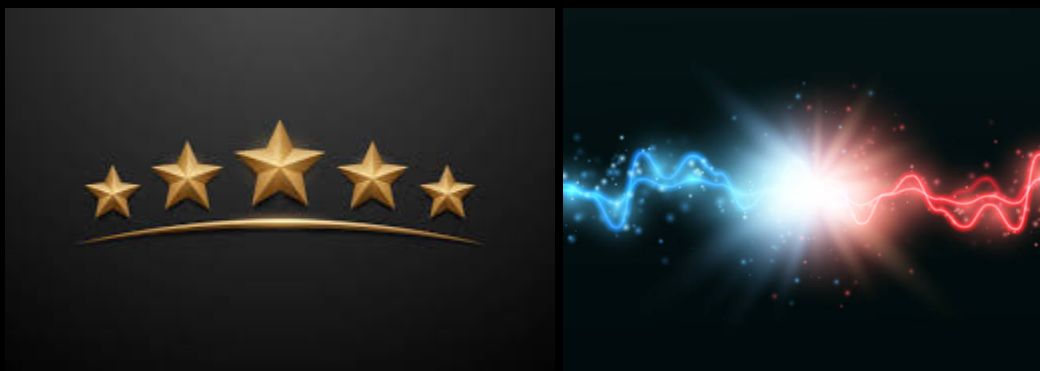




It had been a successful recent round of bookings for Larry. He's Conquest Champion over in UGWC, dethroning Sean Parker and cutting short his World Title ambitions. He successfully defended that title against his Cooperative partner— nothing less than bittersweet and necessary, due to their ambitions and respect for each other, deploying their arsenals.

In the XWF, a much different road. After Dickie staved off his recent attempt at the TV title, he felt a slight tweak in his response. He dug in on Tommy Wish ahead of last Anarchy. What he found was someone with whom he shared very little, but in the ring, Larry reaffirmed what he knows to be a certified **#TactFact**

He's still playing this game at a high level. Something still needs to click, but not his instincts. They fired off and lifted him from the wreckage of table shards. From it, he sighted a glimpse of what he may have been missing.

This week, he walks the halls of **Spirit Halloween's** flagship store. He's doing a little tactful scouting, taking in a preview of what he'll have to work with when he settles into his triple threat match. A dutiful Spirit Halloween employee sees the comparatively monstrous sized Tact

trudging around in denim Burberry jeans, a cutoff black shirt with “*Simply Tactilizing*” written in golden cursive, and Louboutin boots.

The Spirit Staff member isn’t paid enough to give a friendly greeting. Also, this is New Jersey.

Spirit Staff: Huh...

Larry turns and looks at the twentysomething with an appraising look.

“Something funny, kid?”

Spirit Staff: Nah, just... I mean, you think you gonna find a costume off the rack that fits you?

Larry snorts with bemused indignation.

“Hardly, kid. I’m not looking for a wardrobe change.”

The employee scratches their head.

Spirit Staff: All good, makes my job that much easier. But, uh, what are you doing in a costume store then?

Larry walks over and wraps his arm around their shoulder.

“I’ve got to do some #TactFact finding and see how I can set a fire under one of you to keep from getting demolished this week.”

Before the Spirit Staff responds, Larry sizes them up.

"Hell, it could be you. Maybe we can do a little test run."

Over the course of the next thirty minutes, Larry and the Spirit Staff member are going through outfits– which is Larry dunking costumes on them and then having the employee remove them.

"If you were in this Bowser costume, you project a ferocity and bestial drive for success! Plus, I can drop ship a kart in here for you to speed away."

But he soon realizes the staff is barely capable of caring about reshelving costumes, much less a lofty goal like self-preservation.

Next up: POWER RANGER

"You're fully covered so your expression doesn't even matter. Hell, you don't even need to act fierce. Your elaborate and convoluted movements and poses will make Mr Oz think you're trying to signal a raid on his utopian Chicago. Meanwhile, we put you in a Zord and Clutch will think you're challenging them to a race. She'll run out into the parking lot and get in her racecar to try and put you out of commission via crash. All you have to do is stay in the store."

Then he realizes a Zord won't fit in the store, and the employees will want to follow Clutch out of the store if the match runs past their clock out time.

WHO CAN TELL?!?

After cycling through a multitude of costumes on the de facto Spirit Staff test dummy, Larry seems stumped. That is, until a smirk comes back to his face.

"Screw it, we'll take the most direct route on this race."

A Moment of Halloween Tact

Did you see it? Hear it? Feel it?

Tommy Wish got a Tactilizer of a wakeup call from his table induced nap.

It served a purpose, showing the XWF faithful this tactilizing ride emerged from wilderness and back on course.

But it didn't move the needle. That wasn't it. We go again.

Spirit Halloween Anarchy in New York's backyard of Jersey. Tactfully speaking, Egg Harbor is exactly the gimmicky township name you'd expect Spirit Halloween to emanate from, right? As predictable as a thrill junkie with a racing habit named Clutch Cassidy. You're a living trope, and I'm caltrops ready to deflate your chances at taking this heat. Why do I feel so confident I'll protect my Spirit Staffer from you?

The order's already in for a custom Prius costume— one size fits all. You want to risk disposing of my staffer? They'll saddle you with that costume. You'll effectively be "getting behind a Prius," as disgraceful an act as there is for you. Is trashing my staffer really worth that risk, Clutch? I say you don't have many values, but showing up on national television supporting a Prius? Your brothers may disown you.

As for Oz, you've been in this place for the longest of times, but aside from claiming the Revolution title last year, you've bummed around Anarchy too far back to see when relevance was associated with you— an amalgamation of stagnant philosophies, outdated innovations, and washed out execution. Something I realized in my twenties, much less my forties, is you can't unlock utopia in a world designed to dismantle each attempt. Either work the system of capitalism to reap benefits, or seek to destroy it and reshape the constructs around society, remaking what it is— for better and worse.

I'm here to make headlines, and at Anarchy you'll have a chance to bask in the moments before I seal my victory.

The game mode I've unlocked since coming to the XWF is a result of breaking down what worked elsewhere. I won't allow myself to stick with faded concepts. I'm refreshing myself here, and I'm accelerating straight past you and Clutch this week.

Because the natural pull of my Star Power won't be denied.



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#TACTFACTS

