are so sorry for your loss, Mr. Oxford. By the time he got here, there was nothing we could do. The accident broke several of his ribs and these ribs punctured his lungs and heart. The damage was too severe -- even if he had gotten here sooner there would have been nothing we could do."

I nodded. I was listening, but I couldn't really hear her. MY mind was racing now. I knew I was Jebediah's emergency contact in his phone -- he set it that everytime he came to the area. Most of the boys did. If they didn't have a significant other, it was the promoter where they were at. My job would now be to contact his family and help them make arrangements.

I'd have to tell the rest of the boys. I slumped forward, my forehead on the cool glass.

Things like this weren't supposed to happen to the young. Car accident going back to his hotel from a late night meal. Drunk driver going eighty five hit him head on. His rental car crumpled around him. It just wasn't fair. The doctor was still talking. I had missed most of what she had said.

"You don't make to make any decisions right now, but we will need to know what you want to do with the body so it can be transported to the appropriate place." She finished. Her arms folded in front of her -- not in an aggressive way. In an attempt to be sympathetic way.

"Yeah. Of course. I'll need to call his folks. It'll be their call." I looked at my watch. It was a two hour time difference to the East Coast. Jeb grew up on a farm in Pennsylvania to a former Amish family. They'd be up soon. This was going to be a terrible way for them to start their day"

The doctor nodded and touched my arm in a way to let me know she was grieving with me. People always do that. Touch is supposed to make you feel better. It probably does most people. I've never been most people, but I don't pull or jerk away. That would be rude -- and I was always taught to be polite. I forced a smile at her and stepped back. "I'll uh. I'll call his folks and give them your number so they can call you and get all of the information they need. I'll be a person on the ground for them here. But. Yeah."

She nodded and just said, "Okay."

I looked back at Jebediah. "I'm sorry, big guy. I'm so sorry."

It had been a tough few days. We had put on our best show ever. The local wrestling scene was raving about our efforts. We were building some momentum -- but we also had the untimely death of Jebediah that I had to deal with. It was a very trying experience. His family was a polite bunch, but he was the eldest child and that weren't ready for that kind of loss. You never are as a parent. I took several days to drown my own misery out. Whiskey can do wonders when it comes to that -- but I also had duties. I had responsibilities. I had a company counting on me. Guys who were young and hungry and craving any opportunity. So I had to show back up to work. I was a little disheveled at first. Hadn't shaved. Was still sweating out alcohol from the bender I had been on.

I sat at my desk overlooking the ring. Several of the students were running drills -- nothing that required my immediate oversight. Just rope running drills. Cardio stuff. It was better if they held each other accountable. It built trust and it built respect. I took a drink from my coffee and let my eyes look over the boys. We had a variety of athletes. Most were in good shape, but there was one who stood out. Jakob Yoder. He was a big kid. I think his official paperwork said six feet ten inches and he was probably three hundred and fifty pounds. He was the first student who enrolled -- and while normally I would have wanted to give him another month or two of training, under the current circumstances, I felt it probably best to make a move.

"Jakob. Can you come here please?" I called out and the big, raw-boned kid came lumbering over to me.

"Yes, Coach?" He asked. He had manners. He had grown up in a strict Mennonite family, but when he was twelve his family stopped being practicing Mennonites. Some sort of disagreement.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Eighteen."

"What do you do when you're not training?"

"Help Pa out with the ranch. Ever since Ma passed, he's needed my help."

I nodded my head and looked at him. He had a good beard. A lot of hair. "You mind shaving your head?"

He shook his head, his mane of air whipping about. "No, Sir. Pa doesn't like it anyway."

I nodded again. "You're going to debut at Summer Spectacular."

"I am?" His dark eyes gleamed with excitement.

I smiled. "Yes. You're going to be Jakob Yoder, The Mennonite Mammoth, the spiritual successor to the mantle that Jebediah was building. In his memory, even. It will be tasteful, because we are not going to exploit him. We are not going to bring him up and you won't wrestle like him, but the fans were responding to him. He was getting over, so you'll be the new big-man babyface."

"Whatever you say, Sir. I'm happy to do it." He said as I looked down at my notes.

"You'll get El Hijo Del Neutron in your first match. It'll be a good learning experience for you."

He nodded enthusiastically. "Now get back to training."

He left and I looked back at my papers. He'll do good. He's raw, but he's got a presence about him -- and combined with the size, he could do something special.

That left me what to do with El Mitico Jr.'s loss and my sheer lack of depth at babyface tag teams. I needed another team. I heard from some contacts up North that Jeremy had let go of Mark Griffin in April. Mark was a kid with some natural skills and a lot of potential. His brother just graduated from the House of Stone and was also not brought up to the main roster. The Stones were experiencing some money problems with the tanking Canadian economy. They could work. Young, good looking brothers.

I also had let Desert Storm go. His attitude was not helping anything. I could push Silencer as a solo act -- he was a model guy in the locker room and was really developing, but that meant I had another hole to fill. I had reached out to Ian Identity, who just finished up with the DeColts at the end of May. He's another raw prospect and another sacrifice of the Canadian economy, but he can come in and work heel. He's a good talker. He's young. He's got a million dollar look. He could really develop into something.

I sighed. This was not a month to celebrate, but it was a month where we could build off the momentum of Coal Miner's Glove Shady and Riley was going to main event. I was going to debut The Griffins, Identity, and Yoder. I had made a temporary trade with Sam to bring in the Heartbreak Express to work the Griffins in their first match, while letting Mid Atlantic use both Richie and Ace for a show, which will be good for those guys. I looked down at the card for one last look over.

Quote:

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Summer Spectacular

Saturday, Week 4, June 2016

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Sixty Minute Time Limit

Riley McManus versus Shady K ©

Semi-Main Event

Singles Match

Thirty Minute Time Limit

Max Mayhem versus Howlin' Mad Mort

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

Roger Monterio versus "Intrepid" Ian Identity

Special Attraction

Tag Team Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

The Griffins versus Mid Atlantic Wrestling's Heartbreak Express

Opening Contest

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"The Mennonite Mammoth" Jakob Yoder versus El Hijo del Neutron



"The Mennonite Mammoth" Jakob Yoder

Height: 6'10"

Weight: 359lbs

Training School: Rocky Mountain School of Wrestling

Finishing Move: 'Big Foot' Short Arm Big Boot

Short Bio: Jakob Yoder grew up in rural Montana (so, Montana) in a closely knit Mennonite community. When he was twelve, his family left the community and Yoder discovered wrestling. At his local video store, he found SWF tapes that showcased Bruce the Giant -- his hero, and other guys of big size who were able to use their size to their advantage. It was on his first sight of Bruce the Giant that he knew what he wanted to be, a professional wrestler. He was the first student to enroll at the Rocky Mountain School of Wrestling and he graduated in June of

2016. With his size, strong camera skills and good fundamentals, he could develop into a star if he is utilized properly.

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Summer Spectacular
Saturday, Week 4, June 2016

The show starts with an in-ring promo from the first graduate of the Rocky Mountain School of Wrestling. He was announced as such. Jakob touched on the passing of Jebediah and how he was going to wrestle in his honor tonight. **E+**

--Jakob Yoder debuted his 'Simpleton' gimmick to an initial rating of Great.

Opening Contest

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"The Mennonite Mammoth" Jakob Yoder versus El Hijo del Neutron

In a decent match, Jakob Yoder defeated El Hijo del Neutron in 6:40 by pinfall after hitting the Big Foot. **D-**

Yoder and Neutron had great chemistry and it showed in their performance.

Special Attraction

Tag Team Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

The Griffins versus Mid Atlantic Wrestling's Heartbreak Express

In a decent match, The Griffins defeated The Heartbreak Express in 10:54 by pinfall after Mark Griffin hit Ralph Liotta with a Swinging Side Slam. **D-**

-Mark Griffin debuted his No Gimmick Needed persona and it got an initial rating of Above Average

-Robby Griffin debuted his Bubbly Babyface persona to an initial rating of Great.

-Mark Griffin carried the match.

"Intrepid" Ian Identity cut an in ring promo to hype his upcoming match with Roger Monterio. **D-**

-Identity debuted his Conman gimmick to an initial rating of Average.

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

Roger Monterio versus "Intrepid" Ian Identity

In a decent match, Identity defeated Monterio in 13:25 by pinfall after hitting the Identity Theft. **E+**

Semi-Main Event

Singles Match

Thirty Minute Time Limit

Max Mayhem versus Howlin' Mad Mort

In a decent match, Mayhem defeated Mort in 13:22 after he caught Mort with a schoolboy.

E+

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Sixty Minute Time Limit

Riley McManus versus Shady K ©

In a bout that had good heat and decent wrestling, Riley McManus defeated Shady K in 18:41 by disqualification after Shady K hit Riley with a pair of brass knuckles in front of the referee. Shady retains the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship. **D-**

Overall: This show increased our popularity in one region. **D-**

[Saturday, Week 4, June -- Pre Show]

I stood in front of the small crew that we had. There were thirteen guys in front of me. Twelve wrestlers, one referee. All were looking to me. Of the crew assembled, only Shady K had been fortunate enough to have a real run with a big money organization. He parlayed that run into a lot of success on the Indies. The rest of the guys had only ever worked for small organizations. Mid Atlantic Wrestling or New York Championship Wrestling being the most prominent. Mark had a short run with North of the Border, Identity had a short run with CGC, but for the most part these guys were young and hungry. We had lost one of our own last month. I swallowed hard.

"Look, last month was tough. We went from having our best show yet -- the highest of highs, to losing one of our brothers in a tragic accident. I won't lie to you, it was tough. I shed some tears. I didn't know Jebediah well, or well enough to call us life long friends or anything like that, but I liked him. He was a good kid. He wanted to do well. He worked hard. He had a bright future that unfortunately was not realized. It was a tragedy. He got taken from us too soon. In wrestling, we don't get a lot of time to stop and mourn. There is always a show to put on, a town to get to, a pay day to earn, but tonight we remember him. Tonight we put on this show for him. It is a small gesture, of course. Holding a wrestling show for a worker that passed away is almost cliché, but this is what we do. This is how we honor our fallen brothers -- by putting on the shows they loved. All I ask for tonight is your best. Just.. go tear the house down and then the drinks after will be on me.. For Jebediah."

There was a response in unison of 'Jebediah' and then the boys started clapping. Not for me, but for him and for them. To get themselves hyped. To get themselves in the mindset they needed to be in to put this show on. Tonight we had to play superheroes and villains. We had to entertain an audience that came to forget about their own problems, to escape

for awhile. To cheer and boo. To root for their favorites and root against their least favorites. It was a time honored tradition that we got to play a part in and tonight we had to give them our best. I looked around at the boys in front of me. They were ready. I could see it in their eyes...

[Monday, Week 1, July, 2016]

I opened up my computer and went to TotalExtremeWrestling.com. It was a site I tried to check once a week -- I didn't go too often, but at the beginning of July they realized their Mid Year awards. It was a valuable tool to evaluate the world we were in and see who the wrestling press was hyping. I looked at the list...

Quote:

Wrestler of the Year so Far -- El Leon [SOTBW]
Company of the Year so Far -- PGHW
Tag Team of the Year so Far -- Koiso and Kawashima [PGHW]
Match of the Year so Far -- Soul Taker versus El Leon at SOTBW Lucha Libre in June
Show of the Year so far: TCW - Where Angels Fear to Tread 2016
Young Wrestler of the Year so Far - Jormungand [SOTBW]
Veteran Wrestler of the Year so Far -- Steve DeColt [NOTBW]
Female Wrestler of the Year so Far - Lauren Easter [NOTBW]
Independent Wrestler of the Year so Far - Haruhiro Tsumemasa

After browsing the lists, I took the opportunity to go through and see who was on top in the different major promotions around the world -- the promotions that could, in theory, sign one of my guys to a full-time, exclusive contract. North of the Border, Canadian Golden Combat, and Total Championship Wrestling were not offering written contracts right now, they were just offering per-appearance deals while they tried to get back on their feet, but they still had the potential, so I still wanted to know who was on top there...

Quote:

Current Pertinent Champions

COTT World Heavyweight - "Bulldozer" Brandon Smith (won week 2, June 2016 -- already has 4 defenses)

COTT World Tag Team - The Ring Generals (won week 1 August, 2015, currently made 6 defenses, the last of which was in April of 2016)

COTT World Junior Heavyweight - Grimm Quibble (won week 3 May 2016, has made 1 defense so far)

SWF World Heavyweight -- Angry Gilmore (wone June 2016)

TCW World Heavyweight - Joshua Taylor (won April 2016)

USPW World Heavyweight - Steve Frehely (won October 2015)

SOTBW Campeonato del Mundo -- Champagne Lover (won July 2015)

NOTBW Canadian - Omar Brown (won June 2016)

PGHW Glory Crown - Yoshimi Mushashibo (won September 2015)

BHOTWG World - Yasuhiko Taira (won February 2016)

CGC World - Jack DeColt (won October 2015)

RAW Television - Kerry Wayne (won October 2015)

21CW World - Edward Cornell (won October 2015)

It had been a good six months for wrestling so far. In North America, the economies were down across the board, but wrestling companies were continuing to thrive. TCW had been putting on great shows anchored by Joshua Taylor and Aaron Andrews -- though the Ace recently went on the shelf with an injury. 21CW is still unchallenged not only in England, but in all of Europe as the premier wrestling organization there, same with RAW. PGHW has been performing better than any other company. The biggest shock was Omar Brown becoming the Canadian Champion.

I did not expect us to be on the list. We were just a local company doing our best to carve out our piece of the pie, but it's good to know what's happening in the wrestling world. Brandon Smith is only the third COTT World Heavyweight Champion, having ended the reign of the sensational Nicolas Lopez. I was thinking of bringing the title in in August when we present Gold Rush, but I wasn't sure yet. I hadn't used any of the COTT titles on our first six shows, and I wouldn't be on our seventh. August might be a good month to use one...

I sighed and leaned my head back. I was expecting Dan DeLay's kid, Robin, to show up any minute. He had just turned pro -- having been trained by his father, and was looking for a gig. CGC was not interested in bringing him just yet and the kid was big and raw, but I think he could turn into something -- and at the very least, he could make a good, young, affordable addition to our roster.

I looked down at the card one last time. The nice lady here at Fed Ex Office, Kara was her name, was about to make my normal order of flyers and posters that I could plaster up. This was the first show that a Tag Team Title match was going to main event, but it was important to me to make the Tag Team Titles hotly contested over. I wanted to be known as the premier booker of tag team wrestling in North America. Sam Keith had the Sam Keith

Classic every summer, but that was tournament. That was not consistent booking of tag teams. I wanted the consistent booking of teams. I nodded at Kara and she began to run the copies.

Quote:

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Independence
Saturday, Week 4, July 2016
Live at Club X
Bell Time: 7:30 PM.

Main Event
Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship
Forty-Five Minute Time Limit
The Rock City Stars [Stan Manna and Ryan Turner] versus The Boys from Yukon
©

Semi Main Event
Singles Match
Thirty Match Time Limit
Riley McManus versus The Silencer

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Ace Youngblood versus Phillipe LeGrenier

Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
"The Mennonite Mountain" Jakob Yoder versus Justice Jolson

Opening Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Logan Diaz versus Robin DeLay

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Independence
Saturday, Week 4, July 2016

The show opened with "American Hellspawn" Hellion in the ring in street clothes and his masked. He still looked intimidating as he looked out at the 89 people in attendance and announced that he was officially the first entrant in August's Gold Rush tournament. He wished all the other entrants luck -- not that they'd win, but that they'd be able to survive.

B

Opening Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Logan Diaz versus Robin DeLay

In a decent match, Logan Diaz defeated Robin DeLay in 6:39 by stoppage when DeLay was unable to respond to the referee's commands. **E**

- Robin DeLay debuted his Arrogant Heel gimmick to an initial rating of Above Average
- The match suffered from a lack of flow in the middle, an indication of both wrestler's greenness.

"The Mennonite Mountain" Jakob Yoder cut a promo in ring about his upcoming match with Justice Jolson as well as announcing himself as the second entrant in the Gold Rush tournament next month. **E+**

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"The Mennonite Mountain" Jakob Yoder versus Justice Jolson

In a decent match, Yoder defeated Jolson in 10:25 by pinfall after hitting the Big Foot. **D-**

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

Ace Youngblood versus Phillippe LeGrenier

In a decent match, Ace Youngblood defeated Phillippe LeGrenier in 13:13 by pinfall after hitting the Flying Tomahawk Chop. **D-**

Semi Main Event

Singles Match

Thirty Match Time Limit

Riley McManus versus The Silencer

In a bout that had good heat and decent wrestling, Riley McManus defeated The Silencer in 9:38 by pinfall after hitting the Slingshot Suplex. **D+**

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

The Rock City Stars [Stan Manna and Ryan Turner] versus The Boys from Yukon ©

In a decent match, The Boys from the Yukon defeated The Rock City Stars in 14:37 when Howlin' Mad Mort pinned Ryan Turner after hitting a Tiiiiiiimber. The Boys from the Yukon made their first successful defense of the Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship. **D-**

Overall: This show increased our popularity in one region. **D.**

Independence had gone off well. It was our second best show of our first seven. Riley and The Silencer had our best match we've had to date, Hellion and Jakob introduced the concept of the Gold Rush tournament that I planned to make an August staple in Rocky Mountain Wrestling. The Rock City Stars did what they

were supposed to do in their one appearance for us -- they put the Tag Champs over and bought me some more time as I get The Aces of Mayhem and The Griffins ready to challenge -- buying me time so I don't have to run through the same matches and burn my fan base out.

Gold Rush was going to cost me. I was pulling out all the stops. I was bringing in local celebrity Tommy Larmin, former standout pitcher for the Denver Peaks to do a meet and greet and be in attendance for the show. I was bringing in Brandon Smith to defend the COTT World Title, the Nation of Filth to challenge for the tag titles, I was going to bring in a couple of other guys to round out the field in the tournament and give it an atmosphere that it was hotly contested over -- similar to how the Rip Chord Invitational has been booked. The Invitational had always been a highlight of the independent wrestling scene -- every January people flocked to Baltimore to see the event. It always presented great wrestling. I was going to try to replicate the success, but instead of just doing eight men, I was going to do a full sixteen man, one night tournament. It was ambitious, but if we could pull it off it would make our mark on the scene and perhaps take us over the hump and help us rise from Local. We had put on seven shows that were steadily gaining us popularity. This could be the linchpin show.

I took a long drink of water and looked down at what was in front of me. It was going to be a monumental task, pulling this off. I was going to have two non-tournament matches, both title matches. This was going to be a marquee event -- at least in my mind.

Elsewhere around the world, Gino Montero had finally signed with SOTBW. I had hoped to maybe bring Gino in on a talent trade and give him a few shows for us -- the kid could be a star. With SOTBW, he'll have the chance. Phoenix Girls opened in Japan. It's been advertised as a blend between comedy wrestling and realism. It could be an interesting promotion. I might see if I can't get their first show sent to me.

This show was, in a manner of speaking, going to be make or break for us. This could put our name on the map. This could make us something. We were getting good reviews locally. We were slowly raising in fan attendance, but I needed a show that would get people wanting to buy DVDs even though they lived in New York, or Toronto, or London, or Perth, or wherever. Gold Rush was going to be that show. I had made the decision, I was willing it to be so. The power of positive visualization -- or whatever it is the hippies talk about. I didn't put much stock into that sort of talk, but for this, I did. I had to. I had no other option. This is what I was counting on.

I had never been a 'star' in the wrestling business. I didn't have the look to be a singles star. I didn't have the 'IT' Factor. I would be lying if I said I did. I'd be lying if I said that promoters short-changed me and no one gave me a shot. The truth is -- I was a good mechanic. I could wrestle. I could have a good match with anyone on the planet. I was safe. Consistent. Reliable. Loyal. Professional. I was all the boring words someone puts on their LinkedIn profile with the hopes of

attracting a job, or uses to catch a new mate. That was me. That is why I stayed employed. I knew that. Sometimes it bothered me, because I'd also be lying if I said I hadn't wanted to be a star. I'd be lying if I said I didn't sit at the curtain when Rip put over Ricky Dale Johnson and made him a star -- I didn't wish that it had been me. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't envious when Tommy put over Wolf as if to say this is the future, or watching Rocky get showered in cheers and adulation everywhere he went. There was a part of me that wanted that -- to get that kind of reaction. I was as good as any of them in the ring. I understood this business better than any of them, at least my ego told me that, but I didn't have that thing that made people react so powerfully. I could play my role. I could do my job, but I would never be a star and that also meant I was cursed to never leave a mark. I would be remember by wrestling historians and uber-fans. I might make a few list of 'Great Wrestlers to Never Be World Champion.' But this.. I could make this my legacy.

If I could make Rocky Mountain Wrestling something, if we could pull off Gold Rush as our official coming out party, I could be remember as something more. Sure, it wouldn't be as a star wrestler, but perhaps this could be a better memory. I'm not ashamed to have a little vanity. We all do. I looked down at the card one more time "This can do it." I was certain.

Quote:

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Gold Rush I

A single night tournament

Saturday, Week 4, August, 2016

Live from Club X with a special bell time of 7:00 PM.

**Special 6:00 PM Meet and Greet with legendary Denver Peaks pitcher
"Knuckleball" Tommy Larmin.**

**Do not miss this Rocky Mountain spectacular. It will feature a
blockbuster TRIPLE MAIN EVENT!**

Main Event Number One

COTT World Heavyweight Championship

Sixty Minute Time Limit

"The Georgia Bulldog" Riley McManus versus "Bulldozer" Brandon Smith

©

Main Event Number Two

Gold Rush Finals

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

Block A Winner versus Block B Winner

Main Event Number Three

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

The Nation of Filth versus The Boys from the Yukon ©

The Gold Rush Tournament

**All first round matches have a fifteen minute time limit, second round
have a twenty, and third round has a thirty minute time limit All matches
are one fall to a finish.**

**Winner of Match one will face Winner of Match 4, Winner of Match 2 will
face Winner of Match 3**

Block A

- 1. Hellion versus Mark Griffin**
- 2. Jakob Yoder versus NYCW Empire Champion, Man Mountain Cahill**
- 3. One Half of the TCW Tag Team Champions, Titan versus Robby Griffin**
- 4. "Cowboy" Buck Winchester versus Robin DeLay**

Block B

- 1. Former TCW Superstar Elliot Thomas versus Richie Riggins**
- 2. 4C Champion Sayeed Ali versus Max Mayhem**
- 3. Jesse Christian versus "Intrepid" Ian Identity**

4. The Silencer versus Ace Youngblood

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Gold Rush I

A single night tournament

Saturday, Week 4, August, 2016

Live from Club X with a special bell time of 7:00 PM.

Special 6:00 PM Meet and Greet with legendary Denver Peaks pitcher "Knuckleball" Tommy Larmin.

In Attendance: 102 people

Opening Match

Block 'A' Match One

Singles Match

Fifteen Minute Time Limit

"The Canadian Wrestling Machine" Mark Griffin versus "American Hellspawn" Hellion

In a decent match, Hellion defeated Mark Griffin in 6:13 by pinfall with a Devolution Bomb.

D-

Block 'A' Match Two

Singles Match

Fifteen Minute Time Limit

"The Mennonite Mammoth" Jakob Yoder versus NYCW's Man Mountain Cahill
In a bout that had great heat and decent wrestling, Jakob Yoder defeated Man Mountain Cahill in 6:40 by pinfall with a Whip-In Big Foot. **D**

Block 'A' Match Three

Singles Match

Fifteen Minute Time Limit

TCW's Titan versus "The Canadian Twister" Robby Griffin

In a bout that had great heat and decent wrestling, Titan defeated Robby Griffin in 6:59 by pinfall with a Titanic Choke Slam. **D+**

-Titan and Robby have great chemistry

Block 'A' Match Four

Singles Match

Fifteen Minute Time Limit

"Cowboy" Buck Winchester versus Robin DeLay

In a decent match, Buck Winchester defeated Robin DaLay in 7:52 by pinfall with a Neckbreaker. **D-**

Block 'B' Match One

Singles Match
Fifteen Minute Time Limit
Elliot Thomas versus Richie Riggins

In a bout that had good heat and decent wrestling, Elliot Thomas defeated Richie Riggins in 8:37 by pinfall with a Quiet Down. **D-**

Block 'B' Match Two
Singles Match
Fifteen Minute Time Limit
4C's Sayeed Ali versus Max Mayhem

In a decent match, Sayeed Ali defeated Max Mayhem in 11:08 by pinfall with a G.B.H. Driver. **D+**

Block 'B' Match Three
Singles Match
Fifteen Minute Time Limit
Jesse Christian versus "Intrepid" Ian Identity

In a decent match, Jesse Christian defeated Intrepid Ian Identity in 5:48 by pinfall. **D-**

-Jesse and Ian have good chemistry.

Block 'B' Match Four
Singles Match
Fifteen Minute Time Limit
The Silencer versus Ace Youngblood

In a decent match, The Silencer defeated Ace Youngblood in 10:25 by pinfall with a Drop Zone. **D**

Block 'A' Semi Finals One
Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
"American Hellspawn" Hellion versus "Cowboy" Buck Winchester

In a decent match, Hellion defeated Buck Winchester in 6:40 by pinfall with a Devolution Bomb. **D-**

Block 'A' Semi Finals Two
Singles Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
TCW's Titan versus "The Mennonite Mammoth" Jakob Yoder

In a bout that had fantastic heat and great wrestling, Jakob Yoder defeated Titan in 8:55 by pinfall with a Whip-In Big Foot. **C-**

Block 'B' Semi Finals One

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

Elliot Thomas versus The Silencer

In a bout that had good heat and decent wrestling, Elliot Thomas defeated The Silencer in 6:43 by pinfall with a Quiet Down. **D**

Block 'B' Semi Finals Two

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

4C's Sayeed Ali versus Jesse Christian

In a decent match, Sayeed Ali defeated Jesse Christian in 8:04 by pinfall with a G.B.H. Driver. **D+**

Block A Finals

Singles Match

Thirty Minute Time Limit

"American Hellspawn" Hellion versus "The Mennonite Mammoth" Jakob Yoder

In a decent match, Hellion defeated Jakob Yoder in 8:19 by pinfall with a Devolution Bomb. **D-**

Sayeed Ali had an interview hyping his upcoming singles match with Elliot Thomas. **D.**

Block B Finals

Singles Match

Thirty Minute Time Limit

Elliot Thomas versus 4C's Sayeed Ali

In a bout that had great heat and decent wrestling, Elliot Thomas defeated Sayeed Ali in 7:03 by pinfall with a Quiet Down. **D+**

Main Event Number Three

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

The Nation of Filth versus The Boys from the Yukon ©

In a bout that had great heat and decent wrestling, The Boys From The Yukon defeated The Nation Of Filth in 10:24 when Howlin' Mad Mort defeated Stink by pinfall with a Tiiiiiiiiimber. The Boys From The Yukon make defense number 2 of their Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship titles. **D-**

Main Event Number Two

COTT World Heavyweight Championship

Sixty Minute Time Limit

"The Georgia Bulldog" Riley McManus versus Roderick Remus ©

In a bout that had good heat and decent wrestling, Roderick Remus defeated Riley McManus in 13:41 by pinfall with a Brainbuster Suplex following interference from Shady K. Roderick Remus makes defence number 1 of his COTT World Heavyweight title. **D+**

After the match, Riley McManus was trying to get up and Shady K and Knuckles c, they attack, laying McManus out two-on-one. Masked Patriot comes out from the back, hits the ring, and cleans house, saving McManus. **D-**

Hellion cuts a promo hyping up his upcoming match with Elliot Thomas. **B-**

Main Event Number One

Gold Rush Finals

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

"American Hellspawn" Hellion versus Elliot Thomas

In a bout that had great heat but sub-par wrestling, Hellion defeated Elliot Thomas in 10:11 by pinfall with a Devolution Bomb. Hellion wins the Gold Rush title. **E+**

Overall: This show raised our popularity in one region. **D-**

[Saturday Night, Post Gold Rush]

Gold Rush went off just how I wanted it to. Well, mostly. The Main Event under performed, but that was my fault. It was each guy's fourth match of the night. They'd never wrestled before, they only met that night at the building. Elliot Thomas had been released by TCW -- and I always liked Elliot. I had seen him train and develop. I had a soft spot for him, I thought he would fit in our roster as a young, underdog babyface to go against some of our bigger, more violent heels.

Man Mountain Cahill, Titan, and Sayeed Ali did everything I could want out of them. Titan and Yoder put on the best match we've had so far as an organization. The veteran big man really made sure to make Yoder look good, and I'd forever be in his debt. I was a strong advocate for he and Killer Shark getting an opportunity, and the way Fred repaid that faith was the epitome of professionalism.

There was one wrench in the plans -- at least from an advertising perspective. When we announced the card, Brandon Smith was COTT World Champion, but then he hurt his knee and had to drop the title quick -- so they put it on Roderick Remus. Remus did an excellent job in the match with Riley, but I really wanted to give the fans Brandon Smith. After Brandon heals up, I might try to bring him back out for a show.

I could sleep good tonight. We drew over one hundred fans. The Knuckleballer himself enjoyed the show. Mariah came to this show and really enjoyed herself. We were on the right track...

[Monday Morning]

"This is Robert." I always answered my phone like that. I don't know why. People knew who they were calling, or they were calling on accident, but that had always been my greeting.

"Oh hello. Yes, yes, I know who you are. Kid who is supposed to have no fear. Out of the Stone's camp. They're not? Well, how much are you looking for? That's pretty reasonable. Okay, kid. Let me mull it over, but I think we can do that."

I hung up the phone. I'm not sure who gave Sonny Wildside my number, or what was going on up in Canada, because that's three prospects the Stones have let walk in a matter of months. Both of the Griffin boys. Now Sonny Wildside -- but hell, their loss is Rocky Mountain's gain.

"Hey, Coach." That deep, all too familiar voice of Jakob Yoder called out. I looked up from my desk.

"What's going on big fella?" I asked. He was really developing nicely His Mennonite Mammoth persona has gotten over mega, he'd shown himself capable of handling himself in the ring. He could become the face of the company.

"You got a second to talk? He asked sheepishly and instantly I felt my stomach drop. This was not going to be good news.

"Of course, come on in." I motioned for him to come on in and sit down. "What's on your mind, son?"

"Well, this morning I got a phone call from Mr. Cattley."

I didn't say anything, but my stomach felt like it was twisting itself into knots.

"He asked me if I might have any interest in comin' to work full time over in Rhode Island. Monthly guarantee. Moving stipend. The whole thing."

Jakob looked at me. I understood what he was saying. He was leaving. Cattley and the Eisens were taking my prized pupil. My first graduate. This was hard for the kid, I could tell. He's young. Eighteen. Just starting out. Now he was getting a phone call that said he could be a big, big star some day. He had to take the chance. "I understand, Jakob. You have to do it." I hated those words. I hated having to say them. I wanted to tell him to tell the Eisens to go screw themselves. I wanted to tell him what they had done to Rip and Sam, or how they have poisoned the business that I love with their stupid gimmicks and their over-the-top storylines. I couldn't tell him that though. He was just a kid. He wanted to be a wrestler more than anything -- and his first memories of wrestling were of Bruce the Giant in the SWF. It was always where he wanted to end up.

He reached a meaty hand out. "I'll never forget what you did for me. Never. Thank you, Mr. Oxford."

I shook his hand. "Give them hell, kid."

He turned and walked out and I sank down into my chair. All of the good emotions from the success of Gold Rush gone. Now just sadness..

[Wednesday, Week 2, September]

I stared down at the card in front of me. It was a decent card. It wasn't stacked like Gold Rush -- but I couldn't afford for it to be -- and I didn't want to hot shot the territory. I gave them a big show, now we had to go back to business as usual. Jakob wouldn't be on this card. He just moved to Rhode Island. A big kid from Montana now off to Rhode Island and the East Coast. I laughed at the image.

Fortunately for me, while I was losing Jakob -- at Gold Rush I debuted both Knuckles and Masked Patriot. Knuckles just made sense to bring in because of his connection with Shady K. Eric, the kid under the Masked Patriot mask, was a good prospect that should have made it big in SWF. He had a good run in RIPW, got called up, and then got let go quietly. Another casualty of the Eisen inability to get out of their own way and let talent be talent. Patriot could shore up the loss of Yoder by coming in as a big babyface. Allied with McManus against Death Row, that could be a good program.

I had agreed to bring Sonny Wildside in, giving us another young, good looking babyface to hopefully build up.

There was another former RIPW prospect that looked like he was going to be let go -- I was waiting to see if anyone offered him a deal before I did, because the kid could work and had done some really good stuff for Jean, but had gotten called up -- just like Eric, and looked like he was on his way out the door.

There was a knock on the door. Matt -- Hellion, was standing there in street clothes, no mask. He looked strangely out of place. "Hey boss."

"What are you doing here, Matt?" I asked him. "You're not usually here."

He nodded. "I know, but I had some news and I wanted to deliver the news in person."

My stomach sank. Not another one..

"I'm going back to Rhode Island. They called me and asked me to come back. They liked what I was doing here, said that it showed them that maybe they had misjudged me. They want to give it another go."

I nodded my head. Now the guy who was supposed to be my top heel. September was not my month.

"I told them I wanted to work my last date with you. I owed you that. Let me put someone over. You did a good job building me. Gave me promo time. Trusted me. Let me put someone over."

I nodded again. "Okay big fella. I appreciate the heads up and the professionalism. Give them hell, okay?"

He grinned. "I'll look after Jakob too, don't worry. I won't forget that you believed in me when they canned me. You're a good guy, Robert. Thank you."

I sat back down in my chair a defeated man. El Mitico Jr -- gone to South of the Border. Jakob and Hellion, gone to Rhode Island for developmental. Jebediah passed away. I was going to need a drink tonight. A real drink.

Quote:

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: The Last Hard Men

Saturday, Week 4, September, 2016

Live from Club X

Main Event

Tag Team Contest

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

Riley McManus and Masked Patriot versus Death Row [Shady K and Knuckles]

Semi Main Event

Singles Match

Thirty Minute Time Limit

Jesse Christian versus The Silencer

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"The Man Without Fear" Sonny Wildside versus "American Hellspawn" Hellion

Opening Match

Tag Team Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

The Griffins versus Cip Conduit and Robin Delay

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: The Last Hard Men

Saturday, Week 4, September, 2016

Live from Club X

Opening Match

Tag Team Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

The Griffins versus Cip Conduit and Robin Delay

In a bout that had a decent reaction from the crowd but sub-par wrestling, The Griffins defeated Cip Conduit and Robin DaLay in 14:41 when Mark Griffin defeated Robin DaLay by pinfall with a Swinging Side Slam.

Mark Griffin carried the match in terms of in-ring performance. **E+**

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"The Man Without Fear" Sonny Wildside versus "American Hellspawn" Hellion

In a decent match, Sonny Wildside defeated Hellion in 8:43 by pinfall with a Fear Factor. **E+**

Sonny debuted his Show Stealer persona to an initial rating of Great.

Jesse Christian cuts a promo hyping up his upcoming match with The Silencer. **D**

Semi Main Event

Singles Match

Thirty Minute Time Limit

Jesse Christian versus The Silencer

In a decent match, The Silencer defeated Jesse Christian in 15:12 by pinfall with a Drop Zone. **D.**

Main Event

Tag Team Contest

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

Riley McManus and Masked Patriot versus Death Row [Shady K and Knuckles]

In a bout that had great heat and decent wrestling, Riley McManus and Masked Patriot defeated Death Row in 20:28 when Masked Patriot defeated Shady K by pinfall with a surprise cradle. **D+**

After the match, it was announced that next month at Halloween Throwdown, Riley McManus and Shady K will go one on one for the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship in a Rocky Mountain Street Fight. **E**

Overall: This show increased our popularity in one region. **D.**

[Post - Last Hard Men]

The boys were leaving the building. The ring had been torn down and loaded into the truck that I would drive back to the school. We had assisted the Club X staff in picking up all of the trash made by the ninety-three people that were in attendance tonight created. It had been a bittersweet night. We were continuing to deliver matches that were of a higher quality than any of the local run-three-shows-then-fold independents in the area. The main

event delivered and set up for Halloween Throwdown, but there is always a sad moment when you lose a talent.

When I worked for TCW, we lost talent on a semi-regular basis. Guys would get let go. Guys would retire. Guys would sign with the competition. I remember when Rick took the big money deal from USPW, because he thought the powers that be weren't giving him enough of a push. I thought he just wanted more money. I remember when I played a part in the group that got Jay Chord to sign with us instead of Eisen or Strong. Afterwards, I asked Rip how he handled losing his top guys on a regular basis to bigger companies or other opportunities. He had laughed at me then and said 'Kid, that's why I set up shop. To get these kids a platform so that they can go some place bigger. If they spend their whole careers with me, what a shame for them that they never made any real money.'

I understood what he meant of course. I wasn't unhappy that Hellion and Jakob left. Not in an anger sense, but I was sad. Sad at the unrealized possibilities. Sad at the stifled storylines. Sad because, well, I liked both guys. I thought both had a bright future. I was happy for them, but still sad.

I walked out of Club X and got into the ring truck. I took a deep breath. Tonight was the only night I was going to allow myself to be sad about this. Tomorrow -- positive outlook and back on the grind. I always had an ear to the grindstone and there were some talents that might be coming available soon that I could potentially bring in, and if so, we'd be okay. We were going to be okay anyway, but it's always good to bring in more guys who can put a butt every eighteen inches. We just had to wait and see..

Quote:

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Halloween Throwdown

Saturday, Week 4, October, 2016

Live at Club X

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Rocky Mountain Street Fight

Sixty Minute Time Limit

"The Georgia Bulldog" Riley McManus versus Shady K ©

Semi Main Event

Grudge Match

Thirty Minute Time Limit

Masked Patriot versus Knuckles

Special Attraction

Singles Match

Thirty Minute Time Limit

Roger Monteiro versus "The African Assassin" Lassana Matuski

Tag Team Grudge Match

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship

Thirty Minute Time Limit

The Aces of Mayhem versus The Boys from the Yukon ©

Special Attraction

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"Glorious" Logan Diaz versus "The Jurassic Power" T-Rex

Opening Contest

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"Cowboy" Buck Winchester versus "Intrepid" Ian Identity



The Masked Patriot

Billed from: Boston, Mass

Pro Debut: Jan. 2010

Height: 6'3"
Weight: 240 pounds
Trademark Move: Patriot Slam [Full Nelson Slam]

Career Highlights [as of Oct. 2016] RIPW US Title [2], RIPW March to Glory [2015]

Short Bio: The Masked Patriot is a gimmick that has been around for decades and is reckoned by some historians to hold the distinction of not only being the longest continuously running character in wrestling, but also the gimmick to have had the most wrestlers use it. This Masked Patriot - by some accounts the twenty-first man to have donned the red, white and blue.

Patriot joined the SWF under a development deal upon turning pro and was sent to RIPW to gain experience and learn to work the "SWF style". Fitting in well, Patriot found himself leaving SWF in August of 2016 when they opted not to renew his contract. He spent six years working in RIPW before getting called up, and spent eight months on the main roster before being let go.

When sitting down with RockyMountainWrestling.com staff, The Masked Patriot stated he had two goals -- win the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship, and win the COTT World Heavyweight Championship. Time will tell if he can achieve those goals.

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Halloween Throwdown

Saturday, Week 4, October, 2016
Live at Club X

Opening Contest

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"Cowboy" Buck Winchester versus "Intrepid" Ian Identity

In a decent match, Intrepid Ian Identity defeated Buck Winchester in 8:56 by pinfall with an Identity Theft.. E+

After defeating Buck Winchester, Identity took the microphone and challenged Jesse Christian to a match. **D-**

Special Attraction

Singles Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit

"Glorious" Logan Diaz versus "The Jurassic Power" T-Rex

In a bout that had fantastic heat and decent wrestling, Logan Diaz defeated T-Rex in 7:49 by stoppage when T-Rex could not continue. **D.**

Tag Team Grudge Match

Rocky Mountain Tag Team Titles

Thirty Minute Time Limit
The Aces of Mayhem versus The Boys from the Yukon ©

In a decent match, The Aces Of Mayhem defeated The Boys From The Yukon in 14:20 when Ace Youngblood defeated Howlin' Mad Mort by pinfall with a fast roll up. The Aces Of Mayhem win the Rocky Mountain Tag Team Championship titles. **D-**

Lassana Makutsi cuts a promo hyping up his upcoming match with Roger Monteiro. **C-**

Special Attraction

Singles Match
Thirty Minute Time Limit
Roger Monteiro versus "The African Assassin" Lassana Matuski

In a bout that had good heat and decent wrestling, Lassana Makutsi defeated Roger Monteiro in 11:06 by pinfall with an Out Of Africa. **D+**

Semi Main Event

Grudge Match
Thirty Minute Time Limit
Masked Patriot versus Knuckles

In a bout that had great heat and decent wrestling, Masked Patriot defeated Knuckles in 13:40 by pinfall with a Patriot Slam. **D.**

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship
Rocky Mountain Street Fight
Sixty Minute Time Limit
"The Georgia Bulldog" Riley McManus versus Shady K ©

In a bout that had great heat and decent wrestling, Riley McManus defeated Shady K in a 1 vs 1 - Rocky Mountain Street Fight match in 16:34 by pinfall with a Slingshot Suplex. Riley McManus wins the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship title. **D+**

After the match, Shady K challenged Riley McManus to a rematch next month -- and said he can't win back the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship then he will leave Rocky Mountain Wrestling. **E+**

Overall: This show increased our popularity in one region. **D+**.

The show was over. Club X was practically empty. The talent had all left to get something to eat, get some sleep, or whatever it is they did post show. All except Riley. He was still there, sitting the corner of the room we had used as the locker room. He had put a pair of sweatpants on, but hadn't toweled off or otherwise prepared himself to leave. A towel was draped around his neck. His hands were idly clutching the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship. He was silent.

I didn't want to interrupt his moment, but I also wanted to leave and get home to Mariah and a bowl of leftover chili. I walked up to him. "Hey Riley. You doing okay?"

He looked up as if awoken from a stupor. He spoke in his heavy Georgian drawl. "Ye'sir. Just thinking."

I pulled a chair out and sat down in it. "Care to share what you're thinking about?"

He set the championship down on his bag and grabbed the towel around his neck. He mopped down his face. "I was jus' thinking 'bout how I got here. Y'know, no one's trusted me with the strap befo'. I had four years with Mid Atlantic and never really got nowhere. Curtis and I were a good team, but we never got a run with the belts. Nothin'. I was just a good hand. You're giving me an opportunity here. I appreciate that."

He looked up at me. His eyes were a little glassy. It was an emotional moment for him. I could understand that. We weren't the major leagues. Winning the Rocky Mountain title wasn't like winning the TCW World Heavyweight Title at Where Angels Fear to Tread or anything like that. It was still a cool moment as a professional. To win your first title. To get trusted by any organization like that. Sure, we all knew the business was fixed. You didn't win a title because you actually beat anyone, but it was a sign of trust, a sign of respect. It was a company saying 'You're the guy right now'. For us, right now, Riley was the guy. Ten months in, he was in the first group of guys signed. He had showed himself to be dependable, consistent, and hard working. In ten months, he had never caused a problem. He'd never shown up in a condition not to perform. He was a positive influence on the guys in the locker room. He had earned this moment.

He probably wouldn't have gotten it if Jeb was still here. Jeb would still be champion and getting ready to drop it to Hellion. There wouldn't have been a spot for Riley at the top of the mountain. Truth be told, he may not have a long time at the top either. With Eric really getting over as The Masked Patriot, with Lassana here now, with a couple of the guys coming in that are supposed to be coming in -- it could be a rather short run for him, but right now, today, he's the guy. If he does well with the belt, he may get to keep it for awhile.

"You earned it." I told him. I meant it. He did earn it. Circumstances helped him, but he earned it. "You've also earned yourself a drink and something to eat. So get out of here. Go be young. Go celebrate your moment."

He stood up. He had good size. He was in good shape. He was a good enough hand. He really was a good member of the roster. He really did deserve this moment. He stuck out his hand and I took it. "I know this was supposed to be Jeb's spot, but I won't blow it."

I nodded and said nothing. I didn't need to. We both knew. Riley was self aware. He knew that it was an opportunity created by loss, but an opportunity none-the-less. He looked me directly in the eye. "Thank you, Mista Oxford."

"You're welcome kid. Now get out of here." He pulled his shirt on, picked his bag up and exited the building. I ran a hand through my hair. I was ready to go home.

[One Week Later]

I sat in my padded leather office chair in my office at the official Rocky Mountain Wrestling headquarters -- aka, a former K-Mart that I was able to get a good lease on to turn into our training center. I was also working on getting it permitted to become our official arena so that I wouldn't have to run out of Club X anymore.

Sitting across from me were my four newest signings. Three wrestlers. One manager. I looked from face to face. Running Wolf, the six-foot-six, two hundred and ninety pound grappler of Apache heritage who up until three weeks ago had been employed by USPW. With his size, charisma, and in-ring ability, if I was able to keep him long term he would be my lead babyface.

Next to him were Titan and Atlas. Titan had been one half of the TCW tag team champions until the beginning of September when he and Killer Shark put over the New Wave, he was let go the following day in a round of budget cuts -- cuts that didn't make sense to me because he was already on just a Pay Per Appearance deal, but my former home continues to bleed money. Atlas had been let go by USPW at the same time as Running Wolf. They had been a team for Rip Chord, and I would team them up for me. The Gods of Thunder were reunited. Unfortunately, their former manager Persephone was still under contract -- and probably wouldn't have worked for me anyway. Kristen Pearce; however, had been without a job since February and was looking for a place to land. She was landing with us. I was going to call her Aphrodite and pair her with the Gods of Thunder.

I looked at all of them. "Thank you for coming in today. I just want to shoot some in house stuff for the website to hype you guys coming in. Wolf, I'll probably keep you out of action until Christmas Chaos. I'm in talks with Sam, Cliff, and Larry about doing something special at the end of the year and it revolves around you Josh, Fred, and Kristen, you guys will be debuting at Thanksgiving Thunder. Big time match for the Thanksgiving holiday. I'm hoping Thanksgiving Thunder will be our first show here at the Oxford Arena. So get familiar with the area."

All of them nodded. They were professionals. They knew this was a perfunctory meeting that was happening because of their status and what I had planned for them, but I was excited. Very excited for what is to come.

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Thanksgiving Thunder 2016

Saturday, Week 4, November, 2016.

Live from the Brand New Oxford Arena. 7PM bell time.

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

If Shady K loses, he leaves Rocky Mountain Wrestling

Singles Match

Sixty Minute Time Limit

Shady K versus "The Georgia Bulldog" Riley McManus

Semi-Main Event

Five on Five Elimination Tag

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

The Aces of Mayhem, Jesse Christian, Masked Patriot, and Elliot Thomas versus The Boys from the Yukon, Knuckles, and Muscle & Fitness

Special Attraction

Six Man Tag

Thirty Minute Time Limit

House of Stone [The Griffins and Sonny Wildside] versus Cip Conduit, El Hijo del Neutron, and Phillippe LeGrenier

Opening Contest

\$400 to the Winner

15 Man Over-the-top-Rope Battle Royal

Entrants: Ace Youngblood, Cip Conduit, El Hijo del Neutron, Elliot Thomas, Howlin' Mad Mort, Jesse Christian, Justice Jolson, Knuckles, Mark Griffin, Max Mayhem, Phillippe LeGrenier, Richie Riggins, Robby Griffin, Sonny Wildside, and Whitehorse Whitaker

"The Georgia Bulldog" Riley McManus

Billed from: Athens, Georgia

Pro Debut: Sep. 2006

Height: 6'4"

Weight: 235 pounds

Trademark Move: Slingshot Suplex

Career Highlights [as of Nov. 2016] RMW Heavyweight Championship

Short Bio: Riley McManus is a wrestler from Georgia. A good athlete, he broke into wrestling at the tail end of 2006 when he began working the local independent scene. He soon began to gain a reputation for being a solid technical wrestler, not the spotty high flier that so many independent workers were, and that reputation reached the ears of Rip Chord who soon invited McManus down to MAW to have a try out; clearly he did well, as in the summer of 2007 he made his full debut for the promotion. McManus lasted four years with the promotion, and undoubtedly improved as a worker over that time, but ultimately he failed to make much of a mark.

From his release from MAW in 2011 until January of 2016, McManus floated around the independent scene in the Mid Atlantic and South East regions -- doing occasional Indy gigs else where, but was not able to pick up full time work until he was signed to be a part of Rocky Mountain Wrestling's debut roster.

In October of 2016, at Halloween Throwdown, Riley McManus won the first championship of his decade-long career when he defeated Shady K in a Rocky Mountain Street Fight to win the Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship. After the match, he told

RockyMountainWrestling.com staff that his plan was to hold the Championship as long as possible and make it one of the premier championships in North America.

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Thanksgiving Thunder 2016.

Saturday, Week 4, November, 2016.

Live from the Brand New Oxford Arena. 7PM bell time.

Opening Contest

\$400 to the Winner

15 Man Over-the-top-Rope Battle Royal

Entrants: Ace Youngblood, Cip Conduit, El Hijo del Neutron, Elliot Thomas, Howlin' Mad Mort, Jesse Christian, Justice Jolson, Knuckles, Mark Griffin, Max Mayhem, Phillippe LeGrenier, Richie Riggins, Robby Griffin, Sonny Wildside, and Whitehorse Whitaker

In a decent match, Elliot Thomas won a battle royal in 19:40. The other members of the 'final four' were Knuckles, Jesse Christian and Mark Griffin, with Knuckles being the final elimination. Mark Griffin got the most eliminations over the course of the match. **D-**

The Gods Of Thunder cut a backstage promo announcing their arrival here in Rocky Mountain Wrestling and their plan on dominating the competition. **C+**

-Titan debuted his Monster persona to an initial rating of Very Good.

-Atlas debuted his Monster personal to an initial rating of Very Good.

-Aphrodite debuted her Bitch persona to an initial rating of Great.

- Aphrodite has awkward chemistry with both Atlas and Titan, throwing off both of their timing.

Special Attraction

Six Man Tag

Thirty Minute Time Limit

House of Stone [The Griffins and Sonny Wildside] versus Cip Conduit, El Hijo del Neutron, and Phillippe LeGrenier

In a decent match, Sonny Wildside and The Griffins defeated Cip Conduit, El Hijo Del Neutron and Philippe LaGrenier in 13:14 when Mark Griffin defeated Philippe LaGrenier by pinfall with a Swinging Side Slam.

In terms of in-ring work, Mark Griffin was head and shoulders above everyone else. **D.**

Jesse Christian appears and says that he accepts the challenge laid down by Intrepid Ian Identity, he'll face him in a match. **D-**

Semi-Main Event

Five on Five Elimination Tag

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

The Aces of Mayhem, Jesse Christian, Masked Patriot, and Elliot Thomas versus The Boys from the Yukon, Knuckles, and Muscle & Fitness

In a bout that had good heat and decent wrestling, Elliot Thomas, Jesse Christian, Masked Patriot, Max Mayhem and Ace Youngblood defeated Knuckles, The Boys From The Yukon and Muscle and Fitness in an Elimination match in 23:01; Richie Riggins was eliminated first, then Ace Youngblood, then Justice Jolson, then Jesse Christian, then Howlin' Mad Mort, then Max Mayhem, then Whitehorse Whittaker, then Elliot Thomas, and finally Knuckles.

In terms of in-ring work, Masked Patriot was head and shoulders above everyone else. **D**

Main Event

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

If Shady K loses, he leaves Rocky Mountain Wrestling

Singles Match

Sixty Minute Time Limit

Shady K versus "The Georgia Bulldog" Riley McManus

In a bout that had great heat and decent wrestling, Riley McManus defeated Shady K in 15:20 by pinfall with a Slingshot Suplex. Riley McManus makes defence number 1 of his Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship title. **D+**

Overall: This show increased our popularity in one region. **D+**

Thanksgiving Thunder had been a roaring success. We debuted our new building -- The Oxford Arena. This allowed us to keep the concession money, to have everything done in house. To not be paying money out for rent on a training school building and rent on a building to run our shows. Ultimately, it was a good business decision to get the necessary paperwork done to get our location zoned to sell tickets.

Thanksgiving Thunder was critically our most successful show to date -- and coming off the back of Halloween Throwdown it felt like we were really hitting our stride as an organization. We had Christmas Chaos coming up and then we would be done for the year. I was confident we could end the year strong.

Thanksgiving Thunder did mark the end of Death Row's run with us. Shady K was only ever meant to be brought in for the summertime to feud with Jebediah and get him over. After Jebediah passed away, I extended Shady through Thanksgiving so he could get Riley over strong. Knuckles was only brought in for the last few shows to assist the in the getting Riley over -- as well as helping get Eric' Masked Patriot over in the Rocky Mountains.

Unfortunately, based off her performance at Thanksgiving Thunder, I opted to not keep Kristen Pearce on -- instead I would be trying out Lisa Bowen, who recently finished up with Mid Atlantic Wrestling, with the Gods of Thunder. I knew Lisa's dad Barry pretty well. When I was finishing up in CGC in '92, he was just getting started there. He was a good guy, had a good career as a monster heel and did good work for Eisen. From all accounts, he was a fine agent as well. Eisen wasn't the type to reward loyalty, so it didn't surprise me that Lisa had not been offered a job there.

Lisa could be a good pairing with the monsters. She worked with The Heartbreak Express in Mid Atlantic, who were decidedly unmonsterish, but she had a good look and a good attitude.

I also was promoting Franklin Rush from the dojo to the main roster. He was twenty years old. Six feet tall, two hundred forty-five pounds. In good shape. He doesn't have the star potential that Jakob had, but he could develop nicely. My attention was fully focused on Christmas Chaos, on ending 2016 with a big bang. We had been make steady popularity gains all year. With one last push, hopefully it could take us over the plateau from what the wrestling journalists classify as 'Local' to what they would classify as 'Small.' It wasn't an easy task, but we were going to give the world a Christmas show they would remember.

Quote:

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Christmas Chaos 2016

The Festival of Champions
Saturday, Week 4, December 2016
At The Oxford Arena, Bell Time 7:30

Main Event

COTT World Championship
Sixty Minute Time Limit

"The Pride of the Apache Nation" Running Wolf versus Frankie Dee ©

Co Main Event

COTT World Tag Team Championship
Four-Team Elimination
Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

Thunder & Lightning versus The Gods of Thunder w/ Lisa Bowen versus The Aces
of Mayhem versus The Ring Generals ©

Singles Match

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship
Forty-Five Minute Time Limit

Whitehorse Whitaker versus "The Georgia Bulldog" Riley McManus ©

Triple Threat Match

Number One Contender to the Rocky Mountain Championship
Thirty Minute Time Limit

The Masked Patriot versus Lassana Makutsi versus Elliot Thomas

Tag Team Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit
The Griffins versus Muscle and Fitness

Opening Match

Grudge Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit
Jesse Christian versus "Intrepid" Ian Identity

Rocky Mountain Wrestling Presents: Christmas Chaos 2016

The Festival of Champions
Saturday, Week 4, December 2016
At The Oxford Arena

Intrepid Ian Identity cuts a promo hyping up his upcoming match with Jesse Christian. **D+**

Opening Match

Grudge Match
Twenty Minute Time Limit

Jesse Christian versus "Intrepid" Ian Identity

In a decent match, Intrepid Ian Identity defeated Jesse Christian in 7:59 by pinfall, illegally using the ropes for leverage. **D-**

Tag Team Match

Twenty Minute Time Limit
The Griffins versus Muscle and Fitness

In a decent match, The Griffins defeated Muscle and Fitness in 10:10 when Mark Griffin defeated Richie Riggins by pinfall with a Swinging Side Slam.

Mark Griffin carried the match in terms of in-ring performance. **D**

Triple Threat Match

Number One Contender to the Rocky Mountain Championship

Thirty Minute Time Limit
The Masked Patriot versus Lassana Makutsi versus Elliot Thomas

In a bout that had great heat and good wrestling, Lassana Makutsi defeated Masked Patriot and Elliot Thomas in 12:33 when Lassana Makutsi defeated Elliot Thomas by pinfall with an Out Of Africa. **D.**

Singles Match

Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship

Forty-Five Minute Time Limit
Whitehorse Whitaker versus "The Georgia Bulldog" Riley McManus ©

In a bout that had good heat and decent wrestling, Riley McManus defeated Whitehorse Whittaker in 11:29 by pinfall with a Slingshot Suplex. Riley McManus makes defence number 2 of his Rocky Mountain Heavyweight Championship title. **D.**

The Gods Of Thunder cut a backstage promo. **B-**

Co Main Event

COTT World Tag Team Championship

Four-Team Elimination
Forty-Five Minute Time Limit
Thunder & Lightning versus The Gods of Thunder w/ Lisa Bowen versus The Aces of Mayhem versus The Ring Generals ©

In a good match, The Gods Of Thunder defeated The Aces Of Mayhem, Jason Thunder and Lightning Lomas and Dean Waldorf and Marv Statler in 19:51; the order of elimination was The Aces Of Mayhem first, then Jason Thunder and Lightning Lomas, and finally Dean Waldorf and Marv Statler. The Gods of Thunder win the COTT World Tag Team Championship. **D+**

Main Event

COTT World Championship

Sixty Minute Time Limit

"The Pride of the Apache Nation" Running Wolf versus T-Rex, subbing in for an injured Frankie Dee ©

In a bout that had fantastic heat and decent wrestling, Running Wolf defeated T-Rex in 10:50 by pinfall with a Wolf Tamer. Running Wolf wins the COTT World Heavyweight title.

D+

Overall: This show increased our popularity in one region. **D+**