

DIALOGUES: MORE OF THEM.

Let's begin with the prologue. Or better yet, a recap.

Uncle debuted in October 2020. It was in the first ever match for the Gauntlet Championship (that's a sadly now defunct title, formerly ruled over by Gauntlet God Harry the Sane Wizard) - or, did he face Saus X (that's Sawyer Xavier's original name, for you newcomers) before that title match? Well, that's a question easily solved with a look through the well-organized FWA archive, but this is actually all a bit. We don't need to go back to October 2020. Let's go back (or move forward, I guess) a bit more recent, to find out how we got to Caesar (the General, as our Uncle is fond of titling him, the Dictator too, though don't let Caesar know Uncle only says that with utmost spite) setting for himself a date with Cosmic Horror, J.J. JAY!

The match came about much as many of Uncle's matches tend to come about. He wanted someone to become a Nephew. They decided against it due to allegations of the Nephews being a cult, or something of the sort. Uncle got mad. He threatened to destroy everything they cared about as a result (or, alternatively, beat them into success, a trick of the parental trade). Thus, stubbornly standing against his demands (and undoubtedly banking on being one of the select few elevated from a showdown with the Footgrabber), Caesar more than eagerly accepted a chance to put Uncle in his place.

And now, here we are, days away from Lights Out. The Golden Opportunity will be fought over, a violent showdown between Alyster Black and Danny Toner is destined to thrill and disgust in equal measure, and... other stuff. A Television title match, no doubt. A Secular Spectacular spin-off (alas, no surprise entry from yours truly). No X Championship match, unfortunately. Nor any North American Championship match. But the Connection has a chance to finally complete their long journey to the Tag Team Championships, and though many fans will be crossing their fingers that the Spirit Walkers will upset their daunting challenge, scarce few believe the Connection won't lay claim to their Golden Fleece.

It's to be noted, that Lights Out represent a particularly spectacular anniversary for the Nephews, it was the day Michelle von Horowitz underwent her first Nephew adventure, and could be officially recognized as one. Although, it coincided with the unfortunate abrupt end of her initial FWA World Championship reign. You take the good with the bad.

And beyond all of that (and whatever else may have been carelessly forgotten), Uncle will face Caesar in a Roman Coliseum Gladiatorial Death Match. Just kidding, it'll be a regular singles match. Thirty minutes tops. Or twenty minutes. Somewhere thereabouts. Perhaps if Uncle had gone through with the Ides of September and broken a few Roman bones this fierce rivalry may have merited a bloodier denouement. But this was all as the Cosmic Horror had planned. A fair singles match (as fair as Uncle was willing to allow a singles match to be, and ask any official, that's rarely a fairness deserving of the word fair). Uncle wanted to completely outclass the

General. To hurt him at his very core. If this was to be his last dance in the FWA, then it would be a tale to win awards.

And (three paragraphs straight beginning with and, how sloppy, and probably unbecoming of a future award winning tale) that's where our recap concludes.

If you're no stranger to the Nephews or Uncle, then you might have an inkling of what follows. An adventure! We no longer have to beat around the bush, do we? We've had normal outings, we've mocked the allegations of the 'Nephews Adventure Spam' claim, we made a generator of it (well 10% of one, still good enough to vanquish Beancunt; NB: this is just the first of many references to that glorious victory), and after self-righteously touting the benefits of weaving tales that would please oneself above all others, we have no choice but to proceed with another adventure, critics be damned.

Perhaps, Uncle visits a Roman-expy, likely with a pseudo-dictator. Some shenanigans of some sorts occur. The Dictator is duped, or embarrassed, or perhaps through the obstacles presented by Cosmic Horror, is elevated to an even higher pedestal. These are all possibilities. Or, they were possibilities. They have been unfortunately expunged as a creative well after Uncle used up the easy narrative source for an ill-fated tag team affair alongside Caesar.

Ah, but we're missing an even grander opportunity.

"Yo, Uncle? You already got back from time traveling?"

A Time Traveling adventure! We've done space. Let us do time. When's the last time traveling adventure we've had?

"Huh?"

"What do you mean, huh? You ain't go back to Ancient Rome to mess around with Caesar?"

"Oh, no. I got caught up in this game."

Our favorite Nephew, King of Death Match, Peacock Ass-Whooper, Thomas West, seems uncharacteristically perturbed by this observation.

"The hell do you mean you got caught up in this game?"

"Oh, it's this new game. Pretty cheap. They call it a Bullet Heaven."

"You mean a Bullet Hell?"

“Nah. It’s a Bullet Heaven. You don’t think I know what a Bullet Hell is? This is a Bullet Heaven. It’s different. In a Bullet Hell, you’re a little bitch trying to take down a big boss. In a Bullet Heaven, you’re the big boss taking out a shit ton of little bitches. So simple, yet so addicting.”

“Aw shit, like Vampire Survivor. I thought I got you off that stuff.”

“You got me off Vampire Survivor.”

“You’ve got an addictive personality, Uncle. You can’t be playing that shit.”

“Oh, you gotta try it, Nephew. It’s just a steady dose of dopamine hits.”

“You were supposed to be out on an adventure.”

“I know, I know. It’s Uncle’s big series finale, before he fully inhabits his fate as a B-player, a background character, a supporting act.”

“If we’re being honest, you’ve been that since like, March.”

“Precisely. And there’s nothing wrong with it. So why pretend this is a big special moment. Let’s just relax. Things aren’t really changing that much. So I figured, what’s the harm. The world doesn’t need Uncle traveling through time again. You know it doesn’t. The Multiverse is far too everpresent. I tire of it. Tire of alternate timeline versions of my dear friends and foes. Let’s stop time traveling altogether. You’re above that gimmick you know. Be a Twitch streamer instead.”

“You’re just saying that because playing that game is easier than committing to an adventure.”

“It is! I just want to take it easy, Thomas. Is that so wrong? What do you want me to go and do? Botch saving Caesar from being assassinated, or some shit? I don’t know, Thomas. I’m not feeling up for it. Maybe I could just use the promo generator? What do you think? I know, for a finale, and against Caesar? Come on, that’s disrespectful. I get it. I get it. Only someone who would align themselves with the CIA is deserving of something as pitiful as an AI generated promo, but I don’t know.”

“Aww, you stupid motherfucker. Listen to me, Unc. For once, for ONCE, I just need you to do your thing. To be yourself. To go fuck up the timeline, and you decide to be a lazy bastard and play a, what did you call it, Gunfight? Knifeslap?”

“Bullet Heaven. You’re not even trying, Nephew.”

“You fucked up, Uncle. You really fucked it all up this time. Actually, quite the opposite. YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO FUCK UP, and the entire universe was depending on you fucking up, and you chose inaction. You somehow fucked up, fucking up.”

“Hmm. Time out, Neph. You’ve lost me. And if you’ve lost me, you’ve probably lost them.”

“Fuck them.”

“Surely if you’re going to go on this childish tirade, you can at least offer up a meager explanation.”

“You dumb piece of shit.”

“You can be a bit more eloquent in your insults than that, Thomas. Really.”

“You were supposed to go back in time!”

Thomas seems quite disturbed by the revelation that there will be no (or has not been, there’s time yet to embark on an adventure after all) adventure this time. Biting his lip. Kicking furniture. Really, a tantrum, to be succinct. His outrage is as shocking to you as it is to me. Since when has Thomas been such a fanatic of Uncle adventures.

“You’re always yelling at me to stop fucking with the timeline, and now you want me to go out and fuck with the timeline.”

“Yes! This is the exception!”

“Since when?”

“Unc. Seriously. I’ve been telling you over and over again, for the last two weeks, don’t forget to time travel to Rome.”

“Really? Nah, I don’t think so.”

“What do you mean you don’t think so?”

“I feel like if that were true, we’ve have a flashback right now to you saying it over and over again.”

Thomas takes a deep breath.

“You want me to show you the recordings.”

“You record us?”

“Of course, just to avoid this bullshit.”

“No, I don’t need to see it. Probably manufactured or something.”

“You mother-”

“The thing is Thomas, it would’ve been too easy, wouldn’t it have? I can’t really bring myself to do it. We burnt out on the Roman material with the giants thing. There’s got to be more to Caesar than being Roman and reincarnated from the OG GGG, right? We can do some different type of adventure. I mean, how the fuck is he still managing to milk being Caesar for this long. Especially without Stu to spread the gimmick wealth. Nobody ever says ‘man, Caesar gotta quit it with the Roman themed shit’, but they always say ‘Nephews gotta quit it with the Nephews Adventure shit’, and I’m not saying that to be bitter, I’m saying that because that’s how good Caesar is, you know. I don’t think he’s gonna fuck this thing up like Boogie Baby did. He might legit blow up.”

“Who gives a shit? I don’t care about Caesar. This isn’t about telling an interesting story, or your culture war about adventures. It wasn’t about winning or losing. You’re not even wrestling for anything. In the first place.”

“A spot in the F1 Climaxxx is on the line.”

“Man, you know damn well you ain’t entering that shit.”

“Fine, but there’s still vanity points in finishing number one.”

“They’re not even including you. Or me.”

“Yes. But deep inside they’d know. And that’s what counts.”

“The point is altogether MO-”

“Don’t say that word. We say mute now. I don’t like the em oh oh tee word. They’ve ruined it. It is now a banned word in the Nephews lexicon.”

“The point is mute. At least time traveling to ancient Rome would’ve given you a fair shot, you ain’t topping the list now.”

“You don’t think I can come up with a promo about Brotato or something.”

“Brotato?”

“Yeah, that’s the Bullet Heaven games’s name.”

Thomas takes a closer look at Uncle’s monitor. He snorts. A very smarmy snort. The sort of snort meant to verbally wound the recipient.

“You’re not even playing Brotato right now. You’re playing Cabbrage.”

Uncle turns to his monitor, bemused. **“The fuck is a Cabbrage.”**

“Probably a shitty play on the word cabbage, which, mind you, was a very valued vegetable in ancient Rome.”

“How did you- how did you do that? Did you like, travel through time while I was blinking, and convince the creator of Brotato to name his game Cabbrage instead as a meager reference to ancient Rome? Are we doing a Brotato promo, for real?”

“FUCK NO WE AIN’T DOING A BROTATO PROMO. There’s a much simpler explanation, actually.”

“I mean, I was looking right at the monitor. Was a potato one moment, a cabbage the next. Makes me think you traveled through time and came back right now.”

“You mind pausing the game?”

“Oh, you need my full attention to further subject me to your hurtful verbiage? Don’t worry, I’m good at multi-tasking. Besides, that’s part of the brilliance of Brotat- sorry, Cabbrage, you only really need one hand to play it. Of course, that’s still ableist to the part of the universe’s population that is without even a single hand, and you know as well as I do, there are many-

“Definitely need more claw friendly technology on Earth.”

“Fuck the crustaceans, I was thinking of the cephalopods. Of course, I won’t be too haughty about it. It really is impossible to accommodate every ability, or lack thereof. Now, you were going to explain why I’m playing Cabbrage instead of what my memory assures me was Brotato?”

“Not if you don’t pause that game right now.”

“Fine. Fine. I’ll pause Cabbrage. Fuck me for supporting an independent developer, am I right.”

“...”

“Go on, then. Why am I playing Cabbage?”

“Naturally, it has something to do with Caesar.”

“Plot twist!”

“...”

“Go on, go on.”

“You were supposed to go on a time traveling adventure.”

“I’m really getting tired of this time traveling adventure you’re trying to force me. But I’ll give you the benefit of the doubt that you’re going somewhere worthwhile with this. You’re saying that my lack of time traveling is what caused Brotato to become Cabbage.”

“Yes.”

“We can do better than that, Thomas. Come on, Nephew. This is some real Promo Generator-tier storytelling.”

“Your game isn’t the only thing that’s changed. It’s just the only thing you’ve noticed. Look at your uniform.”

“First off, don’t call it a uniform. It sounds fascistic. Second off, I just figured I’d wear the Nephew toga uniform spin-off Caesar rejected. We were going to sell a shitton of them, but alas. Caesar wanted to be a basic bitch and rejected us.”

“I warned Russnow he shouldn’t go forward with the order. You costing that man too much money. He’s gonna lose his job.”

“Russnow knows a winning ticket when he sees it. How could he have expected that Caesar would act against his own interest like that?”

“In any case, explain my uniform, Unc.”

“Well, there’s plenty of them lying in storage, I thought maybe you grabbed one for yourself. Really, you’re going to need some more believable examples of ‘your game isn’t the only thing that’s changed’. You went the extra mile changing a video game name right before my eyes, you couldn’t put the cherry on top with something else.”

“My goodness, Unc. Just look outside!”

“Next you’ll say, touch grass. Fine, fine, let me gaze outside. Oh. Ah. Huh. The Italians took over the world?”

“The sun never sets on the Roman Empire.”

“You’ve orchestrated a Roman Empire taking over the earth, in the span of seconds, and I say seconds, Thomas, because contrary to your belief, I do look outside from time to time, so I know this wasn’t like this earlier today and can only conclude that in your sudden desperation for a time traveling adventure, you’ve set this all up.”

“Unc. Look, Thomas West 2021 - this is totally a thing he would do. He was still trying to settle himself in the Nephew hierarchy. Thomas West 2022 does not give a flying fuck about J.J. JAY!’s matches, character development, or personal vendettas. I did not set this all up for your match against Caesar. It just so happens that your match against Caesar had ramifications for the rest of this planet, and that is a party I happen to be a part of, which means it had something to do with me.”

“Alright. The Romans are in charge, and it has something to do with me NOT going on an adventure. So, are the Romans that bad? Caesar is a pretty cool guy. Stiff, of course. And a bit whiny. But he’s solid. So this planet’s doing better than the alternative, correct?”

“Don’t give me that, Unc. They’re fucking fascist. I’m not going to give you a history lesson on every awful shit they’ve done to make America look like Ponyville.”

“And my going back in time would have stopped all of this?”

“Unc. You’re the reason Caesar gets assassinated. You’re supposed to go back in time believing you’ll be preventing his assassination, but instead you cause it. Really, it doesn’t make sense why you didn’t go back. Brotato shouldn’t have been enough. Something must’ve gone awry. Perhaps my incessant reminders triggered your stubborn streak and you subconsciously rebelled against my suggestion.”

“I wouldn’t do that.”

“Well, you need to time travel.”

“And assassinate Caesar?”

“No. No. Honestly, just follow your instinct, do what you can to stop him from getting assassinated.”

“Look, Thomas. If you want me to go back in time and assassinate Caesar so we can prevent the Roman Empire from taking over Earth, let’s just make it simple, Nephew. What do I usually do?”

“You don’t get it. If you know what you’ll do, it’ll alter what you do.”

“Yeah, because I’ll naturally do it better. Now, go on. How do I cause Caesar’s assassination.”

“You told the entire senate how amazing Caesar was. How he was friends with giants, a stellar teamworker, that sort of bullshit. And they bought it. They figured they were under-appreciating the man. So they had a whole gift giving affair. But you know how people are. Caesar was a bit humbled by all that gold. The boys mistook his modesty for arrogance. Strike number one.”

“Good effort on my part though, right? No way I could’ve seen it heading that way.”

“That’s the point. Now, you might behave differently thinking you can find better means of ensuring he gets assassinated.”

“You’re overthinking it, Neph. So what else do I end up doing?”

“You put my Crown of Thorns on his statue. Made him look like he was a king. They didn’t like that.”

“Well, that figures. Probably reminded them of Jesus. If there’s one thing I know about Romans, they were not a fan of Jesus.”

“Nah, Jesus came after.”

“Oh. Fuck. Did I cause Jesus’s death too?”

“Just the Crown of Thorns bit. But he would’ve died either way.”

“Man, if you’d been hiding that I inadvertently created Christianity, I woulda been real mad, Thomas.”

“...”

“That’s a suspicious silence.”

“As intended. Now, where was I. You then decided that the best way to make sure Caesar wouldn’t be assassinated would be showing the Senate how over he was.”

“I imagine he was more over in Ancient Rome than he is now. That sounds like a pretty good plan.”

“Turns out, he wasn’t very over. Or at least, the Ancient Romans thought about as little of Kings as you and I do. Not only that, but they thought Caesar was trying to get a cheap pop. That really pissed them off.”

“And then, it was Et tu, Brutus.”

“Yes. Shanked a couple dozen times. Laid in a pool of his own blood. Eventually reincarnates as your dear friend Caesar.”

“If I’m following your logic. Then initially why did I go back in time?”

“Are you trying to find time logic holes in my explanation? Since when are you the expert on time traveling?”

“It’s just. If I went back in time to stop Caesar’s assassination, and instead caused it, in turn preventing him from elevating Rome into a globe-spanning empire, then-”

“I know where you’re going with this. In the original timeline, Rome must’ve already been a globe-spanning empire, so your intentions must not have been to stop Caesar’s assassination. The truth is that you firstly went back in time to assassinate Caesar. You had your reasons. Power corrupts and all that. He was where you’d pinpointed the Rome Empire’s global ambitions truly fermented. And you were right. And did it wonderfully too. Yourself and some Nephews cloaked as senators and stabbed him a bunch. Rome fell, eventually. But then the new version of you from a world where Rome never conquered the planet, happened to have to face off with Caesar in a wrestling match. And in that timeline, you thought that you could help Caesar by preventing his assassination. You inadvertently caused it. Which was for the best, ultimately. The return of fascist overlord empire Rome wasn’t anything I had interest in living within.”

“Okay. Okay. I think I see where you’re going with this. But how do you explain me remembering everything.”

“Temporal EMPs. Got them set up around the base in case anyone fucks with the timeline again and I need to fix it before POWER-! and the time cops come sniffing around.”

“So, what about the time cops. They had no issue with me changing Earth’s history forever. They just let it be?”

“Galactic Senate ends up being more than fiction, Unc. The Earth dies but the Roman elites escape, take over the galaxy. Which, as you might expect, ends up as miserable for the galaxy as it was for earth. The time cops are fascist pieces of shit, but even they can’t outfascist the Romans. They figured this was one alteration, the universe was better off having. One of a very rare few exceptions.”

“And, to complete this full circle. You now want me to go back in time, assassinate Caesar, or ‘prevent his assassination’, I guess, and restore our timeline back to its fake continuity.”

“Exactly. I’m glad you finally get it.”

“You know...”

“Why are you unpausing your game.”

“It’s just, Cabbrage is about as fun as Brotato. So what if the Romans took over. Good riddance. It’s like you said earlier, this match with Caesar, means zilch. Did he get reincarnated in this timeline? Probably not, right? He gets to go down as the ancestor of the greatest empire. Good for him. I put people over, Thomas, that’s what I do. And Caesar is just another man I’ve gone on my back for. Why would I go back in time and ruin that?”

“You’re not really going to leave the Italians in charge, are you?”

“I don’t know, Thomas. Maybe I’ll see how long I can stand having pizza every day. Or maybe you can go assassinate Caesar yourself. But I think I’ll keep playing some Cabbrage.”

“Fine, I didn’t want to have to manipulate you like this, Unc. But I will if I have to. The Romans hunted the Octopus into extinction. Couldn’t even get to the part of late stage capitalism where they start farming them. Just devoured them all before the idea came up. Oh sure, they’re figuring out how to genetically clone them, but you and I both know it’s not the same.”

“... Ah, for fuck’s sakes. Get the time machine ready. Let’s go assassinate Caesar. Or inadvertently assassinate him.”

And that, dear readers, is how our tale ends. Uncle and Thomas West go on an adventure through time to be remembered. Shenanigans transpire. Caesar dies. The Roman Empire is once again erased from history. The world is about 0.02% less awful. Octopuses are on the verge of being farmed. Two billion crabs have disappeared. Lights Out is around the corner. Caesar is alive again! He’s going to face Uncle. He might punt his head. Uncle’s got a hard head though. Thank you. Good bye.