

If you knew you were going to die in the matter of months, what would you do with the time you had left? Would you stick to your normal routines? Make peace, surround yourself with family and friends and try and treasure those moments for what few were left? Maybe you'd find Christ. Have some level of inner peace as you spend your final moments on earth hopeful for what you imagine to be waiting for us after the inevitable.

Perhaps it's a bit more bleak. Would you spend it in self loathing and regret for opportunities or just the time wasted? Would you find yourself trapped in your mind all alone, withering away long dead to the world?

My personal answer has always come pretty easy. I'd travel, I'd find an island made of cocaine and hookers. Preferably one none Epstein associated. I'd die going the full meme route, snorting and fucking until my heart collapsed, dying well before the actual estimate on the termination of said terminal disease. Vomiting powdered happiness while having the remaining life source sucked straight out of my cock all while hoping every terrible hedonistic detail gets leaked to any wrestling press that may actually care to know and report it.

Legacy and memories left to be carried by fans after being damned. I've said it in the past in jest and meant every word of it.

That's a bit of a loaded question to ask of most people however, as likely the reality is most people wouldn't know the real answer until actually finding themselves in that predicament. I guess it would be kind of a blessing and a curse. You have the means of being able to say your

goodbyes and finding closure. It's a sad end that is dragged out to a small degree but I suppose it can be a blessing for some versus the random car accident that takes out otherwise perfectly healthy people that had thirty years left in the tank.

What about a more simple question. What if you knew and had one wish that could be granted by a charity, what would you wish for?

Know what I wouldn't wish for?

Me.

"Hey everyone, is Dona here?" I ask cheerfully with the biggest shit eating grin I can muster, holding a bouquet of flowers in one hand while straddling the end of an electric guitar in the other.

A small round of claps is heard as the mother of said child stares up in shock mixed with an immediate joy. I can't even begin to process this reaction internally as to where that would be coming from.

"Oh, look who is here! It's your favorite wrestler!"

Her name is Dona, she is eight and she may have as little as a couple weeks to call earth her home. The rare brain abnormality I couldn't remember or say brought this day about. I just know she wouldn't be moving around and we couldn't go anywhere, which meant she wouldn't be getting invited to Breakdown.

I am conflicted in that I always assumed Selena Frost had cornered the market on eight year old female fans and there were way cooler actual celebrities to summon. Her favorite musician was Britney Spears, she should have summoned her. I was but an imposter.

The little girl almost immediately teared up as Sophie stepped up beside me, her shoulder softly brushing the side of my arm. Beside Dona's mother was who I assumed was her father

followed by two slightly younger assumed family members. Behind Sophie and I was a representative with the Make-a-wish Foundation who upon agreeing with an idea I offered was carrying the amplifier and cable for my guitar.

Stepping up toward the side of the bed I held out the roses gingerly as a gesture. Around the bed were pictures, stuffed animals and toys that were likely never actually played with. A framed picture of the family dog stood center on the small table beside the bed. I apparently thought it best to bring flowers and a guitar like this is a date. Why not just bring a bottle of wine too you fucking weirdo? Maybe some lube and fruit flavored condoms?

“Got lost along the way, hope you like them,” I say cheerfully while encouraging my inner doubt and self loathing to kill itself. Placing the flowers down beside the frame, I made sure they weren’t blocking the furry mutt.

“Thank you! Oh my God, this, th- th- this is awesome! Thank y-you so much!”

Is it? I am happy she is somehow getting something out of my mere existence.

“Of course! I was told you were such a fan I couldn’t help myself but stop by and say hello. I hope you have your schedule for today clear, figured we could have some fun!”

“O-okay.”

She stares up happily. I’d like to think she’d be nodding were she capable. I find myself wondering if it was Cassidy drawing dicks on my face on live television or when I bashed the mother of my daughter on that same weekly broadcast that could have possibly led to this interesting demographic pick up. Maybe some of those drug fueled or drunken benders on air.

I had signed up with the organization years ago, figuring it’d be a good thing while secretly assuming there was no way I’d be someone anyone would spend a dying wish on. I hope all the parents kept their receipts over the years.

You don't actually get paid for these events or at least, I sure don't. I remember getting slightly teary eyed the first time I visited a child who was riddled with cancer. I gave them the Television Championship and they got to go to the show that week. It was nice and hurt. You'd think it'd make me more grateful but you'd be wrong.

In trying to keep light conversation going I asked her simple questions, patiently waiting in the chair beside the bed, holding the guitar in both hands. My main concern was just, don't be dumb. Don't mention walking, running, anything physical, games or frankly anything pertaining to activities she was never going to be a participant of. I mentioned cats since Sophie had some which led to a four minute conversation about her dog and how it would lick her face.

No, don't talk about the family dog only licking my face as a child after it ate cat shit.

Don't do that.

She notices the guitar and asks about it. So I lifted it up so she could get a full view of it.

"This? Well, I heard you have a favorite musician and when I heard who it was, it made my day. Obviously with your fine taste, I couldn't have agreed more. I figured we- I, could sing a song."

"Y-you like Billie Eilish too?"

I try not to grit my teeth as I turn back toward the company man who had picked up on the verbal quo to start plugging everything in.

"Uh- I- I **LOVE** Billie Eilish! Truly." Who the fuck is Billie Eilish? Unfortunately, this girl was not going to hear a song from her actual favorite musician then. Because I had no time now to actually practice something different.

Testing the guitar, I blow off this disappointing revelation and continue the sale.

"You'll absolutely love this classic from her. I sure do."

Putting my hands in place with the guitar strap going over my shoulder I start the opening rifts to a guitar cover of ‘Gimmie more’, excluding the opening line of *‘It’s Britney, Bitch’* for even more reasons now. I glance over to the parents and spot the mother seemingly recording our exchange with her phone.

Whatever.

I had already practiced the lines and changed some to be slightly less provocative. I mean I actually was a fan but mainly from the memories sprung on me from Cassidy being her biggest fan. Looking back at Dona while I played she at least seemed happy with the live performance. That’s all that really mattered anyways, right? I could have probably picked a song that wasn’t four minutes long but to anyone not thrilled with the noise pollution could suck it. I had managed to get into it enough to where my head was rocking and I had one foot bopping the floor.

As I got to the end of the song I smiled and set the guitar aside and even got a few cheers.

“Was that any good?” I ask, trying to put a little cockiness in there for good measure.

It takes her a moment to I guess absorb the question.

“Yeah. Um. I’ve never heard that song before.”

“No?”

“It was good. But I don’t think that was Billie Eilish.”

I try to look surprised.

“Are you sure?”

“Yeah.”

At least she was in good spirits. Because that sure as hell wasn’t.

“Hey now, what else are you into?”

This felt like a good time to break away from the flounder that was my information gatherer. I had it all planned out. Now I was concerned the entire day was going to be filled with disappointment.

“Uhhh...” Her eyes turned away briefly as she went about formulating an appropriate response.

“I heard, you love to read.”

“Yeah!”

Turning my head toward Sophie I glance up to see if she has the book on her. She looks like a fish out of water which was understandable. Her position in this scene was as a stage prop and not the fun sexy kind. Her eyes meet mine and she sells it well enough while going over to the bag she brought in to pull out the books that had been suggested. Glancing between them my eyes fall onto the easy one for me to register as a likely good candidate.

I could only hope they were actually her favorites now. The title alone made me sad. She has never been able to properly take a step in her life. It was *The Foot Book* by Dr. Seuss. Kind of a poorly narrated book with no real story but, if that’s her favorite so be it.

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Having read the three books while trying to provide a performance proved to be semi fun and they at least got the right reactions. Afterward we took pictures and had ice cream for lunch. This managed to blow through another hour of hard work not in some way screwing up on the objectives. It was just as her mother kept checking her watch that it began to dawn on me my time was just about up. As it came time to wrap it all up I settled down beside the bed.

“I thank you Dona, I had a lot of fun today. Unfortunately I have to go train. Usually entails finding random people on the street and giving them the ol’ knee to the face. Gotta keep practicing, you know.”

“Wow, really?”

“Heck yeah!”

She giggles at the thought of me committing random assault on innocent citizens. She looks up past me briefly before just dropping it.

“Do you believe in heaven?” Well that killed the room for a brief second. Sucked it right out.

No, sweet child. I don’t believe in anything beyond what my eyes can see. I was always intrigued by the argument some would have on free will and destiny. Such wonderful speculative fantasy. I was on the side of not being able to accept the idea that I wasn’t the driver, fully behind whatever would come of me.

I couldn’t ever fully process the desire to believe that our destinies weren’t by our own design. Hubris is hard at work.

The alternative would be telling someone like this who never really got much of an opportunity to live that their fate was determined and sealed at birth for no other reason than being born entirely unlucky and they were doomed from the start. But I am an asshole, not a monster.

I didn’t even fully believe in free will anymore but the last thing I’d ever do is be honest.

“I believe I’ll see you there. We’ll play board games and frisbee or something. Does that sound good?”

“Yeah.”

“Good. I hope you’ll continue being a fan and when it’s my time to join you? You better save a seat at the table for me. Going to be awfully hungry most likely.”

“I will.”

Reaching over I gently pat her head. I wasn’t sure what I was supposed to be doing but these things never really came with manuals, just a few suggestions. I am sure I could do better than petting her like the family fucking dog but she couldn’t exactly move for a hug, so that would consist of lifting her up from the bed and cradling her as she was held up lifelessly.

Reality was unfair but it goes on whether you like it or not. Best you could hope for is leaving some degree of an impression and enjoying brief moments of respite.

Give me a smile

-Shoot-

The time is upon us to wish for a little thing called luck. For who, oh who will find themselves blessed by the SCW RNG Gods to find themselves out of the blue competing for the glorious titles that could define their legacies and careers?

Who will find themselves trapped within the confines of a cage or dangling over the ledge of a ladder? Who will get smashed and who will be splattered?

These are the real questions. The joys in potential madness. One can hope for such. Because with everything being random I suppose we can get a showcase of boring same old, same old too, huh?

Everything is up to chance. So by all means tell us, what are you all praying to the lottery for? Do you seek revenge, glory or a challenge perhaps? By all means, let's all indulge the world with our natural impulse to overshare in our obsessions.

I am pretty sure most people can guess what I want. I want to have fun! Anything less is a disappointment, isn't it? A natural tragedy, a wasted opportunity for something you'd likely never see otherwise on any given Breakdown.

I am kind of trapped in this awkward position where I am likely not going to be given many great opportunities naturally while every wishful doe eyed rookie with a dream hopes they can add my name to their notch of victories.

Quite possibly the most boring stage of my career as there is little to prove or to be gained. I sometimes regret returning and yet I suppose there is little else I'd rather be doing. I am a nostalgia act now chasing my own nostalgic highs.

What do you do when everyone you look at now appears to be a carbine copy of someone you once knew and fought almost twenty years ago? Some seem potential ridden and yet, I am but a stranger, an apparition to them haunting that ring.

I don't know, pointless riddles.

*Suppose it doesn't really matter. I've never been one for religion but just imagine as I now make my appeal to the great RNG God, the wheel of fate. To the app online that will likely be pulling on the strings of destiny, booking the next two shows, imagine I am now on my knees **BEGGING** for something interesting.*

Oh praise thee, mighty Fatal Fortunes!

I know I've been naughty. I've been an absentee child. I've lived life recklessly and unconcerned with the wellbeings of quite frankly, anyone. Including selfish old me. I know I don't deserve anything. I am not going to give you a sob story or a speech on my greater ambitions to prove I am stronger or better or whatever adjective would sell my case as being the greatest of all time!

Oh praise thee, mighty Fatal Fortunes.

I don't think any of that actually matters for you are fair, where we are all equally but a name to be pulled out of a hat and matched with a new possibility. I am pleading for you to at least make life interesting. There has to be more to life than the Billy William Jr.s and Scott Reeds of the

world in single no stipulation, meaningless contests that serve no other purpose than getting a paycheck. Money is good but damn it Fatal Fortunes, I need something to fulfill me spiritually. I know praying to you is, well, pointless seeing as this is entirely luck based but you know what? I am willing to hope. I am at that level of desperation.

So I plead with you, almighty.

Give in to your darkest urges and desires. Give me a reason to give a shit.

That's not too much to ask, is it?

Give us something to remember so I can be bothered to do the same.