



{OFF}

"Ms. Glazkov, how're you feeling about the..." I pause. "Birth." A birth we had a part in. One that shouldn't have been possible, that produced something which begins where science ends. We accelerated the embryo and reduced the nine months to a matter of hours. Now the Vessel is posting the creation on social media. An entity who will someday sit at the head of all tables and bring the world to heel under the Black Rainbow.

Emilia doesn't answer and swipes her hand across the air. A series of holographs featuring Aurora Gainsborough bloom across the office like a scene from a sci-fi show.

"Aurora. Our enemy number one." She says, and I follow the digital images that range back to Aurora's time in FSW when fans cheered her under a different name. The pictures cover Aurora, clad in blood and gold, collecting championships like a tornado gathers debris. Another row features her defeats adorned in crimson skin and mangled limbs. Medical files surface, highlighting the titanium skull, and her hands curled in an impotent grip of the most basic items.

"Noted," I reply simply. More images materialize, some taken presumably by a P.I. keeping tabs on Aurora. It reminds me of the 'love letter' poems Emilia has been inundating Aurora with on Twitter.

My brow lifts. "Why the obsession? Aurora's a woman like any other." To emphasize my point, I refer to one of the holograms, showcasing Aurora's countenance scrunched in resignation a moment before her humiliating submission to Tact.

"That's the problem. She doesn't think she's just a woman. She thinks she's something more. And she might be right."

"Oh?"

"Yes. She's the piece of iron that Drago referenced Balboa as. I bet she recites King Baldwin quotes in the mirror. What's his famous one?"

I shrug.

"Ah.... *'Remember that, howsoever you are played or by whom, your soul is in your keeping alone. When you stand before God, you cannot say 'but others told me to do thus' or that virtue wasn't convenient at the time, this will not suffice.'*" She nods and moves closer.

I'm unsure how to respond to it. "Well, interesting." I fib. "It's a good thing this is a fatal fourway. We can storm the ring with our brethren and flatten them all. Crucify Aurora for the win."

"We could. We won't. The Revolution still lurks. I'll accompany you to the ring and play the cards if needed."

She dismisses the digital montages. "Speaking of that, you will help Aurora win the Xtreme Championship."

I nod in obedience, for her word is law. "Understood."

But I can't help being miffed by it internally.



I watch as Marisol Vilaro graces this bastion of urban decay known as Overtown, Miami. This place doesn't deserve her presence. She's the type of beauty that would've spawned wars in Heaven if God had created her instead of humans. Nevertheless, I stand at her flank as she addresses the camera.

"Welcome to a special three-part series of Everybody Loves Mari featuring special guest, Dr. Holly Cambric. These editions will focus on the, um, anatomies of her opponents for XWF's Snorefare, oops, Warfare fatal fourway match for the X-Treme Championship. Holly, please enlighten us with this Anatomy of a Trash Can: starring Madison Dyson!"

She steps out of frame, and I adjust my red and black stylized surgical attire before approaching an unsightly metal trash can. "My vignette last time featured the anatomy of Mr. Santos, and I mildly dissected someone to give an in-depth analysis. Today, I cannot use a person because Ms. Dyson doesn't meet the requirements. She's subhuman and is closer to a trash can. In my expert opinion, if all of the garbage cans became sentient and needed an ambassador to liaison with humans, they'd elect Ms. Dyson."

I produce a pointer stick. "But I digress." And I smack it against the metal trash can. "This is the steel exterior. It's tough like Ms. Dyson. It's how she can endure shots from heavy hitters. This has served her well, even to victory over stellar foes and championships."

Next, I flick the garbage can handles with the end of the stick. “These are the handles. This is what Dolly Waters uses to carry Ms. Dyson in their tag team. We saw it at Rebellion when Ms. Waters saved Ms. Dyson’s X-treme title reign in the throes of a tag match. Before that, we saw it at Ides of March when Ms. Waters plummeted from a twenty-five-foot ladder and then got up and climbed another one to retain the titles for them, all the while Ms. Dyson lay on her back in a position she’s undoubtedly used to.”

I break from my tangent and lift the lid with the end of the stick. “Ms. Dyson was more focused on defending titles 24/7 and snorting cocaine off championships while her son was allegedly trying to off her. No prefrontal cortex to delegate priorities. No wonder she died and was placed into another body. Only trash between the ears.” A push and the lid’s off. “She opens her phallus housing assembly and laughs at her opponents’ past glories, their physical appearances, and their gimmicks, all while being the benchmark of hypocrisy. Allow me a sidebar to dissect.”

Inside, a neon colored wig, a cracked compact mirror, smeared with the foundation color of Dyson-tier desperation. “She cakes her face with six miles of makeup, but it still looks like her face is trying to eat itself, and if she’s had botox, like I surmise she’s had, then it’s trying to devour that too. I must conclude that she has to roofie her pleasure phalluses.”

With a gloved hand I navigate further inside “Dyson”... Crushed cans of generic energy drinks, a half-burned candle that’s wax-cheap, wick never fully lit, very Dyson-ey.

“She slandered my colleague, Enigma, about his accolades elsewhere and how it doesn’t mean anything here, yet ninety-five percent of the titles she’s held in XWF are defunct because she didn’t elevate them to being beyond reproach. Meanwhile, the titles Enigma won elsewhere? Still being contested, still respected, with one world championship being assimilated into another promotion due to the prestige he brought it. Ms. Dyson even bragged about being here for seven years and nowhere else, like she’s a loyalist. The real reason? She saw what happened when other XWF mainstays hopped the fence and ventured out. “

I raise a brow inquisitively. “Jim Cadeus? He got eviscerated in WGWF when vying for titles. Atara Raven? Did she even win a match in AW? Chris Chaos? He gets monthly title shots in WGWF and hasn’t won any of them. Flynn and Dolly hopped the fence a few times when the coast was clear, a plausible deniability in a loss, but they made sure to be back before dusk. Ms. Dyson looked over the fence, saw this, and decided to build that fence higher.”

“Then she went back to rearranging the cinder blocks on her trailer home, right?” Mari chimes in from out of frame.

I nod. “Affirmative.”

“She’s been here seven years with no undisputed title reign when others have won it in months. That’s tantamount to a six-year college student working on their associate degree. She’s aiming for the moon but can only reach cruising altitude.”

My miracle workers grab a pint of discarded Great Value knock-off of Ben and Jerry's ice cream, named Jen and Harry's. How apropos. I lift it for emphasis as I continue.

"Ms. Dyson ridicules others' vignettes and 'gimmicks' while claiming an air of originality and controversialism. Yet she only regurgitates controversial hot-button sociopolitical trash through wrestling. She's a copy-paste virtuoso. Black face controversy? She was suddenly ethnically black. Controversy over Democrats hijacking 2020 elections? Suddenly, she was a democrat. Trump resurgency controversy? She's suddenly a firebrand conservative again. She even copied Mr. Shark's plan of attack on Mr. Bryce-Everett."

I toss the empty carton into traffic like Ms. Dyson's parents should've done with her decades ago.

"Take those things away and she defaults to parlor tricks and lock stepping with a cult where she summons Crown Princes of Hell like it hasn't been done in scores of movies and is redundant across wrestling universes already. Perhaps next time she will summon a Crown Prince of Originality instead of defaulting to the cheapest bargain bin shenanigans from the prop wrestling Dollar Tree."

My eyes clock Ms. Vilaro recoiling from the stench, so I lid the can and address Dyson directly.

"Ms. Dyson, every Black Rainbow member predating me has won your title. The King was drawn and quartered by us in his coronation, and he chose wisely to be the absentee landlord he's been for the last year instead of avenging. I'm vying for your championship in my second match, whereas your second match was linked to bathroom breaks. But yes, continue short-changing us and wondering why Mr. Porter won't interview you... and he'll interview anybody. You're too vapid-brained to understand your birth was, quite frankly, the result of a calculated risk taken by perpetrators who're bad at math. Unfortunately, there is no cure for your condition, so I must suppress the symptoms... one limb at a time."



{OFF}

My eyes track the mantis shrimp as it makes its fortification inside the bulletproof aquarium tank here at Mariam's aquarium in Miami. I heard this creature has a unique feature underneath its bright neon colors, so I had to come and see.

"Excuse me," I wave a female aquarium guide over. "Is it true what I heard about this thing's punch?"

Her young, twenty-something face lights up as if nobody has asked it before. "**Absolutely, ma'am! This little pint-sized powerhouse has the most devastating blow in the entire animal kingdom!**"

"OH!?" I match her animated expression to curry more favor. "By all means, educate me."

"Its punch is capable of smashing through crab shells and aquarium glass. Its strike is the equivalent of a .22 caliber bullet! That's why we have it in bulletproof glass. Its dactyl clubs deliver wallops at speeds up to 50 miles per hour!"

I zone her out as she continues. My mind is already racing with ways to weaponize this creature. Not just for outside the ring use, but inside the XWF ring too. Hmm. Yes. Perhaps a surgical grade gauntlet or glove? Spring loaded or compression system that replicates the speed of the strike? I'd have a greater knock out punch than James Shark, and he's the undisputed GOAT of punches.

Hmm. Interesting. I thumb my chin. Perhaps I could exploit its cavitation properties? Develop a syringe like device that injects micro explosive gel into an adversary's pressure point?

Such an endeavor will require working alongside marine experts, and there's no guarantee of success. But that's okay: I have the Vessel and their ceaseless reach and influence to aid me.

"I'll buy it. All of them." I interject amid her excited spiel.

"Uh.." She replies, widest eyes ever. "I, um, don't know if we can sell them?"

"Then find out." I counter. She scurries away like a cat on a hot tin roof, and my focus returns to the brilliant creature still building its territory.



I stand ramrod straight in my surgical attire as Ms. Vilaro breathes her verbal perfections into the gold-plated microphone.

“Hola, everyone! Welcome to Part Two of my series featuring Dr. Holly Cambric. This edition will see her get down and dirty with ‘Anatomy Of An Asshole: starring Jame Shark’ and I, for one, cannot be directly involved due to the eww’ness of it. So, Dr. Cambric. Take it away!”

When she gives the signal from behind the glass partition, I nod in reverence and turn toward the operating table here inside the medical wing of the Vale. Extending the pointer stick, I gesture toward the bare buttocks of Frank Melleck, the homeless man I used in my Rebellion vignette, who, once again, is under the effects of Nocifex, making his body paralyzed but nervous system hyper-sensitive. He can’t move, but he can feel everything.

“This,” I begin, orbiting the stick against his bat cave. “Is the external anal sphincter, more commonly known as the butthole. This is where Mr. Shark stores his thoughts.” Bringing the stick up, I trace it along the deep groove that separates the buttocks. “And this is the Natal Cleft. Much like Mr. Shark’s character, a man divided, stuck between his boasts and pathetic actions. He had all the money, the sponsors, the gyms, his own MMA promotion, and like his Universal Title, his TV title, his Extreme title, he lost it all quicker than a hiccup. All of that, plus every regret and unfulfilled promise to his ex-wife, to his daughter, coalesces here in his deepest recess.”

Putting the stick down, I rummage a tray of my masterwork tools and produce an anal stretching apparatus. “And down here is the perianal region.” I whirl the device into action, prepping it but not yet using it. “This area is prone to irritation and is unsanitary, much like Mr. Shark’s temperament, festering in its toxicity. Summer Page found out the hard way when Mr. Shark caused her face to be ripped asunder by that maniac, Mr. Nickels. And what did Mr. Shark do to avenge her? He got molly-whooped by Mr. Nickels at Rebellion.”

I shake my head and my tongue clicks a tisk. “Mr. Shark couldn’t protect her, and he couldn’t avenge her. A real man wouldn’t let that slide, and if it did slide by, a real man would rectify it immediately, yet what did Mr. Shark do? No breaking news and rumor statements like he usually does. He didn’t invoke his automatic rematch clause and chose to accept this match instead. He failed her, which is a common trait with him and the women in his life. Just ask his ex wife and daughter.” The anal stretcher contraption is ready, so I lift it and prepare to engage. “Mr. Shark should change his last name to Fish-Flatulence at this point.”

In a scene that’ll eventually be edited before airing due to its graphic nature, I, in watered-down terms, use the apparatus to extend his orifice impossibly wide and allow my automaton to send a camera probe in.

“This is the rectum, the final holding chamber for all the junk that’s been processed. Mr. Shark entertains by exploiting females and junk trash talk that belongs on grade school playgrounds at recess. The wrestling fanbase, especially XWF, is easily pleased and inherently grabs at

low-hanging fruit, so I understand the appeal. Mr. Shark was so weak that he let powder in a tiny bag cost him his marriage, his daughter, his wealth, his assets, his career, and nearly his life. He can defeat any individual on the roster on any given night, regardless of how unassailable they seem, even in a match of their choosing, but he can also lose to any individual on any given night in equal measure.”

I shrug nonchalantly. “And the fans applaud, which is why their jeers will never reach me, because I see what they cheer for.”

The probe reaches the point I desire, and I press a button, causing mild steaming fluid to coat his insides. In seconds, a torrent of feces spills out in a gross pile on the floor.

“Oh my!” Marisol chimes in with a delectable smirk. “It looks like James Shark has made a surprise appearance!”

“I’ll parlay with him.” I say while kneeling beside the clump of ‘James-Shark-Fish-Flatulence’.

“Mr. Shark, do y-” My voice stops quickly and I shift my vocals to impersonate James Shark’s voice. “Ay, why is you up in my grill? Step off befo I give ya a fade, ya heard.”

“I’m not your ex-wife or those ladies you mistreat, so, no. I want to ask you about our Fatal Fourway and your concerns.”

“Concerns? You crunk? Why is your bowee gots to be concerned?”

“Because you have a woman weakness. You got so wrapped up in Summer’s skirt that Mr. Nickels exploited you. You were hyper-focused on Tatiana Jolee and lost your TV title to Mr. Nickels as a result. You’ve already spewed intentions on Aurora being your future baby’s mama. And now you’re in a Fatal Fourway with her and two other women.”

“Maaaaan why you treatin’ me like Hiroshima, babygirl? Droppin them truth nukes on your bowee like dat! You is just mad that I beat the brakes off yo leader!”

“No sir. You barely survived her. What happened was supposed to happen regardless. You played your part.”

“You can pop smoke with dat crazy talk, but I gotta keep it real witchu, when dat bell rings for dat X-treme title, I ain’t gonna know if I wanna fight ya’ll or bang y’all. You got some ‘cake’ back there now that I’m peepin’ you.”

I guffaw through my nose. This is silly. I stand, hands on hips.

“Mr. Shark, not only are you merely an asshole, you’re the entire utterly noxious system that produces the asshole. I have orders for Warfare that transcend you, but I yearn for an appointment when I can surgically excise your anatomy from XWF.”

{OFF}

I pace the living room of my home. This is a mistake. I know it. But I cannot defeat this urge. My unmentionables lust with neediness. My nipples are pointed like two tiny projectiles threatening to pierce the fabric of my nightie.

It’s been three weeks since I had the inexplicable six-minute intimate encounter with that nerdy tech wizard Steven Goldberg in my office. It still doesn’t feel like that was me. I’d never give a piece of my virtue to some dad joke spewer who probably plays Dungeons and Dragons all weekend, but I did give it to him, and he extracted from me *many* climaxes that made me convulse in the most pleasurable ways.

And I’m about to do it again. Is this really me, or is this the influence of The Shadow with the Yellow Eyes?

At least with this appointment, I’ve planned ahead. Steven and I have had awkward whispered conversations at Syntex since that weird erotic encounter. I asserted that we should never engage in such activity again. He masterfully countered with an offer of ‘friends with benefits’ while besieging me with a plethora of Starbucks beverages.

I relented but under one condition: I got to experiment. He was hesitant but agreed.

****KNOCK KNOCK, KNOCKITY KNOCK KNOCK****

Here he is. I rip open my door and yank him in, barely noticing the nice suit he’s wearing and the bag of goodies containing a champagne bottle, two high-end TV dinners, chocolates, and a DVD titled “Friends with Benefits” starring Justin Timberlake and Mila Kunis.

“Whooooa, hey! Can we eat fir-”

“No!” I growl and shepherd him to my room, where I tear his suit off before also undressing. I lay upon my bed and inject myself with Nocifex, temporarily paralyzing my motor system while leaving sensory nerves hyper stimulated. His eyes bulge, but it’s part of the deal, so he awkwardly obliges.

The next twenty-two minutes fill me with unique orgasms. Some are so powerful they’re almost painful. I had to try Nocifex for this. I’ve had to be in control all my life. Relinquishing control so

intimately is euphoric, I've now learned. He flops next to me after completion, and I regain full use of my body.

"That was weird but not as weird as the guy who installed a window in his butt... it was a pane in the ass!"

I ignore the dad joke and sit up. "You kissed me during this engagement. Don't ever kiss me again. You're to facilitate my womanhood only."

He stammers, apologizes, and gets jittery.

"You were exemplary. Now leave."

"So, uh, erm, when can I schedule another appointment?"



It's only me who resides amid the camera for the last edition of Everyone Loves Mari. This one is titled Anatomy of a Toilet: starring Aurora. Once more, I'm sporting my surgical attire and smack the pointer stick into my palm as I stand next to a St. Louis gas station commode.

"Ms. Gainsborough, I'll address you, not the audience." I wallop the toilet lid with the stick.

"You're most nearly a toilet. This lid is your hard-headedness. You've got a titanium skull, shaky

hands, and so much scar tissue you bleed copiously if you sneeze too hard. Every time you wrestle, you look like a driverless car in a crash derby. Win or lose, you amble out looking more battered than Ms. Dyson when she'd get run through by her high school football team. And for what? Depreciated metal affixed to cheap leather straps that've been worn by a hundred before you and will be worn by a hundred after you? You shave off years from your life every show, yet you come back for more."

As a woman of logic, it baffles me, prompting a head shake. "Heroism? I bet you grew up thinking Peter Pan was the good guy. He wasn't. He was a kidnapper. Captain Hook and his crew were the few who escaped and fought to end him; it's why Hook never harmed the children. You're too hard-headed to realize it, though."

I shake my head again and insert the stick between the lid and seat, pushing it up. There's unflushed excrement and urine aplenty. "This is the housing assembly where you store all the crap your friends, enemies, and family dump into you. Notice how you hold it in, let it fester. Jimmy Stars, Lucy Wylde, Larry Tact, I won't go on. You lamented being given, not crowned, the Television Championship, and it ate at you so much you **Tactfully Surrendered** to a man whose XWF career was on life support and the plug was about to be pulled. He miraculously recovered and became Star of the Month at your expense."

I extend an index finger skyward. "But." Moving the stick over, I push the lever, flushing the toilet. "Just when the mess appears to overflow, you flush it away. You lost the title, then came back and won the war. Now you're given a shot at a higher championship."

With quick efficiency, I slam the lid shut and place a boot upon it. Tossing the stick aside, I clasp my gloved hands. "That's why you're Black Rainbow's public enemy #1. There's already history there. You're like a flower that rises through the concrete sidewalk. You're like a progressive cancer. At Rebellion, our Messenger reddened you like a stomped ketchup packet. You still bested Mr. Tact. Our Advocate consecrated you, made you see things not meant for mortal eyes, yet you tried to stand, to fight."

For the first time in this vignette, I blink. "So, we're gonna treat your cancerous presence with poison. You detested not attaining the Television Championship the way you wanted, so on Warfare I'm gonna help you win the X-Treme Title from the embodied trash can. If you pin me, I won't kick out. If you pin someone else, I won't break it. I'll help you double-team the others whether you like it or not. When you win the title, the Black Rainbow will be tethered to your reign like an extra appendage. Everytime you look at that title, lift it, pose with it, you'll see me too. You'll detest it worse than the TV title. You'll have to share your reign with me; I'll be the Raven to your Dreamer."

I rummage my pockets while continuing, "We can all wrestle, some better than others. This match allows all an equal opportunity but I'm the only one with the intangible." I pull out two needles, one full of red, the other full of green. "One for Dyson. One for Shark. If you don't acquiesce, I'll have one for you. Trust me, Ms. Gainsborough. I'm a doctor."



END

