

LUNATIC
SAVAGE
CRIMINAL
DERANG
UNHINGE



PARASITE
SYNTHETIC
CABLE
FACING
MINISTER

Dollface

Sitting in yet another Denny's, Sarah and the girl sat quietly, and for the most part, angrily. The route to getting the girl home has been wrought with interruption and distraction for Sarah Wolf. Lies from the child sent her to a trailer park in the middle of Maine, rather than her actual home, which was actually in Oregon, as Sarah had finally gotten her to admit. Lies from her brother had sent her on a goose chase, for which she still was unsure of the reason.

Pondering this, Sarah impatiently watched as the young girl took her time looking at the menu. They had stopped at 3 of these in the last few days and each subsequent time the

girl had taken more and more time to order. The infuriating thing about it though; She had ordered the same thing each and every time. Seated, the girl thumbed over the menu like she had every time, and looked up to find Sarah glaring at her furiously, Again.

“ Why wrestling? ”

“ Why not speak in complete sentences? ”

“ Like, you said you were a vet, a this, a that. Why wrestling? You’re pretty enough, you could be a model? ”

Sarah thought hard about the answer, and it was ‘incrementally.’ Sarah started out wanting to be a doctor. Wanting to heal people. Help end suffering. And then began the process and could see that if helping people was the priority, then a nurse would be the better choice. The problem with being a nurse is that the people you’re trying to help are in fact, **people**. And as anyone will tell you people, are in fact the worst.

Sarah turned her attention to veterinary school. The idea of helping animals brought her more joy than helping people ever did. She loved animals. But the veterinary business, yes business, is not built on the idea of helping animals. Maybe there wre some like Sarah who set out to do so in the beginning, but as far as Sarah could tell every vet was simply a person who could not be charged with human life, who also wanted to get paid to wear scrubs.

Listless and bored, Sarah spent a lot of time around the eldest brother of the family, Calvin. Still fighting back in those days, Kal had recently made a discovery. That the mother who had left them behind and had also left behind another. Sarah knew Kal had his reasons for reaching out to this person, and not one of them was good. Sarah made a decision that when she met this man, this brother from the same mother, she would treat him as kindly as she could to make up for it. And then Sarah met him and fell in love.

He was quiet but powerful. Strong but restrained. He was an angel. Someone who could tear someone to pieces but unless provoked wouldn’t hurt a fly. He was the Little Prince of Darkness. And Sarah cared for him very much.

So Much in fact that while listening to the older brother give him advice, Sarah became disgusted by the way his mind thought, and sought out to alter any advice. And they grew closer because of it. Having a knack for this, Sarah quickly went from having one client, to several. Sarah had even thought of opening a management services company. But thankfully a big strong man came along. As far as help went, it was appreciated. Then.

Not so much anymore.

And then it all went sideways. To shit. To Pot. However you refer to the world breaking sort of incidents that befall people, usually when they least expect it. And Sarah didn't have just one. No. Just one would have been fine and dandy. Sarah had four. Four in a fucking row.

Sarah may have to explain all of them one day, but that day was not going to be today. It was sure as fuck not going to be a child in a mother fucking denny's.

“ ..you have a hobby? Scrap booking? Pressed flowers? Sucking dicks of the kids a year below almost to completion? ”

“ ..gross. ”

“ Fine. whatever. What if you did have a hobby and weren't a fucking flesh bag of nothingness. What if when you had a hobby you were so good at, people wanted to pay you to do it? Could you imagine taking something you love, and turning it into a paying job? I did. Except my hobby isn't drawing, or painting. It's hurting people. It's administering pain better than 99 percent of the people. That's why I chose wrestling. Hell, that's why we all did. ”

“ All of you? Like all wrestlers? ”

“ No. I meant my family. We’re all sadists of some form or another. Varying degrees. Big difference is; I’m honest about it.. ”

“ I won’t lie to you, Bear. I don’t respect you. I don’t respect who you are as a person, nor as a competitor. The path I follow in this business is not about being entertaining. It’s about being fucking frightening. Not so much worrying about the smiles of those watching as you are about the misery of those competing. You; You’re a joke. An amusing character meant to distract and detract from those of us in this business in earnest. And I’m going to be very honest with you, bear. ”

“ I love that for you. ”

“ This world is a mess and I think we’d all agree it can be attributed to people not knowing their place. A rich child molester steps out of line to become president, and suddenly the world shifts towards american nightmares rather than dreams. A wild haired moron somehow becomes PM of England and sexual predators bring down an entire party, hopefully. In both of those cases, I am sure the individuals who stepped out of their lane were punished, yes. But so were their cohorts. Their friends. Families. And there’s a lesson there, isn’t there? The ones who make the mistake aren’t always the only ones who pay for it. And if my point has not yet penetrated that skanky costume, let me make it clear; I mean Penguin, and I mean you. ”

“ He made the mistake of crossing me, Bear. A mistake I hope he will not make again. Not because he doesn’t want to, but because... ” *Sarah smiles, revealing the jagged and broken teeth jutting from her swollen and bloody gums.* “ Because he can’t physically **do** anything. I know, it’s terrible to wish that sort of thing on someone. Except I spent a good amount of time actually trying to make it happen..so it’s not really wishing. I just want to do a good job. Even if the job I do is the worst possible thing anyone has ever done to a particular person. Well. Especially. ”

“ Back to my point. As people when we make mistakes that affect others, we owe them an apology. We have done something ill advised and now it has caused someone we care about to suffer the consequences. Part of that is promising it won’t happen again. Bad news, bear. You can’t promise that. Not with me. You see, once you’ve made it **onto** my radar, there is no escape from it. I don’t forgive, I do not forget, and I won’t be kind to you or your hairless companion until there is no breath left in my fucking lungs. ”

“ Or black shit in my mouth. ”

“ So when I say ‘there are those I’d like to scower with acid and roast on a spit just to see what their flesh smells like,’ I mean you, and I mean him. When I say I want to make an example out of someone to make damn fucking certain that the name ‘Sarah Wolf’ is taken as seriously as one of those piss fish from the amazon, I mean him, and I mean you. And when I say that I mean you, and I mean him. I mean business. ”

“ And that business is booming. ”

Sarah shut the door to the 2012 Hyunda Accent, and buckled her seatbelt. The kid, sitting in the seat next to her did the same, and their eyes met. Sarah picked a chunk of tomato out of her jagged teeth, and sucked it off her finger before starting the car. She could feel the eyes of the child on her, and took a deep breath, sensing the question coming.

“ Why don’t you get your teeth fixed? ”

“ There is **nothing** wrong with my teeth. ”

“ They dagity as fuck. ”

“ **no one knows what that means!** ”

“ I think I know why. You’re afraid of dentists. ”

No, silly child, Sarah thought. Dentists use novocaine and numbing gels to relieve you of the pain. Dentists have laughing gas and tvs to watch to distract you from the ongoings. Dentists do not scare her. But the chairs. The chairs are a reminder of where she was and how she became who she is. And no amount of tooth pain was worth reliving that.

Not the one in the front that the gums had begun making an attempt to overtake, but had learned that the sides were far more sharp than the remaining point that it had ended at. Not the molar that now exists solely in the gums, creating a small crevice where the shell of the root exists and little else. Food would get stuck in there constantly, and when it came out it always brought the taste of rot along with it.

A taste you’d think would gross someone out, but after a while become somewhat comforting.

“ Can you do your best impression of some detached from reality kid? I swear to god if we don’t reach your house soon, I’m going to fucking **LOSE IT.** ”

“ oh shit, this is the calm version of you? ”

“ Don’t tug on superman’s cape, don’t piss into the wind, and don’t ask me another fucking question. Shut up, and go to sleep. Fucking bonding ass bullshit. ”

The young girl settled against the car door and closed her eyes. The window was cold from the vent blowing directly on it rather than her, and with the warmth of the oversized sweater Sarah had bought her at a truckstop, she fell fast asleep.

Sarah looked over at her, at the peacefulness on her face, and thought about all that they’d gone through. The trek all the way to Maine where her meth head boyfriend had intended to pass her around like whatever the fuck a ‘dolchey’ is or whatever that song talks about. The cops, the assault, the battery. Sarah smiled, and reached over toward the girl, and mushed her head against the window as hard as she could considering the angle.

The girl woke up confused, clutching the side of her head. Sarah looked at her with shock, and shrugged.

“ Sorry, hit a bump. ”

The girl rubbed her head and went back to sleep, leaving Sarah slightly more pleased this time than the last.

“ Bear, allow me to be friendly for a moment and offer you a piece of advice. When dealing with someone like me, someone who enjoys hurting others. Who wakes up excited at the chance to cause someone misery, there are two courses of action. One, is to believe in your heart that you can not only survive what I do, but that you can do your best it. But that takes a certain level of strength. If not of mind, then of body. I don't think I'm the greatest fighter in the history of the world. I'm not James Raven. ”

“ (he's not the best, he just thinks he is.) ”

“ No. I've admitted before that I'd rather be the worst than ever be the best. I simply mean that what I do, regardless of how successful it is in the long run, I do very well. So in order to stand up to that and take it you've either got to be one of the strongest people the world has ever seen. OR. You've got to be really fucking good at denial. ”

“ And that, dear bear, seems to be your sweet spot. ”

“ Otherwise why would you, a grown ass fucking man in a bear suit, be in the business of fighting others for a living? In what world, universe, this one or one of those ones they just snapped a pic of, could a man in a filthy bear suit be anything but a spot filler? A point made for merchandise alone? Don't misunderstand me, you work really well in that way. In fact I could have made you filthy rich just through that alone. ”

“ Picture it. We make a stuffed animal of you. Once a month a new scent is delivered to apply to the bear. The toy would smell like you in real time! It would make thousands! Or better yet, a wrestling buddy bear. We could use the teddy ruxpin tech to have the bear in people's homes react live with what you were doing on screen! But instead of getting you those kinds of deals that could be lucrative as a mother fucker, I'm sitting here wondering if when I make you bleed from every fucking hole in your head, is anyone going to even notice? ”

“ And to that, I have the answer 'no.' And I can't have that. The people need to see what it is I do. They can't be left guessing. Or wondering. I have to show them that who I am is

constant. Consistent. I need them, all of them, to know that there is no way to escape the things I do and no one who can stop me from accomplishing them. So...I guess I'll have to rip your head off. ”

“ You better hope I stop at one. ”

Sarah wasn't paying attention to anything but the road ahead of her, and the cars that appeared and vanished behind her as she passed them, but when the radio station ended with a static interruption, and came back as a different station, she was pulled out of the trance night driving has a way of putting you into, and suddenly.

The song was jarring to hear and she almost instinctively went to turn it off. But she paused. It was so long ago it was almost as if it had happened to another person altogether. The place was called Ginny's and it was a hole in the wall bar that the younger wrestlers of WFNW would go to. She would tag along with her older brother to the show and then go back to the bar with the younger people to hang out. Some of them had girlfriends that she would hang with. Some of them were women themselves. But most were young men. Young men who had thirsts beyond beer and whiskey. And she always made sure to appear quenching.

The fear of her older brother kept them all at bay and respectful toward her. Which made what she did to them even more enjoyable.

This song reminded her of a particular night in which a particular man approached her. Of all the people there, he had the most to lose from even looking at her, let alone asking her to dance. He wasn't just a competitor. Her brother was his mentor. And this sort of behavior could not just rearrange his face, but his future as well. Sarah would admit to him one day just how impressive that was. To want her more than the life he'd been promised. He'd admit in his cute little accent that he hadn't even considered that before approaching. He thought that was a bad thing. She knew otherwise.

To be so tempting to someone with so much to lose, and then not even consider the consequences, touched her. It had touched her so much in fact, that she had not wanted him to as well. As the song began, she smirked. She hadn't played it. No one else had either. It was simply the jukeboxes pick, and if she could have thanked it, she would have.

There in the dingy basement bar that was Ginny's, Sarah Wolf and Murphy Doyle Maher shared a dance. It would be one of 11 they'd have. With this being the first, and their last being their last.

“ I find myself conflicted, Bear. I know what I want to do. What I want to do is what I have to do. What I like to do. What I did to Penguin. But deep down inside me, there’s this murmur. This whisper. Telling me to take it easy on you. To not go all in on someone like you, as that’s not what you’re here for. But then it’s followed by another voice. Way louder. It says that you’re not afraid of me. That you’re not concerned about the damage I do or the intent I have. And that, That bothers me, Bear. I don’t like being of two minds on things. Unless of course we mean, like one part of me wants to hurt you slow and the other fast.. ”

“ But that’s usually solved through the compromise of just hurting you a lot. ”

“ There are other ways I’m conflicted, though. All other ways really. I’m not...I’m not well. I’ve gone through a lot and I’m still **there**. I want to pretend to be fine. I want to put on a smile and say I’ve gotten better. But I’m getting worse, Bear. I’m getting further from who I was and moving closer to what I don’t want to be. What I’m afraid to become. ”

“ And that’s someone who’s associated with you.”

“ Did you think I’d open up to you? That I’d spill my guts? Bear, if anything is being opened and any guts are spilled, it won’t be me or mine. Touchy bullshit makes me wanna scream. dO yOu wAnT a hUg?”

“ No mother fucker I want a **rug!!**”

“ And if I had a fireplace your smelly ass costume would be splayed out in front of it. “

“ With you still in it.”

Sarah took her hand off the stereo and placed it back on the wheel. A deep breath and a sigh out was the entirety of the emotions she allowed herself to feel. She looked over at the sleeping child and she realized what made her so envious toward her. She knew the kind of peace that Sarah had only ever known in his presence. The kind of comfort that only comes from the love of a great person. The kind of love that was torn away from her because some asshole couldn’t mind his fucing business.

Her foot nailed the break and the child went forward, smacking her head on the dashboard with a thump. Sarah quickly got back up to speed, shrugging and muttering something about an animal in the road. The grl just glared at her, checked the passenger side mirror for any sign of an animal, and went back to sleep.

Lowly, Bruce Springsteen sang about a dull knife carving a six inch valley into the middle of his head, and Sarah laughed. She laughed until her sides hurt, until her oxygen was practically spent. Tears rolled down her cheeks and slipped into the corner of her mouth.

And not one of them was out of joy.

“ The routes we take in life, the way in which we travel from one thing to another may not shape us as we like. I never thought I'd be here. Fighting the pg-13 version of five nights at Freddy. I never thought I'd be an upper mid-carder with zero prospects of a championship. I never thought I'd only be fighting for the sake of the fight. But the route I took not only put me here, but actually put me in a place where I'm glad to be there. ”

“ Your route has taken you to me. I can think of worse things. But I care-bear-swear, after I'm done, you sure as fuck won't.”