

A dream is a wish your heart makes.

I used to believe in those words. After everything that has happened over the past many years, slowly yet surely those words have left my mind. Until now. At this very moment I once again find myself daydreaming about my father, seeing the smile upon his face when I would be in his presence. Yet I am not smiling at all and he is the reason for that.

In my left hand is the dark diamond that has caused the emotional rift between myself and him. It hurts. It hurts to even look at the damn thing, but when I saw the look in Michael Jorgenson's eyes down in New Orleans, I just knew that I couldn't give it to him. Something wasn't right and it is now up to me to find out what.

Nothing has happened since that day. No one has chased me down or anything like that. So far the diamond is obviously still with me. So far it is safe. Although there is one problem that I had to face the morning after Taking Hold of the Flame. One problem that has led me to have to sleep in the same room with Marissa while we are all here in St. Louis. The SAME problem that has led to me rooming with her ever since the Monday morning when he did not show any faith in me.

MONDAY, JUNE 2, 2025

Finding Out What Happened

It is obviously not the best of mornings. Even though she is still groggy-eyed, Polly has just gotten out of the bed, even though it is only a couple of minutes after 4. Unfortunately she has done so disturbingly enough to make Peter stir as well. Polly hears the covers behind her and turns to face the bed with the lights in the room all still off.

"Sorry I woke you. Sleep just isn't doing it for me. I think I'll try to take a shower or something."

Peter is groggy too but his voice is clearer than hers just was.

"It's fine. Before you do anything though Polly, since we're both awake, I think you have something to tell me."

"What? You know I am not in a good mood. I wanted to get that SCW World Championship opportunity for Rise to Greatness and now that chance is ruined, thanks to Enigma feeling like he was going to be a big shot and eliminate Selena while her back was turned. I was not going to let that happen. That's just as cheap as what the Straders love to do. Now I have to be patient like Glory and wait. I am sick and tired of waiting for everything I want, Peter."

"Everything you want. Like how you wanted to get rid of the diamond that your father gave to you?"

Peter rolls over in the bed and turns on one of the bed-side lamps so he can see Polly standing there, with her eyes now narrowed.

“So you know.”

“I do. I checked my luggage and saw that it was gone. Your father entrusted it to you for all this time. There had to be a good reason for that. Yet you went and gave it away, didn’t you? I thought we had agreed to not do that until it was in your mother’s hands.”

“And I thought that since you really, REALLY wanted to marry me, that you would trust me. What about that, Peter?”

This does not get a response. Polly gives Peter an awkward look before she goes over to her bag of luggage, unzips it, and pulls out the pair of blue jeans she had worn 6 days ago. From the left pocket she produces the diamond just enough so that he can see it. She then turns away from him and drops her jeans down to the floor. Polly moves over to the entrance to the bathroom, not looking back at him.

“Something wasn’t right, so I ran. He didn’t catch me. Not even close. I kept it and I will continue to keep it until I know everything that my dad got involved in. I just wish that you didn’t let your trust waver. As my husband, you are supposed to support me. Not battle me on things. Maybe I’ll see you in the morning. Maybe I won’t. I’ll go try and sleep with either Colleen or Marissa.”

“I would prefer that you stay here Polly. We can talk it out and figure it all out together and-”

“Peter. Stop. Just stop. I love you and I know you love me too, but sometimes a relationship can’t just happen based on love and attraction. I could really use a friend right now and you aren’t it. Sorry.”

Polly turns to her left and swipes one of the two room cards before she heads for the room door, not even caring that she is just in her black nightie.

“Polly.”

She doesn’t look back at him and instead opens the door and leaves the room, actually closing the door softly. Hiding her emotions the best she can, she walks down the hallway a few rooms before she taps on one that is on the same side of the floor. It takes about a minute, but the room door does slowly open to show a very bushy-eyed Marissa wearing a pair of black shorts and a magenta colored tank top that reveals her navel area.

“Polly? Why are you up so early? Did something happen?”

“Yeah. Is it okay if I come in?”

"I guess."

Marissa steps aside and allows Polly to walk in. Polly sees that the bed closest to the door is the empty one so she immediately heads for that one and sits down on the near side of it. Marissa looks at her quickly before she closes and relocks the door.

"I'm sorry to wake you, but I really had to get out of there."

Marissa joins her sitting on the same side of the bed, looking directly at her. Polly turns to her.

"Obviously something with Peter. I honestly don't know what it is with him lately. I may as well tell you. He's pissed me off and now he pisses YOU off, his own wife? I don't know."

"It's just that he didn't trust me on something. What did he do to you?"

"He got angry with me a little over two weeks ago. I told him I was worried about you, especially psychologically, and I still am. Yeah, part of it is my fault, but it's not just me. I can see that. After talking with him, he can't. He says he does and that he's there for you, but is he really? He basically just proved me right this morning. Not trying to drive a wedge between the two of you Polly. I DO want the two of you to be very happy, but I am really questioning now if he wants the same."

Polly is definitely in thinking mode as she doesn't speak.

"On top of that when the truth got tough, he thought it was cool to throw juice right in my face. So it's whatever from me on him. As for you, I hate seeing you like this. You are better than this. If there is something that led to him not trusting you, you can trust me."

Polly nods and then opens up the palm of her left hand, showing Marissa the dark diamond.

"Whoa. That's a black diamond. Extremely rare and worth a whole heck of a lot of money. How did you get it?"

"I didn't know until recently that I had it since I was a toddler. It was hiding in the very first doll my dad got for me. I just wish that he had never done that. And now I have a couple others that are supposedly after it. My mom wants me to protect it until she can actually come home here and meet up with me, so we can make sense of everything. I don't know how long that will be as she is stuck over in Europe for the foreseeable future. I wanted to get rid of it. I did. And with how Peter just reacted to me, that is the exact reason why I don't want it. But I can't get rid of it."

"Hmm. I would just keep it hidden for now. As for your husband, I am going to have a very serious conversation with him."

“Please don’t. I will deal with him when I am good and ready.”

“Fine. But if he does what he did to me ever again, his balls will end up aching. I do not like being disrespected.”

“Noted.”

“Try to get some sleep.”

Marissa gets up from the bed and walks over to the bed she has clearly been using to sleep. She gets back into that bed but does not put her body under the covers, instead laying down on top of them. Polly slowly slips under the covers on the bed she is on but finds that she too can just not drift off to dreamland.

Probably because there really are no good dreams for her.

MONDAY, JUNE 9, 2025

Research

Ever since arriving in St. Louis back on Saturday afternoon, Polly has made several trips to one of the local libraries, with the dark diamond in tow. Each day she looked around in the library and each day she would do some heavy reading, always about diamonds and how valuable they are. With it now being the end of the third day, she has just returned the book she had back to the shelf. One of the female librarians, a younger looking one, sees her and takes a few steps towards where Polly stands.

“Hey, I noticed this is your third day straight here. Is there anything that we can perhaps help you find? I didn’t want to disturb you while you were reading, but each day you have looked very engrossed in the material that you have been looking at.”

“Not really. I’m just trying to learn about them.”

“I see” is what tumbles out of her mouth, before she takes a couple steps even closer to Polly, which gets Polly nervous. The librarian lowers her voice so only the two of them can hear.

“There was a woman here last Friday that asked me a couple questions that sounded off to me. She looked to be about your age, maybe a few years older. She was looking at the exact same books you were looking at before she came up to me and asked me if I had ever seen one. I told her no. I can’t help but to be curious, you know?”

“I get it. This woman, did she happen to look Brazilian, I mean, Portuguese?”

“Now that you mention it, she definitely looked European-ish and did have somewhat of an accent, though her English was good and clean.”

“Um, did you happen to get to know anything else about her?”

“Why?”

Polly's voice lowers to a mouse-like whisper.

“I think she's after what I have. Don't say anything. I'm taking care of it myself.”

The librarian looks at Polly and responds back with worry in her eyes.

“All I can say then is be careful. If you have what she is obviously seeking, she is very determined to get her hands on it and she's bigger than you.”

“The bigger they are, the harder they fall. Since you told me, would you happen to know if anyone here knows anything else?”

“I don't think so. I better get back to the desk. The library will be closing soon. If you need to stay a little extra to check out one more book, I can let you out when you're done. I would recommend the one on the bottom row, second from the end. She didn't look at it.”

Polly looks into the young librarian's eyes. The librarian nods her head.

“Thank you.”

The librarian backs away and Polly goes and gets the prescribed book. She takes it back to the table where she was reading and slowly thumbs through its pages. On page 100, a folded up piece of paper is there. Curious, she takes it out and unfolds it slowly until she can read the whole page, it being a letter, addressed to her. Focused only on the letter now, she reads it quietly to herself.

Dear Polly,

If you are here and are reading this, it means that I have placed a burden on you that is all my fault. I am so sorry. As for the diamond, it is imperative that you keep it safe. If you have to get it to your mother, that is fine as well.

It is here that I will tell you everything. I got the diamond from one of my friends. He told me that he had taken it. He told me that he was in trouble and that he wanted me to keep it. I was about to say no but he looked to be in major duress, so I agreed. I guess I never should have done that. I guess I never should have had that moment of weakness.

Anyways, it was not long after that he got into a car accident in which he died at the hospital due to the injuries he had obtained.

I panicked. When you were sleeping the next night, I snuck into your room and hid the diamond in the doll I gave you. I figured at least there it would be kept safe. Clearly it has... until now.

Polly stops reading and speaks to herself, mouthing out "What do I do now dad?" She then continues reading.

I am not going to tell you what to do. If you feel like the diamond should go back to its rightful owner, then find them and tell them that you had no idea that you had it in your possession. If you feel that they will not listen to you and instead just hurt you, then hide it again. Get rid of it. Throw it in a lake someplace. Whatever it takes to keep you safe.

That has always been my top priority, Polly. You are our only child. You mean the universe to me and your mother.

As for this letter, I knew I needed to hide it extremely well. With how much you travel for your wrestling, I figured you would come through the big cities a lot. When I got sick, as you may remember, I made my last trip here to St. Louis. And thus, here is my letter to you.

I love you Polly. Please stay safe.

-Dad

Polly can feel a tear coming from her left eye. She reaches up with her left wrist and wipes it away before softly talking to the letter.

"I love you too dad. I always will. I will do what's best."

Polly folds back up the letter and shoves it into the right pocket of her pants, being the diamond is in her left pocket. She stands up and returns the book to its rightful spot on the shelf before heading towards the main entrance to the lobby. The young librarian is standing right there and unlocks the door for Polly so she can leave. As she walks by the librarian, Polly nods and mouths the words "Thank you" before she walks through the open door. The librarian replies with "You're welcome".

MONDAY, JUNE 9, 2025
Deep Into Her Mind

Dreams are never good to prioritize. In this cruel world, dreams are just made to be dashed. Dreams are fantasies and not reality.

That is why I went into Taking Hold of the Flame not dreaming about winning the whole thing. With how I have been feeling, I knew I was not ready to take on the responsibility of being in the main event of Rise to Greatness. At least not this year. That is why if I could not last to be the one survivor, I wanted Selena Frost to take that position.

Is she very hated, villain of the year material? Of course she is. But not to me. She has taught me quite a lot and I will always be thankful for it. One thing she taught me is that I needed to stop wearing my heart on my sleeve and instead take advantage of any situation that presents itself.

She was right. In this business you can't have a heart. You just can't. If you do, at every failure you face, it will be stomped on. Trust me, I know the feeling better than anyone on this roster. I have had my heart, my desires, my dreams all destroyed and because of why?

Greed. Gluttony. Two of the Seven Deadly Sins. Sins that I am not guilty of committing. As much as I would love to have the SCW World Championship in my arms, I am not going to stoop low to get it. I will eventually earn it. It is only a matter of time. For now Giovanni Aries gets to sit in the lap of luxury, liquifying himself with the championship's diving golden sparkles. He gets to taste all of the glory and money that comes along with it, until it is taken from him. Much like how so many have enjoyed taking things from me.

What will be the repentance from those who are guilty? None. I already know this. Everyone around here wants to send me deep down into the same exact Spiral that The Monster Machine, Enigma speaks of. The problem with that is I have been encamped at the bottom of it for far longer than he believes, and obviously for far longer than he has known me. He BELIEVES he knows me. He believes me to be weak and just a little bird that is doing her best to be free.

No.

I was those last two things once, not long ago. But those days have come and gone. I gained my freedom but have lost other things, including one thing that I never thought I would lose. I thought I would always have the trust of the man I married, but I guess that simply isn't the case. That is what bugs me the most. That is why I find myself once again feeling I am in the one home where Enigma believes I have never been.

I feel like I am in a pit, but unlike the Spiral, I feel like I am still falling. Right now I feel there is no bottom. Right now there is no open door. Right now I feel like I will never dream a good dream again.

I WISH there was a door, Enigma. But since there is not, I am going to make sure that we fall through the unknown darkness together. It is the same darkness that you wanted to force Selena Frost to feel. That does not make you any different from just about anyone else in SCW. I have been there. I wanted to hurt her. I wanted to wake her up. I wanted to surpass her.

Everything that you want to do to her, myself and others have had those same dreams. Yet she is still here, as am I.

Enigma, you are the newest of those that will not accomplish what you are setting out to do. As much as Meghan Strader and her club took advantage of me and stopped me with their numbers, Meghan has been deterred from getting what she so desperately desires. Chris Lawler. I have had to face him a few times and while he has become more and more determined to succeed, he too has found his dreams dashed to pieces time after time. The list goes on and on. Even when others have gotten the best of me, they STILL have not moved on to get what they truly want. That is one thing that comforts me.

Besides that, there is no comfort for me. There are no sweet dreams for me.

For you? Any dreams that you have?

I am going to do what I have to do. Kill them.