

The Day Before Christmas

Exhaustion, my oldest friend was finally there to consume me whole. Resting my head against the tile and letting the hot water run down my spine, I just hoped I was making strides. Progress!

My mother I don't think stirred until after two. Another night of binging and God only knows what. I try to pretend like I know and see nothing.

Getting up at seven thirty, I had a piece of toast with almond butter, half a banana with a little bit of honey. Followed that with a four mile run. After that I had another bite to eat, going with a slice of toast, two eggs with avocado and a smoothie with additional protein.

Then I went for a two hour bike ride. Swallowed down a cliff bar during this process of switching between going around the neighborhood and scaling the hills. With another snack it was then time to go to the gym.

If my purpose was strength training, this would probably be backwards but I never really wanted to go for the Brittany Lohan look. She was an amazon. I was tiny.

After some weight training, it was time to relax for the day. My diet has certainly improved since I started getting my weekly checks from Supreme Championship Wrestling. Was nice getting one even if I wasn't scheduled to do much for the week, it was a steady stream of income. Not a lot but it made a world of difference nonetheless. Sixty grand sounds like a lot initially and it certainly covered the bills better than being a waitress and being a cashier selling shoes.

After taxes it was about eight-hundred and fifty dollars a week. The first check never got cashed; it was framed and hidden under the carpet. I was so proud of that one. Could have likely just kept the stub on it and cashed it but I am sentimental!

Between now making regular payments on loans, there wasn't a lot I needed to worry about. My gym membership was covered, my phone was covered, I could actually go to Wholefoods and get better and far more tasty food options. The bus tickets all around the country were pricey, nevermind trips to Canada but it was enough to make due for now and still pay some towards rent.

Mom didn't actually need it, she was milking the system dry and we were in the projects with Section Eight housing but, whatever. She wanted to drink and eat Vicodin.

Murmuring softly to myself I soaped up my loofah and began the process of bathing. It was apparently Christmas Eve? So people were saying. Glad I got to the gym when I did, I guess they decided to close at six.

The Holidays never really meant much to me. I mean, maybe once upon a time. That was like eleven-twelve years? Half of my life ago?

While others I suppose are feasting on spiral sliced hams and whatever else goes with Christmas Eve? I don't know. I'd be cooking up chicken, sweet potatoes and more vegetables.

We used to have this little tiny tree when I was younger that my mother would set into the corner until it short circuited and tried to set the room on fire. That was about it.

Would wake up the following morning with a few gifts. Usually a package of foundation and some sort of dress. I kind of felt like I was a doll after a while, I was in the third grade wearing more makeup than any of the teachers. Wasn't the place for it but, still. I like the line and it was the truth.

Wasn't going to beauty pageants or anything but I was pretty much taught early on that if you want anything, image is everything.

When I look at the last several years in SCW I suppose there is some truth to that? All of these models choose the sport almost like it is their secondary passion. I would train before thirty hours a week, lately closer to forty. Still, just as I was programmed to I'd get out of the shower and go about the same stupid fucking ritual. After I got dressed at least.

With image being so much, especially to everyone I knew and went to school with, I was very much an oddball out. Never got into the game with streaming or trying to get connected virtually. Couldn't really, I mean I got a laptop and a tablet from a government program but everyone I knew had it all.

Used to debate doing more with social media but oddly enough?

Not a lot of people at least where I grew up gave a damn about wrestling. Tried campaigning in middle school for some little community fame to no avail. I was in what was almost exclusively a basketball county.

Finishing up, I left the bathroom in a towel and entered my bedroom; I could finally get dressed and I suppose I would relax for all of twenty minutes before making dinner. I had a Panasonic television set from what I estimated to be from the 90's, it's only accessory being a DVD player.

It was paused mid frame on Body, Heart and Soul 2007. Not the best Pay Per View by any means but it did have Greg Cherry vs Jay Gold in the thunderdome for the World Championship.

I prefer those matches. I don't care how many people you stuff into its chambers, I just feel like it's far more personal and intimate one on one. It's also interesting going far back when people were in their prime. Time will always come to kick them right where it counts!

Greg was old, fat and retired and Jay just wasn't able to compete at that level anymore. In 2007 though? They were *icons*. I would have to finish it later.

Slapping on some undergarment, I settled for a pair of jean shorts and a generic top before going *back* to the bathroom to apply some touch ups needlessly and without merit. I was a creature of habit, no matter how pointless.

It wasn't until I stepped into the kitchen to pour myself some water that I heard what could only be my mother falling. Turning I rushed into her bedroom expecting the worst, only to find her holding herself up on the dresser, her knee bent down over a chair. She looked to be in pain. I assume she had connected with the chair or mistepped and either way that was that.

"Are you okay? Need help?" I ask awkwardly.

Stepping over I try to offer myself as a crutch but she ignores me, opting to stand on her own, easing her knee down.

"I'm fine, Amelia. Can you get me some diet coke? I am just feeling a little woozy."

Stepping out, I go to comply. She was always having issues with her knee, after having it kicked out from under her, it had been shattered against a bedframe and a steel toe boot. It was about seven years ago, I want to say? Eight, eight years.

As I got back to her room she had made it mostly back over to beside where she rested her day by day chunkier frame atop the bed, pulling out a cigarette and turning back to her soaps. Going to hand her the coke she gestures toward the dresser.

“Thank you,” she says dismissively.

“It’s Christmas Eve.”

“Is it?”

She lights up her cigarette and takes a big puff from it, setting the match she used down beside the glass. I don’t know why she doesn’t use a lighter. She once said it tastes better with matches on one of those few occasions she’d briefly talk? I know she’s a walking ashtray of offensive smells and nothing that smells like that can taste good.

“Yep!”

“So it is.”

“Merry Christmas, mom.”

“You too.”

I tried smiling at her but with the way her eyes were focused on the television, I knew she had nothing else to say. Shortly she’d start drinking and then she’d follow that up with everything else that consumes her. Nodding, I turn away and leave.

She breaks into a coughing fit shortly after, before going about the ritual of coughing up flem. She had boxes of tissues she’d keep on standby just for this. I tried remembering better times but, honestly, while she may have been more endearing when I was younger, she was always a trainwreck.

Now?

She was a zombie. A lifeless corpse, a fading memory of a human being and I felt like if I truly left her she’d just die.

And maybe she should.

Horrible, disgusting, terrible. That’s all that I ever felt when that thought would creep into my mind. I used to get teary eyed afterward.

She was the only family I had. Didn’t know anyone on my dad’s side of the family, whoever he was.

I don’t like feeling that way. I really don’t. What if I could get her cleaned up? Buy her an actual home?

Does that actually change anything?

I had to believe so.

Back in the kitchen I went about preparing a meal. I would make a second plate and bring her some. Maybe she would eat it, maybe she wouldn’t.

Halfway into waiting on the chicken she did summon me back into her room. Stepping in, I smile. The bottle on the dresser was open. She wanted help getting up and to the bathroom. I did mind helping her. At least then I felt like I actually existed to her.

She muttered something incoherent as I shut the bathroom door. Peering back over the dresser, I always dreamed of just grabbing there and throwing it away. Flushing it down the drain.

This wonderful daytime fantasy is quickly interrupted with the sound of the actual toilet being flushed. Waiting just a bit, I knock at the door.

“Yeah,” she mutters signaling the extraction mission was on. It occurred to me I really needed to get in touch with her friend Rosa to see if she’d be willing to spend more time with her, even if I had to pay her. I would be spending more and more time away. For my job, my dream and for my state of mind.

She didn’t always need assistance walking but her little mini accidents were becoming more and more frequent.

Stepping back into the bathroom I turned my chin away, from the smell of ash and what I could only surmise was dead skin festering with bacteria.

Helping her back to her bed I went about finishing dinner. Taking her plate, I set it on the dresser not particularly hopeful before taking mine in my room. Sitting cross legged on the floor, I hit play on the little DVD remote and let the voice of Adam Sharper tell me we were in for a hell of an event.

That was the nice thing about SCW. It was always a hell of an event, folks.

Promo

There is an event that welcomes all who wish to partake. SCW opens its doors every single year, hoping to bring in outsiders, those looking for quick gains in the form of a nice cash payment and a car. It doesn’t matter if you’re making your debut, if you’re returning from injury or just coming in one night to see if you can walk out that door with some nice bling and potentially the fastest quarter million dollars most people could ever hope to make.

Every single year. Like clockwork, it’s SCW’s way of giving the wrestling world a special Holiday of its own. You’ve had everyone from some of the all time greats to Uber drivers off the streets stepping in hoping to reach up and take it all in one fell swoop.

It’s a match that despite this open door policy, you never seem to get enough participants to venture for it unless the Adrenaline or the World Championship are being defended in it. For all the people in the world who could certainly use the money, you’d think you couldn’t build a ring big enough.

