



The logistics of planning a trip to another planet are surprisingly boring. I suppose it helps that Elon Musk of Space X fame is part owner of the company I work for. Wild to think I could still be surprised by anything when it comes to the X-treme Wrestling Federation.

“So, fly to Orlando, drive forty-five minutes to an hour and then just hop on a fucking spaceship in Cape Canaveral and fly to Mars?! Seems simple enough.” Solomon said.

“Almost as wild as coming back from the dead, right kid?”

It had been nearly a month since my uncle David Dremmen showed back up at the gym, several months after I watched him kick the bucket. Since then, he has been showing up and acting like the whole thing never happened. Almost.

Four months. It's been just over four months since I was violently ousted from the Corporation. I wasn't sure I'd walk again, much less wrestle. Being on the shelf for that month, having a bunch of surgeries, the goal was always to come back. The goal was to come back to be the man that got into this game for the love of it. I wanted to have a generational run, knowing just how quickly it could all slip away. Things haven't exactly gone as planned.

I finally got a win last month on Anarchy and it was an important one. It's not lost that after going 0-3, I beat 3 other people for the chance at the Revolution title. I've been to the dance before. This is what I do. Big game Solo shit. While this is my first taste of the Revolution title, it's not my first rodeo with championship gold. Two-time X-Treme champ, defended it on Anarchy even. One time UGWC Conquest champion too.

My resume within my first year in the big leagues is impressive. So if Summer Page, whose biggest accomplishment was being a groupie to one of the most overrated former Universal champions, wants to insert herself into this match, then by all means. We both know you don't have that extra gear needed to pull off a win when it counts, Summer. I do and I'll prove it again at Leap of Faith.

"What are you going to do while I'm gone?" Solomon asked.

"I'm going to become a full-time gooner. What else? Isn't that what the kids are calling jerking it these days?" Added David.

I wasn't amused. It's a legitimate question, considering he was in hiding and no one but me knows he's alive and he'd like to keep it that way.

"I don't want that mental picture, Uncle Dave. Gross." Solomon remarked. "I mean what's your actual plan?"

"Well, I know you've got this big match coming up and you won't even be home, what with all the space travel and everything and I was hoping, just maybe...I could crash here?"

I was packing my bag for the trip. Odd thoughts popped into my head like do they check bags for astronauts? Should I carry on? What about the crowd? Shipping in people seems like a huge liability that Dolly's new Union would not stand for, but nobody wants it like back in the pandemic with people reacting on screens. Perhaps there's intelligent life and the Martians are going to come see us? I mindlessly packed my ring gear, those gross packaged astronaut foods and some nice clothes for the inevitable press conference where I field questions from journalists (virtually?) about my big title win. It barely registered in my ADHD brain that he was looking for a response.

"So let me get this straight. You staged a final goodbye because you felt it was the only way to escape the massive debt you owed to the Yakuza and your plan is to just stay at my apartment and order DoorDash while I'm off cosplaying Major Tom? Assuming you even manage to stay out of the public eye the whole week, what's your plan when I get back? Janey will be here and she can't see you. I can't break her heart all over again."

“I’ve got a guy who can help me set up a new identity and go far away from here. He just needs a little time to make the arrangements. I’ll feed the dog, water your plants...anything you need, I’m your man.” His uncle pleaded with him.

I looked at him, this pathetic mountain of a man, cowering and begging me and I wanted to feel something stronger than mere pity, but I just couldn’t muster it.

“You know damn well the only things I take care of are myself and my daughter. I’m on the road so often I can’t have other mouths to feed.” He sighs. “Fine. But I swear to god if someone finds out you’re alive and staying in my apartment, I will personally see to it that it takes this time.”

He nodded way too many times before rushing in to hug me. He was never overly affectionate, so it felt odd, but the oxytocin rush was nice and helped calm what was surely the old me creeping in. Three-way dance, in space for the Rev title. NBD.

Betsy Granger has been on a roll since we both shit the bed at War Games last year. We came in as captains and we left changed. Something shifted and she gained momentum. She dethroned XXXVI, who had a death grip on that belt. Since then she’s had impressive wins over the likes of incredible talents like John Blade. Congratulations, Bets. You’ve beaten a bunch of scrubs and barely at that. I know you may think you have homefield advantage here, seeing as how you’re the impossible traveler, but being the favorite isn’t an automatic win. While you’ve been doing side quests in UGWC, where you once again failed as a leader, I’ve been rebuilding. Training. Reaching peak form just in time to knock you off that throne. Be ready.