

Colour Legend: Megz Meeks Ronnie Vee Cara Makenzie Scott Nash Strader

Masonville Mall  
London, Ontario Canada  
April 30th, 2024

*Cara Strader is often the Strader most written off because of her love of marijuana (marajawatchy as she will call it), her sex positive attitude, and the way she talks. Now she can add on her "support dog" Jimothy, who is obviously a Koala Bear. Jimothy sits in one of those baby backpacks that sit against her chest. Cara reaches into her pocket and pulls out a baggie of eucalyptus leaves, and takes some out and gives it to Jimothy. He chews lazily on them as she walks with her sister Victoria, commonly known as Vee.*

"How did you even get documents to say Jimothy is a French Poodle?"

"High friends in low places that know low people in high places, bruh. A few bucks here, a few ass shakes there, and boom! Jimothy, the support dog, a French Poodle! Who my lil'homeskillet?"

*Jimothy lifts his paw as he chews on his leaves.*

"How do you explain the eucalyptus leaves?"

"Vegan puppy treats, obvs."

*Victoria laughs and pats Jimothy on his head.*

"He is adorable. His eyes make him look dead inside, though."

"Ron-Ron said the same shizzle. He just has seen some things. Don't judge him, bruh."

"No judgment, Care. Glad you two have found one another. It's really a match made in heaven. The highest mammal and highest marsupial coming together in stoner harmony. It's perfect."

"Don'tcha listen to crazy Auntie Vee, lil'bruh. I mean, tis true, but that's okay."

"How are things going with our sister?"

*Vee is half surprised that Cara smiles at the question. Vee always saw the goodness and love in Veronica, but she had a very hard outer shell.*

"Pretty good, actually. I stop by every mornin', bug Outhouse, play with our lil'Punk and then me and Ron-Ron bond, meng."

"In the morning? Wow! Veronica is not a morning person."

"Ya know, she ain't that bad, yo. She's always got an iced vanilla latte for me, bacon and coffee for Outhouse. He likes coffee like Auntie Teebag liked her men."

"What, strong and black?"

"Yeah, right now she's gettin' rizzed up by some double-double cream and suga, bruh."

"You are such an orator."

"None of my boyfriends have complained."

*Victoria considers correcting her, but decides against it. They walk into GameStop on the second level.*

"How did Veronica take the loss on Sunday? I haven't spoken to her yet."

"Annoyed but we gotz distracted. But as Ron-Ron said to me in the back, we didn't get pinned, but that doesn't change the 'L'."

"You two just started tagging together. Adversity is a good thing for you both."

*Cara picks up an OCW Action Figure of Veronica with the TransAtlantic Championship and puts it under her arm to buy.*

"Dats what Auntie Teebag said. Learnin; to win and lose together creates a stronger bond."

"Remember when we first started watching mom and auntie as the Cowgirls? They had a rough start, but when they clicked?"

"True, they clicked when they won the title shot to go to PWA's first Revolutions Per Minute, bruh."

"Six tag title reigns over twelve years says it all. If grandpa hadn't been grandpa, they would have doubled that."

*Victoria grabs Diablo IV for Series X, and the two make their way to the counter to pay. From a distance, Cara's admirer watches.*

"I wonder how Ron-Ron is doing with Mack Daddy?"

"I'm sure Makenzie is getting stretched like she's never been stretched before."



Strader Training Facility  
Strader-Estate Houston, Texas  
May 1st 2024

"Holy shit, I tap! I tap!"

*Veronica cinches in the Texas Cloverleaf even tighter, sweat rolling down her forehead as her cousin slaps the mat furiously.*

"Not everyone is gonna have mercy and let go after you tap."

"ARGHHHH!"

"That's it, come on, fight it! FIGHT IT!"

*The soon to be 18-year-old daughter of biker National President John Strader of the Brothers of Mayhem, and one of too many Straders to count, pushes herself up on her palms and starts towards the rope of the squared-circle.*

*“Come on! That’s it! PUSH!”*

*Makenzie grabs the bottom rope, but Veronica doesn’t let go.*

*“Ugh, I have the rope!”*

*“That’s great, but it’s an extreme match. No Holds Barred. Whatever. What are you gonna do now? Ya know, besides... scream?!”*

*Veronica cranks back, putting all of her weight on Makenzie. She screams, but it’s not one of pain and that makes Veronica smile. Makenzie pulls herself up the ropes. She reaches for the top and twists to the right as hard as she can, making Veronica break the hold. Veronica stands up, clapping.*

*“That’s what I am talking about, Mack. You need to dig deep down inside to find that inner strength to pull you through.”*

*“So, is everyone as crazy as you are?”*

*Veronica smirks.*

*“I’m tame compared to some wrestlers out there.”*

*“Dad warned me.”*

*Veronica laughs and steps out of the ring, retrieving a couple of bottles of grape Powerade. Electrolytes.*

*“Here.” Veronica hands her one, cracking her own open, and takes a drink. “We’ll finish today with cardio in ten minutes. Let your body take in the electrolytes and we’ll jog the estate perimeter.”*

*Wasn’t a light job either as the estate was close to 300 Acres with two ranches and a mansion with a complete wrestling training facility building. The Strader family wasn’t well off because of wrestling. Old man William Strader struck oil in the late 80s, then opened a wrestling territory. His oldest son, Scott Nash Strader, used his biker earnings (wink wink) to start Strader Incorporated. S.I. had their hands in green renewable energy, music, fashion, science, medical and most recently under the guidance of CEO/COO Tamika Strader, they have a media division. Straders love three things: family, motorcycles and wrestling. They don’t get in the ring for money; they do it for love of the industry.*

“Sounds good, Ronnie! Even though that really hurt, I am thankful you are training me. Dad told me the moving company will be here tomorrow with our stuff. Are you sure your husband is ok with me moving in?”

“Oh yeah. Christian is a great man. The help with Chrissy will be an immense help, and he’s never had a family like ours. He’s fully embraced it and I am sure he’ll have a pair of Dunlop rubber boots for you to help on the Ranch. When the time comes when you make your debut, you’ll not only have ring strength but farm strength. You will be a beast.”

“I am ready.”

*Veronica sneers.*

We’ll see. Alright, let’s go.”

*As the two of them head out of the training facility, Meghan and Tamika are standing on the roof of The WhiteHouse and see the cousins start their cardio session. Meghan takes a drag of her Marlboro Red and Tamika casually waves the blue secondhand smoke away from her face.*

“I am so proud of Ronnie, Meeks.”

“She has come a long way from wanting nothing to do with us.”

“She isn’t manipulated by the Affliction anymore. Hopefully Valerie stays in the other dimension.”

“I still don’t understand all of that, ya know?”

*Meghan laughs.*

“I was there and I still don’t understand it. Miracle Galaxy Pro really helped Ronnie grow, though. By learning she can rely on others, she saw our vision and is making it her own with Cara.”

“I give a lot of credit to Jack Sullivan. She’s Veronica’s best friend now.”

“We’ll have to have Jack over for the little one’s birthday party on Sunday.”

“But I thought you weren’t ready to reveal yourself being alive yet?”

“The people coming are people my daughter trusts, so I will trust them too.”

“If you are sure...”

*Meghan nods and puts her arm around Tamika and leans the side of her head against hers.*

*"Thank you for saving my life, Meeks. I love you, sis."*

*"You are my best friend and my big sister. I'd do anything and everything for you. I love you too."*

**The Scorpion's Tail**  
**Outside Houston, Texas**  
**May 1st 2024**

## **~ START TRANSMISSION ~**

 *Nancy Sinatra - These Boots Are Made For Walkin' (Official ...*

*"Baba Jaga" Veronica The Scorpion Strader sits in a booth, glass of scotch in her right hand and a hint of the family sneer on her face. Whitesnake's "Still of the Night" plays in the biker bar and Veronica fits right in. Her hair pushed back, showing off the glasz eyes she inherited from her father, Matthew "The Raven" Knox, look steel grey today. She has on her new SCW merch in her purple t-shirt with the Scorpion on the front, and the black leather kutte with the Baba Jaga flash over her heart and CFH patch on the back paired with purple jeans and her snakeskin cowgirl boots crossed over each other sticking out from under the booth.*

*"Welcome to a Strader's home away from home, The Scorpion's Tail. When I was deciding where to do this promo from, I figured it should be the place where Cara and I came together to be the new era Cowgirls From Hell. Why? Because this is where my upcoming match stems from."*

*Veronica takes a mouthful of her scotch on two rocks, the way her grandfather liked it.*

*"Honestly, Glory, you and I have a bit in common. One, we come from a wrestling family, the difference being you're second generation, and I am fourth. Well, third on my father's side and fourth on my mother's. We have wrestling blood flowing through our veins. We are both trained in submission and technical wrestling. My grandfather, Scott Nash Strader, was a big man at nearly 7 '0 and almost 300 pounds but he was that style of wrestler and he was one of my early teachers, but I lean towards brawling and striking, which doesn't present well for you when we step in the ring."*

*"We also share that want of being our own. The family is great, and we are proud to carry the name of them, but what we really want on top of all of that is to be remembered for our own accomplishments. That's where things go the other way."*

“To most wrestlers, your list of accomplishments is intimidating, no question. Seventeen world titles, ten world tag titles, and multiple secondary and tertiary championships. Over the course of a sixteen year career. Your accomplishments trump mine.”

*The sneer burns brighter as she motions with two fingers for another drink.*

“But the difference is, I made my in ring debut December 5th, 2021, at OCWs Death March where I won the TransAtlantic Championship. A title held by in ring legends like Vhodka Black and Interstellar Betsy Granger. I held that championship for 176 days, making the title mean more than the company's World Championship, and it put me in the Hall of Fame. From there I went to CU:LT, where I dethroned the company's longest reigning champion, Chester Roosevelt, for the SNUFF Championship. I was then recruited to Miracle Galaxy Pro by the owners and the leader of the original faction in the company, Black Dahlia Legacy, by my late leader, Sayako Endo. And I also was TPW's first ever Claim the Fame winner and if not for the interference by Peter Vaughn's little jack off buddy, Mike Zybala, I would've become the TPW International Champion. How do I know that? Because I beat Peter Vaughn one on one in a traditional match on his turf of the Denzel Porter Invitational, cleanly.”

“In the last 3 years, I have been pinned six times. Very few in the industry can claim something like that. My point with all of this? It's great what you have accomplished, but it far from guarantees you a win over me at Breakdown.”

*The Scorpion's drink arrives, and she nods a thank you to the server. She takes a sip of her fresh scotch and continues on.*

“I told you at Breakdown, I don't like hypocrisy. I can admit that Cara and myself got distracted teaching the EFN a hard lesson, but your partner said something my mom drilled into the heads of her children. Close only counts in horseshoes and hand grenades. The difference between our teams is even though we weren't pinned, we know we didn't win the match nor claim to be number one contenders. Were we disappointed? Sure we are. Who wouldn't be? But I have learned more by taking six pins in the centre of the squared-circle than I have with all my wins. Through your failures are lessons waiting to be learned.”

“Unlike you, I don't make excuses for coming up short. It doesn't help you improve and fix what you are doing wrong. I know my intelligence is vital in knowing what to expect from my opponent or opponents and it is next to none, but it can also be to my detriment. Same as the pride I have in my abilities. It allowed me to become distracted, and we didn't get the win at Take The Leap. That's something both myself and Carebear have been working on because, like I have said, we don't make excuses. We learn from our mistakes.”

*Veronica stands up with her drink and motions to the bar she is stepping outside, leaving a Benjamin Franklin on the table. Out in the cool air of the Texas night, the Baba Jaga lights a Marlboro Red out of her soft pack. She takes a big swig after her first drag.*

"I am a Canadian by my mom, all of us third and fourth generation Straders are, but we are rooted right from here out of Houston, Texas. We come from two of the largest and greatest wrestling territories in the business. I still have a home in London, Ontario, Canada, but this is where we belong. We also were born for this. While you could and most likely will claim the same for yourself, I can promise you that you haven't had an opponent like me."

"You are going to learn why I am referred to as Baba Jaga and The Scorpion. They aren't just cute nicknames. I can dig deep down into the blackest and coldest part of the cockles of my heart to become the monster I am in the ring. My strikes are like the sting of the scorpion's attack."

"I don't underestimate my opponents. I research and learn everything I can. I have watched your world title wins. I have watched your tag team title wins. I have watched the tapes of your greatest successes and your greatest failures because ignorance only serves those you are ignorant to and ignorant about."

"The question is, will your arrogance serve you or fail you? Honestly, my money is on the latter. After listening to you talk before Take The Leap and on the last Breakdown, I am fairly confident you underestimate my abilities not only as a tag team wrestler but as a lone competitor as well."

"I treated my runs as TransAtlantic champion in OCW and SNUFF Champion in CU:LT as if they were world titles. In my mind, it was taught to me by my family that a championship doesn't make the wrestler, but it's the wrestler that makes the championship. Even in non-title matches like ours, I treat them as opportunities in search of my goals."

*She looks up at the night stars, ignoring the loud mouths stumbling out of the bar as they know better than to mess with a Strader in this area.*

"Along with our love of family, wrestling and motorcycles... we all own a pair of snakeskin cowboy and cowgirl boots. They are a signature like the family sneer and while these boots- - -"

*Veronica taps the heel of her boot on the ground.*

"- - - are made for walking, they are also made to kick the shit of people... and you're next on the list, Glory Braddock. There is one lesson I guarantee you are gonna learn. It's an easy lesson with four simple words, yet it is a tough lesson as well."

*Veronica finishes her drink and takes the final drag of her death stick. She stamps it out with the heel of her boot as her last words linger in the air with the family sneer in full force.*

"God forgives."

**"I don't."**

## ~ End Transmission ~

Veronica reaches into her CFH Kutte and fishes out her keys to her midnight purple 1970 Pontiac Trans Am. As she turns the key, Pantera's "Five Minutes Alone" plays over the radio and the inner voice that isn't her own rings through her cranium. She sighs.

*"You always do a good promo, kid."*

Veronica looks in the rearview mirror and sees her grandfather, Scott Nash Strader. Almost a year ago, Veronica had travelled to the 6th Layer of Hell to free her husband's soul from a demon. Scott was there, holding back the 7th layer from waging war on the Heavens, and as the demon was defeated and Christian's soul was freed, it attached the soul of Scott to Veronica. Ever since, she can see him in reflective surfaces, and can talk to him. It was a living hell for her, mostly because when she was being controlled by the Affliction her father's side suffers from, she was the one that ended Scott's life. He didn't hold it against her. In fact, he was grateful it was her that did it, and not a member of a rival 1%er motorcycle club.

*"I learned from mom, who I guess had learned from you."*

*"Your mom and I were crass, but you have an eloquent way with your words."*

*"Thanks. I haven't heard from or seen you in a while. I had hoped it was finally over."*

*"Not yet, kid. I don't know what the key to your freedom from me is. Trust me, as much as I love seeing the family through your eyes, I would like to rest in peace eventually."*

*"Me too."*

Veronica pulls out of the parking lot, heading northwest back to her Ranch on the estate. She looks back in the rearview mirror at him.

*"What is it, Scott?"*

*"I am worried about your sister."*

*"You'll have to be more specific. I have a lot."*

*"Cara. I don't know what it is, but I have a feeling she is in some sort of danger."*

*"What kinda danger?"*

Scott shakes his head.

*"I don't know, but someone or something is getting closer to her. I can sense it."*

Veronica hadn't admitted out loud, but there was an odd sense of dread she felt concerning Cara.

*"I know you sense it, too."*

"Yeah... I will keep my eyes open, old man. Try not to worry, alright?"

*"Yeah, ok."*

Little did either know, Cara's stalker was working his way into her life, and the chaos ensuing will be something the Strader family hasn't experienced since Meghan as a teenager.

