



Who Is Waylon Creek?

The act of wearing a mask in the world of professional wrestling is not a foreign one. Often donned to maintain the integrity of the wearer's identity, colorful masks that provoke the imagination and conjure up thoughts of animals, folklore myths, beasts, and gods are used for the sake of adding to the mystery of just what lies behind the *mascara*. Hero or villain? Human or otherwise?

In the spirit of showmanship, the mask and the pseudonym join hands in solidarity to fill their viewership with wonder of just who conceals their identity to sold out venues. But is there a distinction to be made between maintaining a level of privacy and needing to know exactly who lies behind the mask as a matter of moral opinion?

The end of SCW's fiscal year concluded with a sold out America Center in the gateway of St. Louis, Missouri. A capacity crowd overtook the city in its entirety for nearly a week to bear witness to wrestling icon Josh Hudson once again assuming possession of the stalwart company's World Heavyweight Title. It was a show that was marked in part by heroes from the past, but perhaps more importantly, stars of tomorrow, one such party being the masked entity mysteriously known to SCW audiences as Waylon Creek.

On the surface, it seems that the enigmatic and meteorically rising star is little more than professional wrestling's new butcher – the veneer of the bony framework emblazoned onto his mask serving as a kind warning for the fate that awaits those caught in his gorilla grip. And yet, if it weren't for a recent social media post errantly uncovering the identity of Waylon Creek, we would have no history on the man.

This journalist comes to you now with exclusive news given by sources that wish to remain anonymous that the man hiding behind Waylon Creek is none other than Lt. Seymour Murphy, a former Special Operations Combat Medic with the US Army.

At first glance, Waylon Creek boasts a physique that American fathers nationwide wish they could attain to match ruggedly handsome features that might've been fit for spaghetti westerns. It begs the question of why. Why hide the identity of a man who looks like a walking counterfeit money machine?

The source, who wishes to maintain anonymity, is none other than a former member of Lt. Murphy's medical battalion. It was strongly indicated that the reason for the strong push for a concealed identity likely had less to do with cheap theatrics and more to do with a need to conceal the truth of his discharge from service.

"I wasn't there when it happened. All I can really say is that it changed him." The source added, "Seymour was always a little touched before the event in question. But after, he was a different man altogether."

"The source declined to divulge the event in question, but the one thing that is painfully clear is that the mask exists for a reason," read William Heaven solemnly, glossy eyes fixed on the laptop that rested on his mahogany desk. In a chair across the room, Seymour sat, hands buried in his face. This was more than he could take.

The splinted right hand was throbbing to the point he might have taken three Motrin if they were available. It was against his code. He didn't care. He felt like crying.

Maya stood behind him rubbing his trapezius in small circles with her knuckles. Though the intention was noble, it wasn't the least bit helpful. He had to wonder if this act was something that Kevin preferred. It certainly wasn't something he would have chosen for comfort. In fact, the only real security left to him now was to be found in the black dog slumping his head on Seymour's rapidly tapping leg.

"Damn, dawg," said Billy Heaven, looking over his father's shoulder. "How the hell is somebody gonna leak this to the goddamn press? *Sheet*."

William took two fingers and began rubbing his head. "Well, this is...an interesting development." This resounded in his voice as the inconvenience it was for a manager who'd just procured the services of a budding star with a new onset image issue. "This is just a shot in the dark, but does anybody, and I mean *anybody*, have any idea how this came to pass?"

The room fell into stillness. Nothing but the hum of the lights. William looked at her intently, as if accusing her with a glance. She finally caught on, looking directly at him. "Wait, me? No. You and Seymour both said no pictures," Maya finally chimed in, looking down.

"I said no pictures." William echoed the sentiment. "And yet, for some reason, one was taken anyway. Now what does that tell us?"

Silence again. Maya didn't have an answer. "It tells us," he began to answer his own question, "that there's somebody on my team that has a rather significant listening problem. Somebody so careless that they're willing to damage our brand before it even has the chance to take off. This act of organizational sabotage is disrespectful." His open concept office echoed like a lecture hall. "I chose to build around Waylon Creek in part because of the mystique. Now, not only is it gone, but these allegations need a response."

"You don't have the facts," Seymour's muffled voice vibrated in his cupped hands. "You can't—"

“I *have* to, Seymour, whether or not the ‘facts’ are in our favor. The media *loves* a monster, and if they can’t find one, they’ll make one out of you. Now, before we get too far down the road on this, what *other* surprises are there?”

“None,” huffed Seymour, still hiding his face, “everything is classified. The source can’t really say anything.” He had taken no time at all to reach the bargaining phase. The hell of having this threat loom over his head

“The more success you have, the greater the interest in the truth of...whatever this is. I appreciate your input on this, Seymour, I really do, but you haven’t seen a single shred of a purple *fuck* as far as stuff like this goes.” In the moment, he had transitioned from the even-tempered LA slick-tie that pulled out all the stops to secure his signature to the supremely competent suit assuming the helm.

“What *ever* will we do?” He paused, adjusting the picture frame on the desk before looking sharply at Billy, who immediately averted shifty eyes to the floor. “We need to get ahead of this.”

“There’s no way,” said Seymour. “Now the world knows I was...” he gulped, “*dismissed* from service, they won’t ever look at me the same. I’m useless to you.” It was a lament that also sought validation.

“Useless? Seymour, only part of my interest in you was the mysterious aura. The fact is, you’re an integral piece, perhaps *the* integral piece, to what I hope to build here. The bigger part of that lies in your ability. You’re a machine in the ring. A weapon, son. I need that more than I need any goddamn mask.”

Seymour, sated by the kind words, felt less in jeopardy of losing this developing relationship. After what Heaven was able to accomplish for his benefit in the events that led up to Rise To Greatness, the manager had struck a cord of perpetual loyalty with him. Seymour felt indebted.

“We need to tell your story, Seymour,” pondered Heaven, finger raised to his lips, deep in thought. “And if we can’t tell the real one, we’ll just fabricate the shit out of it until it’s good enough to sell.”

“Can you even do that? And should he let you if you can?” Maya looked down at Seymour, biting her lip, and then up. Rounding the corner of his desk, Heaven turned his head faintly to the right as if to ask who on earth gave her permission to talk. He approached Seymour, who remained in his fetal stance. Using his hands to cover the mug that the mask had evidently failed to provide.

“The right lawyer is the one that finds a way to permit us to do what needs to be done, and I know plenty of them. Case in point, I just had an attorney contact Supreme Championship Wrestling headquarters, and *alakazam*, that little fine they put on you for not breaking the hold on Chris Lawler just went away.” Heaven approached the triumvirate of Maya, Legion, and Seymour, waving his hands as if completing a magic trick.

“I’m just saying that I don’t think it’s necessarily in Seymour’s best interest to—”

“Honey, that’s what I’ve been retained to pay attention to, is Seymour’s best interest.”

“I don’t mean for his career,” said Maya, rubbing his arm gently. “I mean just for him in general.” Her concern was genuine. Seymour could feel it in the way she made love. She tried to be consistent with eye contact. He tried to return the favor by doing his best to not imagine it was her best friend straddling him. It wasn’t exactly symbiosis, but aside from paying for everything on the road and lasting longer than three minutes, it was as close as he got to averaging the expectations of a normal relationship.

Through laced fingers, Seymour kept an eye on the situation. Heaven’s forehead began to flood with a candy apple hue. His jaw was clenched. His eyes, black.

“I think I see your point now,” he flatly remarked. “Everything is so clear now. I feel like a new man. Now that that’s dealt with, why don’t you go out and get us a couple coffees while we work out some other small details? On me.” He reached into his pocket, pulled out the thick Bible of a leather wallet, and retracted a black card.

“I’m not your PA. I don’t just do what you say,” she said. “I’m the girlfriend. You can’t just order me around.”

“It’s nothing personal. I’m not dismissing you from the right to crawl around with Seymour under the sheets. I’m saying, respectfully, get the *hell* out of my office while I navigate a difficult situation.”

“I’m not going anywhere. You’re not thinking about Seymour at all,” she bit back, pulling out her hot pink vape and bringing it up to her lips.

“You can’t use that in here,” ordered William, as she did, in fact, use it, expelling a jetstream straight into the air.

“Daaaayum, Missus Creek don’t give a *fuck!*” Billy howled like an omega wolf. Maya crossed her arms in proud defiance. It wasn’t helping Seymour’s stress any.

Legion dragged his paw rhythmically across the top of Seymour’s boot. If his contact was the anchor that steadied his reality, then these gentle strokes of his underpad were affirmations the storm was coming to a close. As ever, Legion proved equal to the task at hand..

“Maya. It’s alright.” Seymour ceased her in her tracks. “I’ll get you a taxi. Mr. Heaven is right. We need to figure this out.”

“You’re tossing me?” she said, looking down at him. “Seriously?”

“He isn’t wrong. You’re going to push to protect me. And you can’t. I’ll see you at the hotel when this is settled.”

The incredulous look she was giving him didn’t register to him. He hadn’t been the most gifted at reading cues even when he was still sleeping in his marital bed. “You’re unbelievable,” she bit, storming off without a proper goodbye. Seymour was fine with it. When she got to the door, she turned around to have the last word. “You’re not a product. Remember that.” And with those salient words missing the mark, the doorknob was aggressively twisted open and the door shut the notch just below slamming.

“Gotta love a fired up redhead getting passionate over her man,” said Heaven, clearly relieved that she was gone. “You know, I’m proud of you, my son.”

“Thanks, pops!” hooted Billy from behind the desk. “You *know* I been working out hard with Harold trying to get that stamina up, you feel me? And my jiu jitsu coach says I’m straight *hooping* out there.” He pantomimed a jump shot with extremely uncoordinated form.

“I’m not actually talking to you, Billy, but don’t worry, I’ve got something for you in just one hot second,” snipped the elder Heaven. “It isn’t easy for a young man like yourself to recognize what needs to be done. To then prioritize it tells me everything I need to know about the choice I made in circling the wagons around you. That’s the kind of discipline I’m talking about,” he gave him a pat of approval on the delt as he passed him by. *I won’t let you down*, Seymour thought to say, but instead it just came out in a cool nod of acknowledgement. William stalked behind his desk, hands behind his back, as he slowly approached Billy.

“And that’s where you come in, Billy. Because where Mr. Murphy demonstrates discipline in spades, you, my son, have absolutely none.” He drove it home with a sentence ending roar and a slammed fist on the desk that knocked over the picture of him and the missus. William’s face was white hot, Billy’s, sheer terror. It was like he had seen this side before. But before he could scurry out of reach, a fatherly hand reached up and grabbed, then tugged Billy’s ear with unmatched fire. Billy crumbled into a whining mess.

“I said no *fucking* pictures. So what do you do? You take a picture of you and that *lumox* of a division two football wash-out halfwit of a mall cop I hired to watch over you, and you post it with the caption WAYLON F’N CREEK, MY DAWG.”

“Wait, it was *you*?” Seymour came to an almost immediate boil. Legion put some well-placed incisors onto his shoe laces and gave them a tug and a low whirring growl. It was a call to stay grounded. A promise Seymour couldn’t make.

“Of course it was him, it’s plastered all over the fucking dirt sheets,” he foamed as Billy flailed and crumbled to his knees. William took the harsh end of his palm and pressed his cheek into the glossed wood. “You’re a fucking *idiot*, you know that? I bring you riding along on my coattails, and you repay me by *immediately* breaking the *CARDINAL FUCKING RULE*.” He took a deep ghastly breath. “*AND YOU POST WAYLON FUCKING CREEK WITHOUT HIS FUCKING MASK. AND THEN YOU CALL FUCKING ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT THE MAN LOOKING UP FROM HIS MOTHERFUCKING GYM BAG IS WAYLON FUCKING CREEK. WHO’S FUCKING GENETIC MATERIAL GAVE RISE TO YOU?! BECAUSE I REFUSE TO FUCKING BELIEVE IT WAS MINE!*”

“*Blubbbb blubLIBBB.*”

“*SAY IT AGAIN,*” he screamed, relinquishing his hold as Seymour was forced into a lateral view of a situation that mirrored his own childhood.

“*I’m sorry, dad! Seymour! Argh!*”

Through powerful raging breaths, William Heaven finally relinquished his death grip on his son’s ear. He slid off the desk like a bug off a windshield, grimacing and groaning all the way to the shag microfibers. He took a few deep breaths, swallowed the remainder of his disappointment, and readjusted the lapels of his suit jacket. Then, he took a seat and cleared his throat.

“So tell me, Seymour,” started Heaven, “if I were in your medical unit, what would *I* say about Lt. Murphy? Start from the top and don’t pull any punches. Let’s have it.”

Who is Waylon Creek?

That does seem to be the question these days. And now that there’s a clear identity beneath the mask, and more importantly, now that the world has awareness of it, there do seem to be new questions arising. So of course, that means we have a distraction from being able to talk about how Waylon Creek dispatched Chris Lawler, clean as you like and dead to rights in the ring.

But Mr. Heaven makes the point that a poignant and comfortable victory over a respected SCW veteran isn’t as grabby as digging up dead and irrelevant details. No, there’s always some skeleton to be unearthed, and with those skeletons come inarguable truths about how they ended up buried in the first place.

So who is Waylon Creek?

Some say that Waylon Creek is an undefeated professional wrestler who arrived on the scene a veritable unknown and took a throat hold on Supreme Championship Wrestling.

Some say Waylon Creek is a man who found himself in the world of professional wrestling after he washed out of the Army and stumbled upon an opportunity for the Television Title.

Some say that Waylon Creek is the herald that was chosen by a wrestling manager to send warning shots of the inevitable, incoming cataclysm.

Some say Waylon Creek is a freak of nature, wholly capable of pounding an opponent into their proper place with a broken hand and choking his victims into unconsciousness with the other. Like it was changing a lightbulb.

All of these things could be true, or none at all. An identity is just a ghost. See-through and ever dying. The only thing that matters is what I am, in this space, right now. And the only word to adequately sum up Waylon Creek in 2024, right here, right now, is inimitable.

But for all the conjecture, do you know the one thing they're *not* saying about Waylon Creek?

That he's the sibling of Kim Williams.

And then, nothing. Full stop. *Nothing*.

Now, it may seem a little reductionist to look at it in those terms, but after all, that *is* why you're here, isn't it? I started a fresh campaign against Kim Williams at Rise To Greatness, and now, somehow, someway, here *you* are, standing before me as the next challenger for the championship belt that you quite rightly described as the workhorse championship.

And yet, it really has nothing to do with the fact that you're a former three time Television Champion. It has nothing to do with what you've earned of late. It's the end result of symmetry for the sake of symmetry. They have fruit ripe enough to pick from the family tree of the woman I rag dollied in St. Louis, and so they've picked it. And viola. It's Marie Jones challenging Waylon Creek.

Welcome to the evils of identity. Now, of course I'm not a fool enough to recognize you don't come with your own fun little bag of tricks. The fact that you're here solely based on your genealogy doesn't discredit you. Not to me, anyway.

After all, you're a self-proclaimed psycho, albeit in the more controlled forum, aren't you? I'd have to exist in a deranged headspace to not recognize the lengths you'd be willing to go to for the sake of avenging your sister's...unfortunate bludgeoning and failure to win the Underground Championship. And that's apparently to say nothing of your desire to hold the gold once again.

Here's part one of your problem, Marie. I didn't *just* pick your sister for the fun of it. There are reasons — salient reasons, to be certain, as to why my next victim *has* to be Kim. And they will be made evident in due time. But for now, as an unfortunate consequence of sharing DNA, you're going to have to serve as a lesson as you fade under the grip of my...well, which hand would you prefer? Left or right? The broken one, or the completely intact one?

Here's the other part. Controlled chaos is a noble concept. Now allow me to do you one better. What will always trump that, and what makes Waylon Creek the true workhorse champion, is the invariable and surgical nature with which I approach a wrestling contest. And now, you think just because sissy got run into the ring post and choked out, you've got to ride in on a white horse, claiming generational psychosis and swearing to get me for what I did?

Marie, come on. Don't you think after what I did to Chris Lawler that he didn't have that same exact impulse? And if you paid attention, he used everything in his bag to put me down. And when the dust settled, it was nowhere *near* enough.

Nowhere *near*. Do you see now?

That rage within you, that desire to regain something you've lost? Both are very admirable. And now let me tell you that this week, live on Breakdown, we'll get to see firsthand how those things stack up against the incisive and unending laser approach that I bring to the table and will always come prepared with.

I put everything that I am against the thinly veiled threats of familial retribution you wish to exact.

And then, and only then, when it's all over, I want you to ask yourself, Marie.

Who *is* Waylon Creek?

Are you *sure* you want to know?