

Stardate 20220527:

The Thundering One, and or her of this story Terry Marshall, is standing at the side of his bed packing his bag to head to Los Angeles. "*I've seen this scene thousands of times, and it never gets easier*" Terry hears his sweet wife's voice say from behind him.

Without turning around, Marshall replies in a half-joking, half somber tone, "*I've heard that probably a hundred times while packing my bags, but I always have to leave. As long as I always come back though, right?*"

In a sexy voice, like 1-900 type sexy voice Ms. Thunder replies, "*would you leave this?*".

With a puzzled look on his face, Marshall turns around to see his wife in some very skimpy lingerie. Marshall's eyes and tongue almost pop out of his skull like the old cartoon wolf. "*WHOA! Honey, you look amazing*" Marshall says.



“Well, are you going to stand there holding your sack, or are you going to make me ThunderStruck?” the sultry redhead asks.

Marshall's eyes grow larger, while something else is growing larger as well. Marshall throws his gear bag off the bed and begins to walk toward his wife like a man on a mission, and I don't mean Mable or Mo. Suddenly, Marshall stops in his tracks. *“One sec,”* Marshall says and then sprints to his nightstand and yanks the drawer open, and grabs a package of blue chew. Marshall turns to the camera and shows the package and gives a big thumbs up, now that is stellar product placement.

After what can only be described as “some raucous lovemaking”, Marshall and his wife lay in bed, the sheets pulled up to cover all the bathing suits parts like any good PG-13 production. Heather, who is Marshall's wife has her head laying on Terry's chest, wraps her arm around him, and says, *“Terry, I know you love this sport, and I know that you won't give it up until your body gives up on you. So, if you are going to be in this battle royal, I want you to do something for me, Terry.”*

Terry sits up in the bed, as his wife has never been one to question him about his time in the ring. Terry looks down at his wife and asks, *“what honey?”*

The beautiful redhead sits up, pulling up the sheets to cover herself and keep this PG-13, and looks her husband and the only man she has ever loved in the eyes and says *“Win. Win the damn thing and become World champion again. I know how much it means to you, and I know how much the sport means to you.”*

Terry smiles at his wife and gets a very serious look on his face.

“CRAP! YOUR FLIGHT!” Heather shouts.

Marshall looks at the clock on the wall and sees that in the throes of passion he lost track of time and only has fifteen minutes until his flight departs. Frantically Heather grabs her phone, saying *“I'll reschedule your flight, I'm sorry honey I didn't...”*, she is cut off as Terry's hand covers the phone and softly pulls it away from her. She looks at the massive “THUNDERING”, not “Thunderous”, but “Thundering” Terry Marshall... Make sure you put respect on that name.

Anyway, she looks at Terry who smiles and says *“good thing I have a partner with a spaceship.”*

Heather replies with, *“well, guess that gives you some more time at home”* and gives Terry a sultry wink.

Marshall looks at the camera with a smirk followed by a wink. The scene then cuts to a shameless plug for Blue Chew.



"What a pity it is that so much youth is wasted on young people, who don't know by experience how to make the best use of it."~ George Bernard Shaw

"I wish there was a way to know you're in the good old days before you've actually left them." ~ Andy Bernard.

Two great quotes about age and time, and two quotes Terry Marshall has been mulling over in his mind. Marshall is restless and sleep was evading him, even after three rounds of

bluechew-fueled lightning rides. Marshall has wandered to his kitchen and is staring into the refrigerator for something to snack on.

Leftover Mexican, no, it'll give him heartburn. He can't eat spicy after 7 pm at his age. Perhaps a glass of milk? Well, his stomach doesn't handle lactose as well as it used to and his wife would chase him out of the bedroom with the milk-fueled fart bombs he'd be dropping. Then he sees it, almost hidden in the back of the bottom shelf, his absolute favorite food on Earth, cheesecake.

Like a kid on Christmas morning, Marshall grabs the New York-style cheesecake and begins to tear the lid off like it is wrapping paper. But then he stops. Marshall looks at the delicious treat and thinks about how those slow-digesting calories will lay in his stomach all night. Cheesecake is a special treat reserved for heavy lifting days and special occasions.

Like a kid on Christmas who expected this new hot toy but opened up a pair of socks instead, Marshall frowns in sadness. He shuts the lid and shoves the cake back into the shadows of the bottom shelf. With a heavy heart, Marshall opens the crisper drawer and pulls out a pack of celery, the worst tasting food on Earth. He'll at least throw some peanut butter on it, but that's like putting a wig on a pig.

Marshall shuts the fridge and begins to get a butter knife from the drawer when a voice from the shadows says, "*what are you doing Terry?*".

Startled, Marshall throws the celery towards the sound of the voice, drops the butter knife, and grabs the butcher knife from the block on the counter. As Marshall takes a fighting stance Space Lord emerges from the shadows holding a stalk of celery. At the sight of his partner, Marshall gives a sigh of relief and lays the knife down. Space Lord smirks and takes a bite of the celery.

"*BLLAAAHHHH!*" Space Lord shouts before spitting the bite of celery out.

This is terrible. Why would you ingest this into your body?

It's healthy brother.

So is steak, why not consume a bovine?

Brother at my age I have to be conscious about what I eat.

At your age? How old are you?

Terry Marshall shakes his head and says, “*brother I’m *censored**.”

Space Lord scoffs and says, “*Terry, I’m 1572 Earth years old and I’ve never eaten a plant in my life*”.

Well, brother, things are a little different for us humans.

Why don’t you just drink from the fountain of youth?

Brother, that isn’t real.

But it is.

Brother, Ponce de León was a liar.

Who?

Ponce de León, was a Spanish explorer and conquistador who was known for leading the first official European expedition to Florida and serving as the first governor of Puerto Rico. But, most famously he discovered Florida while searching for the fountain of youth.

And this has been your educational moment of the promo.



Florida? But everyone there is so old.

Trust me, brother, I know.

Pants was a fool.

Ponce.

Whatever the fountain of youth isn't in Florida, it's in Uranus.

Brother, you aren't going near my anus.

Not YOUR ANUS, URANUS!

Oh, ok, good.

So, let's go, Marshall. Let's get you some Uranus youth water.

Brother, that just sounds wrong.

Stardate 20220528:

Terry Marshall is traveling with Space Lord and the Desolator crew to drink from the fountain of youth. Marshall sits in the “guest of honor” chair on the command bridge of the Starship Desolator and seems a bit nervous as he chews on his fingernails. Space Lord, ever the vigilant captain, notices his partner's unease.

Terry, are you ok?

Without looking up to his partner Marshall drops his hands and folds them in his lap while saying, *“Brother, this is a huge opportunity for me. This is a chance to show the Sup Cee Dub, to show all the Thunderamaniacs, and to show the whole world that Terry Marshall still has it, dude. To prove that I am still the God of Thunder; still, the real deal, that I am currently and will always be too legit to quit. But, I gotta admit dude, that deep down I'm just nervous that I am slowing down in my old age. I'm afraid that I really might be too old, that my deal may not be as real, and that maybe I'm not so legit and it is time to quit. Honestly brother, and I don't want to hold you back in our tag-team adventures, and even more than that, I don't want to disappoint any of the Sexamanics”*.

Space Lord smiles confidently and says, “*once you drink from the youth waters you will feel better. Trust me, Terry, none of those other entrants in the holding the flame rumble in the Bronx will stand a chance, regardless of the youth water or not. You know it, I know it, and soon the whole world will know it.*”.

Brother, it sounds like you are ready to monologue.

I am, but it is not I that it is in this rumble of royalty, it is you Terry Marshall, and are you ready to monologue?

Brother, I was born to monologue.

Monologue:

Marshall stands from his seat and the background fades away like some Hollywood special effects work, and the green screen, um, I mean background changes to an old school background with the words "Thundering" in some lightning bolt-looking letters.

Ya know dudes, Taking Hold of the Flame is a big deal for me brother. See, this old engine of mine has got a lot of miles on it. Now I've kept it maintained at the highest level dude, but no matter how many times you change the oil, replace spark plugs, and get a tune-up done, the miles still add up brother. Eventually, those miles will break down even the best-maintained vehicle, even this human version of a Dodge Charger, an all-American muscle machine if there ever was one.

I know I don't have too many more races left in me, but I know the ones I have left are the big ones. Brother, I'm talking Dayton 500, Indy 500, and even have a takedown of Ricky Bobby and a Talladega Night left in me. Only I'm not going to be shaken and baken, no dude, I'm going to bring the storm known as Thundermania to the ring with me. This storm is going to reign down all over the ring and drench the spark of thirty-nine competitors' hopes and dreams of taking hold of the flame.

I know that Kimmymania thinks she is the one who's going to be running wild, but just like pickle-flavored toothpaste, she's wrong. I hate to be the bearer of bad news sister, but the storm of Thundermainia isn't just going to reign over T.H.O.T.F, it's also going to rain on your parade. It may be a victory parade, as you march around with that new Underground championship on your shoulder, but sister that parade stops here. There is no going on to bigger and better championships, and no using the T.H.O.T.F rumble as your launching pad to do so, because it isn't time for Kimmymania sister, it's time for THUNDERMANIA!!!

My time is now, and believe me sister, you, everyone in Sup Cee Dub, and the whole world will see me.

Marshall pauses for a moment and says quietly to himself, "My time is now, hmm seems like a good catchphrase for someone". Marshall shakes his head and refocuses, putting his serious face back on. Admittedly, Marshall has some attention and focus issues, maybe he should get tested for... hey squirrel.

I know that Kimmymania isn't the only force that will be trying to stop me and all the Thundermaniacs from running wild on Sup Cee Dub and the T.H.O.T.F rumble. This rumble is loaded, Jack. It's got some of the top talents from Sup Cee Dub and around the globe vying for that torch to light their fires. We got the spotlight shining on Alexis Quinne, who knows what it takes to win a rumble and a championship here in Sup Cee Dub.

Alexis, I know you're gunning for another run at the top, but Sister your run for the top will meet the same unstoppable force AND immovable object that Kimmymania is running into... ME! Thundering Terry Marshall. The man who has spent more years in the ring than you have spent alive. Six years in the game and you dare call yourself a veteran, sister you aren't even scratching the surface of this great sport yet. But, if you run across my path in this rumble, you are going to get a real crash course sister. Cause your back will be crashing into the mat when I slam you with the greatest of ease, and then my quadzilla-certified legs will crash across your throat before I toss you out of the ring and move on to the next person or persons I will eliminate from the rumble.

Speaking of persons, I don't know who this army of the Reserved is, but there are more of them than there are Matt Knox's offspring. Eleven times Reserved will be entering this rumble, and that just means that eleven times I'll be tossing them over the top, and brother when I'm talking

over the top, I'm not talking that grossly underrated Sly Stallon movie. No dudes, I'm talking about lifting these entrants up over my head like a log press and throwing them like javelins as far up the entranceway as I can. I'd throw them out into the crowd, but I wouldn't dare take a chance on one of my Thundrmaniacs getting hit by the boot of some Reserved member.

The Reserved aren't the only ones coming out of for T.H.O.T.F though. We've got a penguin, a bear, and facial hair... OH MY! Brother, the true Thundermaniacs who have been with me since the beginning know that I've wrestled a few bears in my day, and I'm not talking a big hairy dude, I'm talking a Yogi and Smoky bear. Ginger the Wrestling bear and Terrible Ted. They may have been the only opponents I was never able to bodyslam, but at T.H.O.T.F I'll sure toss the Dancing Bear over the top rope.

I may have never wrestled a penguin before, and brother I can only imagine that a hairless penguin is pretty slippery, but he won't slip through my fingers when I grab him by his mask and toss him over the top rope after his partner. The animal kingdom may be strong in the rumble, but when my Fu Manchu crosses paths with the Beard, it won't be about who has the strongest facial hair in Sup Cee Dub, it will be about who is going to grab that flam. And I know that Beard has been on a tear and that he has even recognized my talents. Well, brother real recognize real, but I'll still send you over that top rope. I got respect for you, and what you have done as Television champion, but just like everyone else in this rumble you are standing in my way, and I've got no choice but to eliminate you.

Like, eliminate you from the rumble, not kill you. Just making sure you get that, you seem like a cool dude and I don't want anyone saying old Terry Marshall is throwing around death threats. That seems more like a Konrad Raab type of deal. That dude is off his rocker brother, and I don't mean cause he is old, shoot, who am I to talk about being old? No, that dude needs some serious help, and I'll be the one to help him get out of the ring when I toss him right over the top rope just like I will everyone else.

Raab, brother I tell you what, in all our years in this sport....

Before the Thundering One can spit more of that hot promo fire Major Helmet interrupts.

Captain, we have entered Uranus.

Marshall begins laughing (*Come on, you know you laugh to this day when someone says Uranus. Even Neil DeGrasse Tyson does.*) as the announcement is heard, and the background fades from the super cool and totally not cheesy late 80's/early 90's style thunder-bolt-looking letters to back to the command deck of the Starship Desolater.

Space Lord pays no attention to Marshall as he stares at the command deck viewing screen with a big shot of Uranus. “*Let’s dive into the waters of Uranus*”.

Soon the Crew along with their fearless leader and Terry Marshall are venturing through the ice planet. Marshall and the crew are bundled up, but Space Lord once again refuses to cover his body, even as icicles form around his tassels.

Brother this place is colder than West Virginia in Mid-February.

Soon enough you will be warmed by that flame you are taking hold of my friend. Now, let us journey through Uranus.

Brother, no matter how many times I hear it, that just doesn’t sound right.

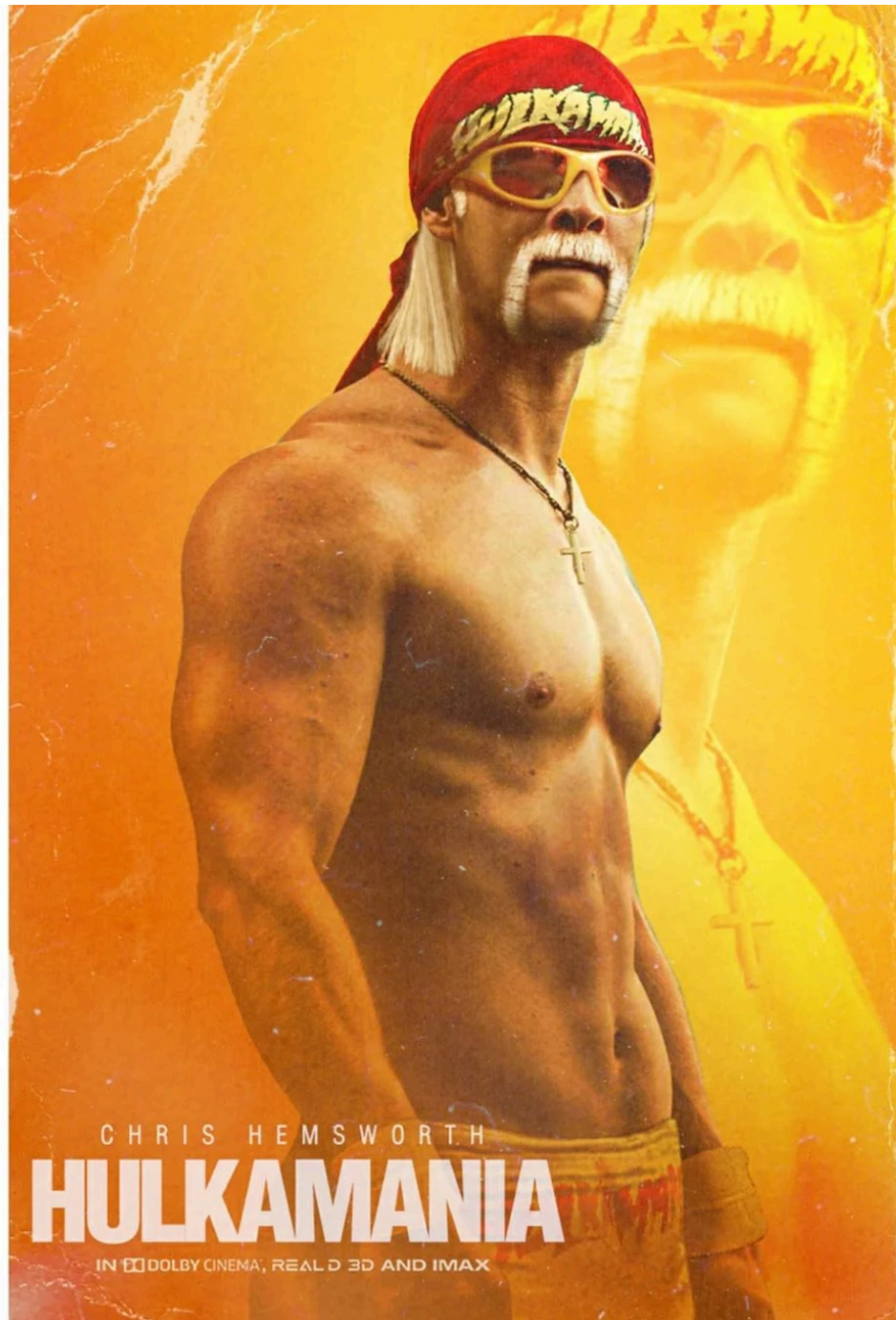
After a short journey through Uranus, they spot it.

THERE IT IS... the fountain of youth.

Just ahead of the group is a massive fountain, but the water in it is at a rolling boil. Like a hot tube boil, not a cooking Lobster boil. Marshall takes off running, pulling his clothes off as he goes. Finally, his underwear flies over his shoulder and lands on the head of Sargent Spot. “*Ewww gross*”, Private Bug Girl says.

“*CANNONBALL!*” Marshall screams as he dives into the fountain.

After a few moments, Marshall stands up in the fountain, his waist still below the water. What stands before them is a much younger, but smaller Terry Marshall. He looks to be around thirty years younger, but his hair is still covered with a bandana and his Fu Manchu mustache is still on point.



“Oh... my... what a hunk.”, Bug Girl says out loud. She then realizes what sh said, and covers her mouth bashfully as she blushes.

Marshall looks down at himself in the water and sees his youthful self and then raises his head with a giant smile.

BROTHER!

Why are you so small?

I used to be a technician brother, then I got over, and got big and just started knocking everyone out with the largest arms in the sport and the Thunderstruck.

I think I like older Marshall better.

Well, I have sold more merch in my later years. But, look how ripped I am.

Marshall starts posing because MARSHALL MUST POSE!

You are quite lean and ripped.

“Yeah, he is,” Bug Girl says under her breath. This upsets Major Helmet, as he has a secret crush on her. *“I bet he can’t monologue now,”* Helmet says in a huff under his breath.

But, in his younger years, Marshall had impeccable hearing, and he was able to hear what Helmet said. Marshall hops out of the fountain and immediately starts experiencing significant shrinkage due to the freezing temperatures of Uranus. Marshall quickly hops back into the fountain.

The camera zooms in on Marshall's face who gives a big wink as holds up another pack of Blu Chew. The scene then fades out to a commercial.

[Our Commercial Break \(thank me after you watch it\)](#)

The scene fades back in after the commercial because this has taken a while and we need a way to pay for the rocket fuel to get to Uranus. I mean we have travel expenses in our contract, but they said this “wasn’t a business trip”. Whatever, wait until you see young Terry Marshall taking care of business. Anyway, we fade back in to see Terry Marshall shirtless and doing curls in the gym of the Starship Desolator as they head back to Earth. Marshall stares at his arms in the mirror and loves what he sees.

“*Nice pump*” Space Lord says as he walks into the gym, ready to join Terry Marshall for what will surely be an epic arm session.

“*Thanks, brother*,” Marshall says through gritted teeth as he curls the 55lb dumbbell. Marshall goes for another curl and then notices his hand suddenly wrinkles.

“*AH!*” Marshall says as he puts the dumbbell back on the rack, even in a state of shock Marshall will not commit the cardinal gym sin of not racking his weights. Marshall looks in the mirror and notices the bags under his eyes, and the drooping of his face. Marshall watches as he begins to age.

Brother, what is going on.

I was afraid this might happen. Simply bathing in the waters was not enough for your human body to sustain its youth.

So, this whole trip was for nothing? I filmed a commercial in a thong to pay for this trip.

“*AAAAHHHHH HAHAAHAHA!!!!*” Space Lord holds his stomach, doubled over in laughter.

IT’S NOT FUNNY DUDE!

Space Lord wipes the tears of laughter from his eyes as he stands up straight.

Relax, old friend.

Not funny dude.

HAHAHA! Follow me, Terry.

Marshall follows Space Lord from the gym and down the hall, growing older the entire trip. By the time they get to the room Space Lord was leading him to, Marshall's belly was grown bigger while his bladder has grown smaller, and his knees and lower back now hurt again.

Brother, what is this?

Space Lord says nothing and only offers a giant smile as he presses his palm to the reader on the door. The door slides open and reveals the room is filled wall to wall, and floor to ceiling with bottles of the bluest water you have ever seen. Space Lord had filled the bottles with the water from the fountain of youth.

Marshall stared at them, his jaw on the floor in shock. “*Go ahead, drink one, it’ll last longer than just bathing in it,*” Space Lord says. Marshall's hand slowly reaches for a bottle and as he grasps it he can feel the youthful energy through the plant-based, biodegradable bottle (because the Sports. Entertainment Xpress cares about the environment). Marshall quickly twists the lid off and chugs the water down.

He instantly transforms back into his younger self. Marshall looks at his arms up and down, and while they may be smaller, they are more defined. Marshall looks at Space Lord and with true conviction says, “*brother I love you*”.

Space Lord smiles and says, “*I love you too brother. Now, let’s go get a pump on those little arms.*”.

Marshall and Space Lord embrace in the most awesome high five ever, the one Arnold Schwarzenegger and Carl Weathers do in Predator, but Marshall and Space Lord have much larger and more impressive arms.



Just as you think the scene is about to fade out on the impressive arms of the Sports Entertainment Xpress, there is a loud explosion and the Starship Desolator begins to rock.

Suddenly the shrill voice of Major Helmet cracks through the ship's intercom system as he shouts, "*SPACE PIRATES!!!*"

Marshall's eyes grow wide, as he stares in confusion at Space Lord. Space Lord says nothing and begins running towards the command deck. Marshall follows after him, dropping and spilling his youth water in his haste. The Sports Entertainment Xpress makes it to the command deck quickly, with each jumping into their respective captain's chair and guest of honor chair.

"BRACE FOR IMPACT!", Space Lord yells as he straps himself into his captain's chair.

"Brother, who are these dudes?", Marshall replies as he tries to fit the safety harness over his popping pectoral muscles.

Through gritted teeth, Space Lord snarls, *"Space Pirates"*.

As Space Lord's words dissipate into nothingness, a small craft pulls a kamikaze and crashes into the side of the Starship Desolator. The ship rocks and all sorts of buzz, beeps, blips, dips, trips, and horns begin to sound.

Marshall picks himself up from the floor, having been tossed out of his seat during impact since the harness wouldn't fit around his pecks that make even Terry Crews jealous.

"None of these noises sound good dude", Marshall says with a slight tinge of worry in his voice.

"None of them are good", Private Bug girl responds with her focus showing through.

Space Lord, calm as a rock, having dealt with kamikaze space pirates on more than one occasion barks his orders from his captain's chair.

"Divert thruster power to the shields. We'll never outrun these little pricks and they'll just keep flying into us until we are floating ducks." Space Lord says with confidence and experience.

"Uh brother, it's sitting ducks", Marshall says with a bit of confusion.

Space Lord does a head snap like a certain Psycho who was named Sid, and quickly answers with, *"we are sitting on anything, you are weightless in space...DUH!"*.

Marshall looks out of the main deck bay window and watches the small pirate dinghies... yeah, space dinghies, explode as they fly into the shield of the Desolater. Suddenly, an ominous sound is heard, the ominous sound of something dangerous arriving on the horizon.

From around the dark side of the Pink Floyd moon appears a giant flying vessel... the Black Pearl Necklace.

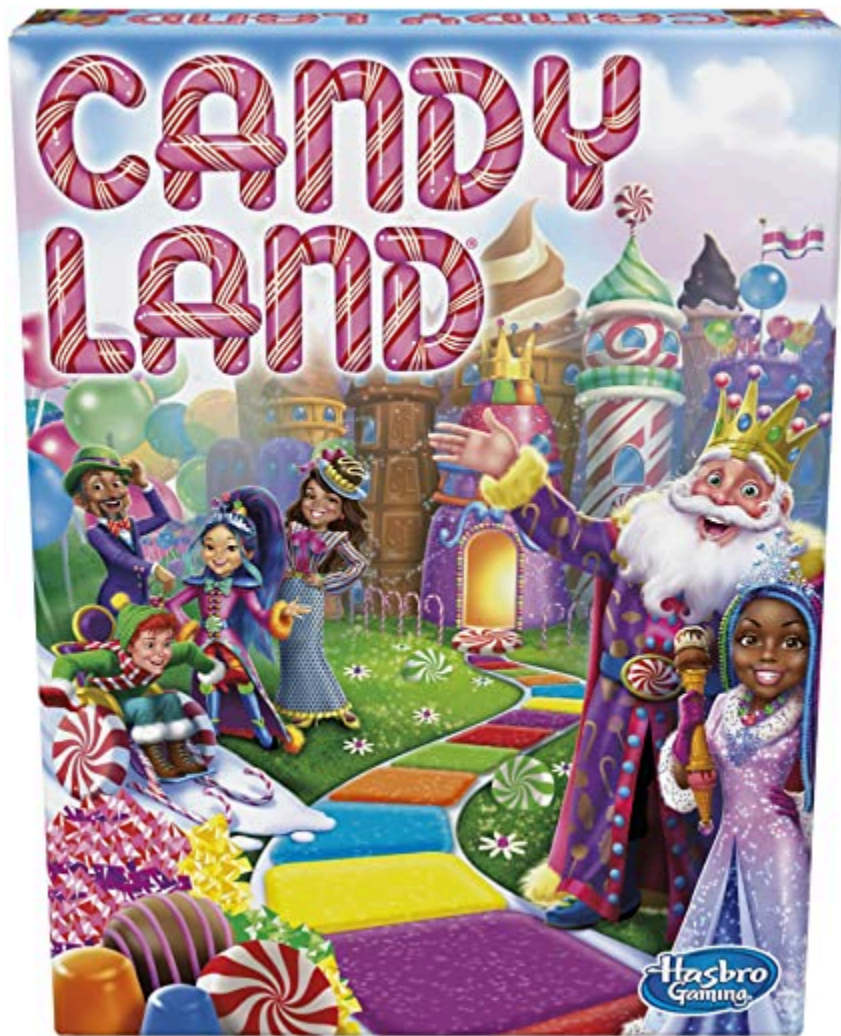
Space Lord slowly undoes his safety harness and rises from his captain's chair.

Jackson Finch...

Space Lord clinches his fist in anger and his jaw tightens with anger.

"What do they want brother? The bottles of Uranus juice?", Marshall asks as he stands beside his friend.

Without breaking his gaze Space Lord clinches his fists and says, *"They want the Uranus juice to turn King Kandy and all the citizens of Candy Land into babies."*



Marshall looks a bit confused and says, *"Uh dude are you telling me..."*.

Space Lord answers before Marshall can even finish his sentence, *"yes, they want to steal candy from babies."*

Marshall shakes his head in disgust as he stands next to his partner and best friend. *"Brother let's just bash these baddies' heads in and keep on space trucking back to Earth."*

"Convert half energy to phasers. Once powered up dump all power into thrusters. PREPARE FOR BATTLE!!!" Space Lord barks his commands as he sits in his captain's chair and straps in. As Space Lord fastens his harness he says, *"we are gonna blow that pearl necklace out of space."*

"Powers up captain", Private Pizza says.

FIRE!!!

Space Trucking by Deep Purple

The Starship Desolater takes off at hyper-speed, and with Sargent Spot stirring the ship they are in capable hands. The ship banks left avoiding a plasma cannon blast from the Black Pearl Necklace, and then dips down, avoiding two smaller kamikaze ships that crash into each other. The Starship Desolater dodges, ducks, dips, dives, and dodges out of the way of the kamikaze because if you can dodge a wrench, you can dodge a ball, and if you can dodge a ball, you can dodge a kamikaze space pirate.



The Desolater and Sargent Spot displays a series of flying skills not displayed since Star Fox, they even hit a picture-perfect barrel roll. Through Sargent Spots, impeccable flying skills, Private Bug Girl's exceptional marksmanship, or markswomanship to keep it 2021, and Space Lord's genius space caption commands, the Starship Desolater is able to destroy the kamikaze space pirates' smaller ships and leave the Black Pearl Necklace by itself and at the mercy of Space Lord.

SURRENDER JACKSON FINCH! Do it now and I will only take you to Omicron Persei 8, and not Amphibious 9.

The giant video screen flashes in with Jackson Finch's ugly mug. He's not quite as ugly as Sammy Thomas Davies or Gavin Taylor, but man he sure is ugly.



NO, YOU SURRENDER TO ME! If you do, I won't kill you, but instead, I will simply sentence you to a life of slavery in Bartertown.

HAHAHA!!! Why would we ever surrender to you? We have taken out all of your fighters and are clearly the superior ship, so prepare to be boarded or prepare to be blown away.

AAAAAHHHHH HAHAHA!

What's so funny?

Um, CAPTAIN!

Space Lord turns just in time to see the Happy Robert, the ship of the Dread Pirate Roberts. As Space Lord sees the Happy Roger coming around the dark side of the Pink Floyd moon it is all he can do to sound the alarm as plasma cannons fire upon the ship. The Starship Desolater is rocked, the haul is damaged severally, and the crew is shaken. Space Lord is never one to lose his cool barks commands and has a special one for his partner.

TERRY! SAVE URANUS!

I AIN'T LEAVING YOU, DUDE!

NO, YOU MUST PROTECT THE URANUS JUICE! The cargo hold it is in is attached to a PT Cruiser?

A PT Cruiser, you mean the Plymouth Truck cruiser?

No, panic time cruiser. Take it, get to Earth, take hold of your Flaming Hot Cheetos rumble, and then destroy the juice.

Brother, I can't just leave you.

You must Terry, we have to protect the candy kingdom.

Brother I...

Before Marshall can finish another blast hits the Desolater, and while First Mate Kirk had gotten the shields up, it still rocked the crew and the ship. Marshall is thrown to the back of the command bridge and as he tries to get to his feet, he sees Space Lord looking at him.

"*Protect Uranus*", Space Lord says before pressing a button that opens the command bay door Marshall was leaning against. Marshall stumbles backward into a hallway and tries to charge for the door but it shuts in front of him. Marshall begins banging on the door trying to get in but Space Lord has sealed it. Marshall has no choice but to save the Uranus juices.

Stardate 20220529:

Marshall sits alone in his escape pod, slowly floating through space towards the big blue ball we call Earth. Marshall is returning home to regroup and prepare for the Taking Hold Of The Flame rumble. Marshall stares through the vastness of space, and his mind wanders. Eventually, his wandering brings him to thoughts of the rumble and all the mighty contestants, and Marshall is never one to waste his thoughts and monologue material. Marshall nods his head, feeling his confidence rising, and knowing that he must avenge Space Lord and that he must defeat the thirty-nine other contestants who desire to take hold of the flam, and move on to win the world championship at Rise to Greatness. While Marshall often lets, his actions speak for him, he also lets his words speak for him, and these are the words he is speaking for he, himself.

Monologue:

Ya know dudes, I clearly have a lot on my mind with an epic battle brewing on the horizon. The battle to take hold of that flame, and the battle to free Space Lord and the Desolater crew. I know people are going to think I'm distracted by the chaos that is going on right now, but brother I am fueled by it. When the chips are down when my back is against the wall, when the pressure is on, when the heat is turned up, or whichever cliché you want to use, that is when Terry Marshall is at his best dude. Pressure makes diamonds, I pick the chips up, I break the walls down, and I love a good hot bath.

A lot of eyes are on me in this rumble, and brother their eyes aren't going to believe what they see out of me as T.H.O.T.F. Everyone thought I was just some novelty or nostalgia act when I showed up and signed a contract. Then I shocked the doubters and made everyone remember the force that is Thundermania when I beat Diamon Steele in my Sup Cee Dub debut. Then I popped the ratings in what is probably the highest-rated segment in Breakdown history when I set Kimmymania straight about which Mania is running wild around here. Now, I'm going to shock the world and break the banks of all the bookmakers when I defy the odds and outlast thirty-nine other superstars and take hold of not only the flame but of my destiny.

I know this rumble is packed with big-time Sup Cee Dub stars, titleholders, and former champions, but what they don't know is that the G.O.A.T is stepping through the ropes and chasing that flame. The Godfather of All Thundermaiacs, did you think I meant greatest of all time? Well, brother, when it's all said and done, I may indeed be remembered as the greatest of all time, but I've got to cement that by capturing the Sup Cee Dub World Championship. Everyone knows that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, and that line runs right through the T.H.O.T.F rumble and directly into Rise of Greatness. That line is the line of success I am following, and the path to G.O.A.T status I am on.

This isn't my first rodeo, but it could be my last. I don't plan on being one of these legends who slowly fade away as the fans watch on as he deteriorates. No way dude, I'm going out with a bang, and that bang is one last run filled with sold-out arenas, worldwide tours, record-breaking ratings, record-breaking pay-per-view buys, five-star ratings from the dirt sheet marks, and a world championship run that isn't just the greatest of my career, but the greatest the sport has ever seen.

Marshall pauses as he sees Earth on the horizon. He takes a deep breath and reaches into the collar of his shirt and pulls his gold chain out from under his “Thundermania” shirt. Marshall clutches the crucifix pendant on the chain and closes his eyes for a moment of prayer and deep reflection. When Marshall’s eyes reopen his face wears a mask of even deeper confidence.

Brothers and sisters, old Terry Marshall has a lot of people counting on him, and a lot riding on his back. I guess it's a good thing I got a big strong back dude, because I'll carry the weight of the world for my family, my friends, and all the Thundermaniacs. Then again, all the Thundermaniacs are friends and family to me dude. Those fans kept me going when I felt like I had nothing left. When I fell down, they lifted me up. They were there for my highest highs and lowest lows, they never wavered and they never faltered, and brother I'm the same when it comes to all my Thundermaniacs, my friends, and my family.

I'm going to take hold of that flame, not for me, but for everyone who ever believed in me. From my beautiful and supporting wife to my best friend and partner who never left my side, and to the strongest force in the universe who fuels me... the Thundermaniacs. I told you the storm known as Thundermania was rolling into the T.H.O.T.F rumble, and brother it's going to strike lightning down upon anyone who stands in its way. And ya know dudes, where there is lightning, there is Thunder. By the time you hear the rumbling, it's too late, because you've been...
THUNDERSTRUCK!!!

Marshall grips the controls of the pod tightly, grits his teeth, and pulls the controls of the ship sideways pulling the ship away from its course back to Earth. Marshall cannot leave his friends, he cannot let them down, he has to be a man, he can't run and hide, because he is a real American, and he is Thundering. Marshall hits a few buttons and Space Trucking begins to play, simply because it is a badass song and sets the mood. Marshall hits another button and pulls a lever, then the PT ship flashes away traveling at light speed.

To be continued...