



WANDERER

"I don't belong here," says the deep, almost rustic voice of Corey Black as he sits alone on a park bench. It's far beyond closing time for this place, there's nobody around, just city lights behind Corey and a big body of water in front of him. He sits, pondering. Looking out at the water as the moon reflects off the surface perfectly. Not even a ripple.

Corey breathes in deep, closing his eyes. "Which here?" he asks himself. "Not XWF, that was made clear to me. Not CU:LT - it is closed and long gone at this point. Not eWo, there's no space there for me. Not a show dedicated to a man I never met, I don't even know why I was asked anymore," Corey leans forward and places his head in his hands, bewildered at what this has become.

A couple of agonizing seconds of grief are interrupted by a buzz from his cell phone. He leans back, breathes in the cold night air deeply and exhales it quickly. Pulling out his phone, the message is clear as can be against just a moonlit reflection.

From: Slamber Slansley

"ill be there tomorrow!"

A half smile forms. Maybe all this shit isn't for nothing.

Maybe it is.

That's the thought process. A glimmer of hope is doubted within seconds of it forming. Some call it depression, anxiety, any other mental illness known to mankind. Corey shakes it off, stands up and starts walking back toward the city.

"Sleep it off," he mutters to himself.

The unmistakable annoying chimes of a cell phone alarm fill a cold, dark space with what little cheer it can before it wakes up Corey Black from an agonizing slumber. Corey doesn't sleep well, he never has. You'd know that if you'd look at anything beyond his Twitter page.

Corey grumbles to himself and stands up out of bed, stretching and cracking various parts of his body before stumbling out into the kitchen. Corey is shirtless, but has on black ADIDAS sweatpants so there's no show, sorry. He opens his fridge and grabs a nice, cold can of water and slams that shit down before walking to the living room and looking out over the sunrise peeking through the Minneapolis skyline. He sets up his phone on a window frame, pointing it back at him as the orange and yellow hues light up his living room.

"I don't doubt Dickie Watson.

Not yet anyway.

Four years ago Dickie walked into my home with a chip on his shoulder and a whisper of a dream. I did take that road, I doubted him and maybe I shouldn't have. Perhaps I should have doubted everything else about it other than Dickie Watson.

All that aside, I want to make some things abundantly clear. And the next time you see me, I'm going to make them clear once again, since nobody in this entire industry seems to actually sit down and do the homework.

Corey Black isn't a nomad. I don't sit there and reboot myself every couple of months in a new company. Even back in 2021 this seemed to be where Dickie's head was at. Watching me from the Twitterverse, he

said, clearly not latching onto the fact that I had wrestled for exactly three companies the majority of my nearly twenty year run at that point. I'd dabbled, I'd put a toe out to places that spawned from the ashes of WCF but the notion that I'm some wrestling hooker, plying my craft wherever will have me is fucking nonsense.

Here, four years later - two more added to the list. I'll pop over to Thunder when asked, I'll do a guest spot in a tag here and there but - and I'm talking to you, Charlie Nickles, Dickie Watson, XWF's entire roster of dead behind the eyes folks that couldn't catch a clue nor a cole - five companies in nearly twenty five years have had me under full contract.

Six, now, with UCI.

That's light work in a year for most of you fucking miscreants. Don't put that shit on me. I'm loyal to a fault and I'll be the first to admit it. It took years of neglect and mistreatment for me to finally step out of the circle I helped draw in this landscape.

And I lit that fucking circle ablaze on my way out. Far too late, but here we stand.

Four years later, Dickie Watson and Corey Black are once again placed together, one on one. Honestly not much has changed other than the obvious. I won't call you Dimitri, that seems - low brow. We're above that kind of crap now. This isn't parody bullshit anymore, there's no popstar girlfriends or street races in Japan, this here is get down, get ready, because I'm looking to make some fucking statements.

You belong here, Dickie Watson. I don't. I honestly don't even know why I keep showing up, I was perfectly fine just biding my time and making a special appearance or two every once in a while. I don't give a shit about championships here, there's no match I want to win to put a trophy on my mantle.

You know what I want? Deep down, above all else?

Some fucking respect for once. And that shit is apparently earned in XWF. I understand that now. I had two men brutalize me, fuck me out of a match and basically tell me everything I have been or everything I will be doesn't mean shit because it was in XWF.

A place I don't belong anyway.

You see, Dickie, this is the inverse of what we experienced last time we did this. You had no reason to come fight me but you did. And I thank you for that, here and now if I didn't before. There's too many people looking to get themselves over in the world today that everyone has forgotten what it means to look in the mirror and see yourself the way I see myself.

All I want to do is fight. Go out there, win or lose, I don't care anymore. Find that one person that is able to show me the wrestling world will be better off without me in it, that I actually can leave this better than when I came in.

Sadly, you can't. Because people like Charlie Nickles and Matthias Syn exist. Leeches, to be exact. You can say all the mean things you want about me, Dickie, I know deep down you'd never do lowlife shit like what they pulled.

I'm going to fucking get you - here or there - maybe even everywhere."

Corey storms off without even ending the recording. It's just left on a shot of his home until it abruptly changes to a blank black screen.